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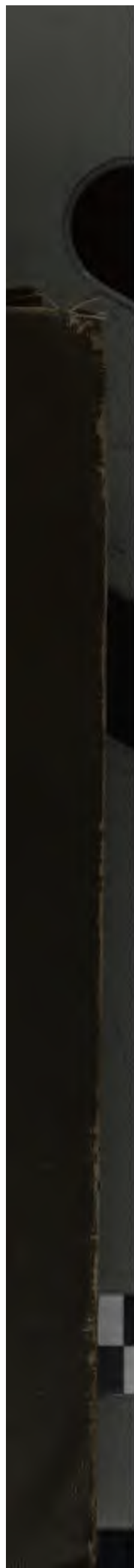
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THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

VOLUME XXXI

MARCH, 1910—AUGUST, 1910

"I am a Bookman."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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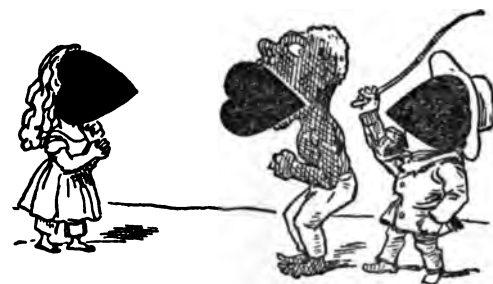
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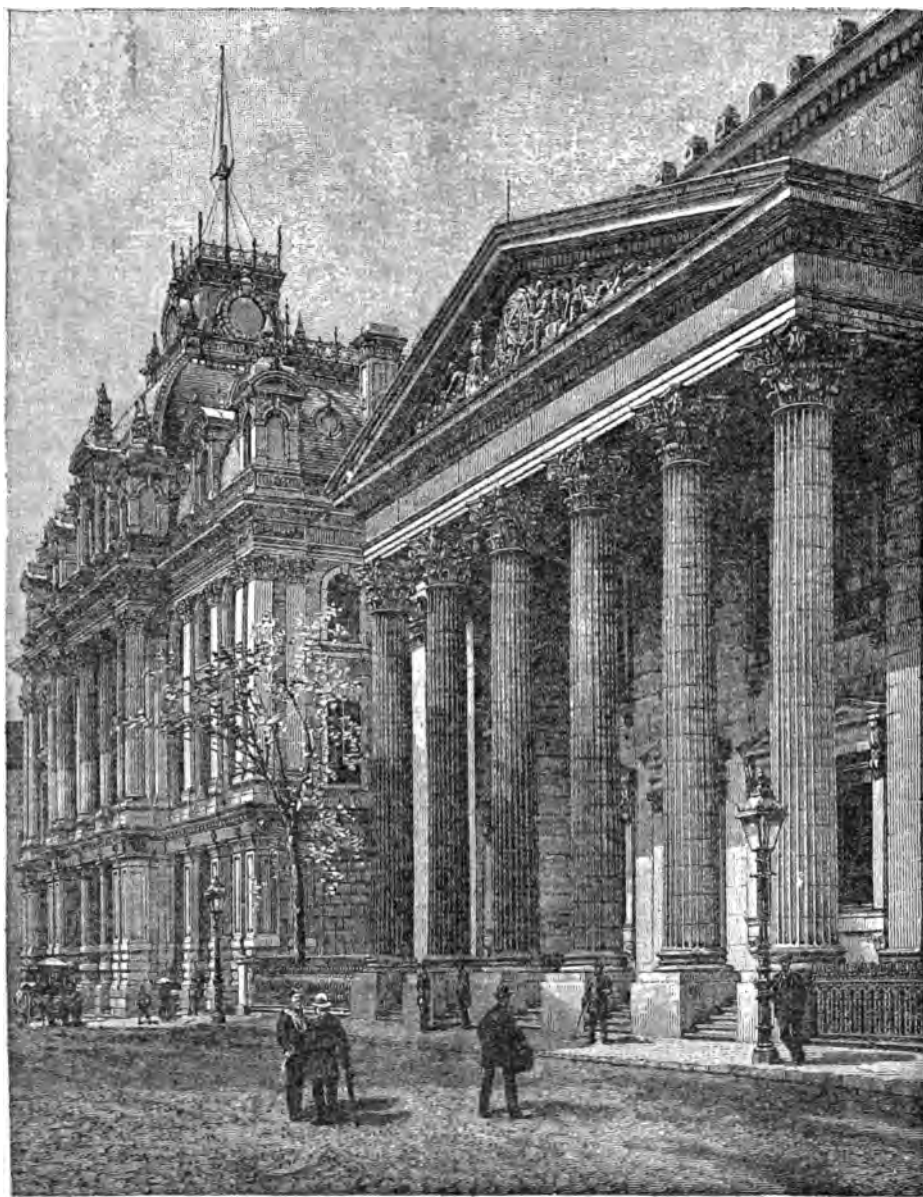
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*Silhouettes of Marie Antoinette & Louis XVI playing cribbage
heartily out by Madame Campan before the fatal 10 August*



LEGREE AND UNCLE TOM

TWO SKETCHES BY THACKERAY



"SOMETIMES, SIDE BY SIDE, YOU SEE FRANCE AND ENGLAND CONTENDING WITH EACH OTHER ARCHITECTURALLY"

See *New Baedeker*, "From Montreal to San Francisco"

UO:M

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXXI

MARCH, 1910

No. 1

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

When George III ascended the throne of England, one of his ambitions was to establish an order for literary men. It was to have been called the Order of Minerva. The knights were to have worn a star of sixteen points, and a yellow ribbon; and Dr. Johnson was talked of as President, or Grand Cross, or Grand Owl, of the society. The idea of an Order of Minerva struck Thackeray, writing nearly a century later, as being hugely amusing. "Consider," he wrote in the Roundabout Paper "On Ribbons," "the claimants, the difficulty of settling their claims, the rows and squabbles among the candidates, and the subsequent decision of posterity! Dr. Beattie would have ranked as first poet, and twenty years after the sublime Mr. Hayley would, no doubt, have claimed the Grand Cross. Mr. Gibbon would not have been eligible, on account of his dangerous free thinking opinions; and her sex, as well as her republican sentiments, might have interfered with the knighthood of the immortal Mrs. Catharine Macaulay. How Goldsmith would have paraded the ribbon at Madame Cornelys's, or the Academy dinner! How Peter Pindar would have railed at it! Fifty years later, the noble Scott would have worn the Grand Cross and deserved it; but Gifford would have had it; and Byron, and Shelley, and Hazlitt, and Hunt would have been without it; and had Keats been proposed as officer how the Tory prints would have yelled with rage and scorn!"

All of which led Thackeray to go on to play with the idea of an imaginary Order of Minerva in the England of 1860. "Which philosopher shall have the grand cordon?" he asks. "Which the collar?—which the little scrap no bigger than a buttercup? Of the historians—A, say—and C, and F, and G, and S, and T—which shall be Companion and which Grand Owl? Of the poets, who wears, or claims, the largest and brightest star? Of the novelists, there is A, and B, and C D; and E (star of first magnitude, newly discovered), and F (a magazine of wit), and fair G, and H, and I, and brave old J, and charming K, and L, and M, and N, and O (fair twinklers), and I am puzzled between three P's—Peacock, Miss Pardoe, and Paul Pry—and Queechy, and R, and S, and T, *mère et fils*, and very likely U, O gentle reader, for who has not written his novel nowadays?—who has not a claim to the star and straw-coloured ribbon?—and who shall have the biggest and largest? Fancy the struggle! Fancy the squabble! Fancy the distribution of prizes!"

Fancy the struggle! Fancy the squabble! But try to imagine the awful responsibility of any one of our own age and country who tries to establish an order of this kind! Think of the hoots of laughter, the blasts of scorn, that would greet every award. A ribbon for Mr. Indiana! A star for Miss North Carolina! When is the dismal farce to cease? Miss North Carolina is a veritable Will-o-the-Wisp, and as for Mr.

Indiana, even to call his reputation local is a splendid exaggeration. There is hardly a month in which this attitude of amused derision is not brought forcibly home to the Chronicler of a literary magazine. We review a book without positively damning it. We print a harmless, and we hope fairly entertaining Unconventional Portrait of the author of the latest best seller according to the lists of, say, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., and Portland, Ore. The voice of the self-constituted Censor literally sizzles with contempt, *O tempora! O mores!* Why do they give space to this sort of mediocrity? Why don't they confine themselves to the people who are really worth while? If that be the standard of THE BOOKMAN, and so forth, and so forth. But pause a moment, Mr. Censor, we beg, and consider conditions not as you would like to have them, but as they are. How many men and women are there writing to-day whose works, it is agreed, are of permanent and enduring nature? Ten? Twenty? Thirty? Certainly not more. We cannot be prating all the time about the Division Officers, the Kiplings, Jameses, Hardys, Howells, and Barries. Occasionally a word or two must be flung to the second lieutenants, and even to the non-commissioned officers and lowly privates in the ranks. Take the portrait gallery of the concededly great in contemporary literature. How many months do you think it would go around without repetition? Would not you yourself be the first to bring the charge of narrowness of range, to demand variety, and to offer the suggestion that there were readers who might be interested in literary persons of more ephemeral worth?

It is so easy to ridicule and so difficult to offer the practical remedy. We do not confine these pages exclusively to the doings and portraits of writers of enduring reputation. We have never made any pretence of doing so. On the other hand, the fact that we devote a paragraph or two to an anecdote about some young woman who has written a clever detective story, or a bright little tale of adventure after the manner of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, does not imply that we have

entirely forgotten that there once existed a Sir Walter Scott, an Honoré de Balzac, a Thackeray, a Dickens, and a Victor Hugo. After all, we do not think we have ever offended so very grievously. We cannot seriously be charged with finding *Vanity Fairs* and *Père Goriot*s in every batch of new novels, and if to some entertainingly written yarn that is read to-day and forgotten to-morrow we hold out for the moment the hand of kindly recognition, don't, Mr. Censor, fall into misinterpretation, and ascribe to us an exaggerated enthusiasm that we have never felt, and to which certainly we have never given expression.

The latest list of the "One Hundred Best Novels" has recently been issued by a Maryland library. The announcement of the list is accompanied by the somewhat astonishing statement that "before this there was no list in existence for the guidance of the uninitiated through the labyrinth of fiction." Without correcting certain errors in spelling we print the list as a curiosity. It is, in spots, so deliciously absurd.

Allen	Kentucky Cardinal, Aftermath
Alcott	Little Women
Austin	Pride and Prejudice
Balzac	Père Goriot
Barrie	Little Minister
Barrie	Sentimental Tommy
Besant	All In A Garden Fair
Besant & Rice	All Sorts And Conditions of Men
Black	A Princess of Thule
Blackmore	Lorna Doone
Bronte	Jane Eyre
Bulwer-Lytton	Last Days of Pompeii
Burnett	That Lass O' Lowries
Caine	Eternal City
Churchill	Coniston
Churchill	Mr. Crew's Career
Collins	The Moonstone
Connor	The Sky Pilot
Cervantes	Don Quixote
Cooper	The Deerslayer
Crawford	Saraceneca
De Foe	Robinson Crusoe
De Morgan	Alice for Short
Dickens	David Copperfield
Dickens	The Tale of Two Cities
Disraeli	Coningsby
Diver	The Great Amulet
Doyle	Hound of The Baskervilles
Dumas	The Three Musketeers
Eliot	Middlemarch
Eliot	Adam Bede

Fogazzare	The Politician	Weyman	A Gentleman of France
Ford	The Honorable Peter Sterling	Wharton	Fruit of the Tree
Fox Jr.	The Trail of The Lonesome Pine	White	A Certain Rich Man
Frederick	In The Valley	White	The Blazed Trail
Gaskill	Cranford	Wister	The Virginian
Goethe	Wilhelm Meister		
Goldsmith	The Vicar of Wakefield-		
Grant	The Chippendales		
Hale	The Man Without a Country		
Hardy	Tess of The D'Urbervilles	Power of the	all, our own political
Hardy	Under The Greenwood Tree	Press	journalism could have
Harte	Luck of Roaring Camp		done no worse. We felt
Hawthorne	The Scarlet Letter		quite patriotic as we read page after page
Hawthorne	The Marble Faun -		of those awful archiepiscopal British
Hichens	The Garden of Allah		weeklies as fast as they came out, and saw
Holmes	Elsie Venner		all the tricks of American yellowness
Howells	The Rise of Silas Lapham-		performed with a stateliness of manner
Howells	A Hazard of New Fortunes		that strongly accentuated the meanness
Hugo	Les Miserables		of the thought. Humbug very badly
Hugo	Notre Dame de Paris		printed and coming out in hourly editions
James	The Portrait of A Lady		does not seem half so bad. To lie in an
James	Daisy Miller		"extra" appears impulsive and almost
Kingsley	Hypatia		pardonable. To see the same result set
Kingsley	Westward Ho!		forth with grave decorum and at weekly
Kipling	Captains Courageous		intervals of premeditation was what
Kipling	Kim		cheered the downcast patriot. The
London	Call of The Wild✓		<i>Saturday Review</i> ought to have ap-
Lever	Charles O'Malley		peared on pea-green paper. The articles
Lover	Handy Andy		on the navy in the London <i>Spectator</i>
MacDonald	Robert Falconer		should have been printed in red and with
Maclaren	Beside The Bonnie Brier Bush		enormous scare-heads. The <i>Atlantic</i>
Marryat	Peter Simple		<i>Monthly</i> has recently published two
Maupassant	The Odd Number		interesting articles on the failing power of
Meredith	The Ordeal of Richard Feverel		the press. In the first Mr. Edward Por-
Meredith	The Egoist		rirtt gives a number of striking instances
Mitchell	The Adventures of Francois		in England, Canada and the United
Mulock	John Halifax, Gentleman		States of the tendency of voters to take
Muhlbach	Frederick The Great and His Court		precisely the opposite course to that
Oliphant	Salem Chapel		which the press has unanimously urged.
Page	Red Rock		His search for the causes does not take
Parker	The Seats of The Mighty		him very far. Mr. Leupp, in the Feb-
Reade	Put Yourself In His Place		ruary <i>Atlantic</i> , finds the source of the
Reade	Cloister and the Hearth		reader's growing indifference in certain
Richter	Hesperus		large matters that we all know—the
Roe	Opening a Chestnut Burr		influence of the counting-room, commer-
Seinkiewicz	Quo Vadis		cialism, sensationalism, and so forth. To
Sand	The Snow Man		neither of them occurred the cheerful
Scott	Kenilworth		thought that this declining power might
Scott	Ivanhoe -		be due to the rising common-sense of
Sinclair	The Divine Fire		readers. One likes to think that every
Smith	Peter		reader of the political arguments in those
Steele	On the Face of the Waters		sententious British reviews voted contra-
Stevenson	Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde		riwise. Nor is it quite incredible.
Tarkington	The Gentleman from Indiana		
Thackery	Vanity Fair		
Thackery	Pendenis		
Tolstoi	Anna Karenina		
Tolstoi	War and Peace		
Trollope	Barchester Towers		
Turgeneff	Father and Sons		
Twain	Prince and Pauper		
Twain & Warner	The Gilded Age		
Ward	Marcella		
Wallace	Ben Hur		

American readers of British periodicals during the recent general election must have taken heart. After all, our own political journalism could have done no worse. We felt quite patriotic as we read page after page of those awful archiepiscopal British weeklies as fast as they came out, and saw all the tricks of American yellowness performed with a stateliness of manner that strongly accentuated the meanness of the thought. Humbug very badly printed and coming out in hourly editions does not seem half so bad. To lie in an "extra" appears impulsive and almost pardonable. To see the same result set forth with grave decorum and at weekly intervals of premeditation was what cheered the downcast patriot. The *Saturday Review* ought to have appeared on pea-green paper. The articles on the navy in the London *Spectator* should have been printed in red and with enormous scare-heads. The *Atlantic Monthly* has recently published two interesting articles on the failing power of the press. In the first Mr. Edward Porritt gives a number of striking instances in England, Canada and the United States of the tendency of voters to take precisely the opposite course to that which the press has unanimously urged. His search for the causes does not take him very far. Mr. Leupp, in the February *Atlantic*, finds the source of the reader's growing indifference in certain large matters that we all know—the influence of the counting-room, commercialism, sensationalism, and so forth. To neither of them occurred the cheerful thought that this declining power might be due to the rising common-sense of readers. One likes to think that every reader of the political arguments in those sententious British reviews voted contrariwise. Nor is it quite incredible.

Here is an anecdote which Mr. Leupp uses to illustrate a point in his article. It bears all the marks of verity.

This sort of conventional hypocrisy among the common run of people is easier to forgive than the same thing among the cultivated few whom we accept as mentors. I stumbled upon an illuminating incident about five years ago which I cannot forbear recalling here. A young man just graduated from college, where he had attracted some attention by the cleverness of his pen, was invited to a position on the staff of the *New York Journal*. Visiting a leading member of the college faculty to say farewell, he mentioned this compliment with not a little pride. In an instant the professor was up in arms, with an earnest protest against his handicapping his whole career by having anything to do with so monstrous an exponent of yellow journalism. The lad was deeply moved by the good man's outburst, and went home sorrowful. After a night's sleep on it he resolved to profit by the admonition, and accordingly called upon the editor, and asked permission to withdraw his tentative acceptance. In the explanation which followed he inadvertently let slip the name of his adviser. He saw a cynical smile cross the face of Mr. Hearst, who summoned a stenographer, and in his presence dictated a letter to the professor, requesting a five-hundred-word signed article for the next Sunday's issue and inclosing a cheque for two hundred and fifty dollars. On Sunday the ingenuous youth beheld the article in a conspicuous place on the *Journal's* editorial page, with the professor's full name appended in large capitals.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton in his *Tremendous Trifles* has expressed the feeling of the normal man toward the two contrasting types of journalism.

If I had to choose between taking in the *Daily Mail* and taking in the *Times* (the dilemma reminds one of a nightmare), I should certainly cry out with the whole of my being for the *Daily Mail*. Even mere bigness, preached in a frivolous way, is not so irritating as mere meanness preached in a big and solemn way. People buy the *Daily Mail*, but they do not believe in it. They do believe in the *Times*, and (apparently) they do not buy it.

What is here said of the *Times* sounds violent, but it fairly describes much of the debating in those Buzfuz reviews during the election, except that when seen at this distance it seemed like burlesque. Each side so manifestly dodged the points at issue. The debate turned on little class

horrors and bogey-words, and "shops and tomato sauce" innuendoes. One side hissed "rabble" and the other muttered "dukes." To call Mr. Lloyd-George a "little Welsh attorney" was supposed not only to annihilate him but to dispose effectually of the Budget. It was generally enough merely to imply that a word was repugnant to the writer—"radicalism," "socialism," *verbum sat*—or that the thought was outside his experience. "Our sacred British institutions" were constantly menaced on both sides, with no inking to the reader of the nature of the peril.

"In later times," said Barry Lyndon in his spirited defence of gambling, "a vulgar national prejudice has chosen to cast a slur upon the character of men of honour engaged in the profession of play; but I speak of the good old days in Europe, before the cowardice of the French aristocracy (in the shameful Revolution, which served them right) brought discredit and ruin upon our order. . . . I say that play was an institution of chivalry: it has been wrecked, along with other privileges of men of birth. When Seingalt engaged a man for six and thirty hours without leaving the table, do you think he showed no courage? How have we had the best blood and brightest eyes, too, of Europe throbbing around the table, as I and my uncle have held the cards and the bank against some terrible player, who was matching some thousands out of his millions against our all which was there on the baize! When we engaged that daring Alexis Kossloffsky, and won seven thousand louis in a single coup, had we lost, we should have been beggars the next day; when *he* lost he was only a village and a few hundred serfs in pawn the worse. When at Toeplitz, the Duke of Courland brought fourteen lackeys, each with four bags of florins, and challenged our bank to play against the sealed bags, what did we ask? 'Sir,' said we, 'we have but eighty thousand florins in bank, or two hundred thousand at three months. If your Highness' bags do not contain more than eighty thousand, we will meet you.' And

we did, and after eleven hours' play, in which our bank was at one time reduced to two hundred and three ducats, we won seventeen florins of him."

In much the same spirit Mr. Ralph Nevill sat down to write *Light Come, Light Go*, which has just come from the press of the Macmillan Company. The book is a record of Dame Fortune's triumphs and occasional failures in her perpetual fight against those who attempt to woo her. She was in the full flush of her glory in eighteenth century England, when the sums lost at games of chance were appalling even to the modern imagination. For example, Charles James Fox, "who joined Brooks's when he was sixteen, once sat in the club playing at hazard for twenty-two hours in succession, when he lost eleven thousand pounds. At twenty-five he was a ruined man, though his father had paid one hundred and forty thousand pounds for him out of his own property. In 1793 his friends raised seventy thousand pounds to pay his debts and buy him an annuity." Another player at the same club lost seventy thousand pounds, and everything else he possessed, including his carriage and horses, which were his last stake. General Scott, father-in-law of George Canning and the Duke of Portland, is said to have won two hundred thousand pounds at whist. Colonel Henry Mellish "plunged" immediately after coming of age. At one time he lost forty thousand pounds by a single throw and is said to have forfeited a similar amount at a sitting to the Prince Regent. On another occasion he rose from the table the loser of ninety-seven thousand pounds, took his place again on the arrival of the Duke of Suffolk, and in two or three hours won one hundred thousand pounds from the newcomer.

Charles Fox's favourite game was faro, which is supposed to have been invented by a noble Venetian, who gave it the name of *bassetta*. The Venetian's fate was that of many great inventors. No sooner had *basetta* come into favour than he himself was banished for the evils that had resulted from the game. "In 1674 Signor Justiniani, Ambassador from Venice, in-

troduced it into France, where it was called *bassette*. Some of the princes of the blood, many of the *noblesse*, and several persons of the greatest fortune having been ruined by it, a severe law was enacted against its play by Louis XIV. To elude this edict, it was disguised under the name of *pour et contre*, and this occasioning new and severe prohibitions, it was again changed to the name of *le pharaon*, in order to evade the arrêts of Parliament. From France the game soon found its way to England, where it was at first called *basset*, but in the fashionable circles, where at that time it enjoyed a great vogue, it was invariably known by the name of *faro*.



THE WHIMSICAL OLD COAT-OF-ARMS OF WHITE'S CLUB

"Vert (for a card table); between three parolls proper, on a chevron sable, two rouleaux in saltire between two dice, proper. In a canton sable, a ball (for election), argent. Supporters, an old knave of clubs on the dexter, a young knave on the sinister side; both accoutred proper. Crest, issuing out of an earl's coronet (Lord Darlington's), an arm shaking a dice-box, all proper. Motto, alluding to the crest, 'Cogit amor nummi.' The arms encircled with a claret-bottle ticket by way of order.

There were in those days no end of eccentric wagers. In 1735 the Count de Buckeburg, on a bet, rode a horse from London to Edinburgh backwards, the horse's head toward Scotland, the rider's toward England, accomplishing the feat in less than four days. Another mad gamester wagered to travel from Paris to Fontainebleau and back before his opponent could prick half a million pinholes in a piece of paper. Competitive eating matches and wagers to stand on one leg for twelve hours and three minutes were common occurrences. Remarkably eccentric were some of the

most assiduous gamblers. There was the miserly Mr. Elwes, known, until he inherited a fortune, as Mr. Meggot: "A clerical neighbour had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes to Newmarket. As was the latter's custom, they set out on their journey at seven in the morning, and with the hope of a substantial breakfast at Newmarket, the clergyman took no refreshment before starting. . . . Eventually four o'clock arrived, and by this time his reverence had become so impatient that he murmured something about the 'keen air of Newmarket Heath' and the

thorough, in another sense, was that Thomas Kerridge who, in the middle of the eighteenth century, says tradition, gambled away Shelley Hall, in Suffolk, room by room, "and, when all the contents were gone and the house gutted, pulled down certain portions and gambled away the bricks."

Napoleon, Mr. Nevill tells us, was a very poor card player, and never indulged in any serious gambling. The same was the case with the Duke of Wellington, who though charged with being



THE GAMBLING ROOMS AT HOMBURG

In this drawing, which was made by the late G. D. Sala, the reader may detect a curious error

comforts of a good dinner. 'Very true,' replied Elwes, 'have some of this,' offering him at the same time a piece of old, crushed pancake from his great-coat pocket. He added that he had brought it from his house at Marcham two months before, but 'that it was as good as new.' " Such was the man who that very day had hazarded seven thousand pounds; who, after sitting up all night playing for thousands with the most fashionable profligates of the day, would walk to Smithfield to meet his own cattle, and haggle in the rain with a carcass-butcher over a shilling; who once sat at piquet for thirty-six consecutive hours. As

addicted to playing hazard, maintained that never in the course of his life had he won or lost twenty pounds at any game. It was different, however, with the other christener of boots who came to help Wellington at Waterloo. Blücher was inordinately fond of gambling and repeatedly lost large sums at play. Much to his disgust this passion was inherited by his son, who had often to be rebuked by his father for his visits to the gaming-table, and was given many a wholesome lecture upon his youth and inexperience. One morning, however, young Blücher presented himself before his father, and exclaimed with an air of joy, "Sir, you

said I knew nothing about play, but here is proof that you have undervalued my talents," pulling out at the same time a bag of roubles which he had won the preceding night. "And I said the truth," was the reply. "Sit down here and I will convince you." The dice were called for, and in a few minutes old Blücher won all his son's money; whereupon, after pocketing the cash, he rose from the table observing, "Now you see that I was right when I told you that you would never win."

to swear how often the bank had been stripped; a dunner, who went about to recover money lost at play; a waiter, to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend the gaming-room; an attorney, the sharper the better; a captain, ready to fight any gentleman who might be peevish at losing his money; an usher, to light gentlemen up and downstairs, and give the porter the word; a porter, who was generally a foot soldier; an orderly man, whose duty consisted in walking up and down on the outside of the door to give notice to the



A ROW IN A FASHIONABLE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GAMBLING HELL

The well-regulated gambling house of London in the eighteenth century had attached to it a considerable army of retainers. "The first, and of the greatest importance, was the commissioner, always a proprietor, who looked in at night, the week's account being audited by him and two other proprietors. Then followed the director, who superintended the rooms; the operator, who dealt the cards at faro, or any other game; the croupier, who watched the cards and gathered the money for the bank; a puff, handsomely paid to decoy others to play; a clerk, who acted as a check upon the puff, to see that he embezzled none of the money given him to play with; a squib, who was a puff of meaner rank, and received but a low salary, whilst learning to deal; a flasher,

porter, and alarm the house at the approach of the constables; a runner, employed to obtain intelligence of the justices' meeting. Besides these, there was link-boys, coachmen, chairmen, drawers, and others, who might bring information of danger, at half a guinea each for every true alarm. Finally, there was a sort of affiliated irregular force, the members of which—affidavitmen, ruffians, and bravoës—were capable of becoming assassins upon occasion."

"So great was the love of betting amongst sporting men that when they were on a journey they would wager as to what they might meet with next. This method of gambling was afterward made into a regular game which was called



CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Mr. Towne's unusual poem *Manhattan* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

'Travelling Piquet.' This was defined as a mode of amusing themselves, practised by two persons riding in a carriage, each reckoning toward his game the persons, or animals, that passed by on the side next them, according to the following estimation:

A parson riding on a gray horse	Game
An old woman under a hedge	do.
A cat looking out of a window	60
A man, woman, and child in a buggy	40
A man riding with a woman behind him	30
A flock of sheep	20
A flock of geese	10
A post-chaise	5
A horseman	2
A man or woman walking	1

"Death itself was not infrequently made the subject of a wager. Just before two unfortunate men, hung at the Old Bailey, were *dropped off*, a young nobleman present betted a hundred guineas to twenty 'that the shorter of the two would give the last kick!' The wager was taken, and he won; for the

other died almost instantly, whilst the shorter man was convulsed for nearly six minutes. So great was the mania for wagers at this epoch, that even the clergy were affected by the prevailing craze. A young divine, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, declared himself ready to undertake for a wager of a hundred guineas to read six chapters from the Bible every hour for six weeks. The betting was ten to one against him."

A great deal is being said of late with regard to Björnstjerne Björnson. Certainly, throughout his active life, his personality was very striking and he appealed immensely to the imagination of his countrymen. Un-



THE "CENTURY'S" NEW EDITOR

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, who has succeeded the late Mr. Gilder as editor of the *Century*, has been on the staff of that magazine for thirty-seven years. Since 1881 he has been the associate editor. In addition to his editorial work, Mr. Johnson was the originator, with John Muir, in the movement that resulted in the creation of the Yosemite National Park; he started the Memorial to Keats and Shelley; in Rome, he was the first to propose to President Roosevelt the Conference of Governors for the purpose of preserving the forests of the East, and he was one of the prominent workers in the cause of international copyright.

like his fellow playwright, Ibsen, he was no pessimist, nor did he shrink away to a foreign country to live there, satirising and sneering at his native land. To be sure, some of the pictures which he gives of Norse manners are by no means cheerful. Thus, in his book called *In the Ways of God*, there are chapters which read like a medical treatise; and very likely, from these, Madam Sarah Grand drew a part of the plot of *The Heavenly Twins*. In another of his stories, *Absalom's Hair*,

a Norwegian gentleman seizes his young wife and spans her in the presence of all his servants. This is rather like Björnson, who was highly unconventional in life and politics and religion. Politically he was the leader of those Norwegians who desired a republic. He hated the union of Norway with Sweden; and, no doubt, the separation of the two countries was hastened by the almost rabid power that Björnson exercised over men's imaginations. Georg Brandes once



BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSON



1. WHERE "CHANTECLER" WAS WRITTEN: PART OF EDMOND ROSTAND'S ESTATE AT CAMBO.

2. MME. ROSTAND (VEILED) TALKING TO A FRIEND.

3. A PASTORAL SCENE AT CAMBO: SHEEP ON EDMOND ROSTAND'S ESTATE.

4. FEEDING "CHANTECLER": EDMOND ROSTAND AMONG HIS CHICKENS AT CAMBO.

5. ON ROSTAND'S FARM: THE POET-DRAMATIST'S HEN-HOUSE AND PIGEON-LOFT.

Edmond Rostand's long-delayed farmyard play *Chantecler* was produced successfully on the evening of Feb. 5th, at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre, in Paris. Not very long ago M. Rostand, who lives at Cambo at the foot of the Pyrenees, told how he came to write the play. He is reported to have said: "The idea of *Chantecler* came to me one morning in the country, at Cambo, on hearing a cock crow. It was six or seven years ago, when I first went to Cambo, a few months after *Cyrano*. In the environs of Cambo there is a splendid farmyard; that will provide for the setting of my first act: the dunghill, the low wall, the market-cart, the dog's kennel, and the blackbird's cage. And all my characters were there: the dog in its kennel, the blackbird in its cage, and a magnificently marked cock on the dunghill, his feathers gilded by the first rays of the rising sun. As I saw him he saluted the dawning day with a strident Cocorico! At that moment *Chantecler* was conceived."—[Photographs from the *London Sketch*]



1. MADAME SIMONE LE BARGY (THE PHEASANT). 2. M. COQUELIN (THE DOG). 3. M. GALIPAUX (THE BLACKBIRD).
 4. M. ROSEMBERG (THE COCK—ON TOUR). 5. M. CHABERT (THE CAT). 6. Mlle. A. LERICHE (THE GUINEA FOWL).
 7. M. DORIVAL (THE SCREECH-OWL—IN PARIS, AND THE COCK—ON TOUR).

A DREAM OF THE PAST AND PRESENT: THE AUTHOR OF "CHANTECLER," M. ROSTAND, WITH ALL THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN HIS BEST-KNOWN PLAYS.

The central part of this illustration, which appeared in a recent number of the *London Illustrated News*, represents a possible dream which may have come to M. Edmond Rostand, the famous French poet and dramatist, whose long-expected farmyard play, *Chantecler*, is at length to be produced. The dream consists of the principal characters in his best-known plays. Reading from the left-hand top corner round to the right, the figures are l'Aiglon, Percinet (from *Les Romanesques*), Cyrano, la Samaritaine, Sylvette, Flambeau, Roxane and Melissinde (from *La Princesse Loiraine*). Round the border are portraits of the players who are taking the chief parts in *Chantecler*, and whose names are given above.

said of him: "The mention of his name in a gathering of his countrymen is like running up the national flag." Høge, boisterous, intensely earnest, he thrilled by his presence all Norwegians who saw him. The things that he used to say about King Oscar would have led to his imprisonment or deportation in any other monarchy in the world; but King Oscar was wise enough and gracious enough to pay no attention to what Björnson said.

This probably enraged Björnson more than anything that could possibly have been done; so that he at last actually sent a challenge to the King to fight a duel with him. Naturally, no notice was taken of this either, and on the whole it made Björnson seem just a little bit ridiculous. It was like the famous proposal of Victor Hugo to fight a duel with the old Emperor William during the siege of Paris by the German armies. Hugo



JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

A story is told of Josephine Daskam Bacon and Rose O'Neill, author and illustrator respectively of *The Biography of a Boy*, reviewed in this issue. Rose O'Neill, who is herself a writer and author of *The Lady in the White Veil*, is the wife of Harry Leon Wilson, the novelist and brother playwright of Booth Tarkington. When *The Biography of a Boy* was first arranged for serial publication and the subject of illustration was discussed, Miss Jordan, the editor, said casually, "Of course you will want Mrs. Wilson to do the pictures?" "No, indeed!" declared the author. "There is just one person who shall make those pictures, and that is Rose O'Neill." So the editor compromised with the best grace on Rose O'Neill. Mrs. Bacon, by the way, has come forward as the author of *Margarita's Soul*.

always took this very seriously. "The Emperor," he used to say, "is doubtless a great monarch, but on the other hand, I am Victor Hugo! We could, therefore, fight on equal terms and decide the war in half an hour." There are not many people now who remember that in 1880-81, Björnson spent some time in the United States, where he gave public lectures. In recent years he has lived very much as Tolstoy lives, issuing an occasional blast against the government, but

being treated with a kindly indulgence, as is Tolstoy by the Czar.

A little more than a year ago we printed an article on "The Author's Full Dinner Pail" which told of the vast sums of money which the popular novelists of to-day have been earning from successful books. Mr. John O'Hara Cosgrave, the editor of *Everybody's Magazine*, has supplemented

Short Story
Prices



DR. W. S. RAINSFORD
Author of *The Land of the Lion*.

that article in a recent interview with a reporter of the *New York Times*, by telling of the remarkable prices that, during the last few years, have been paid for short stories. According to Mr. Cosgrave, there are to-day eight American writers in what he calls the one thousand dollar class—that is, who are in a position to ask one thousand dollars for a story of five thousand words, or thereabouts, a rate of twenty cents a word. These are Robert W. Chambers, Richard Harding Davis, Booth Tarkington, Jack London, John Fox, Jr., Owen Wister, and Frances Hodgson Burnett. There were two short stories of comparatively recent date which brought five thousand dollars each. These were Kipling's "They," which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, and the last of the Sherlock Holmes stories, published in *Collier's Weekly*. Mr. Cosgrave's estimate is that the best of our short story writers produce from ten to twelve stories a year. He speaks of the marvellous increase in prices, recalling that only a few years ago, Owen Wister, who now receives from fifteen to twenty cents a word for his work, sent to *Everybody's* a story



J. O'HARA COSGRAVE

for which he asked the then rather high price of four cents a word.



EDEN PHILLPOTTS

In the old days it was only an author's completed work that could be marketed. Now brisk competition among editors has made it possible for a writer of established reputation to pocket a cheque by merely outlining the plot of a contemplated story. Thus one scribe, whose name it is not difficult to guess, owes publishers more than thirty-five hundred dollars. To find the lean years it is not necessary to look back very far. According to Mr. Cosgrave, Jack London, who is now in the one thousand dollar class, used to sell his stories for twenty dollars. The late Frank Norris worked on *The Wave* of San Francisco, which Mr. Cosgrave edited before he came to New York, for ten or twenty dollars a week. Between instalments of *McTeague*, on which he was then working, he turned out many "pot boilers" for the periodical. When Norris first came to the East he went to McClure's, where he read manuscripts for ten dollars a week. Gelett

Burgess, who now receives three hundred dollars for a short story, also worked on *The Wave* for a ten dollar salary. The same paper employed Will Irwin for the even more humble sum of five dollars a week. Mr. Irwin's present income from his writings is said to be ten thousand dollars a year.

Some paragraphs in our January Chronicle on "Mr. Howells as Critic"

have had the fortunate effect of provoking a rejoinder from Mr. Eden Phillpotts, which it

gives us great pleasure to reproduce after a word of explanation. As an illustration of Mr. Howells's "tidy little theory of art" we quoted a passage in which he implied that Meredith, Thackeray and Dickens were inferior as novelists to M. Zola, and Mr. Phillpotts among others, because the former played the showman in their books. "A novelist," said Mr. Howells, "has no more right to be personally present in his story than a sculptor in his statue." We complained of a rigour which made self-concealment the main requisite—perhaps the only requisite—of art. It seemed rather hard on us, for example, to say that our pleasure in meeting Meredith in his stories was of low and in-artistic derivation, by no means comparable to the pleasure of merely not meeting Mr. Phillpotts. Meredith had unquestionably "a great soul," said Mr. Howells, but he had no business to show it. Mr. Phillpotts, if he had one, honourably concealed it. Of course it is a familiar theory and well suited to Latin logic and trim art, but as applied by Mr. Howells to English and American writers it has always maddened us. Mr. Howells has often displayed a standard of criticism which tends to drive readers to asceticism and novelists to suicide. He seems to love a novel in proportion as the novelist does not personally intrude. He is therefore always praising writers who are almost dead because, being in that condition, they can do very little personal damage to the strict rules of their craft. True to life, to Mr. Howells, means true to a potato patch. The first step in art is the disembowelment of

the artist. He is quite sure the young lady must be a novelist because she is so palpably nothing else. His kind words are therefore for our altogether too numerous literary photographers; his curses are for Dickens, Thackeray and Meredith. For these reasons we asked some one to throw a bomb at this tidy little theory of art. We did not, as Mr. Phillpotts implies, promise to throw one, for we are not the sort of person to make any noise in the world. We are merely a small beer chronicler, secretary to the things of the moment, loyal to the time of day, careworn with literary celebrities, trying to be kind all around and get everybody's name straight, trying never to confound Mr. Booth Davis with Mr. Richard Harding Tarkington or Kate Douglas Wiggs with Mrs. Wiggin of the Cabbage Patch. And back to these matters we go, being unsuited to the high debate to which Mr. Phillpotts invites us. With this explanation the references in the letter will be clear. It is an admirable letter and we are grateful to Mr. Phillpotts for writing it.

TORQUAY, ENGLAND, Jan. 10, 1910.

On the abstract question, may I utter a word concerning the "tidy little theory of art" of Mr. W. D. Howells? I refer to certain paragraphs and quotations in your last impression.

You desire a definition, but surely such a thing is impossible. The palace of art, represented by Fiction, has many mansions. Fiction is a form—a protean form—and no definition or standard can embrace its entirety.

According to the critical estimate of Mr. Howells, the form wherein an author is personally displayed falls far short of that wherein he does not appear—so far short that, from his standpoint, the one form is hardly worthy to be called art as contrasted with the other. But I take it that he is here concerned with form only, not content.

For example let us cite two great works: *Madame Bovary* and *Diana of the Crossways*. No exact definition could rate these masterpieces as equally splendid, but it depends largely upon your definition which you set higher. For the moment Mr. Howells would seem to be concerned in his essay not with the valuation of the jewels but their mounting—with the manner not the matter; and surely no artist can possibly quarrel with him upon

that score? Without denying that Meredith was greater than Flaubert, that Dickens was mightier than George Eliot, that Thackeray's contribution to the wit and wisdom of the world exceeded Jane Austen's, we may yet in each case admit that the lesser writer was the greater artist. Can your promised bomb shatter this paradox?

I should like to learn (and none is better able to tell me than **THE BOOKMAN**) what spirit animates your serious novelists of to-day. The movement of a nation that seeks to ignore, rather than follow, tradition is significant, and it would be interesting to know what your best writers of fiction affect in theory and practise in form. Do they recognise technique or laugh at it? Do you find severe detachment to be the guiding principle of their art, or does the living American novelist display his personality upon his page, after the manner of the mighty Victorians?

Do you meet him walking among his men and women—as God with Adam in the Garden—or does he hide himself? To achieve an absolute concealment is, of course, as Mr. Howells points out, not possible; but it must probably be the ideal of not a few among your leading artists.

That he may present a glass of crystal clarity, through which his pictures of life shall be observed, is surely the highest aim for a novelist; though we know too often how the faltering workman must a little obscure that glass, if only with his own hard breathing in the struggle to keep it clear. To prefer a medium stained—even though it be with delicate rose, tender green or heavenly blue of the artist's mind—is, I submit, a retrograde step. We recognise a great artist's work of course, and that instantly, but it is the magnitude or symmetry of his edifice that proclaims him, not that he is standing at the front door.

Hear Nietzsche. "Humanity," he says, "can no longer be spared the cruel sight of the psychological dissecting-table with its knives and forceps. For here rules that science which inquires into the origin and history of the so-called moral sentiments and which in its progress has to draw up and solve complicated sociological problems."

Now serious modern novelists are engaged upon this high business and have no time to think about themselves, or air their predilections, hobbies, or opinions. The men who paraded themselves, consciously or unconsciously, were actuated by the old values, held in check

by religion or herd morality and a thousand other conventional restrictions; but we feel that all these things are only so many bars and hindrances to that pure, scientific curiosity whose goal is the stark truth of human nature. An absolutely impersonal attitude is what we seek.

A good surgeon in the midst of a life or death operation has no time to demonstrate or advertise. And we, who try to make live men and women—for novel writing is a life or death operation too—are similarly far too concerned with the enormous difficulties to intrude our own personalities or play showman.

It is unnecessary that a great artist should be a great poet, or a "social moralist," or a "great soul," or a great anything else. Indeed the great artists who have also been what is understood by great men are rather rare.

Do, dear sir, explode your threatened bomb that we may see if it can shatter the "tidy little theory" of Mr. Howells, which is also the theory of Flaubert and Guy de Maupassant and every working artist of fiction in our country who counts to-day.

I pray you ventilate this interesting subject and discover how many of your first-rate men defer to and how many differ from your most famous living novelist.

Most sincerely and heartily yours,
EDEN PHILLIPOTS.

Every utterance of Mr. Chesterton, no matter on what subject, is a contribution to the gaiety of nations; but the gaiety is perhaps increased in proportion as the subject is one which has apparently been worn threadbare by every reviewer and would-be critic. Then is Mr. Chesterton most fresh and engaging, since he begins where the others leave off. Not since he wrote his book on Dickens has he had a more congenial subject than in the introduction which he contributes to a volume of selections from Thackeray, one of a series called *Masters of Literature*. Obviously, Thackeray is the last novelist in the world to be adequately represented by extracts. Mr. Chesterton not only admits the fact; he emphasises and illustrates it with one of his amusing parodies. Thackeray, he says, worked entirely by diffuseness; by a thousand touches scattered through a thousand pages:

**Chesterton on
Thackeray**

Even the bodily description of his characters is scattered and disseminated. The Dickens method is to say: "Lord Jones, a tall man with a hook nose and a white pointed beard, entered the room." Thackeray's method is to say, in Chapter I: "Lord Jones, being very tall, had just knocked his head against the chandelier, and was in no very agreeable temper"; in Chapter VII: "What jokes Jemima made about Sir Henry's bald head. Lord Jones's hooked nose, and so on"; and in Chapter XXIII: "Little Mr. Frizzle, the hair-dresser, had pursued Jones for years, advising his lordship to blacken artificially the white pointed beard that he wore."

Of course, Mr. Chesterton, himself one of the most rigid and persistent of moralists, likes to regard Thackeray as a moralist. He is not a cynic, save in a wholly honourable sense of that word. The whole point in the contrasted careers of Amelia and Becky is "that there is a certain sanative and antiseptic element in virtue, by which even a fool manages to live longer than a knave." He remarks that at the end "the energy of Becky is the energy of a dead woman; it is like the rhythmic kicking of some bisected insect." Major Pendennis prompts the reflection that "worldliness and the worldlings are in their nature solemn and timid. If you want carelessness you must go to the martyrs." Thackeray was, moreover, according to his critic, not only a moralist; he was a romantic—a retrospective romantic, as it were. "He loved all fresh and beautiful things, like other romantics; but loved them with a deliberate recollection of their eternal recurrence and decay." In short, he was nearly all that we usually think of as the reverse of cynical. "He falls away into philosophising not because his satire is merciless, but because it is merciful. . . . He often employs an universal cynicism because it is kinder than a personal sarcasm. He says that all men are liars, rather than say directly that Pendennis was lying. He says easily that all is vanity, so as not to say that Ethel Newcome was vain." And concerning his last books it is remarked: "There are moments in the last days of this cynic when we have almost to pardon his pointless and flowing piety

as we should pardon it in saints or innocent children."

Concerning *The Book of Snobs*, Snobism in general, English Snobism in particular, and Thackeray's hatred of it, Mr. Chesterton says certain things which illuminate the present political situation of the House of Lords:

The true source of snobs in England was the refusal to take one side or the other heartily in the crisis of the French Revolution; the English attempt to have what Macaulay called (with unconscious but awful irony) "the most popular aristocracy and the most aristocratic people in the world." Those words would make another good definition of snobbishness. We have a popular aristocracy; it consists chiefly of brewers. We have an aristocratic people; that is, it consists chiefly of snobs. If we had made our system sincere, if we had conformed to either of the two great models of government, we might have had the vices involved in them, but we should have been free from this fever of worldliness, this vulgar unrest. Aristocracy does not have snobs any more than democracy. But we have neither securely closed our house nor boldly opened it. We have merely let it be whispered that a window is unbarred at the back; and a few burglars break in and are made peers. But the thought of that possible entrance rides all men's fancy like some infernal love affair, and enfevers and exhausts England.

The following note we find in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, in the issue of January 26th, in the department devoted to **The Law and Literature** "The Alumni." The *Weekly* took it from the *Washington Star*:

'91

With Edgar Allan Poe arguing a case before Oliver Wendell Holmes the clock in the United States Court room seemed to have turned back several decades to-day. But it was so. Oliver Wendell Holmes was on the bench; Edgar Allan Poe was at the bar. Counsellor Poe is a member of the famous Poe family of Baltimore. Mr. Justice Holmes's pedigree also is well known.

Mr. Henry C. Rowland, whose new novel, *In the Service of the Princess*, is

announced for publication this month, has written to his publishers a letter in which he sets forth his ideas of the proper régime for a writer. It is a creed that in the old days would certainly have been held as "rank blasphemy and wild." We are printing it, not because it has to do exclusively with Mr. Rowland, but because it seems to stand for the ideas of so many of the young men of the new school.

This seems to me to be the proper sort of régime for a writer. More than that, one

is merely a matter of personal taste. Neither do I believe in literary specialising. It is a quick way to get celebrity, this hammering away at some spot, but I think that the specialist burns out more quickly. Personally, I think it a higher art to vary constantly in subject matter, style, key and every other way, if one is able to do so and keep the product of this versatility sound of its sort. A writer who can do this ought never to find himself "written out." As for academic perfection, that is a thing which one has to study en route. Technique belongs, I think, more fully to the later decades, when the Long Trail becomes impossible due to such shackles as ill-health, adverse fortune, bright eyes or twins!

1910 is the title of an exceedingly entertaining and well-made little magazine, of which we have just received the first issue. The periodical is to be continued for a year and no matter is to be printed except by invitation. The contributors are ten in number, five writers and five artists. They are Franklin P. Adams, C. B. Falls, Montague Glass, E. Horter, John Oskison, Louis Evans Shipman, J. G. Sommer, A. E. Thomas, Boardman Robinson and Henry Reuter dahl. Mr. Adams's adaptation of Horace's much-abused *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus* strikes us as being worth reprinting:

The pomp of the Persian I hold in aversion;
I loathe all those gingerbread tricks—
Those chaplets and wreathings of linden tree things—
Nix!

Boy, us for plain myrtle, while under this fertile
Old grapevine myself I seclude,
For you and bibacious young Quintus Horatius—
Stewed.

Disingenuous, to say the least, is the magazine that in its February issue publishes the novel made from the play *Cameo Kirby*, by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. In the advertising pages of the January number the names of the collaborating playwrights were printed in large letters as among the contributors of



THE ALLEY. BY E. HORTER. FROM "1910"

owes it to the public to furnish something as fresh as one can and not serve out a literary ration composed of the "re-hash" of other minds. Personally, I am constantly confronted with my lack of knowledge and broader education, and constantly trying to remedy it. Books of reference can easily become literary crutches, and I dislike extremely to be driven to them in writing fiction. I will not lay a scene in any place of which I have not a first-hand knowledge. This, of course,

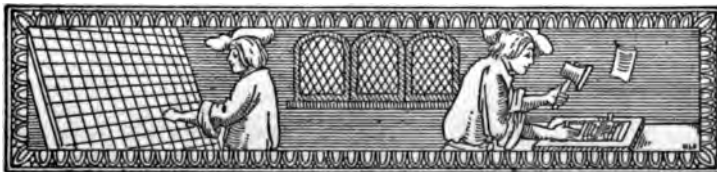
the next number. In the February table of contents "Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson" are placed opposite "Cameo Kirby—Complete Novel." It is only by the most careful scrutiny of the heading of the story that the reader is able to learn that the feature so vigorously exploited is nothing more than an adaptation "from the celebrated play by W. B. M. Ferguson." All of which impresses us as being exceedingly unfair to Mr. Ferguson, to Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Wilson, and to the readers of the magazine. Just a little too strongly it suggests the methods of certain publishers who used to issue books in the following fashion:

NANA'S BROTHER
(A SEQUEL TO NANA)
BY ÉMILE ZOLA

Molly Elliot Seawell, whose new novel, *The Marriage of Theodora*, is to appear early this month, has a unique record among writers as a prize winner. She has entered three big competitions, and in each one has won a prize. The remarkable part of it is, that in every case she was the only woman who won anything, although thousands of women competed. The first was in a contest instituted by the *Youth's Companion* in 1890 for the best juvenile short story. This was the beginning of Miss Seawell's literary career. She offered her story *Little Jarvis*, which was awarded the first prize in merit, although as it was based on an historic incident, she was given the second prize in money, five hundred dollars. In this

competition there were over two thousand competitors. All of the other prize winners were men. Again, in 1895, when she was beginning to be known in literature, she entered into a competition for a prize of three thousand dollars offered by the *New York Herald*. In this competition there were over one thousand contestants. Again Miss Seawell won the first prize with her story *The Sprightly Romance of Marsac*. The other winners were all men. In the autumn of 1908, in response to an invitation extended by the *New York Herald* to forty selected writers to compete for a prize, Miss Seawell entered and won a prize of one thousand dollars with a short story, "John Mainwaring, Financier." Three other prizes were won by well-known short-story writers. Once more, Miss Seawell was the only woman to receive recognition.

In the February number of the *Educational Review* a suggestion is made editorially that among the teachers of every normal school or college there should always be one or two instructors prepared to extol the virtues of Simple Spelling and to expose the "superstition" of such as spell after the accepted fashion. This suggestion seems to us fair enough; but, having some regard for the *Lehrfreiheit*, we venture to make the supplementary suggestion that there should be in every normal school or college one or two cultivated men or women prepared to show how desirable it is to spell like gentlemen and gentlewomen, and to scarify the crudity of Simple Spellers.



THE NEW BAEDERER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

XIII—FROM MONTREAL TO SAN FRANCISCO



WHEN one glides over the Canadian frontier in a smoothly rolling express-train from New York, there is nothing in the landscape to suggest that he is passing into the possessions of another nation than his own. It all looks very much like a continuation of the United States. Only one little circumstance proves to him that he has escaped from a country which is enslaved by a materialised democracy, and that he has reached a land where, though it be ruled by a king, decent consideration is shown to every one. It is the well-set up custom-house officer who impresses this fact upon you. He does not snap his jaws like a steel-trap when he speaks to you. He does not ask you to make an affidavit as to what you have in your luggage, and then impudently accuse you of perjury in telling you that he doesn't believe a word of what you have said under oath. For the matter of that, he doesn't drag your trunks or your belongings around the baggage-car, pile the contents of them on a dirty floor, and then call in a second ruffian to paw over the objects and finally decide, without giving any details, that you must pay such and such a sum for "excess luggage."

The Canadian official knows very well that you are not a smuggler. He has a sense of the decencies of life. He doesn't seek to magnify his office. With a polite word or two, he lifts and immediately lowers the lids of your trunks, affixes a cabalistic mark, and you are free to enter the dominions of His Majesty, King Edward VII. This is a small thing in itself, and yet how grateful it is when you compare with it the scenes of sordidness and swinishness which disgrace the port

of New York whenever a foreign steamer arrives at any of its piers. It is a curious thing, this independence of ours, for which we fought two wars, yet which to-day we do not in reality possess, since we are the serfs of those who are appointed to serve us. The custom-house inspector insults our wives and children. The policeman, without a shadow of right, bullies nine-tenths of the population who believe that he is the very law itself. We let corporations steal our franchises and then overcharge us for our use of them. We allow combinations of soulless individuals to tax us on any pretence, because we send to Congress men whose election expenses these corporations have paid, and because they have put their former attorneys upon the judicial bench.

Somehow or other it is refreshing for a little while to escape from all the different kinds of slave-drivers whom America has been breeding for the past thirty years. Like one of those fugitives who, before the Civil War, fled to Canada by the historic Underground Railroad, no sooner do we touch British soil than we salute the British flag. For it emancipates us and allows us to forget beneath its folds the swarm of "hustlers" who in politics, in commerce, and for that matter, in science, in literature, and in education, give no one any rest, but keep always stirring such a hell-broth as can be found nowhere outside of the United States. Kipling never wrote a truer stanza than that in which he characterised a certain type of the latter-day Americans.

Or sombre-drunk at mine and mart
He dubs his dreary brethren "Kings."
His hands are black with blood: his heart
Leaps, as a babe's, at little things.

This paper completes the first series of New Baedeker articles. The complete list is now as follows: I—Malines, September, 1907; II—Utica, N. Y., December, 1907; III—Berlin, February, 1908; IV—Portland, Maine, April, 1908; V—Rome, November, 1908; VI—Rouen, January, 1909; VII—Trenton Falls, March, 1909; VIII—Harlem, May, 1909; IX—Havre and Trouville, July, 1909; X—Atlantic City, September, 1909; XI—Boston, November, 1909; XII—Lake Pleasant, Massachusetts, January, 1910; and XIII—From Montreal to San Francisco, March, 1910.—EDITORS.

And somehow or other that line of his,

Unkempt, disreputable, vast,

rather sticks in one's mind as being painfully near a good part of the truth. But, after all, this is rank pessimism, and almost treasonable. Such reflections are due mainly to having been cooped up for too long a time in New York City—that extraordinary, heterogeneous Babylon which sometimes makes you shudder, yet which draws you back to it irresistibly if you have been very long absent. New York is almost a nation in itself, and perhaps the late Fernando Wood was not so very much out of the way when, in 1861, he proposed that it secede from the Union and set up for itself. It doesn't really



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
DINING CAR SERVICE.



"THE CONSUL-GENERAL WAS A GOOD MAN"

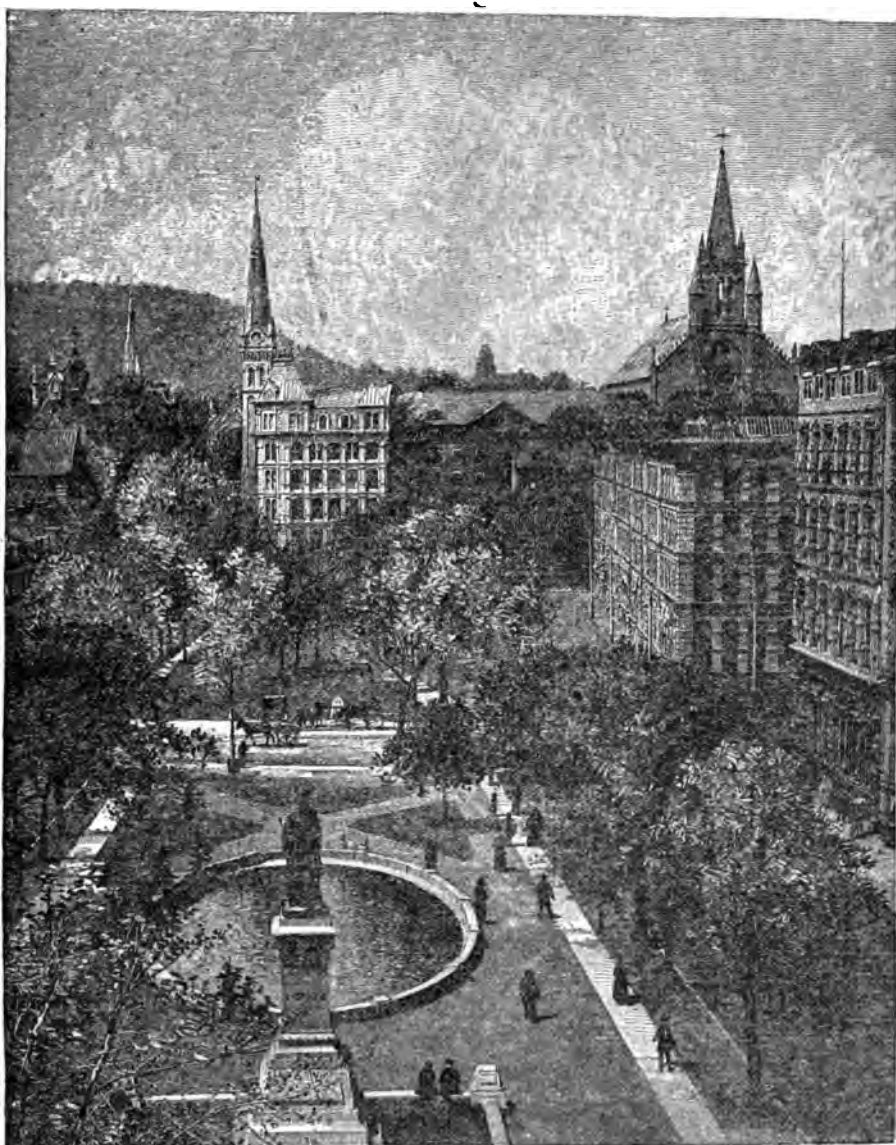
belong to anything. It is just a tremendous curiosity.

But these thoughts are dispelled by others when you arrive in Montreal and find a city which in its own way is altogether unique. Quebec, for example, is really French, and sixteenth century French at that. Toronto, on the other hand, is British with a strong admixture of American. But Montreal, while it seems to be British, is a singular admixture of what is British and what is not. From the general appearance of it you get at first a certain impression as of England, although only one-seventh of the inhabitants are English, and more than half of them are French. It is an admirable example of how the Briton manages to impose himself upon places and upon people who are not of his own stock. Put him down almost anywhere in the world and presently you will find bitter beer and Bass's White Label and gooseberry tarts, and people always dressing for dinner, and calculating their money in pounds, shillings, and pence. I suppose the United States to be the only country in the world where he cannot do so, and where the British sovereign and the Bank of England note are looked at contemptuously by shopkeepers who will not take them even at a discount, but want "real money," much to the astonishment and chagrin of the travelling Englishman. But in Montreal, the British element appears to have entirely its own way. Dominion Square with its huge hotel shows nothing that suggests the French

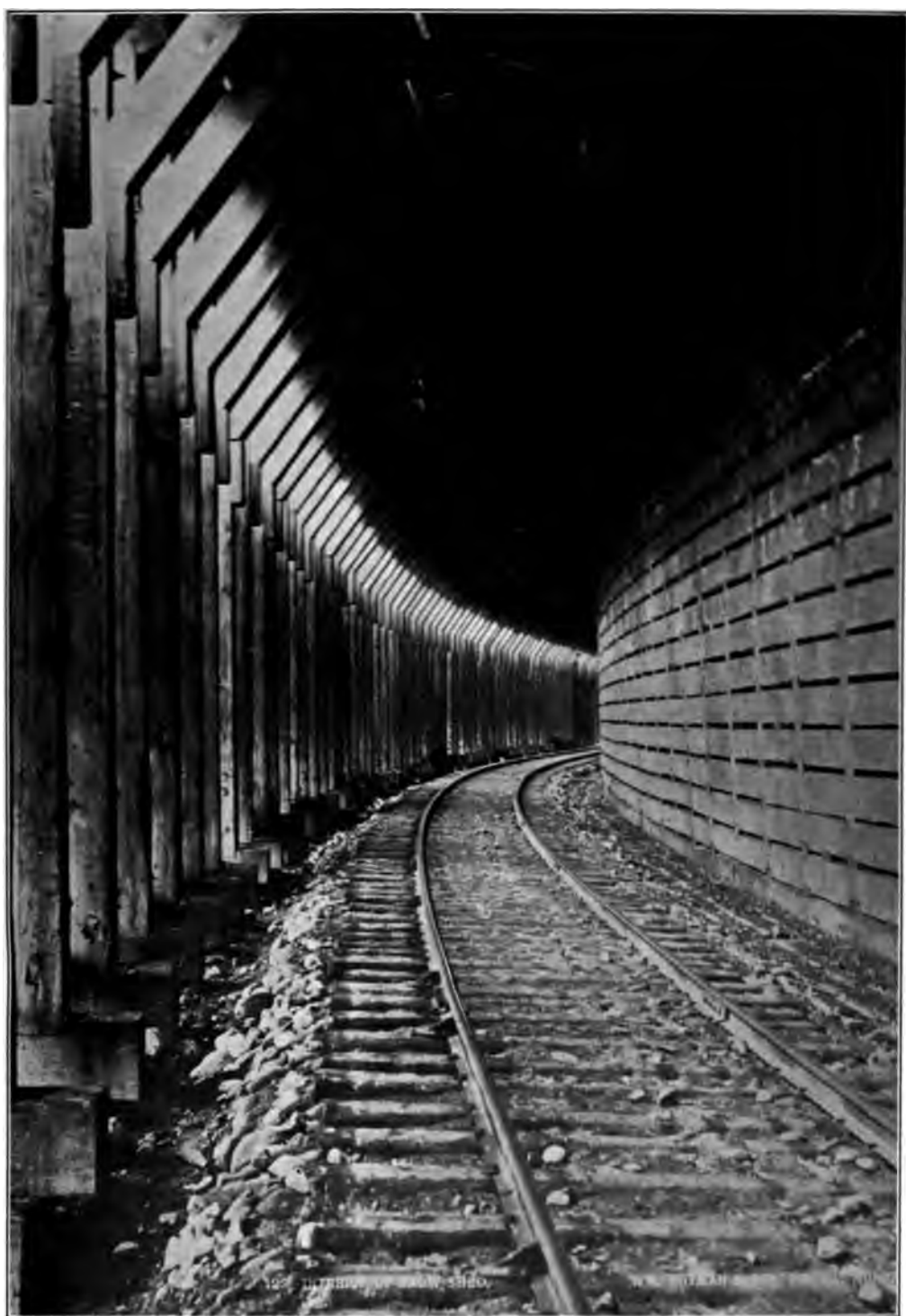
who founded this fine city, centuries ago. If you enter the hotel in question, you will find, besides breakfast rooms and dining-rooms, "a lady's ordinary," the very name taking you back to the England of James I. and *The Fortunes of Nigel*. And it was so like the English to pick out Jacques Cartier Square as a place in which to erect a column in memory of Lord Nelson!

Nevertheless, a somewhat closer ex-

amination shows you that the French tenacity is quite equal to the English obstinacy. The very names of streets and buildings tell you this—the Place d'Armes, the Bonsecours Market, Notre Dame de Montréal, the Château de Ramezay, Saint Sulpice, the statue of the fine old Sieur de Maisonneuve, with the figures of the Iroquois about him, and that of Lambert Closse, the first "town-major" of the old-time city, Ville Marie



VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL



"THE SNOW-SHEDS, THROUGH WHICH ONE DOES NOT USUALLY PASS IN SUMMER, GIVE STRIKING EVIDENCE OF WHAT THESE GORGES MUST BE IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER"

de Montréal. Sometimes side by side, you see France and England contending with each other architecturally. For instance, the moment you behold the Bank of Montreal, you almost cry out with wonder; for it is precisely the London Exchange, and you feel that you are going to enter Threadneedle Street in a moment or two. But then, placed next to it, is the Post-Office, which you are at once tempted to call the Bureau des Postes—so French is its grey limestone front and its Mansard roof.

And you come at the actual truth when you leave the public squares and the English shops and the Englishwomen shopping there, and go down into the heart of the town and find yourself in a labyrinth of streets that bear French names. The Doctor and I wanted to get a large supply of cartridges for the huge revolvers that we had brought with us. Just why we had brought them we could not very definitely have explained; only, we were going westward some thousands of miles and we had a nebulous notion that we might need these weapons for self-protection. Possibly it was because we had seen a photograph purporting to represent Vancouver at an early stage of its still youthful history. That photograph which is here reproduced will perhaps justify the two revolvers. But, as I was saying, in our search for cartridges we went into many shops of different sorts before finding one where cartridges were sold; and in all these shops not a soul understood a single word of English. So this was the real Montreal—French at its core, though superficially Anglicised.

And this is why one cannot think of Canada as being either wholly French or wholly English. It is, in fact, Canadian. It will never be annexed to the United States, and I fancy that the time will come when it will cease even nominally to be a possession of Great Britain. Here is the true solution of the Canadian question—that Canada should become either a kingdom or a republic all by itself. It has a splendid history of its own. It has beautiful cities, a wonderfully clean and upright government, and if it should put forth its power and snap its leading-strings, it could well take high rank as a nation, free and self-respecting. At

present, it gives me an uncomfortable feeling to see Canadians either trying to be more English than the English, or else wrapping themselves up in the tattered Gallicism of three hundred years ago. France, of course, can never have more than a sentimental interest in the country. Englishmen rather look down upon it, as they look down upon any set of people who remain in English bondage outside of England. Canada at present reminds one of a hobbledehoy quite strong enough to stand alone and to be a man, but who, nevertheless, from force of habit, skulks around awkwardly, in a moral state of pupillage, wearing trousers too short for him and still haunted by the fear that, when he speaks, his voice may not be the deep bass of a man but may break and go off into a sort of childish falsetto. This, however, will not last very long. The young giant will soon stand up and stamp his feet and be proud of the name "Canadian." All the same, at the present time, the English contingent is distinctly loyal to the mother country. I couldn't resist asking rather foolish questions of a youth whom I encountered. I said:

"Do you feel a personal devotion to King Edward VII?"

"Yes," said he; "I would die for him."

But the very answer, given with flushed face and a sparkle of the eye, showed me how little like an Englishman was this young Canadian. An Englishman would at first have stared and then laughed, and then perhaps he would have exclaimed rather cryptically:

"Oh, I say now!"

You may be sure that his cheeks would not have flushed nor his eye have sparkled. Very likely he, too, would have died for King Edward, but he would have regarded it as a "beastly bore." The Canadian, on the other hand, has all the spirit and the sentiment of the native-born American. Just at present he is giving it to England; but the time will come when the flag of independent Canada will stir his soul, and when the Maple-Leaf will mean much more to him than the Lion and the Unicorn.

Two great proofs of Canadian energy and farsightedness are to be found in the Victoria Jubilee Bridge which was flung



"HE DEPARTED, HURRYING UP THE MAIN STREET OF WINNIPEG"

across the St. Lawrence near Montreal at a cost of twenty million dollars, and which is one of the greatest engineering achievements in the world; and then still greater, the Canadian Pacific Railway extending for three thousand miles across the whole of the Dominion, looping itself around the massive peaks of the Rockies and then descending to the far off city of Vancouver. When it was completed, in 1887, its importance was mainly military. By means of it, British troops, after being hurried from Liverpool to Montreal, could then whirl rapidly across the Continent to the Pacific Ocean. Great Britain in 1887 viewed Russia with a distrustful eye; and Canada did her part, so that the great Empire of the Czars might be swiftly smitten from the powerfully fortified naval station at Esquimalt, near Victoria.

The Doctor and I were mainly interested in the Canadian Pacific Railway, since we intended to take one of its trains from Montreal and to proceed over its whole length to the Pacific Coast. This railway has an advantage over any of the American transcontinental lines, because the journey involves no change; but one can go directly through the vast stretches

of prairie, the wheat-lands, and the magnificent mountains, and can do it all in a deliberate, comfortable fashion. After you cut loose from the towns and cities of Ontario and get out into the billowy prairies, you practically own the train. If you want to alight and stretch your legs and look at a bit of scenery by way of variety, the train will be stopped for you, as it will be also at the city of Winnipeg, where you can stroll around for an hour or so in this metropolis of the wheat-lands, standing isolated in the very middle of a thousand miles of loneliness.

So, when you dispose your luggage in its proper places and show a yard or less of ticket, you can settle down with a certain ease and peace of mind very much as you would upon an ocean steamer, with the additional advantage that if you don't like it you can get off and walk. It is advisable to tip the porter rather heavily and suggest to him that at the end of the journey another tip will be forthcoming. On the whole I am inclined to think that this is quite immoral; for he will give you a whole section instead of a single berth; and when (a day or two later)



"THEN YOU COME TO THE VERY GARDEN OF THE GODS"

other persons enter who have paid for half that section, he will invent the most ingenious explanations as to why their tickets are not good and will bestow them, grumbling, in some other portion of the train. I have often waked up in the middle of the night and listened guiltily to the loud expostulations of casual Canadians, and have admired, from a purely literary standpoint, the fluent diction and the imaginative resources of the porter. But after all, it is the through passengers who constitute the aristocracy of the train; while others who are going only four or five hundred miles must put up with what the porter feels it best to give them. He had the hardest time of all with a Consul-General of a minor European monarchy; and the strife between them lasted from midnight until morning. During the latter part of it I whistled softly the *Brabançonne*, which may have appeased the Consul-General, or which, on the other hand, may have driven him into a speechless rage, so that he presently succumbed. Anyway, he

was a good man, and we afterward became great friends.

It is a lazy, comfortable, luxurious life, this long whirl across the prairies. You can rove about the train and chat with various acquaintances; enjoying the most delicious meals whenever you feel like taking them; looking out upon the illimitable miles of undulating verdure, sometimes tilled, and sometimes covered only with scant grass, and sometimes densely populated by prairie-dogs. Their little houses, domed and green, about a foot in height, have a small opening for the family; and at these openings sit the masters of the houses, on their hind legs and with their paws drooping gently over their furry coats. Going out upon the very last platform of the last car and letting our legs hang over the miles of glittering track that sped away beneath us, the Doctor and I found use for our revolvers by banging away at the prairie-dogs. I suppose it was the instinctive Anglo-Saxon desire to kill something; yet I doubt very much whether any



"I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING THAT COULD COMPARE WITH THE SAVAGE BEAUTY OF THIS REGION"

prairie-dog lost his life beneath our fusillade. Still, as every time we fired, the little beasts would drop over backward into their respective holes, we let ourselves imagine that our aim was something wonderful. To be sure, all the dogs fell over at the same time, being startled by the noise; but that was a small affair, and the cry of "I've hit him!" continued until all our cartridges had been shot away. After that we sat no more upon the platform, but studied types in the smoking compartment.

It was interesting as we went further west to see how the American element had impinged upon the Canadian. The politics that men talked were not Canadian politics. The conductors and even the brakemen were betting upon the election in the United States. The people who got on and off at the infrequent stations were, nine-tenths of them, countrymen of ours. Often, to be sure, they were not residents of Canada, but were merely there on temporary business; yet one

could see and hear the effects of American emigration into the rich lands whose virgin soil has not yet begun to be exhausted by producing several crops a year.

I hold in grateful remembrance a long lank man from Minneapolis, who for a day and a half before reaching Winnipeg made much talk about himself and about the city where he lived. He confessed that he had not been born there, but was trying hard, so he said, "to ketch up." He was the embodiment of activity. His face was lean and eager. His eyes were bright and keen. He wore a diamond pin, and on his feet were two russet shoes of phenomenal length and with soles of phenomenal thickness. When he talked, he twisted his legs around each other in a grapevine sort of fashion, and the glibness of his tongue was beyond the glibness of any other tongue that I have ever listened to.

"You're from the East? Well, I thought so. I *was* from the East myself,



A RELIC OF THE CHINATOWN THAT WAS

but don't you stay there. Come out to Minnesota or Wisconsin, and get alive. There's nothing in the East. It's all squeezed out. Why, there's men there working—actually working—for fifteen or twenty dollars a week. If they'd only come out West, they could sleep all day and make as much as that, 'n if they hustled around an hour or two a day they'd get three or four hundred dollars a month. Poor yaps! They don't know it, but it's so. Everyone makes money in the West."

"But," said I, "there have been very hard times in the West, when no money was in sight at all. It was only two or three years ago that you were passing around barbers' tickets and street-car checks, and all sorts of bogus paper, because you hadn't any real money."

The Man from Minneapolis leered triumphantly.

"Well," he said, "don't that prove that we're a bigger people than you fellers in the East? I'll bet you couldn't do anything with barbers' tickets and car-checks in the East. Nobody'd take 'em there; but out West, when we haven't got any real money, we pass out any old thing and it goes, for the time, just the same as gold certificates. You see the difference is this. When a panic comes along, you Eastern fellers all sit around and howl and think that everything is busted up for fair. We don't do that. We say to ourselves that this is just an ordinary little riffle, just an accident, and that pretty soon everything will be twice as good as ever. We've got hope, we have, and we believe in ourselves, and we ain't afraid. That's why I tell you to come out West, and bank on the future."

He was a very convincing person, this Man from Minneapolis. He would boast

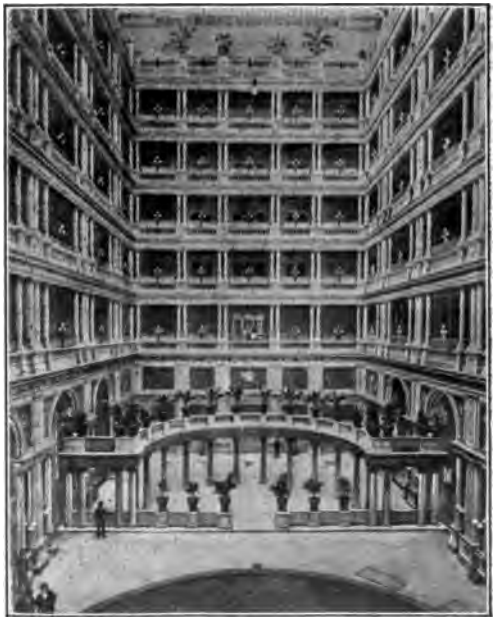
about anything—about their epidemics and the intensity of their cold, and especially about their cyclones. He was particularly proud of the cyclones.

"I tell you," said he, "Minnesota's the place for cyclones. Over in North Dakota they have a few, but they're only balmy little breezes compared with what we get in Minnesota. When you hear a noise and see a sort of twirly thing coming way off in the distance, then you just want to drop everything and slide down into your cyclone cellar as fast as you can put for it."

"Of course, though," said I, "that must be out in the open prairie. They don't have cyclones in Minneapolis."

The Man from Minneapolis looked at me with scorn.

"Well, you bet they do," he said. "Minneapolis has been ripped up the back half a dozen times since I was there. There's rows and rows of the most beautiful private houses just outside the city, and every one of them has got a cyclone cellar. When I first went out there, I lived in a boarding-house, and one morning I found a man nailing timber across the windows."



THE PATIO OF THE OLD PALACE HOTEL IN SAN FRANCISCO



"VANCOUVER AT AN EARLY STAGE OF ITS STILL YOUTHFUL EXISTENCE"

"What was that for?"

"Why, of course, to keep the windows from blowing in."

"Well," said I, "I never heard of that, and I never read in the papers anything about the epidemic of infantile paralysis that you spoke of a little while ago."

The Man from Minneapolis grinned hugely at this and uncoiled his legs with pure delight.

"No," he answered, "I'll bet you didn't, and you never will. You see, we've got things fixed out there. The whole State's a regular press bureau, and everybody's in it. Just let something fine happen, and you'll read about it in every newspaper in the East; but when things go wrong, never a word of it gets into any paper anywhere. Oh, we're solid out in Minneapolis!"

Presently he rushed out of the "smoker" and, after rummaging in his valise, returned with a large book full of illustrations beautifully printed on heavy paper.

"Now I'll show you," he said; "look at them three banks. I guess you haven't got anything finer than them in the East. And say! It ain't all business, either. Look at this university building. Why, it's got all your universities skinned a mile. And here's the biggest hotel in

Minneapolis, just built. Ain't that handsome?"

I said that it was a very imposing building. But after looking at it carefully, I made a comment.

"Yes, it's a fine building, but it doesn't seem to fit in with your statement about cyclones. The windows have no protection whatever. How is it that they aren't all blown in?"

The Man from Minneapolis fell into a perfect ecstasy when I made this criticism. He winked at me three or four times, slapped his knee, and then chuckled for several minutes. Then he said in a tone of infinite satisfaction:

"Well, I guess them windows are pretty well protected. Every one of 'em's got a steel blind that draws down over the glass just as tight as they can fix it. But don't you see? We ain't putting them steel blinds into the picture. That picture's going all over the East, and I guess we don't want to show up any steel blinds. All the same," he continued, reflectively, "them blinds is real pretty. They're painted green, and you wouldn't ever know they was steel."

Thus, and at much greater length, discoursed the Man from Minneapolis. When he got out at Winnipeg, he said rather regretfully:

"If I'd been born in Minneapolis, I



"THE INDIANS ARE NOT FORGOTTEN, FOR THERE IS MEDICINE HAT AND THE GLORIOUS CANON OF THE KICKING HORSE RIVER. IT IS AT THIS LAST PLACE, INDEED, THAT YOU BEGIN TO FIND SCENERY AS BEAUTIFUL AS ANY IN THE WORLD. DOWN IN THE GREAT CLEFT BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS THERE ROARS AND FOAMS AND THUNDERS THE TREMENDOUS TORRENT OF THE PENT-UP STREAM."

guess I wouldn't let you go. I'd follow you just as far as you went yourself. Yes, sir, I'd just track you down. Well, good-bye."

Just what the Man from Minneapolis meant by this dark saying I have never been quite sure; but probably if he had tracked me down, he would have either sold me something, or have got me to endorse his note, or have given me a thousand shares in a nascent railroad. But he departed, hurrying up the streets of Winnipeg, and I never saw him any more. On the whole, he was an inspiring person, and he really did typify the conquering American who never gives up, who has infinite courage, and whose faith in the future never falters for a moment.

After leaving Winnipeg, there was more prairie, but presently the monotony was broken by the spurs of mountains which prepare one for the grandeur of the Rockies. Little stations caused the train to stop at times, though I do not know precisely at what times; for the Canadian Pacific Railway is run on the twenty-four hour system and it is too much trouble for an irresponsible traveller to figure out into ordinary notation such hours as half-past eighteen o'clock, and twenty-three o'clock, and things like that. What difference did it make? The train ran smoothly. Everything was harmonious. The air was fresh and bracing, and there was a delightful absence of cinders.

Merely as a study in geographical terminology, I couldn't help noticing how the English and American elements of these western provinces were curiously commingled. Regina smacked of Canada—of English Canada. Brandon and Mortlake and Suffield and Rosslyn and Revelstoke were the English of England. But right here on British soil you come across a fort which is formally and officially styled Fort Whoop-up, and then you feel that something American has permeated even the military system of Canada. The Indians are not forgotten, for there is the station called Medicine-Hat, besides Kamloops and the glorious cañon of the Kicking Horse River. It is at this last place, indeed, that you begin to find scenery as wild and quite as

beautiful as any in the world. Down in the great cleft between the mountains there roars and foams and thunders the tremendous torrent of the pent-up stream. Around the peaks, whose summits in the middle of the summer are white with snow, the two ribbons of steel on which your train is running, wind in the most daring fashion. When the engine is mysteriously transferred to the rear and you are pushed up a steep incline with much groaning and quivering, then you have come to the very Garden of the Gods, to an Olympus more awe-inspiring than that in Thessaly. Now the train pauses, so that you may dine or breakfast at little chalets; and after breakfast you may go out and stand in a patch of blossoming clover. Then presently there will come tumbling down from above, masses of fleecy, pure white snow, which gleams among the clover leaves under a summer sun. It is all most fascinating, and from this time your attention is continually alert—on the green glaciers, the continually increasing height of the mountains, the distant snow fields, the natural bridge, the bridle-trails down which ride at times officers and troopers of the Mounted Police (a splendid set of fighting men), sitting their horses like centaurs; the silver mines, and then the great loop which twists and turns, doubling back upon its own course through long gashes cut into the great Ross Peak. The snow-sheds through which one does not usually pass in summer give striking evidence of what these gorges must be in the depth of winter.

In short, I have never seen anything that could compare with the bold and almost savage beauty of this region. Farther south in the United States the Rockies are fine, yet comparatively tame. The Alps would be almost as fine if they were not peppered all over with inns where people burn blue fire and turn on electric lights under the waterfalls, and where tourists tramp about in such numbers as to make you feel that you are in Piccadilly or sometimes in Beilam. There will come an age, it may be, when the Rockies and the Selkirks shall also be afflicted in like manner; but as yet they are almost as they were when the Indian whose mummy, discovered

some ten years ago and probably ten centuries old, was gliding in and out of the wild passes, killing his game with flints and gnawing the raw flesh from the bones.

At Vancouver you go by steamer to Victoria and find that you have come out once more into civilisation. It is not the civilisation that one expects upon the Pacific Coast, but a much older one than that, with beautiful broad streets, dignified-looking country houses, with parks and flower gardens, and British to the last degree. It might be in Kent or in any part of England, were the sky not so beautifully bright and blue. It is a stolid, well-behaved and most respectable city. How it happened to be there it is difficult to say. The Doctor and I had a sort of theory that the place was a whited sepulchre; and that being so very far west, it must somehow have dangerous and deadly points about it—if not by day, at least by night. Therefore, we purchased some more cartridges and, like Mr. Richard Harding Davis in Port Saïd, sallied forth to see what frightful things we could discover. The lights in all the houses were extinguished and the streets were empty, yet we did not allow these facts to shake our theory; and indeed, after prowling for a long while, we came upon a place in which some lights were glimmering. As it was obviously not a private house and as the front door was ajar, we ventured cautiously to enter it, keeping each one hand upon the butt of a revolver. And then we found—two bank presidents playing billiards. Therefore, I hereby cheerfully give the city of Victoria, B. C., a certificate of character and really do believe that all its people except bank presidents retire at nine P. M.

It is a more comfortable mode of travelling to go from Vancouver to San Francisco entirely by rail; yet, as it is worth while to have made a voyage upon the Pacific, you can take a particularly vicious and much-rolling steamer, on which they will feed you curried rice and get you past the Golden Gate at just about the time when the most hideous desert would seem delightful to you, after so much tossing and shaking and so much curried rice. The Golden Gate is itself exquisitely beautiful—most of all when you glide through it while the moonlight is touching the rocks and making them appear to be great masses of lustrous pearls surrounding a sea of molten silver. And then the custom house officials are of a different breed from those who infest New York. You can enter the port at any hour of the night and they do not seem to be ruffled; nor, on the other hand, do they ruffle you.

As to San Francisco I cannot write; for the San Francisco that was mine has been wrecked by earthquake and consumed by fire. What need for me to tell of the din of Market Street, of the great *patio* in the Palace Hotel, of the Café Riche, of the Chinatown that was, of the Cliff House that I knew, of the thousand and one delightful reminders of the time when men called the city "Yerba Buena" in their mellifluous Castilian tongue, and of the later days when its history was one of mingled showers and sunshine. All these have been described by Mr. Irwin in a manner which I could not hope to rival and with a knowledge which no casual traveller could possibly possess. To that older San Francisco I pay the tribute of a reverential silence, pronouncing the single word which best befits it—*Adios*.



"BEST SELLERS" OF YESTERDAY

I—AUGUSTA JANE EVANS'S "ST. ELMO"

I



T was in 1866, just two years before the beginning of the Reconstruction Period in the Southern States, that Augusta Jane Evans's *St. Elmo* first appeared, being issued from the press of the G. W. Carleton Company of New York. By the time that the first carpet-bagger from the North had gathered together his meagre belongings and left his home for the purpose of adding his unwelcome presence to the already heavy burdens of the Southern people, the fame of the story had reached every corner of the land. Its astonishing popularity had been perpetuated in hundreds of material monuments, for it seemed that only in a material way could the admirers of the book give adequate expression of their enthusiasm. For example, the carpet-bagger might travel southward by water by a steamboat named the "St. Elmo"; or by land by the "St. Elmo" coach. In any number of Southern towns he might find bed and refreshment at the "St. Elmo" Hotel. Some of the towns themselves had been rechristened "St. Elmo." He could quaff, and in many cases probably did, great quantities of "St. Elmo" punch, and see fine visions of loot and political advancement in the smoke of certain particularly atrocious cigars of the "St. Elmo" brand. With the possible exception of Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* the story of the sardonic St. Elmo Murray and the utterly preposterous Edna Earl has been more thumbled, admired and abused than any other novel of our so-called literature. For this reason it is selected as the first book to be discussed in this series of the Best Sellers of Yesterday.

II

One day in the summer of 1859 there came to the offices of Derby and Jackson, publishers, then situated in Nassau

Street, New York City, a young Southern woman with a manuscript for publication. She told Mr. J. C. Derby, who received her, that the manuscript was a novel with the scene laid in the South, that it was not her first effort, since a few years before the Harpers had published *Inez, a Tale of the Alamo*, which had had a reception that was not very encouraging. *Inez*, however, had been written when she was in her teens, she herself had always been dissatisfied with it, and she now thought, she said, that she had written a book that the public would read. When Mr. Derby asked her if the book had been offered elsewhere she answered very frankly that it had been declined by the Appletons. Mr. Derby read the manuscript of *Beulah* and decided to publish it. In this decision he was doubly wise. *Beulah* was a success almost from the beginning, justifying the publisher's rather hasty judgment. And, in the second place, when Miss Evans called for the publisher's decision she was accompanied by her cousin, a nervous and fiery young Southerner, who spent his time during the interview apparently examining the books lining the room. He afterward confessed to Mr. Derby that he had been listening very attentively and had made up his mind, in case of a rejection, to hurl one of the volumes at the publisher's head. By way of comment Mr. Derby naively adds, "Colonel Jones was a most estimable man, devotedly attached to his cousin." Hardly was *Beulah* fairly launched than there came the Civil War, temporarily suspending the publication of works of fiction. The story of the young writer's trials during the struggle is the usual pathetic story. Occasionally word from her made its way through the lines to her friends in the North. In 1863 she sent Mr. Derby, by a blockade-runner, via Cuba, a copy of her novel *Macaria*, which had been published by a Richmond firm. The volume was printed on coarse brown paper, the copyright entered according to the "Confederate States of America," and dedicated

"to the brave soldiers of the Southern army." Some parts of *Macaria* had been scribbled in pencil when Miss Evans was nursing the sick soldiers in the hospital attached to "Camp Beulah," near Mobile. In after years the author wrote of the book, "my very heart beat in its pages, coarse and brown though the dear old Confederate paper was." *Macaria* was a great favourite about the Southern camp-fires and in the Southern hospitals. It was seized and destroyed by some Federal general who commanded in Kentucky and Tennessee, and who burned all the copies of the Confederate edition that he could find.

From the Richmond house Miss Evans received but little return from the sales of *Macaria*. When the Southern capitol fell a considerable sum in Confederate money was owed the author. This, of course, she never received. After the war she applied for a settlement. The publishers said that the books and accounts had been destroyed, or were so confused that any payment was an impossibility. Meanwhile her family had lost everything, and when, in the summer of 1865, the author made her way to New York, it was in a condition almost penniless. To her astonishment she found that she had a considerable amount subject to her order for copyright on an edition of *Macaria* of which she had known nothing.

When, two years before, Mr. Derby had received the copy of the book sent by the blockade-runner, he took it to Mr. J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, and arranged for its publication in uniform style with *Beulah*. It was immediately announced by the publishers as in press, when it was learned that a rival publisher, who had received a copy of *Macaria* through the lines, had printed and nearly ready for the market an edition of five thousand copies. Mr. Derby went to this publisher and asked him what copyright he intended to pay the author. The reply was, that "the author, being an arch rebel, was not entitled to copyright, and would receive none." Very emphatic remonstrance on the part of Mr. Lippincott and Mr. Derby led to an arrangement by which the piratically inclined publisher agreed to pay a royalty in trust to Mr. Derby for the author on all copies sold.

in consideration of the withdrawal of the Lippincott edition. It was on this money that Miss Evans lived while finishing the writing of *St. Elmo*, which had been begun some time before Lee's surrender.

III

For a fair and kindly judgment of *St. Elmo* one must take into serious consideration the period in which and for which it was written. It was a period in which the national sense of humour was not over strong. We were still sensitive, almost to the point of rawness, of what Europeans thought and said of us. False ideals predominated; stiltedness and exaggeration were in the social and political air. The Colonel Divers, Jefferson Bricks, Major Pawkinses, and Professor Mullits of whom Dickens had written in the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, were still heard loud in the land. To fiction people turned, not to be provoked to laughter, but to be moved to tears. The Byronic tradition still held sway. The Manfreds, and the Laras, and the Corsairs appealed strongly to the feminine imagination. Poseur and poseuse were in high fashion. The perfect type of hero of the time was found in Charlotte Brontë's Edward Rochester of *Jane Eyre*. For such a day, such a hero as St. Elmo Murray; for a heroine like St. Elmo Murray, a heroine like Edna Earl. It is her story, rather than his which is the story of the book.

We meet her first, a child of twelve, standing at dawn, outlined against Look-out Mountain. She is an orphan of humble but respectable parentage, who lives with her mother's father, Aaron Hunt, the village blacksmith, and his second wife. In the first few pages of the book Edna witnesses a duel with fatal result, and being already a preacher and a stern moralist, she denounces the survivor as a murderer, and violently refutes the arguments of those who attempt to explain to her what they term Honourable Satisfaction. Soon after the duel she encounters a disagreeable stranger, who is rude to her grandfather when the blacksmith is shoeing his—the stranger's—horse and who rides off leaving behind him a copy of Dante, on the flyleaf of

which are written the initials "S. E. M.," and a fine Italian quotation. A year passes. Edna's grandfather dies, and then his wife, and the child, after staying for a time with kind but poor friends, she starts for Columbus, Georgia, for the purpose of finding work in a factory. The train by which she is travelling is wrecked, and Edna, badly crushed, is taken to the stately home of Mrs. Murray, to be nursed back to health and strength. It is in this home, known as Le Bocage, that the story really begins.

The mistress of Le Bocage, a woman of ripe middle age, is, of course, vastly impressed by the virtues of the heroine, and invites her to make the house her home until she is eighteen. It is at this point that Satan enters Paradise, Satan in the person of St. Elmo Murray. Tall, not exactly young, yet certainly not elderly, with features bold but regular, piercing steel grey eyes, and a mouth that "wore a chronic, savage sneer as if it only opened to utter jeers and curses"—this was the American Edward Rochester that stepped into the life of the little American Jane Eyre. But let Miss Evans describe him:

Symmetrical and grand as that temple of Juno, in shrouded Pompeii, whose polished shafts gleamed centuries ago in the morning sunshine of a day of woe, whose untimely night has endured for nineteen hundred years, so, in the glorious flush of his youth, this man had stood facing a noble and possibly a sanctified future; but the ungovernable flames of sin had reduced him, like that darkened and desecrated fane, to a melancholy mass of ashy arches and blackened columns, where ministering priests, all holy aspirations, slumbered in the dust.

Coming back to earth after this lofty flight the author goes on to say that her hero's dress was "costly but negligent." No wonder little Edna Earl was impressed and appalled, for in addition to all this she recognises in the son of her protectress the rude, blasphemous man who had insulted her grandfather, and riding away left behind him the copy of Dante.

IV

When *St. Elmo* was in the full flush of its popularity, a parody of the book, en-

titled *St. Twelvemo*, written by "Jean Paul," enjoyed considerable success. That it should have been deemed possible to parody the story is, in itself, a significant and ironical comment on the age. It meant that no rhetorical extravagance was too strong to be taken seriously. It means that we should temper our judgment and curb our laughter in this, a less stilted day. For, after all, it was for the seventh decade of the nineteenth and not for the first decade of the twentieth century that the story of Edna and St. Elmo was written, and the old order found the tale much to its liking.

Despite his cynical "Ha! ha's!" and his violent outbreaks of temper, there are soon apparent signs of the dawn of a better nature in the grim hero. Although he professes the utmost dislike for his mother's little protégée, and is contemptuous of her piety, he saves her from being torn to pieces by a savage dog, and honours her with certain small crumbs of his confidence. Meanwhile the little lady, under the instruction of Mr. Hammond, a clergyman of the neighbourhood, is becoming the most erudite of all the daughters of Eve.

The comprehensive and very thorough curriculum of studies now eagerly commenced by Edna, and along which she was gently and skilfully guided by the kind hand of the teacher, furnished the mental aliment for which she hungered, gave constant and judicious exercise to her active intellect, and induced her to visit the quiet parsonage library as assiduously as did Horace, Valgius, and Virgil the gardens on the Esquiline where Mæcenæ held his literary assize. Instead of skimming a few text-books that cram the brain with unwieldy scientific technicalities and pompous philosophic terminology, her range of thought and study gradually stretched out into a broader, grander cycle, embracing, as she grew older, the application of those great principles that underlie modern science and crop out in ever-varying phenomena and empirical classifications. Edna's tutor seemed impressed with the fallacy of the popular system of acquiring one branch of learning at a time, locking it away as in drawers of rubbish, never to be opened, where it moulders in shapeless confusion till swept out ultimately to make room for more recent scientific invoices. Thus in lieu of the

educational plan of "finishing natural philosophy and chemistry this session, and geology and astronomy next term, and taking up moral science and criticism the year we graduate," Mr. Hammond allowed his pupil to finish and lay aside none of her studies; but sought to impress upon her the great value of Blackstone's aphorism: "For sciences are of a sociable disposition, and flourish best in the neighbourhood of each other; nor is there any branch of learning but may be helped and improved by assistance drawn from other arts."

With the early months of the autumn, we are told, there came much company to Le Bocage. There were "elegant dinners and *petits soupers* that would not have disgraced Tusculum, or made Lucullus blush when Pompey and Cicero sought to surprise him in the Apollo." When the guests have all gone St. Elmo himself feels the need of a change, and announces his intention of taking a little four years' trip to Oceanica. Before his departure he calls Edna to him, and entrusts to her the key to his secret vault, which she is enjoined not to open during his absence. Then Bluebeard rides away and little Fatima—of sterner stuff, I promise you, than the curious and unfortunate lady of the Breton tale—goes back to her "Basilidian tenets" and her "Cufic lore."

There comes upon the scene one Gordon Leigh, the first of a long line of suitors for Edna's hand. The two study Hebrew together at the parsonage, and Leigh, although a youth of no great apparent parts, woos with such a fine wealth of classical quotation that we wonder how any Augusta Evans's heroine of seventeen years can have the heart to refuse him. But somehow the reader has by this time caught the idea that in the girl's mind there is the image of the absent traveller—though, you may be sure, she doesn't suspect it herself—and when, at the expiration of the four years to a day, St. Elmo reappears, somewhat less savage than before, and finds that Edna has been absolutely and unfemininely faithful to her trust, events begin to move in a much less leisurely manner. Other characters come on the scene; for example, Estelle Harding, a cousin of St. Elmo, who regards the orphan with distinct disfavour, a disfavour of which

Edna is quite conscious, for, as she says to her first admirer, Gordon: "Thank you, Mr. Leigh. I am aware of her antipathy, though of its cause I am ignorant; and our intercourse is limited to the salutations of the day, and the courtesies of the table." From which it will be seen that Miss Earl had some weight as an elegant conversationalist. Also there comes Clinton Allston, whom Edna recognises as the survivor of the duel that she had witnessed in her childhood, with whom she refuses to shake hands, and whose presence gives her the opportunity for a fine strain of moralising. "Shake hands with Clinton Allston?" she says. "I would sooner stretch out my fingers to clasp those of Gardiner, reeking with the blood of his victims, or those of Ravallac. Ah! well might Dante shudder in painting the chilling horrors of Caina." But Clinton Allston and Estelle Harding are of minor importance in bringing matters to a crisis compared to Agnes Powell and her daughter Gertrude, the niece and grandniece of the Reverend Mr. Hammond, who come to visit at the parsonage. The news of their presence creates a strange and mysterious excitement at Le Bocage, and all eyes save those of Edna Earl are directed curiously toward St. Elmo. "Mrs. Murray involuntarily laid her hand on her son's knee and watched his face with an expression of breathless anxiety; though his lips blanched, not a muscle moved, not a nerve twitched; and only the deadly hate, that appeared to leap into his large, shadowy eyes, told that the name stirred some bitter memory." What that bitter memory is, the sinister story of the hero's blasted life, Edna is soon to learn. It is in the old church, in the fading daylight, that St. Elmo tells her of his love for her, and pours out the details of his miserable history.

"Edna, I roll away the stone from the charnel house of the past, and call forth the Lazarus of my buried youth, my hopes, my faith in God, my trust in human nature, my charity, my slaughtered manhood! My Lazarus has tenanted the grave for nearly twenty years, and comes forth, at my bidding, a grinning skeleton."

Twenty years before St. Elmo had loved Agnes Hunt, Mr. Hammond's

niece. His closest friend, his confidante, his adviser, and the recipient of his ardent boyish generosity, had been Allan Hammond, the minister's son. Agnes and St. Elmo were engaged. St. Elmo, after an absence, had returned unexpectedly to find the cousins in each other's arms, to hear himself ridiculed and sneered at, to learn that his betrothed and his bosom friend had always loved each other, but that poverty had stubbornly barred their marriage, and that she was to be sacrificed to secure St. Elmo's fortune for the use of both. In an instant the affectionate boy had been transformed into a fiend thirsting for vengeance. Allan Hammond he had killed in a duel. Not satisfied, he had visited her brother's sin on gentle, innocent Annie Hammond, whom he had left heartbroken on the steps of the church, and whose petition he had refused when she had called him to her deathbed.

V

In the meantime Edna Earl, as might be expected, has been cherishing literary ambitions, and finding her conscience unable to reconcile itself with the idea of a matrimonial alliance with St. Elmo Murray, despite the feelings of her rebellious little heart, she leaves Le Bocage to go to New York, where she has obtained a position as governess to the two children of a Mrs. Andrews. In the metropolis Edna finds her home in what Miss Evans described as "one of those palatial houses on Fifth Avenue which make the name of the street a synonym for almost royal luxury and magnificence," and is speedily placed in charge of Felix, a crippled boy of twelve years of age, and of Felix's sister Hattie, four years younger. That Edna is no ordinary governess becomes soon very evident to those about her, especially when the great Mr. Manning calls upon her and recognises her as one of the contributors of his distinguished magazine. Once we have met Douglass Manning, all the extravagances of St. Elmo Murray pale into insignificance. He is the very essence, the *dernier cri* of Augustanevansism. These be degenerate days in magazine circles (*Tempora mutantur* or *autre temps, autres mœurs*

Miss Evans would probably have learnedly quoted), for with a rather wide acquaintance among magazine editors, the present writer humbly confesses himself to be quite appalled by what for a better word must be called the richness of Mr. Manning's professional advice.

"Miss Earl, the objection I urge against the novel you are preparing does not apply to magazine essays, where an author may concentrate all the erudition he can obtain and ventilate it unchallenged; for review writers now serve the public in much the same capacity that cup-bearers did royalty in ancient days; and they are expected to taste strong liquors as well as sweet cordials and sour light wines. Moreover, a certain haze of sanctity envelops the precincts of 'Maga,' whence the incognito 'we' thunders with oracular power; for, notwithstanding the rapid annihilation of all classic faith in modern times which permits the conversion of Virgil's Avernus into a model oyster-farm, the credulous public fondly cling to the myth that editorial sanctums alone possess the sacred tripod of Delphi."

But Mr. Manning's interest in our heroine soon becomes, as might be inferred, personal rather than professional. He asks Edna to marry him. Listen, young ladies, to the fashion in which gentlemen offered proposals of marriage in the year eighteen fifty something or other.

"My allusion was to yourself, not to the magazine, which I presume I shall edit as long as I live. Miss Earl, this state of affairs cannot continue. You have no regard for your health, which is suffering materially, and you are destroying yourself. You must let me take care of you, and save you from the ceaseless toil in which you are rapidly wearing out your life. To teach, as you do, all day, and then sit up nearly all night to write, would exhaust a constitution of steel or brass. You are probably not aware of the great change which has taken place in your appearance during the last three months. Hitherto circumstances may have left you no alternative, but one is now offered you. My property is sufficient to render you comfortable. I have already purchased a pleasant home, to which I shall remove next week, and I want you to share it with me—to share my future—all that I have. You have known me scarcely a year, but you

are not a stranger to my character or position, and I think that you repose implicit confidence in me. Notwithstanding the unfortunate disparity in our years, I believe we are becoming mutually dependent on each other, and in your society I find a charm such as no other human being possesses; though I have no right to expect that a girl of your age can derive equal pleasure from the companionship of a man old enough to be her father. I am not demonstrative, but my feelings are warm and deep; and however incredulous you may be, I assure you that you are the first, the only woman I have ever asked to be my wife. I have known many who were handsome and intellectual, whose society I have really enjoyed, but not one until I met you whom I would have married. To you alone am I willing to entrust the education of my little Lila. She was but six months old when we were wrecked off Barneгат, and, in attempting to save his wife, my brother was lost. With the child in my arms I clung to a spar, and finally swam ashore; and since then, regarding her as a sacred treasure committed to my guardianship, I have faithfully endeavored to supply her father's place. There is a singular magnetism about you, Edna Earl, which makes me wish to see your face always at my hearthstone; and for the first time in my life I want to say to the world, 'This woman wears my name, and belongs to me for ever!' You are inordinately ambitious; I can lift you to a position that will fully satisfy you, and place you above the necessity of daily labour—a position of happiness and ease, where your genius can properly develop itself. Can you consent to be Douglass Manning's wife?"

Sometime later, after proposing again and again being rejected, Mr. Manning suggests a scheme by which Edna can travel and superintend the education of his little deaf and dumb niece Lila. This also being "declined with thanks" the editor comments:

"Edna Earl, your stubborn will makes you nearly akin to those gigantic fuci which are said to grow and flourish as submarine forests in the stormy channel of Terra del Fuego, where they shake their heads defiantly, always trembling, always triumphing, in the fierce lashing of waves that wear away rocks. You belong to a very rare order of human algæ, rocked and reared in the midst of tempests that would either bow down, or snap asunder, or

beat out most natures. As you will not grant my petition, try to forget it; we will bury the subject. Good-by! I shall call to-morrow afternoon to take you to drive."

VI

But the list of Edna Earl's suitors is not yet complete. There must be the flavour of international conquest, and so to the names of Gordon Leigh, of Douglass Manning, and St. Elmo Murray, add that of Sir Roger Percival, the great catch of the season, for whom every second heiress of New York seems to be angling. But the Englishman fares no better than the others at the hands of the rigid little bluestocking, and so disconsolately he sails away, leaving Edna to her long nights of literary labour, her meditations over the well-beloved but as yet unforgiven St. Elmo, and her care for the poor crippled boy Felix. There is just a touch of genuine pathos in the story of the child and of his death, a death to slow music, in the manner of Dickens, a faint echo of the deaths of Little Nell and of Paul Dombey. It is in Italy, on the Bay of Genoa, whither Mrs. Andrews, and Edna, and her two charges have journeyed in futile hope. Day by day and hour by hour Felix grows weaker until they see the stealing of the final change.

The night waned, the life with it; now and then the breathing seemed to cease, but after a few seconds a faint gasp told that the clay would not yet forego its hold on the soul that struggled to be free.

The poor mother seemed almost beside herself, as she called on her child to speak to her once more.

"Sing something, Edna; oh! perhaps he will hear! It might rouse him!"

The orphan shook her head, and dropped her face on his.

"He would not hear me; no, no! He is listening to the song of those whose golden harps ring in the New Jerusalem."

Out of the whitening east rose the new day, radiant in bridal garments, wearing a star on its pearly brow; and the sky flushed, and the sea glowed, while silvery mists rolled up from the purple mountain gorges, and rested awhile on the summits of the Apennines, and sunshine streamed over the world once more.

The first rays flashed into the room, kissing the withered flowers on the bosom of the cripple, and falling warm and bright on the cold eyelids and the pulseless temples. Edna's hand was pressed to his heart, and she knew that it had given its last weary throb; knew that Felix Andrews had crossed the sea of glass, and in the dawn of the Eternal day wore the promised morning-star, and stood in peace before the Sun of Righteousness.

Again in New York, in the full flush of triumph and recognition, Edna's cup of happiness is far from full. She cannot drive from her the memory of the man whom she had first learned to hate when she was a child in the shadow of Lookout Mountain, and whose hold upon her, despite absence and the passionate resistance of her conscience, seems to grow stronger with every month. At length a call, an imperative call, takes her once more back to Le Bocage and the parsonage of her early studies and ambitions. And there, in the old familiar scenes, the story plays itself out, with St. Elmo's complete repentance and ordination into the ministry, and the final good old happy ending that has never yet failed to bring a certain thrill to the manly or the womanly heart.

Edna looked reverently up at his beaming countenance, whence the shadows of hate and scorn had long since passed; and, as his splendid eyes came back to hers, reading in her beautiful, pure face all her love and confidence and happy hope, he drew her closer to his bosom, and laid his dark cheek on hers, saying fondly and proudly:

My wife, my life. Oh! we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. My hopes and thine are
one.

Accomplish thou my manhood, and thyself,
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.

VII

And, in conclusion, the Author and her Critics. All her life her attitude toward criticism remained the same. She was a woman, living in an atmosphere of adulation, and unquestionably more than a little spoiled. As has been said, the day

of *St. Elmo* was a day of flowery exaggeration. It was so easy and so natural that she should accept at the highest value the hundreds of letters of appreciation that told her of the lives won back to righteousness by the example of her Beulahs, Infelices, and Edna Earls; of the St. Elmo Murrays, plucked "brands from the burning"—the letters that went often to the very point of hysteria. It was so easy to ascribe any more conservative estimate of her work to downright hostility, to write and to think constantly of Envy with a capital E. Poor, passionate-hearted, talented, humourless little lady! You had so often heard yourself heralded resoundingly as the De Staël of the South, so often had seen in pages that were more rhetorical than discriminating your name linked with the names of George Eliot, and George Meredith, and Bulwer-Lytton. Is it any wonder that laughter jarred you, stung you to the quick; that the slightest inflection of mockery, even when it was born of nothing more than animal spirits and kindly feeling, seemed to you to come straight from a mind that could not be otherwise than tainted and depraved? What to you was the voice of criticism but the sinister howl of a soul given over irrevocably to the Hosts of Evil? Of course, you would have summed up the matter in language infinitely more elegant and erudite, with many fine classical allusions, and elaborate quotations from tongues living and dead.

When Edna Earl's first book had found a publisher, the young lady waited in suspense for the "result of the weighing in editors' sanctums, for the awful verdict of the critical Sanhedrim."

Newspapers pronounced her book a failure. Some sneered in a gentlemanly manner, employing polite phraseology; others coarsely caricatured it. Many were insulted by its incomprehensible erudition; a few growled at its shallowness. To-day there was a hint at plagiarism; to-morrow an outright, wholesale theft was asserted. Now she was a pedant; and then a sciolist. Reviews poured in upon her thick and fast; all found grievous faults, but no two reviewers settled on the same error. What one seemed disposed to consider almost laudable the other denounced violently. One

eminently shrewd, lynx-eyed editor discovered that two of her characters were stolen from a book which Edna had never seen; and another, equally ingenious and penetrating, found her entire plot in a work of which she had never heard; while a third, shocked at her pedantry, indignantly assured her readers that they had been imposed upon, that the learning was all "picked up from encyclopædias"; whereat the young author could not help laughing heartily, and wondered why, if her learning had been so easily gleaned, her irate and insulted critics did not follow her example.

In its mildest and most chastened form this was the author's opinion of her critics. Small wonder that they found huge amusement in hitting back, in taking quick advantage of the opening that was to be found on every page. And yet

now, after all the years, when the author is no more, we pause, perhaps just a little bit ashamed. For in *St. Elmo*, under all the pompous phraseology, there was a real story to be told, a story that, so far as rested in the ability of the writer, was well told, a story that has done something to brighten the lives of many tens of thousands of readers. Absurd as it too often is, there was not a line of it that was not inspired by a belief in lofty ideals and a passionate sincerity that checks the laughter on the lips. Four and forty years have passed since it first came to mystify and to impress, and yet to-day Augusta J. Evans's *St. Elmo* is not only not forgotten; it remains an early chapter in the code of life.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice,

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I

The year is still young and the holiday feeling lingers. Therefore, we venture to print a pleasant meed of praise for THE BOOKMAN, which comes to us from an admired reader in this city.

DEAR BOOKMAN: It is very truly the only magazine of its kind, and so very much the best of the many, especially in the independence and insight of its literary criticism and in the choice of its interesting illustrations that I read with some uneasiness that you plan to be even broader, better, and more interesting than ever before.

Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien sometimes, and your present standard in literature is so far above that of our other American magazines that I write this out of pure gratitude, not so much in the hope that you may go beyond the standard, but that you may keep it up.

We thank our correspondent, and shall endeavour to justify the good opinions and good wishes contained in her charming letter.

II

A Catholic clergyman writing us a pleasant note from Dubuque, Iowa, encloses a brief message to one of our readers who asked a question not long since. He says:

Tell "Curious" that we Catholics have always called our books of devotion "Prayer Books."

To us he says:

May your sway in the Letter Box be long!

Many cordial thanks.

III

The gentleman who signs himself "Criticaster" and who favours us with postcards from Indianapolis, has sent us the following:

Imagine my surprise, when reading *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, to find such gross lack of punctuation in the writing of so emi-

nent an authority and author as Charles Reade. How do you account for this:—or, as the astute Holmes would say, "What hypothesis covers the facts?" We know that a graduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, could not err through ignorance. Was he, then, careless, or did he consider punctuation immaterial to the interest and value of a story?

Now to lead up to another interesting point, let me ask—What further titles and ranks do you require at the hands of your admirers? Already you have attained to military distinction (nominally); but where are the trophies of your valour? Whose scalps dangle at your girdle (scalps of outraged authors not considered); in whose gore are your mighty hands stained red? Ecclesiastical honour befits you not, you who fume and boil in the sulphurous fumes of your Inferno! Nevertheless, BOOKMAN, let me confer still another *monica*. Knighthood has not yet been bestowed upon you. Kneel! I bring my ivory wand to bear upon your suppliant form. You are now Sir Bookman, Knight of the Bookshelf. By that title may your admirers know you.

CRITICASTER.

As to Charles Reade, this criticism applies to nearly all his books. The fault is to be ascribed partly to his proof-reader, but primarily to his own impetuous and peppery disposition. He wrote at a white heat, dashing off sentence after sentence, with scarcely any regard for matters of punctuation which, as "Criticaster" truly observes, are exceedingly important. It is likely that Reade's proof-reader did not venture to alter the punctuation or lack of punctuation of this fiery genius, lest he should burst into the composing-room with a roar and a demand for blood. As a matter of fact, the public in general would be surprised to learn how great is the indebtedness which most authors owe to proof-readers and to compositors as well. We venture to say that not one manuscript in fifty leaves an author's hands with a rational, consistent, and psychologically accurate punctuation. Much merriment is made at times over typographical errors; yet if the truth were known, the errors of a proof-reader are infinitesimally small when compared with those of an author. It is the author who struts about and gets all the credit, while the proof-reader is

too often compelled to bear a burden of blame which is not his or hers.

As to this matter of "titles and ranks," we do not require any further ones; in fact, we never required any at all. The reason why we valued them was that they came so spontaneously and with such evident good feeling as to give them value. We are now General, Colonel, Captain, Admiral, Excellency, and Reverend, and we frankly assert that we deserve all these distinctions. If "Criticaster" has read the Letter Box from the outset, he will readily discover the trophies of our valour. It is precisely because we preside over the Inferno, sometimes pardoning and sometimes condemning, that we are entitled to ecclesiastical preferment. None the less, we are grateful on being dubbed a Knight Bachelor, and we rise from the accolade with a new sense of personal dignity. (By the way, don't say "nominally" but "brevet.")

IV

After much prodding, we have elicited another letter from Mr. Soap O'Loughlin. We must confess that it is an elusive, evasive, and unsatisfactory document. It reads as follows:

DEAR BOOKMAN: Isn't it I that have been looking for a road map all this time and isn't it I that haven't found it? And isn't it I that have just found the reason why? It's because there are no roads! There is, of course, the railroad to Mennolith; but after that you must walk 'cross country straight up toward Mush-tong. You can't miss Mushtong, for it's right in the little valley between the mountains Wahassett and Moneemee, of the Maungtung Range. (Mushtong is really a corruption of Maungtung.) My house is just this side of Mushtong and is painted red. The first house you come to will be green and white, and is occupied by a fellow with red whiskers and a cranky wife. So don't go in. Keep straight on to the red house. I warrant you will be treated like a real Connemara Cuckoo.

SOAP O'LOUGHLIN.

The reading of Mr. Soap's directions gave us a bit of a headache; but we are able to append a little notice here to the

effect that the saponaceous incident is now closed.

V

Comes also a letter written by a gentleman in Swannanoa, North Carolina, in which he expresses his sympathy with our correspondent, the would-be author in El Paso. Incidentally he gives the name of a publication which is ostensibly conducted for the benefit of would-be authors. Our correspondent doubtless wrote his letter in good faith; but we are disinclined to advertise the periodical in question before knowing more about its general reputation.

VI

We don't precisely know whether the following letter, written upon particularly fine paper, is meant as a defence of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, or as an advertisement of pneumatic mattresses, or as a gibe at Dr. Cook. Possibly all three purposes were in the writer's mind. As the letter is very long, we should ordinarily refrain from printing it; but we have spent so much time in deciphering its most peculiar handwriting as to make us feel that it has acquired a certain additional value. So here it is.

MY DEAR MR. BOOKMAN: It is rather surprising to find your reviewer choosing as the most vulnerable part of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's newly donned realistic armour, the water-excursions that the quondam romanticist makes his hero and heroine take in turn upon a "portable bed," for, provided that the "portable bed" was a pneumatic mattress—and as the date of the story is so late as the year of grace 1894, there is no anachronism in assuming that it probably was—there is no physical reason why hero and heroine should not together have made extended journeys upon so safe and comfortable a craft. Your constant reader, the present writer, is the happy, though quite unromantic, possessor of an air mattress which on camping expeditions has entirely outdone the ordinary piece of Grand Rapids performing furniture, by serving as the couch of two ladies by night and as the boat of the aforesaid two ladies, two men, and a bulldog, by day.

"I do not believe Mr. Hewlett has ever seen the feat attempted, much less performed it himself." It is not probable, I freely admit, that Mr. Hewlett saw our particular party engaged in its aquatic sports, for so far as we were able to observe the banks they contained only an occasional rustic waiting, with rather more interest than commonly; for the stream to flow by, but shunning the dogmatic and confessedly sceptical spirit of your reviewer, I will not venture to say that Mr. Hewlett may not have been one of those rustic-seeming personages.

My line of reasoning is, however, this: If an air-mattress can serve as a craft for two men, two ladies, and a bulldog, to descend a swift stream, why should not a "portable bed" be comfortably paddled about in a pool by one man or one girl? If such voyages have been made in the prosaic unstoried regions of Central Ohio, why not, *a fortiori*, in the Open Country?

We were all aware that in our voyages upon the *Matratzen-Boot* we were employing a novel and perhaps unconventional means of locomotion, but not until we read the November BOOKMAN did we realise that we were resuming "romance in our realistic days!"

If your reviewer is still inevitably sceptical, I can assure him that the two men and the two ladies are all competent witnesses, being of the purest Caucasian race without admixture of Eskimo or negro blood, that with quite unusual foresight we brought our records home with us, and that we are prepared to submit to him—in confidence—authentic photographs of the two men, the two ladies, and the bulldog, gliding down the swift current of the Mohican upon a "portable bed."

C. T. P.

VII

From the far-off, misty island of Capri, where Tiberius Cæsar once did strange things, comes a picture post-card representing the Column of Phocas in the Roman Forum. We add it to our Gallery, with thanks. On the face of it is the following remark:

It seems to me as if I remember having read "Seafarers" in Kipling's book of poems called *The Seven Seas*.

Yours very truly,
M. M.

It seems to us as if "M. M." should have consulted *The Seven Seas*. That book does not contain the poem to which reference is made.

VIII

The following remarks are addressed to us, but they are evidently aimed straight at the author of the New Baedeker papers. We print them in full, so that in the classic phrase, he may get "all that is coming to him." It is written from Greenfield, Massachusetts, and is in Simple Spelling, which we have corrected.

The caustic sarcasm running through the article in the January BOOKMAN against Lake Pleasant, Mass., will make the good men and women who summer there smile! Oh! it is to laugh, to hear a prejudiced, ignorant man, like New Baedeker, abuse us, without stopping to investigate the subject of Spiritualism. It is rather late in the day to dismiss the subject with an over-night stop, the place evidently being too vile to hold his pure, undefiled, orthodox longer!

Let me assure you, Mr. Editor, the place is filled with sincere, intelligent men and women, who meet there each year, to discuss many subjects, occult and educational. It may have its objectionable people—what community has not? He must have been unfortunate enough to meet those I do not come in contact with.

The man writes himself a prejudiced bigot, who seems not to know what kindness or toleration mean. Does he write so unjustly and unfairly of other places as he does of Lake Pleasant, Mass.? Certainly he gives a detailed impression of a place visited by hundreds of people who receive benefit and comfort from the philosophy of Spiritualism. No right-minded person, whether they represent the colony at Lake Pleasant, Mass., or not, can let the abusive criticism pass without a protest.

The article is misleading, for evidently he made the visit years ago, while the pictures have been taken recently. New Baedeker had better come again and view the place through kindlier eyes—or, is he in that state of mind of the melancholy man, who, standing before a humourist, says defiantly—"Now make me laugh!"

I am proud to subscribe myself,
A LAKE PLEASANT COTTAGER.

IX

A question from Lebanon, Pennsylvania:

Will you kindly tell me in the Letter Box the words that should pass between parties introduced to each other? "Pleased to meet you" is in the "Inferno," where it certainly belongs, but what is the remedy?

A FRIEND AND A BOOKWORM.

"Pleased to meet you" is objectionable chiefly because it omits the personal pronoun, and conveys an impression of haste. Now ellipsis may be pardoned in a business correspondence, as where a person begins his letter: "Have received your favour of the nineteenth and would say in reply, etc., etc.;" though even in business we think the thing deplorable. In private life, however, where the amenities require a leisurely and quite unbusiness-like mode of speech, one should say, "It is a great pleasure to meet you," or "I am very happy to meet you," or "I am very glad to make your acquaintance," or anything else that doesn't savour of a social intercourse which suggests a quick-lunch counter.

X

The Gentleman from British Columbia has sent us a solution of the Mystery of the Silver Loving Cup. We regard it rather dubiously; but we publish it, since no one else has been courageous enough to make the attempt. Possibly the Junior Editor may call us "Zoilus," since we are classically inclined. If he does so, he does it in our absence. But we are quite sure that we never call him "Thesaurus," though we might well do so, since he is really a *thesaurus* filled with many rich nuggets regarding Dumas the Elder, Boxiana, and much other lore upon which we are continually drawing. Likewise, we confess that the work of the Gentleman from British Columbia over the Loving Cup is quite as good as that of the late Ignatius Donnelly over Shakespeare. Here is the alleged solution:

It is all very simple. The Loving Cup is from the Junior Editor, as can be proved by

the phrase on the cup: "Eidgenoschiches Schützenfest, 1904. St. Gallen," is merely anagrammatic—1904 being the key—and by rearrangement we get—

ZOILUS: CHANGE THESE
FLINGS. SHED SENSE, ETC. T.

From which I gather that the Junior Editor's pet name for the Senior Editor is "Zoilus." In the same way one may conclude that "T" stands for "Thesaurus"—an ironic appellation applied by the Senior to the Junior Editor.

G. FROM B. C.

P. S. There are people who, by some laborious occultation, can see a wonderful mysticism in such lines as "Tommy, mind your eye"!

XI

The legal gentleman in Provo, Utah (we mistakenly called the town "Probo") has sent us a very graceful little note, and likewise a poem which Miss Carolyn Wells will enjoy when the present number of THE BOOKMAN reaches her in Egypt, where she is now collecting nonsense verses among the hieroglyphs. He says:

Mr. L. Box.

DEAR SIR: I do not wish to start a controversy over the poetry of Carolyn Wells, because criticism of such verse must always reflect the critic's disposition or point of view at the time of writing; but I do want to say that I have taken a great deal of pleasure in her verse in the past, though she does not always maintain her average standard of excellence. The little ballade in your January issue pleased me very much. Permit me, in reply, to submit the enclosed "Appreciation."

Yours truly,

F. A. M.

P. S. Thanks for the mistake of calling this town Probo. It enabled Miss Wells to call me "Proboan"!

And here is the poem which is clever enough to make Miss Wells look to her own laurels with some anxiety.

A BALLADE OF APPRECIATION
BY THE PROBOAN

I have never longed for greatness,
Never sought for empty fame,
I have never wished my name
Sung by ev'ry blond-haired waitress.

I have never bored the famous
With my amateurish praise,
Nor indited to them lays
That might only serve to shame us.

Yet I've often thought my measure
Of contentment would be filled,
If for me some ink were spilled,
To my everlasting pleasure.

Now, behold! my dear desire
Has been fully gratified,
For of me a pen's been plied
With eudemonistic fire.

Once I dared a criticism
Of some stuff that one had writ.
Shades of wrath! I'd had a "fit"!
I had had a "cataclysm"!

I was called (weird thing!) "Proboan"!
Honest words "a heart-felt flier"!
Pen a trifle bit "austere"!
But, the madding fling, "Proboan"!

Sounds akin to protozoan,
Or a breakfast food just out.
But what's the odds? I'm writ about!
I'm a "Carolyn Wells Proboan"!

XII

The Letter Box is filled to overflowing with gibes, compliments, suggestions for the Inferno, and other things; but we must put them all aside this month in order to acknowledge with great satisfaction the generosity of our readers in sending us a great mass of picture post-cards intended to adorn the Letter Box Picture Gallery. Every one of them contains some cheerful message or merry quip which sounds the personal note in a most agreeable manner. As for the cards themselves they lie in a multi-coloured mass before us, delightful to the eye, and also gratifying, because they show that the Letter Box has friends in all quarters of the earth. The Gentleman from British Columbia has fairly outdone himself in sending us twelve very handsome cards, each of which displays one word, except that the tenth card has five words on it. Arranging the cards in

proper order, the inscriptions on them read as follows:

A very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from (happily a long distance).

G. B. C.

His cards were all posted at Wallace, Idaho, and they depict more mills, trams, concentrators, and mines than we ever saw before in our life. Visitors to our Gallery will think that we are engaged in engineering and have large interests in Western properties. However, we rather like the looks of Wallace, Idaho, and should be glad to bask upon one of its contiguous mountains and write poetry. We give these cards a first place in the second section of our catalogue. It will be remembered that the first section ended with picture number twelve. As we have a certain feeling about the number thirteen, we shall begin the second section with 12*a*, and then go on to fourteen.

THE LETTER-BOX PICTURE GALLERY. (SECOND SECTION OF CATALOGUE.)

- 12*a*. Standard and Mammoth Mines at Mace, Idaho.
- 14. Mullen, Idaho, Looking West.
- 15. Kellogg, Idaho.
- 16. Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mill. (Note the unconscious poetry.)
- 17. Wardner, Idaho.
- 18. Morning Mill (presumably Idaho).
- 19. Snowstorm Mill (presumably Idaho).
- 20. Hercules Mill and Tram (presumably Idaho).
- 21. Mammoth and Standard Concentrators Located at Wallace, Idaho. Daily Capacity 1000 Tons.
- 22. Burke, Idaho.
- 23. Bird's eye View of Wallace, Idaho. [So far, the Gentleman from British Columbia. There follow two cards postmarked San Francisco and one without any postmark. They bring to us New Year greetings.]
- 24. Dutch Windmill, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

25. Native Sons' Monument, San Francisco.

26. A White Cat Sitting in a Basket, and described on the obverse of the card as "The Cute Kittie."

27. The Column of Phocas in the Roman Forum. (See above.)

28. The Arch of Welcome in Denver, Colorado.

29. Pike's Peak from the Garden of the Gods.

30. Mount of the Holy Cross (somewhere in Colorado).

[The last three additions are sent to us from Denver by some one who signs himself "R. W." and he says that our idiosyncrasies "are enough to alienate any citizen who tries to think clearly and intelligently. But," he adds, "with thousands of others I read your monthly bushel with a sense of weakness and delight."]

31. The Obelisk, Central Park, New York. (From R. L. C.)

32. Entrance to Burial Hill, Plymouth, Mass. (From some one who lives in West Cedar Street, Boston.)

33. The Man With the Spade. (Anonymously presented "From a Sometime," whatever that may be—in Shreveport, Indiana.)

34. Just in from the Field: representing four small "coons" on a white farm-horse. (Also from Shreveport, Indiana.)

35. Salutations from Bluefields, Nicaragua. (Presented by E. M. B., presumably from Bluefields.)

36. The Falls of Minnehaha. (From a lady who says that she made the acquaintance of Minnehaha when she was a very small girl in London, and never expected to see the Falls.)

We must here close the second section of our catalogue, owing to lack of further space this month. We still hold a large number of cards, some of which we do not mention now because the observations written on them require special comment. Meanwhile, we express our sincere gratitude to those who have made this collection entirely unique. We take immense pleasure in inspecting it at all hours of the day.

THE STORY OF ART IN AMERICA

By ARTHUR HOEBER

PART II—THE MIDDLE PERIOD



RELATIVE of the wife of Benjamin West was Matthew Pratt, who became a member of West's household in London and afterward returned to Philadelphia a successful portrait painter. One of his paintings is at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York. It represents the interior of West's studio in London, with the master giving a talk to four students. This artist Pratt is said to have been a remarkable sign painter, and the signs in those days were something more than mere lettering, for they included pictorial representations of one sort or another, and he was reputed to have been the best maker of signs in his day. Another pupil of West was William Dunlap, not much of a painter, but most interesting as the author of *The History of the Arts of Design in America*, from which volume we get pretty much all the information we have of the earlier men. In the rooms of the New York Historical Society there is a canvas by him, remarkably naïve and of no artistic value, but interesting historically, wherein he represents himself showing a picture to his parents. Although Dunlap was identified with the art life in New York and became one of the founders of the National Academy of Design, he was forced to work in other directions to gain a livelihood, even becoming a theatrical manager in his time.

The name of Robert Fulton, of course, immediately suggests the steamboat, but he, too, was a pupil of West in London and entered his studio about 1786. He went afterward to Paris, where he remained seven years, and although he spent the larger part of that time in experimenting with his submarine boats, nevertheless he managed to paint a great panorama, the first seen there, and there still remains the memory of it in the name of the *Passage des Panoramas*, where it was shown. But after all, even though he practised portrait painting for a brief while in Devonshire, when he

had gone abroad shortly after his twenty-first year and attracted the attention of the American president of the Royal Academy, it was there that he met the Duke of Bridgewater, and canal navigation gave him more concern than painting. Dunlap, the art historian, says he was guilty of painting poor portraits in Philadelphia, in 1782. He endeavoured to have his countrymen purchase such pictures by Benjamin West as were at the artist's disposal, and he wrote thus to the citizens of Philadelphia:

"I have now the pleasure to offer you a catalogue of the select works of Mr. West, and with it to present you the most extraordinary opportunity that was ever offered to the lovers of science. The catalogue referred to is a list of all Mr. West's productions, portraits excepted. No city ever had such a collection of admired works from the pencil of one man; and that man is your fellow-citizen. The price set on the collection is £15,000 sterling; a sum inconsiderable when compared with the objects in view, and the advantages to be derived from it." Fortunately, the citizens did not see it in the same light as did the great inventor, and the collection was broken up and widely dispersed.

One of the early men among the American painters was Joseph Wright, who was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1756, the son of a woman named Patience Wright, who was a noted wax modeller in her time. She took the boy to London when he was sixteen, and his sister subsequently married the well-known English portrait painter, John Hoppner. Both he and Benjamin West were interested in young Joseph, who in his day painted the portrait of the then Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, but he was rather an idler than otherwise was Joseph, and he spent a good deal of his time loafing about the town. "Joe is idle and spends his money for pleasure," his mother wrote to her mother. Later this same Joe went to Paris, more or less under



THE AMERICAN SCHOOL. BY MATTHEW PRATT

Metropolitan Museum of Art

the protection of Benjamin Franklin, and starting on a voyage, his ship was wrecked off the coast of Spain, but the young painter managed to escape death and finally arrived in America again, whither he brought letters to the great Washington, and he, too, painted the distinguished first President. He also made a drawing of Washington's profile, which he later etched, and it was said to have been a very good likeness. About this time Congress, sitting in Princeton, commissioned Wright to take a mould of Washington's face to be sent to some foreign sculptor for a bust or statue.

The General, as I have said, seems to have been the most complacent of sitters, and the fact that he was obliged to stretch himself flat on his back and have his face covered for some considerable time with wet plaster did not appear to bother him overmuch—for once at least. But it certainly rattled Wright, for in taking the plaster off, he was so agitated that he dropped the thing and it

smashed into many fragments. Long-suffering as Washington was, he balked at a second trial, though it is even difficult to imagine so dignified a man as the stately first American gentleman at full length on his back, his face completely covered with a mass of white plaster, which when it comes off pulls some of the hair with it. Wright, however, painted Presidents Madison and Jay. Finally he became die-sinker to the United States Mint, coming from New York to Philadelphia when Congress moved there. He died at the age of thirty-seven. His portrait of Washington was painted for the Count de Solms. When the English painter, Robert Edge Pine, came over to this country, in 1783, with the avowed intention to paint the heroes and patriots of the American Revolution and combine them in historical pictures—Oh, how familiar that sounds!—the Hon. Francis Hopkinson wrote the President requesting him to sit to Pine, and to this Washing-



PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR GEORGE CLINTON. BY JOSEPH WRIGHT

Owned by Gordon L. Ford

ton made the following reply, which discloses his attitude:

MOUNT VERNON, May 16, 1785.

Dear Sir: In for a penny, in for a pound is the old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil, that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit like Patience on a monument, whilst they delineate the features of my face. It is a proof, among others, of what habit and custom may affect. At first I was impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with fewer flounces; now, no dray horse moves more readily to the drill than I to the painter's chair. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that I yielded a ready acquiescence to your request and to the views of Mr. Pine.

I am, dear sir,

Your obedient and affectionate humble servant,
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Robert Morris, by the way, built Pine a house in Philadelphia, and the painter

had a good many commissions, among his patrons being the Carroll family of Annapolis, the Pattersons, and others. Pine was exceedingly small of stature, as were his wife and children, and of a most irritable nature, and he had brought over with him from England a plaster copy of the Venus de Medici, which he had to keep shut up in a glass case, as it was considered a trifle too *risqué* for the morals of those days, the public refusing to tolerate it. Most of his pictures were lost in the fire of Bowen's Museum, in Boston, Mr. Bowen having bought much from him.

Edward G. Malbone comes in for our consideration about here, for he was born at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1777 and died at the early age of thirty. He and Washington Allston were warm friends and companions, and he was famed for his miniatures. His most famous work is called "Hours," and shows three young women, figures representing Past, Present and Future, which is now at the Providence Athenæum. It has been said of him that "no woman ever lost any beauty from his hand." Many of the artists of this time turned their attention to miniature painting, Copley himself doing many. Malbone, however, seems to have been a most delightful character, for no one writes of him without deep affection, and curiously enough, though he was destined to leave a serious imprint on the history of miniature painting in his own country, it was as a scene painter that he made his *début*. As a very young lad he painted a landscape for the theatre in Newport, his remuneration therefor being a pass to the play house. Meanwhile Malbone was working away alone, perfecting himself in drawing until at seventeen he threw himself on his own resources and regularly began to make his own living, going to Providence and then to Boston, where he met Washington Allston, who was his junior by a few years and who spoke of him as a man amiable, generous, and free from any taint of professional jealousy. He worked in miniature entirely, began to be known and was widely sought after, visiting various Northern cities, in the winter of 1800 going to Charleston, where he was enthusiastically received.

The next year, in company with Allston, he sailed for Europe and lived in London for several months. It was there he painted his famous "Hours." Part of this year he drew at the School of the Royal Academy, and he made great progress in his art. The man, however, was not physically strong, and he took a heavy cold in 1807, which resulted in his death at the early age of thirty, in Savannah, whither he had gone in search of health. A biographer said of him in a magazine of the day: "All his habits of life were decorous and gentlemanly, and his morals without reproach. His temper was naturally equable and gentle; his affections were warm and generous. His pre-eminent excellence was in colouring. His miniatures have most of the beauties of a fine portrait, without losing any of their own peculiar character. In short, the biography of Malbone appears like a studied panegyric.

Washington Allston was born in 1779, in the State of South Carolina, but at



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL NICHOLAS FISH. MINIATURE BY EDWARD G. MALBONE

Owned by Mrs. Daniel Le Roy



MARTHA WASHINGTON GREENE. BY EDWARD MALBONE

Metropolitan Museum of Art

a very early age was brought to Newport, Rhode Island, went to school there and subsequently entered Harvard College. In his school days at Newport he took some lessons in painting from a Mr. King, who made quadrants and compasses, but occasionally painted portraits. Shortly after his graduation from Harvard he went to London and entered as a student at the Royal Academy schools. After a residence of three years in the British capital Allston went to the Continent, and in Italy he became impressed with the work of the historical painters. There he was highly thought of by his fellow-artists, who immediately called him "the American Titian," and he remained in Rome nearly four years, where he was an intimate of John Vanderlyn, the American, and the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen. In 1809 Allston returned to America, married a wife, Miss Channing, to whom he had been engaged since he had been an undergraduate at Harvard, and subsequently returned to Europe in company with S. F. B. Morse, the artist, better known, however, as the inventor of the telegraphic system. Finally Allston came back to Boston and, as Mr. Isham says in his *History of American*

Painting, was welcomed with enthusiasm, holding for twenty-eight years a supremacy unchallenged as the head of American art, almost the head of all art.

The personal charm of his youth remained undiminished in age and attracted to him the choicest spirits, the brightest talents, the purest enthusiasts, who worshipped at his shrine with a faith that knew no doubts; while for the great mass of the people he was a mighty unknown, who served to justify the claims that America was supreme in painting as in territory, liberty and intelligence. And this reputation was maintained in spite of the fact (or perhaps on account of it) that there were hardly any works produced to justify it. He brought back from London the unfinished canvas of "Belshazzar's Feast," and its shadow

hung over his whole life, taken up, put aside, recommenced, altered, arousing the highest hopes in the friends and the wildest praise from the ignorant. It hangs to-day, a battered wreck, in the Boston Museum of Arts, unfinished, dingy, antiquated, showing to the casual spectator no particle of skill or of true feeling. He might have applied himself, perhaps, to the production of other work if his *magnum opus* were not always there as an obstacle and an excuse. His second wife was a daughter of Chief Justice Dana, whose means removed all danger of poverty from his later years. He erred, as did West, in trying to put into a picture emotions that were not pictorial. His contemporaries had the same emotions and understood. We do not, and it is as unlikely in his case as in



WASHINGTON ALLSTON

that of West, that posterity will ever renew its interest in his works. To judge his pictures fairly we must remember how barren American art had been up to that time of anything approaching them in grace or refinement. Their

sweetness was not insipid, their drawing was delicate and their colour refined. While they were not strong, independent masterpieces, there was in them the breath of a finer, more delicate inspiration than had appeared before in Ameri-



SPANISH GIRL. BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON
Metropolitan Museum of Art

can art, or than was to appear in a generation.

A young boy, set to copy some of Stuart's portraits, including one of Aaron Burr, so interested that statesman that he took him under his protection. The lad was John Vanderlyn, who was born in the year of the American Independence, at Kingston-on-the-Hudson, New York. At sixteen he entered the employ of Thomas Barton, an Englishman who was the chief importer of engravings in New York. Burr encouraged his taste for painting, sending him to Philadelphia to study under Stuart, after which he commissioned him to paint his daughter Theodosia, and subsequently sent him to Europe for a five years' stay in Paris. Vanderlyn returned in 1801 and painted his patron and the daughter once more. He was also one of the early painters to put Niagara Falls on canvas. In 1803 he was back in Europe again, travelling extensively, finally settling in Rome. In 1808 Vanderlyn took a picture to Paris, "Marius Amid the Ruins of Carthage," where it received a gold medal designed expressly by the Emperor himself, who admired the work extravagantly. The artist remained seven years in Paris, where he painted his "Ariadne," now at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. In Paris, Vanderlyn was able to repay some of Burr's kindness when the latter, ruined in fortune and honour, fled there and the young artist aided him substantially during the first years of his disgrace. Vanderlyn painted many portraits of distinguished Frenchmen, among them the great painter, David.

Vanderlyn came back to New York in 1815, and ill feeling rose at once between him and Jonathan Trumbull, the artist, probably because of the award of commissions the latter received for the decoration of the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, though there were many little petty acts of mutual dislike. Trumbull had the influence, though Vanderlyn was the better painter, and became embittered. Finally, Vanderlyn made a panorama of views of various foreign places, and for it he erected a building in City Hall Park, but he was not successful and the place was shortly seized

for debt. He retired to the country and effaced himself for a while, but finally, in 1842, his friends secured for him from Congress a commission for one of the panels in the Capitol, "The Landing of Columbus," to execute which he went to Paris, where it was claimed he did little of the actual work, employing some of the younger Frenchmen to paint for him. Yet he was the first of our artists to study in France instead of England, the pioneer in that long line of students who have made the French capitol their objective point. There he acquired accurate draughtsmanship and solid modelling, but his life was most unhappy; he suffered always from great poverty, dying in 1843 in absolute want.

A son of English actors and born in England, Thomas Sully came to America when a child. At twelve he was placed in an insurance broker's office, where it was so evident that he wanted to draw instead of looking after the books, that on the advice of his employer he was sent to the studio of a French miniaturist named Balzons, a person of somewhat violent temper, with whom the lad shortly had a serious fistic encounter, which obliged him to leave forthwith, and he managed to get to his brother Lawrence, himself a painter, but inferior to Thomas. Thither Thomas went, and soon his skill made him the main support of the brother's family. His work at this time was in miniature, oils being practically out of their prowess, but soon came the desire to paint in this medium which was so unknown to him, that he used olive oil with which to mix his pigments, the result being they did not dry, and it was only when a sign painter came to his rescue that matters improved in a technical way. Finally his brother died and later Thomas married his widow. His first success came from a portrait he did of an actor, Thomas A. Cooper, the lessee and manager of a theatre in New York, whither he invited Sully to come, furnished him not only with a handsome workroom, but advanced him a substantial sum of money and secured him sitters. But Sully was still far from comfortable. There was a large and increasing family, both his brother's and his own, and some friends raising a sum

of money, he was enabled to take his whole tribe to London, where, as usual, West came to the rescue, was most kind to him and assisted him in many ways. Indeed, as I have said, West was the fairy godfather for most of the young American painters who stepped their feet on British soil. Returning to Philadelphia after nine months abroad, Sully had for some time a fair success in portraiture, and in 1837 he made another trip abroad, when, for the St. George's Society, he painted a portrait of the young Queen Victoria. He took his daughter with him, who wore the royal clothes and regalia jewels, which, by the way, weighed some forty pounds, and her Majesty was all charm to both father and daughter. This episode, of course, was the event of Sully's life and one of which he never tired of talking, giving the most interesting details of the simplicity and kindness of the youthful queen. He lived as late as 1872, and he was one of our good painters, not perhaps up to the standards of Stuart, but still a man of skill, and, as has been pointed out, one standing much in the same relation to Stuart as Lawrence stood to Reynolds, and his portrait of the queen was a serious achievement, for he had a difficult proposition in the shape of a small, dumpy woman, with retreating chin and protruding eyes, whom he had to invest with grace and majesty. She had little beauty save that of youth, but he made a mighty interesting official portrait of the lady.

Serious social changes were now beginning to take place in America, and the rise of a native school was begun, of which perhaps the first of the painters was Chester Harding, who was born in Conway, Massachusetts, in 1792, a remarkable personality, who, at sixteen, was some six feet three in his stockings. He was noted as an axeman, tried soldiering and various other pursuits, such as chairmaking, peddling and keeping an inn. He was imprisoned for debt, turned up at Pittsburg, where he worked as a house painter, and finally, meeting with a travelling portrait painter, was filled with a desire to follow that profession. He had married very early, and after the episode of meeting with the

itinerant artist, he got a board, used his sign painter's pigments and began a portrait of his spouse. He made something that looked like her and he became frantic with delight. From that moment the signs were neglected, and after a little more practice he boldly announced himself as a portrait painter, went to Paris, Kentucky, and undertook commissions at \$25 a head, where it is said he did over a hundred. With the funds thus obtained he went to Philadelphia,



MRS. JOSHUA QUINCY. BY CHESTER HARDING
Owned by Henry P. Quincy

where he entered the classes of the Academy School for a couple of months. Then he became a wanderer again, taking his family with him to various cities where he could obtain commissions. And he prospered, returning to his home and paying off all his debts.

They tell a story of his aged grandfather taking him aside and saying: "Chester, I want to speak to you about your present mode of life. It is little better than swindling for you to charge \$40 to make those effigies of people.

You ought to be ashamed of it. Give it up, settle down on a farm and be a respectable man." From which it will be seen that art in the upper part of this State was not then taken with great seriousness. His wanderings finally brought him to Boston, where he achieved enor-

mous popularity and had more work than he could do, for while Stuart was frequently idle, Harding was overwhelmed with orders. Thus it was that he was enabled to put aside enough to take him to England, whither he went in the autumn of 1823, not as a student, but as



PORTRAIT OF MRS. KATHERINE MATTHEWS. BY THOMAS SULLY

Metropolitan Museum of Art

a full-fledged maker of portraits, and there his success continued in a surprising manner. In point of fact, the man had a most delightful personality, for though he had had no educational advantages in his youth, and remained to the end of his days ignorant of many simple things, there was that undefined attractiveness, innate and subtle, that gave him great popularity. He painted royal dukes with as little unconcern as he gave to village folk at home. Indeed, he visited their stately homes with no uneasiness whatsoever, his simplicity appealing strongly to his hosts. It was largely due to the fact that, though he was welcome in this charmed circle in England, his wife was not to be recognised, that he finally left Great Britain and returned to America. Home again, he painted most of the political leaders of his own land—Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Marshall and many more—and to show the small span of time that separates us from the early history of



CHESTER HARDING

American art, it may be mentioned that the late General Sherman sat to him, and Sherman has been dead but a few years. Harding died in 1866.

(To be continued)



CARCASSONNE

I'm growing old, I've sixty years,
I've laboured all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain;
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know;
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne.

You see the city from the hill—
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return, as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown,
The grape withheld its yellow store,—
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne.

The curé's right; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I there two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me, I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne.

Thy pardon, father, I beseech,
In this my prayer, if I offend,
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy, Aignan,
Have travelled even to Narbonne,
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne.

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double-bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But, Heaven forgive him, half way on
The old man died upon the road;
He never gazed on Carcassonne;
Each mortal has his Carcassonne.

Gustave Nadaud.

AT CARCASSONNE: AN ANSWER

My hair is grey with sixty years
And vestiges of travail dire;
The futile cares, the wasted tears,
And oh, the unappeased desire!
Vain longing for a far-off thing;
The course of life is nearly run,
And there's a place where robins sing—
But I am still at Carcassonne,
But I am still at Carcassonne!

There is a place where robins sing,
Far off amid the hills of blue;
Where sheep-bells answering sheep-bells ring
And woodlands echo the cuckoo.
See, from the City gate the way
Winds upward whitening in the sun;
My heart has gone there many a day—
But I am still at Carcassonne,
But I am still at Carcassonne.

And there's a cot with roof of thatch
And walls as white as matin snow;
Unlocked the door and free the latch
To let whoe'er will come and go.
Red roses at the window-sills
And climbing grapes in clusters dun—
Far off, far off amid the hills—
But I am still at Carcassonne,
But I am still at Carcassonne.

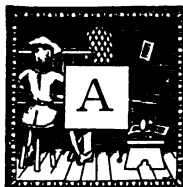
Ah, here the wheel of commerce flies,
The freighted barge, the wagon bent,
The bags and bales of merchandise,
The cavilling for a tarnished cent;
The boulevards, the granite streets,
The lights in tawdry tangles spun,
And Life a masque of poor deceits—
I know too much of Carcassonne,
I know too much of Carcassonne.

Thus mused at Carcassonne one day—
A bishop (or a general);
The morrow found him on the way
That leads to where the robins call,
And in the heart of mountains blue,
There came a hoary-headed one
Who said in tears, "My life I rue,
Ah, had I lived in Carcassonne,
Ah, had I lived in Carcassonne!"

William F. McCormack.

INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

III—THE NEWSPAPER NOVEL



ALTHOUGH almost all of the more recent stories and novels, dealing in some direct way with newspaper life, have been written by men who have worked in newspaper offices at one time or another, it is a peculiar fact that many of these pieces of fiction have failed to reveal the journalistic sphere in its true light. There seems to be something elusive about the ins and outs of newspaperdom that prevents even the initiate from putting them down accurately in black and white when he sets himself to the task of attempting to paint a journalistic picture. By this I mean a journalistic picture that shall withstand the searching eye of his fellow-men, readers who, like himself, have either been workers in newspaper offices or have spent their lives in the sphere of journalism and the channels connected with it.

Why is it, I hear you ask, that a former newspaper man cannot write a good and true piece of newspaper fiction? A man who has followed the mast frequently produces a novel that breathes of the sea with a salty realism. A man who has practised law frequently produces a novel that lacks little in local legal colour. A student of business life, an explorer, a hunter—they, too, frequently have been able to do the same. Then why not the journalist as well? The answer is probably not so difficult to determine as might seem. In the first place, a newspaper man overestimates the amount of glamour connected with his work and the value of that work consequently as an exceptional basis for fiction. For some reason or other, outsiders are interested very little in the bare mechanism of the newspapers. And, as a consequence (that is, in view of their disinterestedness), a narrative of the intricacies of press workings proves to be tedious reading for them. The newspaper novelist is inclined to overdo the technical side of his story at the expense of directness of plot. Pick up a newspaper novel and you will find that not

infrequently the action at its vital point has been halted in order that technical description may be lugged in.

A newspaper man who writes a novel is often like a reporter who has become so tired "covering" an involved news story that, when the time comes for him to prepare his copy, he hurries over certain details that, while not utterly essential, would be of much interest to his readers. The newspaper novelist, satiated with the atmosphere of the city room, in a like way often slides over some of the little things that would help his narrative vastly. In those few cases where attention has been paid to details, the resultant story has proved to be convincing, at least—a hundred times more convincing than the other stories in which details were treated negligently.

As women—the fiction type of women particularly—hardly can be said to flock into newspaper offices, the novelist very often gets himself into a fearful tangle when he tries to unite an on-the-scene love interest with his newspaper novel machinery. The woman literally is dragged into such narratives and her presence rarely succeeds, in fact, possibly cannot succeed, in convincing the reader that it is natural and conjoint with the evolution of the story in question. If there is a "love interest" in newspaper work, you may rest assured that it does not often penetrate into the actual confines of the hurly-burly, clicking, busy offices. And when the attempt is made to create drawing-room situations in "city rooms," your initiated reader is going to throw down the book with an undignified, yet all-from-the-heart "Oh, rot!"

Every once in a while a writer who knows his newspaper field turns out a short story that hits the bull's-eye sharply, and he usually succeeds best when he draws his central newspaper character in big, broad, harsh lines and when he makes the basic mechanism of the newspaper of secondary importance. If he makes it serve merely as a canvas or background, all the better. Where the writer relies entirely on the machinery, he very frequently gets himself

hopelessly entangled in his plot and incongruities by the dozen creep into his text. Only a few months ago I read a so-termed newspaper story in one of the leading magazines that was the work of a man fairly familiar with the intimate side of journalism and that, because of the tangling of plot and what I have referred to as machinery—that is, newspaper office technicalities—collapsed utterly when it invited serious consideration from those “on the inside.”

The author of the story in question had a good plot idea, but he tripped up on the machinery side of his story, the very side he undoubtedly knew best. In the story, which is laid in the office of an evening newspaper, the staff is suddenly thrown into an excited state by the news that a huge excursion steamer is afire and sinking off New York. It develops soon afterward that the city editor's wife and child are aboard the vessel and, as the growing list of the dead is flashed in to the office, the names of these two are found to be among those who have met their fate. Of course, the news story is so important that the entire office centres its attention on it, the city editor acting as the holder of the various “strings.” Now, despite the fact that his wife and child are supposed to have been killed, and although the story is well in hand, the city editor, in tears, refuses to leave his post because he thinks he must edit the “copy.” As a matter of fact, this work could have been done so easily by some one else that there was no reason in the world for the city editor remaining in the office instead of rushing to the scene of death. “Loyalty to duty,” in this case, was so greatly overdone and toned-up that, to the insider, it was almost funny. The writer knew better, but evidently allowed himself to become entangled in the machinery, as I have suggested.

I recall a well-written “newspaper novel” that had a wide sale several years ago, in which strangers entered and left the “city room” time and again just as if it were a public place. The action of part of the story transpired in the room under discussion and the author projected his characters into the scene of action with most unsatisfactory explana-

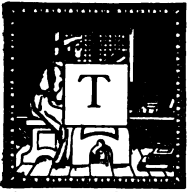
tions as to the verisimilar justice of their presence. A moment or so ago I mentioned the fact that where a writer developed his newspaper story from a single dominant character rather than from the intricacies of newspaper work proper, the result was much more often substantially satisfactory. I have in mind a story called “The Wolf of the City,” that appeared in the prints two years ago. Here was a newspaper story built around the bull-dog type of reporter that was a commendable piece of work. Such a story is a newspaper character story. As an illustration of a machinery story, I might cite Mr. Williams's “The Stolen Story,” really an interesting tale of its kind.

Newspaper fiction, comparatively speaking, seems to be on the wave of popularity again—both on the bookshelf and on the dramatic stage. This seems to be true both of England and America. Across the sea, several newspaper novels have attracted considerable favour recently, while, in a dramatic way, we have heard of the interest manifested in such journalistic plays as *The Earth, What the People Want*, etc.

Many a newspaper story and novel has failed to gain forceful favour because of its general wishy-washy character. An “inside” view of such works speedily shows up the flaws that the “outside” reader subconsciously recognises, even though he may not be entirely positive that the flaws are technical flaws. I believe, however, that, in spite of all I have said here, realism is coming into its own gradually yet certainly in newspaper fiction. It was not so many years ago that a writer would trust entirely to the alleged glamour of the profession to curry favour for his novel that dealt with the mysterious newspaper circle. To-day he is coming to realise the error of this, and what possible intrinsic glamour he seeks to suggest, he does through the medium of realism, hot-breathed, pulsing realism. The writer of a newspaper novel, if he sticks to things that he *knows* happen in the newspaper world, will have nothing to fear from the man whose more or less trained eye allows him to peep back of the scenes.

H. H. McClure.

BIG SITUATIONS IN THE DRAMA



THREE or four times during the last two months a surprising scene has been enacted by the audience at the opening performance of a play in a first-class theatre of New York. Throughout the climax of the action, the spectators have sat uneasy on the edges of their seats, clenching their hands unconsciously or clutching at the arms of their chairs. A nervous

Hysterics and the Highest Art

tensity of silence has been interrupted by involuntary gasps and murmurs. Two or three women, trailing cloaks and furs behind them, have made a headlong exit up the aisles, followed by embarrassed, stumbling escorts. From the galleries has come a sibilant insistent call for quiet. At last the curtain has fallen; a breathless moment has ensued; and then the auditors have vented their pent-up feelings in a sudden clamor of cries and cheers. Women have given way to hysterical ejaculations; men have risen to their feet, shouting; and the actors have been recalled again and yet again. The newspapers, the next morning, have printed hyperbolic notices of the occasion; afterward, the advertisements of the managers have bristled with exclamation points to stab the transitory eye; and money has poured into the box-office at the rate of twelve thousand dollars a week. Such a scene is certainly unusual in a Broadway-theatre; it is surely a triumph for a playwright to produce such an effect upon a sophisticated and theatre-weary houseful of first-nighters; and, in the face of such success, it may seem carping in the critic to interpose that disconcerting question of Mr. Kipling's—"It's striking; but is it Art?"

Yet this is precisely the question that must be asked if we are to keep clear the aims and the fulfilments of the highest art. It is undeniably the aim of a serious drama to produce upon the spectators an emotional effect as profound as may be possible within the limits of its theme. But this admission involves two further

questions: first, as to the nature of profound emotional effect, and second, as to whether a single situation so striking as to jut out and hit the audience between the eyes may be developed without detriment to the fabric of the drama as a whole. The second question is technical, and applies merely to the structure of the drama; but the first question applies to art in general, and in consequence, of course, to life itself.

I think that everybody will agree that hysterics are not an evidence of very deep emotion. All human emotions have two phases—a lower and a higher—the first of which is experienced with nervous agitation, the second only in a mood of lofty calm. Joy is hectic, but happiness serene. Horror is hysterical, but terror is appallingly quiescent. The profoundest feelings lie—as Wordsworth said—too deep for tears. In proportion as emotion deepens, it transcends the titillation of the nerves. Serenity—the highest mood of which the mind is capable—is the only mood in which it may experience the loftiest emotions. This psychological fact is unfalteringly recognised by the masters of the highest art. The greatest art is never nervous; it is always immitigably calm. Nobody ever grew agitated over the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* or shed tears over *Lycidas*; nobody ever fainted at the sight of the *Venus of Melos* or the *Frari Madonna* of Bellini. And though the drama represents contention rather than repose, and would seem to subsist mainly through excitement, it will be found ever, in its deepest manifestations, to rise into serenity. The *Elektra* of Hugo von Hofmannsthal is horrible and thrilling; but the *Elektra* of Sophocles is terrible and serene: and by that token the ancient drama is the greater play. Shakespeare, who, in his less important dramas, often drenched the stage with blood, chose in *Macbeth* to withhold the butchery of Duncan from the scene, and to reveal rather the effect of the murder upon Macbeth and Lady Macbeth in a dialogue so awfully calm and quiet that we may hear the cricket cry. In the same play, could

we imagine the audience sobbing and shouting as Lady Macbeth, walking and talking in her sleep, carries her candle off the stage? There is something in Hamlet's final line—"The rest is silence"—that forbids applause. These moments of appalled serenity—these touchstones, as Matthew Arnold would have said, of supreme dramatic power—we should clearly bear in mind when we appraise the achievement of a playwright who has flung his audience into a tumult of hysterical applause. Thus we may more sanely judge whether *The City* and *The Lily* and *Madame X* are finally comparable, as artistic accomplishments, to the more serene successes of other seasons, such as *The Witching Hour*, *The Servant in the House*, and *What Every Woman Knows*.

It remains for us to consider the second of our questions—whether a single big situation in a play is not likely to disrupt the symmetry of the general design. In any drama which is really great, the author starts out with some central theme, or principle—some basic truth of human life—and proceeds to illustrate this principle by representing the interrelations of a group of characters, each of whom is created to incorporate some aspect of the theme. From the nature of the characters, the action is deduced. But the defect of the sort of situation that lifts the auditors from their seats is that it must necessarily shift the emphasis from the element of character to the element of action, and thereby lower the appeal from the plane of imagination to the plane of mere invention. In the light of this purely technical consideration, an hysterical response from the audience may be taken as an evidence that the playwright has descended from the highest level of dramatic art. Furthermore, in staking his all upon a single scene which jumps out of the frame of his picture, he incurs the very practical difficulty of discounting the effect of his succeeding scenes. Thus Clyde Fitch, in *The City*—as we shall see—spoiled his third act by permitting the tumultuous appeal of the scenes that closed the second. The danger of the modern form of drama, with the climax at the close of the penultimate act, is that the dramatist, by strengthen-

ing his climax, may make any adequate final act a task beyond achievement.

On both grounds, therefore—the technical and the philosophical—a situation at the climax of a serious play, so exciting in itself as to rouse the audience to a noisy nervous outbreak, must be considered as a menace to the highest standards of dramatic art; and we must bear this principle in mind when we consider certain recent plays which have been received with clamours of approval.

The late Clyde Fitch, who was a very sane judge of the comparative merits of his own productions, told his friends last spring that *The City* was the best of all his plays.

That judgment, since his death, has been ratified by the public in a huge, tumultuous roar of acclamation. In the main, we may accept the verdict of the author and the audience. Assuredly *The City* is the strongest and most striking of Mr. Fitch's plays; it represents the author's most earnest effort to achieve a masterpiece; and it can, therefore, be criticised by no lower standard than that of the highest art. But when *The City* is measured by this lofty standard it fails in many vital respects to fulfil the test of greatness.

The theme of *The City* is a contrast between the conditions of life in a quiet provincial town and in a turbulent metropolis; and the author's thesis is that, whereas in a small town a man may drift through life without ever being put to a test which will reveal to himself and to the world at large the full extent of his inherent strength and weakness, the influence of a great city will accentuate both his virtues and his vices, making him weaker if he be weak or stronger if he be strong, so that he must accept absolutely, in his own judgment of himself and in the judgment of the world about him, the full penalty or the full reward of what he basically is. This is a big theme; and by the manner in which he laid out the main lines of his structure, Mr. Fitch has indicated that he intended to give his thesis a really big development.

The first act is set in Middleburg, New York, and discloses the dissatisfaction of

the leading family in the town with the dulness of the life around them. George Rand, Jr., is overweeningly ambitious and longs for the larger opportunities of advancement in New York. His sisters and his mother are eager to break into metropolitan society. They are opposed by the head of the family—the elder George Rand—who insists that it is better to remain somebody in Middleburg than to become nobody in New York. His real reason he discloses only in an intimate confession to his son—namely, that neither his personal nor his business life has been entirely above reproach, and though he feels firmly founded as a pillar of Middleburg society, he fears the possibilities of exposure that might result from a move to the less conservative metropolis. After this confession the father dies suddenly of heart-failure; and the rest of the family are set free to follow their desires. Six years later, in New York, they reveal the influence which the city has exerted over them. The sisters, who inherently were vulgar, have descended to a lower level of ethics and of taste. On the other hand, George Rand, Jr., has apparently climbed to a far higher station than he had held in Middleburg. He has made a large fortune by the questionable methods of modern metropolitan finance; and his personal advancement has been so marked that he is about to be nominated for the governorship of the State—as the champion of pure politics—by the predominating party. All this time he has carefully hidden the family skeleton and has even deceived himself into thinking that he has in all things remained pure and above reproach. Suddenly the family skeleton emerges from its closet; the self-deceiver is unmasked; he is made to see that he has been both cowardly and dishonest; and in this crisis of self-realisation, he confesses his weakness to the world, withdraws from his political career, and makes restitution of the money that he has dishonestly acquired. Under the influence of this revolution in his character, the other members of his family rise to meet their moral obligations; and, in the end, the city has made them all truer and better people than they ever could have been if they had remained in

the small town, respected always but never probed and tested.

The foregoing summary, which follows—I think faithfully—the main logical lines of the development of Mr. Fitch's theme, makes no reference whatsoever to that secondary plot to which *The City* owes its extraordinary popular success. Structurally, it was necessary for the author to invent some sudden shock at the climax sufficiently powerful to motivate the revolution in the character of George Rand, Jr. To accomplish this purpose he developed a minor plot, which runs as follows: The elder Rand has an illegitimate son, named George Hannock, who is a degenerate and a drug-fiend. Hannock knows only that the elder Rand betrayed his mother; but he uses this knowledge for the purpose of blackmail. George Rand, Jr., after his father's death, is the only person who knows the full incriminating truth. To keep Hannock quiet, he retains him as his secretary. Rand's younger sister, Cicely, falls in love with Hannock. When Rand discovers this, his emphatic opposition is met by Cicely's defiant statement that she has married Hannock an hour before. To render impossible the consummation of this marriage, Rand is obliged to reveal to Hannock the full and tragic truth. Hannock, in hysterics, disbelieves him. Rand subsequently calls his sister, and is about to tell her how matters stand, when Hannock suddenly shoots her dead upon the stage. Hannock then turns the pistol against himself, but Rand wrests it from him. Hannock makes a horrified hysterical appeal to be allowed to kill himself, and assails Rand with a revelation of the latter's dishonesty and self-deception. Rand, overwhelmed by this violent unmasking and by the threat of exposure incident to a trial of Hannock for murder, weakens and lays the pistol on the table; but before the gibbering drug-fiend can reach it, Rand strengthens his almost shattered will and hurls it crashing through the window. This secondary plot, which requires for its development nearly all of the lengthy second act, so swiftly heaps horrors upon horror's head and so tremendously piles climax upon climax that it lifts the auditors from their seats in a nervous tumult of ejaculations.

But, logically—as must be evident from the double summary which has been offered—it has nothing whatsoever to do with the thesis of the play.

Structurally, therefore, *The City* presents the pattern of a serious drama of deep dignity disrupted in mid-career by the interpolation of a one-act melodrama so skilful and so powerful as to over-

whelm the lower type of play and overwhelm the higher, it cannot as a whole be appraised finally as a great drama.

It has been said that in *The City*, Mr. Fitch, who had always shown his art to best advantage in the drawing of feminine types, has succeeded ultimately in writing a man's play. But this assertion will not bear the test of careful scrutiny.



"THE CITY." ACT II.

"Rand calls his sister, and is about to tell her how matters stand." A moment later, "Hannock suddenly shoots her dead upon the stage."

whelm the audience and to run away with the play. In his third and last act, Mr. Fitch has made a manly attempt to get back to his theme and to lift his drama to that mood of serenity which, as we have agreed, is the region of the highest art; but this desired effect has been discounted in advance by the hysterical tumult of the preceding act, and the author's last and loftiest words, therefore, strike the audience as dull. Since *The City* is two plays rather than one, and

George Rand, Jr., who bears the brunt of the action, is the one character in the piece who is the least clearly and the least firmly drawn. In sketching out this part, which should have been the most important in the play, the hand of the dramatist often wavered. The character is unsure and indistinct; and a nearly impossible task of composition is thereby imposed upon the actor. But, on the other hand, the minor parts in the play are drawn with Mr. Fitch's finest art of

accurate observation and minute delineation. As usual, his women are most surely seen; but the striking part of Hannock—an essentially unmanly man—is handled with supreme effectiveness.

Twice at least, in the present play, Mr. Fitch has left behind him evidences of his mastery of the delicate art of stage-direction. In the first act, immediately after the sudden death of the elder Rand, the stage is left empty for several minutes, while the narrative is carried on with entire clearness by voices off-stage and sudden glimpses of people passing hurriedly through a hall behind half-opened doors. The second and third acts are set in the same room; but in the last act, it is necessary that the audience should not be distracted by the sight of the shattered window through which Rand has hurled the pistol only a few moments before. For this reason Mr. Fitch, in the third act, has turned the room about so as to require the audience to observe it from a different point of view which obliterates the window.

Considered as a whole, *The City* exhibits more emphatically than heretofore both the merits and the defects which have long been recognised as characteristic of Mr. Fitch's art. The very triumph of the minor intermediary act displays more emphatically than ever before his apparently unavoidable inability to stick to his theme. The uncertainty of the leading character reveals once more his familiar inadequacy in the drawing of important men. But the other characters demonstrate anew the fineness and the finish with which he could draw people who were small in nature and who bore a relation only incidental to his structure. For the last time he has displayed his dexterity in dialogue and his mastery of the mechanism of the stage. *The City* is not a great drama; but it is a thoroughly skilful and a very thrilling play. Although it discloses clearly all of Mr. Fitch's defects as an artist, it also shows him emphatically at his best. It is the highest work of which he was capable at the early age of forty-four, at which he died; and, both on the positive and on the negative side, it may justly be considered as his monument.

The theme of *The Lily*, which was adopted from the French of Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux by Mr. David Belasco, is the fallacy of the sheltered-life system

"The Lily"

of bringing up young girls that is practised pretty generally in French society. The Comte de Maigny is an elderly aristocrat who has led the life of a libertine and wrecked his family fortune by self-indulgence. He has prevented the marriage of his elder daughter, Odette, to a worthy man whom she loves, because she is an excellent housekeeper and he is too selfish to sacrifice his personal comfort for the sake of his daughter's happiness. Odette, deprived and frustrate, withdraws into the dull and drab existence of a premature old maid. Her younger sister, Christiane, is more spirited in temperament. She falls in love with a painter, named Arnaud, who, though married, has been separated from his wife for ten years, but who has been unable to persuade the latter to grant him a divorce. Arnaud and Christiane are unable to accept the prospect of parting, and yield to the overwhelming power of their love. At the climax of the play, Christiane is broken down by cross-examination and confesses her sin to her father; and at that moment, Odette, who until then has drifted through the drama—withdrawn, repressed, and unassertive.—unexpectedly comes forward and, in a sudden torrent, denounces her father for his selfish treatment of herself and Christiane and asserts that a woman's sense of love is not only mightier but better than a man's sense of honour.

This surprising outburst produces a very emphatic effect upon the audience. It is only after detached consideration that it is possible to perceive that the ethics of this big situation are fundamentally false. The concluding lines of Odette's hysterical explosion are as follows: "Go, Christiane! Go forth to your life and to your love! You are free. I have paid your ransom." The curtain falls; the audience applauds and cheers. But surely it is unsound to assert that the suffering self-denial of one woman has earned for another the moral right to transgress the by-laws of society. It

would be just as logical to assert that I may commit a murder because my brother once wanted to kill a man but didn't.

The Lily is not important as a criticism of life; but it is a very effective play, interesting in action and clear in characterisation. In Paris, Pierre Wolff, who is

better known in the theatre than his collaborator, has never been considered as a dramatist who really counts; and it is worthy of record that a study of the original text of *The Lily** reveals the fact that Mr. Belasco has materially improved

**Le Lys*. Par Pierre Wolff et Gaston Leroux. Paris: Charpentier et Fasquelle. 1909.



"THE LILY." ACT III.

"Odette unexpectedly comes forward and, in a sudden torrent, denounces her father for his selfish treatment of herself and Christiane."

the play in every act. The last act, which, in the original, was a weakly sentimental appeal for the pleasures of free love, he has entirely discarded, to substitute an act more closely related in substance and in mood to the antecedent action. A pleasant old friend of the family—named Chabreloche in the original and Huzar in the adaptation—has been strengthened by Mr. Belasco and put to more dramatic uses. And one of the best effects of Mr. Belasco's play does not appear in the original at all. In the second act, Christiane is forced by her father to write an unsigned letter asking Arnaud to come to her at once. The letter is despatched by messenger; and, at the curtain fall, de Maigny, his son, and Huzar, sit down quietly to wait for twenty minutes to see if Arnaud will recognise the handwriting and come in answer to the letter. As an instance of dramatic structure, this calm effect is even better than the hysterical big situation at the climax of the play.

At present there is, writing in our language, one—and only one—absolute master of the modern art of drama; and his name is Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. This fact, which has been recognised for many years by studious observers of the stage, has been evidenced anew this season by the production of Sir Arthur's latest masterpiece, *Mid-Channel*.

The subject of this play is the hopeless marital misunderstanding which afflicts in middle life a rugged, rather brutal business man, named Theodore Blundell, and his wife, Zoe, an idle, pleasure-loving woman, who drifts aimlessly along the line of least resistance. At the outset of their married life, they have made the mistake of resolving not to encumber themselves with children. Now, after a dozen years, they have no common interests; and though they are rather fond of each other, they continually bore themselves into nervous tiffs and annoyed recriminations. The first act expounds this basic situation distinctly and completely; and at the curtain fall, there is a flare-up and the husband leaves the house. The rest of the play happens five months later. The second act and the third act are admirably balanced—the one exhibiting the

effect upon the wife, the other the effect upon the husband, of the period of separation. Each has become—to use a phrase of their own—"rather a rotter." Zoe has dallied in Italy with a young and caddish cub to whom she has succumbed in a moment of weakness; and Theodore has taken up with a mercenary lady notorious for a succession of divorces. At the close of the second act, Zoe sends her lover away and insists that he shall marry a young girl who is in love with him; and during the third act, Theodore dismisses the merry lady of many men. At the climax of the third act, Zoe and Theodore are brought together by a mutual friend and left to patch up the fragments of their lives. The husband admits frankly that he has sinned, and the wife forgives him; but when she adds that they are both sinners, he looks upon her in an appalling quietude of absolute estrangement, and then sends her back to her lover. She arrives at the latter's rooms to find that he has already obeyed her behest and engaged himself to marry the young girl who is fond of him. There is, beyond the windows, a balcony very high above a public square; and from this Zoe casts herself to the pavement below.

This, of course, is an exceedingly uncomfortable story; and the people who figure in it are the sort of people that we do not care to know. That large majority of theatre-goers who judge a play by its subject-matter instead of by its art will, therefore, very likely find *Mid-Channel* a hateful and distasteful exhibition. But students of the stage, who are interested in art regardless of its subject-matter, should see the play, if possible, once a week as long as it remains on view; because it is an absolute and faultless masterpiece of structure. It is solidly, compactly, built. No material is wasted; every line and every gesture counts. Every detail of the piece is nicely related to every other; and each detail produces a three-fold effect—first, by and for itself; second, by reminiscence of something that has preceded it; and third, by anticipation of something that is yet to come. The characters are analysed with a thoroughness that is almost terrible. There is little objective action in the piece

—rather a steady gathering of intense internal conflict. It is worthy of especial remark that the play never breaks out into a sudden single big situation to excite the audience. No one moment of it

is more effective than any other; and it therefore remains unfailingly powerful until the final curtain. The characters are living human beings: they control the play from the beginning to the end, and



"MID-CHANNEL." ACT III.

"The husband admits frankly that he has sinned, and the wife forgives him; but when she adds that they are both sinners, he looks upon her in an appalling quietude of absolute estrangement."

never suffer a shift of emphasis to the element of action. The author never tampers with reality to produce a sudden horrifying smash. The dialogue is masterly in easy fluency—crisp and pointed, and nervously concise.

But it is impossible to suggest, within the compass of so brief a study as the present, the full power of this extraordi-

It is a long descent from the art of *Mid-Channel* to the mechanics of *Madame X*, a melodrama by Alexandre Bisson, which is loosely fabricated in a prologue and three acts, for the purpose of projecting a single big situation which evokes from an uncritical audience an hysterical torrent of tears.

"Madame X"



"THE WATCHER." ACT IV.

"He raises a pistol to his head; then suddenly casts it from him, starts to his feet, and proceeds to talk to the enviroing air."

nary work of art. Sir Arthur Pinero is endowed with the finest, clearest, strongest, most uncompromising mind that has applied itself to the art of English drama since the retirement of Sheridan. To say that, at the present time, he is our one unfaltering and faultless artist is not to overstate the truth. It is to him that all our younger dramatists must turn to study the consummate possibilities of modern dramaturgy.

The story rambles over twenty years of time; the second act is frankly kept undramatic in order that the author may prepare the mechanism for the big scene to follow in the third; the plot is un- plausible; the people of the play are merely puppets; and the dialogue is lack- ing in distinction. Yet the final one-act melodrama for which so much is sacri- ficed exhibits a situation which—though unimaginable as life, because it depends

upon incredibly intricate coincidences—is very powerful in its appeal to the popular sense of pathos. The heroine has sinned and has been cast off by her husband at the time when her little son was four years old. During the succeeding score of years she has drifted down in degradation, has become an ether fiend, and

shoots and kills him. She is arrested for murder; and by an artificial coincidence, her own son, not knowing who she is, is appointed by the court to defend her. Furthermore, her husband is invited to sit on the bench with the presiding judges, in order to hear his son plead his first case. In court, the husband and the wife



"MADAME X." ACT III.

"In court, the husband and the wife recognise each other. Their son, still ignorant of the relationship, makes a pathetic appeal to the jury, which results in the acquittal of the heroine."

has lived successively with various disreputable adventurers. Meanwhile her husband, knowing nothing of her fate, has risen steadily in life. He has become a judge; and his son, at the age of twenty-four, has been admitted to the bar. When the heroine's latest consort declares his intention of blackmailing her husband, the heroine, to save herself from exposure before the eyes of her unknown son,

recognise each other. Their son, still ignorant of the relationship, makes a pathetic appeal to the jury which results in the acquittal of the heroine. Subsequently, his father reveals to him the fact that his client is his own mother. A tender scene ensues between mother and son, at the close of which the former dies.

The one touch of art in this mechanical melodrama is the reservation of the big

scene until the final act, so that the audience may have no opportunity to recover from the onslaught upon its primitive emotions. Confronted by the scene in the court-room, the critic must retire in discomfiture; for though it is not art, it certainly is striking. After all, the only valid test of melodrama is the appeal that it makes to the populace; and it must

is a burglar with a unique faculty for deciphering the combinations of safes by the touch of his finger-tips. He is released from Sing Sing by the intervention of the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, who is moved to this course by the influence of his niece, who takes a sentimental interest in Jimmy and believes, of course, that he is innocent of crime.



"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE." ACT IV.

"A little girl has been shut up in a new vault, of which as yet no one knows the combination. To save the child's life, Jimmy is obliged to crack the safe."

fairly be recorded that every night this court-room situation unsluices sentimental tears.

Alias Jimmy Valentine, by Mr. Paul Armstrong, is a far better melodrama; because it is more credible in incident, more neatly and steadily constructed, and more nearly related to life, both in characterisation and in dialogue. Jimmy Valentine

Jimmy turns over a new leaf after his release, becomes a trusted employee in a bank, and wins the love of the heroine and the respect of her father, who is the president of the institution. A detective with a personal grudge against Jimmy comes to arrest him for complicity in an old robbery, of which he actually has been guilty; but the hero defends himself with a fabricated alibi so clever that the detective is outwitted. The next moment

Jimmy is forced to betray himself, both to the detective and to the girl that he loves, by a sudden circumstance which becomes the big situation of the play. A little girl, playing hide and seek, has been shut up by her small brother in a new vault which has just been constructed in the bank and of which as yet no one knows the combination. To save the child's life Jimmy is obliged to crack the safe in his old professional way. This last scene, in which the hero, with his eyes bandaged, toils at the combination with feverish intensity, while the heroine and the detective are watching him at work, rouses the audience to a high pitch of pleasurable enthusiasm. This situation, which Mr. Armstrong borrowed from a story of O. Henry's entitled *A Retrieved Reformation*, is very clever in its visual appeal; and it has wisely been reserved until the final moment of the play.

The Watcher, by Miss Cora Maynard, a young author of decided promise, is an incongruous compound of two elements, one of which is a straightforward and fairly stirring dramatic story, and the other of which is a lot of senseless mooning about the imagined presence in a household of the spirit of a woman who is dead. The really dramatic story deals with a discontented married woman who, because of a jealous rage against a man who loves her husband's sister, locks this man at night into a room with herself, so that her husband and his sister, when they come home, will discover him there and believe him to be the lover of the wife. The primitive fierceness of the jealous woman is convincingly rendered, and the resultant big situation is genuinely exciting. But the other element in the play, from which it takes its title, is not at all

convincing. The husband and his sister, whenever matters look particularly bad, suddenly gaze wide-eyed at vacancy and begin talking to the spirit of their dead mother, who is supposed to be visibly present to them. In the last act the mother's dream-face is used as a *deus ex machina* to deter her son from suicide. He raises a pistol to his head; then suddenly casts it from him, starts to his feet, and proceeds to talk to the envining air, while the other characters look upon him with sympathetic amazement. The belief in spiritualism is not yet sufficiently general to make such a scene capable of its desired effect upon the stage.

Mr. William Vaughn Moody has wrestled with a great theme in *The Faith Healer*,* but he has not succeeded in making an effective play. A poetic dreamer, who is endowed

with a miraculous power to heal the sick, loses this power at a crucial moment, because his soul becomes clouded with sensual love for a woman, and later, as his love for her becomes spiritualised, regains triumphantly the power which had left him during his bedazzlement of soul. This theme obviously affords the possibility for a really great drama; but Mr. Moody has failed to translate his abstract truth into the concrete terms of life and action. Instead, he has told his story symbolically. The dramatic struggle is all imagined within the mind of the faith healer, instead of being acted out objectively upon the stage. As a result, the play seems dreamy, vague, and unsubstantial. It is, however, impressive in mood, and has the literary merit of being written in a beautiful poetic prose.

Clayton Hamilton.

*The Faith Healer. By William Vaughn Moody. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1910.



THE QUESTION OF AGE LIMITS AND SOME RECENT BOOKS*



IF one were to ask the question, what are the age limits between which our fellow human beings are of chief interest to us, our first impulse would be to regard it as a futile and rather silly way of wasting time. Our off-hand answer would probably be that life is interesting in its entirety; that we cannot single out any particular age or class or sex as being of particular interest, because it is the sum total of humanity, rather than its parts that really matters. But however sound this may seem in theory, a little study of our makers of fiction shows that it does not work well in practice. What the great majority of men and women, old and young, are interested in is not, on the one hand, the words and thoughts and actions of children, nor, on the other, the words and thoughts and actions of the very old:—it is the vital, intimate interests and emotions of people in their early prime; of women in the years when their hearts are young, of men in the years when their faculties are alert and eager, the years when the big work of the world is being done.

It is easy, at this point, to raise the objection that many a novel of serious import and of wide popularity has been written, involving on the one hand the lives of children, and on the other hand those of men and women standing very near the full sum of allotted years. It is

easy to point to a very familiar type of story, in which the first chapter introduces us to the hero or heroine somewhere near the hour of birth, and follows the subsequent course of their lives, either to their death or to some arbitrarily chosen intermediate point that the author is pleased to regard as the real crisis of their lives. *Jane Eyre* and *The Mill on the Floss*, it will probably be suggested, are well-nigh as remarkable for their portrayal of the hopes and disappointments of childhood, as for the more serious tragedies of maturity, and somebody is almost certain to point quite triumphantly to Henry James's *What Maisie Knew* as a book peculiarly suited to the taste of the mature and thoughtful mind, which nevertheless not only concerns itself with a heroine of rather tender years, but sees all the rest of life consistently and exclusively through her somewhat circumscribed field of vision.

All this is perfectly true; and true because it gives us not exceptions but merely consummations of the statement made in the first paragraph. The childhood of Maggie Tulliver and of Jane Eyre—and we might add of David Copperfield and of Henry Esmond—has its real interest not in picturing the children that they are, but in foreshadowing the men and the women they are destined to be. If George Eliot, for instance, had broken off her narrative in the midst of those early years at St. Oggs, how often would it, in the natural course of things, be taken from the shelf? Would it not, perforce, be classified among the juveniles, and yet prove too ponderous to appeal to the age which still enjoys *Alice in Wonderland* and the *Jungle Tales*? And *What Maisie Knew* is, if you only look at it in the right way, as far removed as possible from being either a child's story or a story about a child. It is a story about grown men and women who have sinned and suffered, and whose transgressions and penance are peculiarly magnified by being seen through the uncomprehending eyes of childhood.

And similarly, wherever you find, in

*On the Branch. By Pierre de Coulevain. Translated by Alys Hallard. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Unknown Quantity. By Gertrude Hall. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

A Girl of the Limberlost. By Gene Stratton-Porter. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Crimson Azaleas. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield and Company.

The God of Love. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Lord Loveland Discovers America. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Friendship Village Love Stories. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

fiction, great prominence given to the very young or the very old, it is safe to say that if you honestly seek for it you will find that the structural interest of the children is due to what they are going to be, that of the aged, to what they have been. Or, if not this, then it is that lesser interest of contrast, by which the helplessness of childhood, the impotence of age, is made to emphasise the strength and courage of life in its prime. But let us make no mistake about just what we mean by the age limit of the principal characters in a novel. A story written in the first person may very well begin somewhat after this fashion: "I am an old man now, my dears; I have been a grandfather more years than I care to count, yet well I remember, in those far off days the brave adventures that I had in peace and war, and that I am here about to set down." Now a novel which begins like that may possibly give one a shudder of apprehension; but the apprehension will be in regard to its literary quality and not at all in regard to the dotage of its narrator; although seen from a distance it will still be a story of men and women in their prime.

But the real question at issue is whether we can assign, for the sake of having a working rule, anything like a definite age limit for what shall be regarded as the prime of life in hero and heroine. There was a time when a large part of our English fiction, making the love interest the one predominant feature, chose to begin with a flirtation and end with a marriage; and since, to the outside spectator, the romance surrounding courtship diminishes very nearly in inverse proportion to the square of the ages, it is not surprising that there was a sort of unwritten law that hero and heroine should both be very young, and both good to look upon. In one sense, Balzac's *Femme de Trente Ans* marked an epoch, in having thus daringly advanced this unwritten age limit, just as Charlotte Brontë marked another epoch in daring to make her heroine unbeautiful. To-day, the heroine of thirty, of forty, even of fifty, has found favour with the reading public—although the last-named case is distinctly rare. But one cannot recall a single successful novel where the interest of the book cen-

tres in the emotions, the experiences and the views of life of a woman who, from the beginning to the end of the story, has already crossed the threshold of old age.

This whole question of age limit is suggested this month by a rather remarkable book, *On the Branch*, by "On the Branch" a French woman who chooses to mask her identity under the pseudonym of Pierre de Coulevain; a book that in France has already sold well above the hundred thousand mark. Not merely for this reason, but because also it possesses an uncommon distinction of style, a rare maturity of thought, and a delightful broadness of view toward life in general, it is a book that cannot be carelessly dismissed. Nevertheless, it is a book which transgresses, more or less deliberately, many of the established rules of good technique; it gives you the impression that the author does not care what other writers have done in the past, are doing to-day, or are likely to do in the future. She simply writes straight ahead, putting down what she pleases, in whatever order it happens to come, tranquilly assuming that the reader will be just as indulgent, just as attentive, just as enthusiastic, whether she makes orderly progress with her story or goes off on a side track regarding French politics, woman's emancipation, astronomy or the Church of England. To a reader who is sensitive to matters of good construction the book causes an exasperation that makes a steady reading to completion well-nigh intolerable; one is forced to lay it aside, every now and then, in order to get one's ruffled temper into harmony once more—and yet, there is no escaping from the sense that it has behind it the force of a rare and cultured personality. The really surprising thing about it is its established vogue in France, the home and source of all that is technically best in modern fiction.

The plot of the book is neither complicated nor especially original. The heroine, Madame de Myères, does not learn, until the very hour of her husband's death, the hour of her first great grief, that her husband has been untrue to her, that her rival is her married cousin, Colette, and that the dead man, lying

there before her, is really the father of Colette's little son. The discovery of this double treachery embitters the woman, isolates her from her family, drives her into a life of restless roaming, a life in strange cities and cosmopolitan surroundings which, little by little, broadens and mellows her and prepares her for an eventual reconciliation and peace of mind. And this final state is attained only after she has forced herself to befriend the son of her dead husband to save him in his hour of grief, and while working for his happiness, to find her own in the affection he bestows upon her. This sounds as though it might make a strong and rather firmly knit structure; the trouble is not with the plot but with the method. The book is written after the loose, haphazard fashion of a daily journal. At its opening, Madame de Myères is fifty-seven years of age; and it is the thoughts, the feelings, the hopes and fears of this woman of fifty-seven that we are asked to take an interest in throughout four hundred closely written pages of autobiography. Of Economy of Means, the author might just as well never have heard; obviously she scorns it. People too numerous to count appear upon the page, then disappear, friends, strangers, Frenchmen and foreigners, while the scene shifts from hotel to hotel, from Cannes to Paris, from Paris to Bagnolles-de-l'Orne, to Aix-les-Bains, to Porte Joie, interrupted by a brief visit to England. And she is so busy discussing the people she meets, the books she reads, and the books she writes—for the heroine is a famous novelist—the places she visits and the big problems of contemporary life that she has not time, within the first eighty pages of the book, to do more than hint vaguely that there has been a tragedy in her life. Then, all of a sudden, while visiting in England, she finds herself tumultuously pouring out the whole painful, long-buried tale into the ears of a kind old English statesman, himself tottering on the brink of the grave. The reader does not know, the Englishman does not know, she herself does not know why she should have chosen him for a confidant. One may hazard the guess that the author thought it was about time to get an inkling of the story before the

public, the Englishman happened to be there, and so she pressed a button, so to speak, and set her heroine to talking.

Throughout the book, the essential story is told in very much this sort of way, in spasmodic instalments. And, with the best will in the world, one finds it very difficult to see the book as one well-rounded, unified story, and to prevent it from breaking up into its separate parts. The first episode, that of the husband's faithlessness, seems really such a remote matter, so diminished by distance as scarcely to be worth the importance attached to it by a woman who, years ago, ceased to be the woman she had been when it happened—a woman from whom the whole brief episode remained successfully hidden for ten years after its occurrence, and who does not open her lips to tell us about it until fifteen years later, not until the child is a man of twenty-four, with serious love entanglements of his own. The author tries hard to resurrect the dead and buried emotions of that remote period, but she cannot quite do it. She shows us too plainly Madame de Myères as she is to-day, with her calm, broad sanity, her wise outlook upon life, her steady pulse beat:—and we say, it is impossible that a woman like that has been unable, in fifteen years, to rise above the narrowness of that earlier self. The two pictures do not fit together. And this is in a large measure the reason why the book breaks in the middle. In Madame de Myères, herself, as she is to-day to the world at large, a woman of delightful culture and cosmopolitan tolerance, it is easy to find much to admire. One feels that her writings might be worth reading, whether they should take the form of essay or of novel. But Madame de Myères, as the heroine of her own story, fails to hold the stage. She is simply a magnifying lens, through which we see quite clearly two separate stories, the tragic story of her earlier self, and the happier story of her godson. But in neither of them can we think of Madame de Myères herself as the chief actor, or understand, except by an intellectual effort, the poignant emotions that she seems to wring from them.

The Unknown Quantity, by Gertrude Hall, is a pleasant and tender story,

dominated by a commendable seriousness of purpose, and rising at times to that dignity which comes from seeing life with sincerity and truth. In terms of the literary shop, Miss Hall has done technically a very good job; and while she has not attempted to treat life on a large scale, and has been content to picture a few simple unpretentious people, at the same time she has a rather big idea for a working basis. In point of age limits, she has a rather ample margin to spare; her heroine is a widow still in the early thirties. From the beginning, it is clear that she has seen much trouble. A frail, friendless little woman, with a child and a mother-in-law dependent upon her, she has watched her small capital dwindle month by month, has seen her old home dropping apart for want of repairs, and finally sold at a sacrifice; and all this time she has known the day must come when she will have to face the world and toil for a living. It happens that she is of the type of woman who, apparently weak and helpless, will nevertheless show a surprising endurance; and who, because of her unconscious appeal to masculine sympathy, will obtain chances that stronger, bigger, physically more attractive women will not get. It happens that the first person to whom she applies is the son of her father's old family lawyer; and he, though not of the impressionable sort, finds himself haunted by the mute appeal of that pale-faced black-robed little figure, pathetically courageous in her helplessness. He suddenly discovers what has never before occurred to him, that it is absolutely essential for his mother to have a companion, and that the little widow is the one person in the world to fill that position. The rest of the story is simply a working out of the effect of propinquity upon a young woman whose first experience of marriage had been so unfortunate that she has had little desire to repeat it—but the situation is further complicated by the exceptional nature of her wrongs. Briefly, it was a case of platonic friendship of a rare and beautiful sort, misunderstood by her husband and also by the other man's jealous wife—who brought suit for

alienation of affections. The suit was dismissed, but the husband chose to remain unconvinced and to cast her off. And the story hinges upon man's injustice toward woman in his willingness to accept at second or third hand hearsay evidence against her, in spite of decisions of a court of law, and in spite of the fact that jealousy can always trump up plausible grounds for bringing an unfounded suit.

Still another volume of the current month which hinges upon the wrongs done by a husband now long dead is *A Girl of the Limberlost*, by Gene Stratton-Porter. To a majority of the readers, this underlying theme will probably remain of secondary importance. They will find an unalloyed pleasure in the delightful outdoor atmosphere of those rare and beautiful woodlands that the author has already made familiar as the stage setting of an earlier volume, *Freckles*. To those who know the intimate charm of the wild life of field and dell, the rare and deeply hidden flower, the miracle of colour on the wings of some seldom-seen butterfly, the reason why Elnora Comstock's mother lives in poverty in the forest lands bordering on the swamps; why she hates her only daughter, and refuses to give her decent clothing or a penny with which to pay for schooling, all seems a matter to be brushed aside as a rather painful matter that is not worth while remembering while we are well and happy. The essential fact is that here is a dauntless young woman determined to educate herself; that in the face of all obstacles she finds a way of going daily to the distant high school, in the nearest town; a way to obtain the hats and dresses and shoes she needs, and the money she must pay for books and for tuition. All this she does through her intimate knowledge of woodland life, her ability to track down and capture the great night moths that fly in June, to obtain their eggs and rear perfect specimens by the score for which collectors, the world over, were glad to pay big prices. The book perhaps lacks somewhat in plausibility; success comes a little too easily; the rarest and most expensive moths have a most unrealistic way of generously flitting into her grasp

at the psychological moment. And in addition to this, there is that commonplace of romantic fiction, the handsome and wealthy stranger who has come from his city home to the wilderness to win back health—and who succeeds in winning a wife at the same time. But those who really care for woodcraft will not be troubled by such small matters as these; while, as for the other class of readers, they will fall back upon the tragedy of the mother's life, her long years of bitterness in regretting the husband drowned in the swamp before her eyes—the husband whom she might have saved excepting for the grim fact that the hour of his death was the hour of the daughter's birth. This is the reason why for eighteen years she hates Elnora with an implacable, remorseless hatred, finding a cruel pleasure in thwarting and humiliating the girl. And it is not until Elnora has surmounted practically all of her difficulties that the mother discovers that the husband she has mourned was not worthy of a single regret, that at the time of his death he was on his way to keep tryst with another woman, and that the cause of his drowning was because he was sneaking, thief-like, along the edge of the swamp, in order that his wife should not see him go. The book skirts the boundary line of melodrama, but there is real strength in the character study of the mother.

The question of age limits can hardly be said to enter into such an elusive and fantastic story as *The Crimson Azaleas*, by H. de Vere Stacpoole, a story in which the heroine's real age, birth and parentage are involved in mystery. It is merely a charming and exotic idyll, a sort of toyland story of Japan, in which real values are turned to topsy-turvy that right and wrong become curiously twisted, and one find one's self crediting miracles and shuddering at shadows. The sober, practical side of the book concerns a partnership formed by two hard-headed Scotchmen in conjunction with the biggest rascal in all Japan, for the purpose of selling bogus curios to unsuspecting tourists. The mystic element of the tale concerns a dainty Japanese child, a mysterious little

waif found by the Scotchmen in an azalea patch and subsequently adopted by one of them. The curious circumstance of her origin is this: The Scotchmen have met a blind and most repulsive beggar who has offered to do a magic for them, and to bring a dragon out of the woods. While he is busy working his magic, by means of circle within circle, Leslie, the younger Scotchman, mischievously traces the sign of the cross in the dust, accidentally touching the beggar's heal. The effect is rather horrible; the blind beggar goes into a curious attack of emotional insanity, epilepsy or devil-driven fear, and starts on a mad, aimless course, colliding cruelly with every tree he meets, exactly as though a host of unseen demons were surrounding him and opening up their circle in such a way as to drive him headlong against the trunks. Later in the story, when the body is found, the Japanese authorities laconically return a decision to the effect that "he has been beaten to death by the trees." To Leslie, this incident has no connection with the appearance of the child; but to his friend, M'Gourley, who is better versed in Japanese superstition, there is no doubt that the child is the product of a magic gone wrong, that "there was something forming in yon wood, something dom bad and you flung it out of the forming element, and the wraith of some dead bairn was wandering about and was just suckid in." For a number of years it matters little what was the origin of Campanula, as Leslie's adopted waif is called. We have a very pretty, straightforward narrative of native Japanese life, full of quaint customs and a soft glow of local colour. Then the outside word intervenes in the shape of an Englishwoman who was once a part of Leslie's life, has since married another man, regrets her bargain and would like to win Leslie back again. One cannot help feeling this part of the story to be hopelessly out of key; it jars badly like a rasping discord. Of course, what the story needed was simply the call of the outside world, something that would take Leslie away and bring to Campanula a sense of the inevitable. To give that outside call definite shape had the effect of misplacing the chief accent. Neverthe-

less, the ending is a finished bit of art. What becomes of Campanula we are never told. Perhaps the blind beggar whom the trees beat to death never comes to life again; perhaps the sound that Leslie hears at night is not the tapping of the beggar's staff, but only a loose lath swayed by the wind. But the fact remains that when Leslie, in desperate loneliness, returns to Campanula and to his real happiness, he finds she is gone—and the last trace that remains of her on earth he finds in the midst of the azalea patch where she first appeared.

The God of Love, by Justin Huntly McCarthy would appeal to readers who

"The God of Love" love blithe romance and the blue Italian sky, and who can forgive a modern novelist for taking

liberties with the perfect story of Dante's *Vita Nuova*. A Romeo and Juliet type of tale, set in the imperishable beauty of old Florence, in the days when the city was rent asunder with warring factions, and each man's castle was an armed fortress, is material enough from which to make a brave tale full of colour and poetry, requited love and baffled hope. But this is not precisely the sort of tale that most people care to associate with the honoured author of *The Divine Comedy*; and that is why to a good many readers *The God of Love* will seem like an offence akin to blasphemy.

The Williamsons certainly have perfected their formula for producing

"Lord Loveland Discovers America" the so-called "best-seller" even when we see perfectly well the cog-wheels of their machinery, and understand perfectly well each

tried and trusted trick, we cannot help cordially admiring the cleverness of it all. They know so exceedingly well just what they are trying to do, and they are so triumphantly successful in doing it. Take, for instance, their new volume, *Lord Loveland Discovers America*. Here is an English lord who comes to America, a self-confessed heiress-hunter. He meets a girl whom he would like to marry,

but she is poor; and because he knows even less about himself than about America, he resists the temptation. It is necessary to educate Lord Loveland—and the authors do so in the following manner. It happens, no matter how—any one who cares to may learn by reading the book—that the people in America do not seem to appreciate the honour of Lord Loveland's visit. His bankers refuse to honour his letter of credit; his various letters of introduction are spurned, the management of the big New York hotel where he is stopping demand instant payment of their bill, and since he cannot pay eject him at night, clad only in evening clothes and a steamer cap. An experience in the bread line, on the hard benches of a city park, and a week's service as waiter in an east-side eating-house are factors in the author's very thorough scheme of educating Lord Loveland into a human being, capable of finding interest in his fellow-men, and qualified to become the husband of a decent American girl. On the whole, a clever piece of work of its kind.

To those who found a rare and lingering delight in the delicate artistry of Miss

"Friendship Village Love Stories" Zona Gale's *Friendship Village*, her new volume of *Friendship Village Love Stories* will need

no special encomium. We meet again the same old friends, together with a few others, none the less welcome because they are new; and we bask for a few pleasant hours in that exhilarating human sunshine that radiates straight from the heart of people who are real and true and big of soul. *Friendship Village* may have no definite location upon the printed map of the world; but it abides permanently in the memories of countless readers who in the enjoyment of its chronicles have been able temporarily to forget the latitude and longitude of their own personal cares and sorrows. Let us by all means give cordial welcome to this new instalment to the end that still others may follow without stint.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

A. B. FAUST'S "THE GERMAN ELEMENT"*

Speculation as to the traits and qualities of the true type of the present and future American is a matter whose fascinating interest will naturally be much increased by some knowledge of the proportions and character of the component elements. And, moreover, such knowledge is at the present time not without considerable practical value, since the immigration question, with a view to restriction or discrimination, is one that before long must be seriously and actively considered by the people of the United States. Such a work, therefore, as that of Professor Faust, placing before us in convenient form the results of an immense amount of research into the history and character of an element of which more than one-quarter of the present population of the country is composed, becomes of more than passing interest and importance. The time seems ripe for its appearance.

Professor Faust describes the chief contributions of the German race to the American stock as "the humble virtues which constitute, nevertheless, the backbone of good citizenship, such as respect for the law, honesty and promptness in the discharge of business obligations, dogged persistence, industry, and economy"—certain qualities which, in the opinion of some of our critics, should be more widely diffused through the American race. The author records the fact that what he calls the "original anti-grafter" was a Pennsylvania German; and, indeed, the story of Christopher Ludwig is worthy of note, since it has tempted more than one historian of the Revolutionary War to turn for the moment from the more direct path of narration. When appointed superintendent of bakers for the Continental armies, Ludwig was required, as were his predeces-

sors, to furnish one hundred pounds of bread for every hundred pounds of flour. Now, because of the added weight of water, one hundred and thirty-five pounds of bread could be baked from one hundred pounds of flour, and this amount is what Ludwig furnished, although his predecessors had taken advantage of the ignorance of the commissary department and had furnished the equivalent weight of bread for flour.

The example of high sincerity of purpose and uncompromising attitude of conscience in opposition to material interest is one that always excites applause, whether exhibited in individual or national character. Such a spectacle was afforded on more than one occasion by the German colonists and their descendants when confronted with the condition of slavery, and the similarity of their actions is one of the most convincing arguments for the real and lasting value of the Teutonic contribution to the American race. The fact that Germans, although surrounded by other peoples who had come to enjoy the blessing of personal liberty and who held to similar views regarding the brotherhood of man, should on occasions widely separated in time have stood out alone against the practice of slavery is a matter too significant to be disregarded. While the English Quakers of Pennsylvania remained indifferent to the negroes' condition, their German brethren in 1688 took the first formal action against the barter in human flesh ever made within the boundaries of the United States; in Georgia, fifty years later, while the Methodists of the colony were content to uphold George Whitefield's complacent policy, the exiled Salzburgers at Ebenezer proved their higher and more consistent moral standard by a futile though none the less sincere effort to prohibit slavery. Again, a century later, on the eve of the great struggle, the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill undoubtedly struck the German conscience more than any other as an outrageous breach of faith, and had its most revolutionary effect upon the German element in the United States.

*The German Element in the United States. By Albert Bernhardt Faust. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1909.

Professor Faust quotes from Von Holst that "the Kansas-Nebraska bill, designed to extend negro slavery, proved wonderfully effective for the political emancipation of the German-Americans. They everywhere began to act independently and withdraw from the camp in which it was desired to make Southern principles an absolute party obligation for party men."

The Germans had no share in the discovery and exploration of America, for they were not a seafaring people at the time, but as they led the world in the making of maps, they were by means of charts and globes largely instrumental in diffusing knowledge of the new discovered countries and of the way to get there. The first printed suggestion of the appropriateness of the name "America" for the new continent came from a German. Martin Waldseemüller of Freiburg published his *Cosmographiæ Introductio* in 1507, and this contains an account of the voyages of Vesputius, to which is added:

"But now that these parts have been more widely explored and another fourth part has been discovered by Americus Vesputius, I do not see why any one may justly forbid it to be named after Americus, its discoverer, a man of sagacious mind, Amerige, that is the land of Americus, or America, since both Europe and Asia derived their names from women."

The first rush of German immigration came in the early decades of the eighteenth century. From the cruelly devastated Palatinate, Würtemberg, Baden, and Switzerland, where religious persecution was rife, the newcomers sought a chance for life and the free exercise of conscience. They were largely in the humbler walks of life, and this explains the difficulty of association with their more wealthy and aristocratic Dutch kinsmen. Their differences were social, not racial. The Germans sought good farm lands, and their poverty naturally drove them to the frontiers, where in greater degree than fell to the lot of any other peoples they performed the dangerous task of driving the entering wedge of civilisation. Immigration was stimulated by the dissemination of literature, which amply shows that the "publicity" man of the

present can learn something from a contemplation of the work of his predecessors. Some of the descriptive pamphlets were "of so seductive a nature that governments found it necessary to circulate literature with a view to counteracting the dangerous influence. . . . The land literally flows with milk and honey—the cows roaming about on perfect pasturage all the year round, and honey being found abundantly in hollow trees. Wild turkeys are found in flocks of five hundred, geese—that some of the farmers possess in flocks to the number of two hundred—furnish choice feather beds. As for game, the bison put their heads through the windows of the log cabins, waiting to be shot; the wolves are by no means as large as the European and can be easily tamed."

Professor Faust devotes the first volume of his work to an exhaustive history of the various settlements of Germans in the United States, from the middle of the sixteenth century down to the present day, tracing their course over the Alleghenies from Virginia and Carolina into Kentucky and Tennessee, then north of the Ohio, where, joining the movement of the Palatinates from the Middle Atlantic States, the westward march continued until, as the last census report shows, the German population is not alone the most widespread but is more equally distributed over the territory of the United States than any other foreign element.

The purpose of the second volume is to show the influence of this vast and important element upon the American nation as well as its services to industry, education, politics, science, and art. But the great amount of undigested material in the latter half of the work regarding the Germans and German-Americans in this country robs it for the general reader of the narrative interest of the first. One would be grateful here for more enlightened generalisation and less of mere biographic detail. Yet it is none the less convincing that Professor Faust has been untiring in his efforts to make his work as authentic and as complete as possible, to which the excellent and comprehensive bibliography at the end likewise attests.

George H. Casamajor.

II

C. H. TOWNE'S "MANHATTAN"*

It is a difficult matter to write a poem descriptive of some definite and concrete thing, and still keep within the realm of poetry; for there is something at once broad and intangible in the nature of poetry that makes a local habitation and a name things of danger. Mr. Towne has, therefore, in his poem *Manhattan* achieved a real triumph. For the book is distinctly a poem, despite the fact that it is more or less descriptive of a city—a city of iron girders and a billion lights, of noise and traffic and incongruous juxtapositions, this conglomeration of immensity and smallness, this anything but halcyon result of the human energies within it.

But a city is no mere collection of buildings and streets. It is also a breathing thing, a life made up of all the lives that exist in it; a spirit dwells within its stone and iron, and in moments of abstraction or illumination you catch glimpses of this entity, meet its regard, perceive its soul of which you are a part. It is this city within a city that we find in *Manhattan*. Not the New York broken into streets and squares, but the essence, the thing that attracts and repels, the New York we feel and know but cannot put into words, our city, familiar and yet strange.

City I love and hate!—How shall I sing
The miracle of your might in such a mood?
How can I still the anger in my heart,
To tell of your great beauty? How dispel
The anguish I have known at your strong hands,
To whisper of your wonder?

Here, in the first few lines, is sounded the note that runs through the entire poem; the struggle between the infinite attraction of the City, and the terror, the loss, the robbery she inflicts—who teaches us

To lose our youthful dream
Of God's wide gardens and His quiet woods
and who, for

**Manhattan*. By Charles Hanson Towne.
New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.00.

Lost peace! Lost rapturous evenings! Olden
dawns!

gives us

The madness in the blood and in the brain
That comes and grows . . .

and yet the City we needs must love, the
City who bewitches us and forever draws
us back from far wanderings in

. . . The wind-swept spaces of the West,
Or the cool, valiant mornings of the North,
Or the warm, dripping, singing lanes . . .
In the good Southern country.

* * * * *

Back to the old, sweet bondage, as a man
Returns to Love, however sad Love be.

Almost every page has its translation
of a scene and the mood it involves. For
example, the canto to Spring beginning

Spring comes to town like some mad girl, who
runs

With silver feet upon the Avenue,

is as delicate and full of colour as an
anemone. In sharp contrast stands the
picture of "God's punctual poor" who
strive

. . . That they may keep the mouths
Of pallid children fed with food enough
To grow to paler man- and woman-hood,
And then to follow in the paths they knew—
The piteous, narrow, sorrow-stricken way—
Yet wide enough to lead an army on,
Morn after morn, day after desolate day.

The ceaseless beat and change of the
City's life finds its voice in this poem.
Here the hot, heavy nights, when

The sweltering Summer brings her furious fires
And lights them on the City's iron hearth,

and the clamour of her crowded ways
are sung. Here the deadly loneliness en-
dured too often in the midst of ardent
life,

A lonely girl sat in a far, high room,

and the feverish gaiety of the cafés are
tensely drawn for us. All the weariness,
the tyranny, the glamour and surrender
of the City find expression.

The poem is of a singular simplicity,
utterly free from any striving after effect
or the least trace of that affectation that

mars too much modern verse. Interspersed between the blank verse are some six or eight admirable lyrics. To quote the first and last verses of one of them.

Alone—yet not alone
In this wild whirl and blur;
How vacantly the stone
Stares up at her!

Alone! No distance makes
Such solitude as this;
While her heart bleeds and breaks,
Hearken—a kiss!

Manhattan will find favour with all lovers of good verse. Whoever, whether as sojourner or inhabitant, has felt the fascination of the City's whirling life and subtle danger, its power of good and evil, has tasted its gall and magic honey and heard its voice, will read the book with genuine pleasure.

Hildegarde Hawthorne

III

PERCY ADDLESHAW'S "SIR PHILIP SIDNEY"*

This book, which is written with much positiveness of assertion and with much assurance of judgment, would seem to take as its text the remark made by a modern critic that "if the truth must be told, Sidney, as we now know him, is not an eminently engaging or profoundly interesting character." Its main purpose is apparently to enter a protest against an exaggerated ideal conception of Sidney as a Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Yet no one with more than the merest cursory knowledge of the young Englishman who, in a short life, achieved so splendid and enduring a reputation, is unaware that Sidney had his faults and committed acts that may, if one wishes to turn appraiser, be regarded as sinful. It is therefore a little difficult to perceive the precise need for such a work as Mr. Addleshaw's, which is presumably addressed, not to a popular, but to a cultivated audience. Moreover, although the author is eager to exhibit Sidney as a man of the sixteenth century, his criticism of his subject is conceived largely in the spirit of

*Sir Philip Sidney. By Percy Addleshaw. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the present. Those things that he finds it hardest to forgive in Sidney are pre-eminently the qualities and standards that Sidney shared with his age. It is the voice of the twentieth century that speaks in the reiterated reproaches that "the flower of European knighthood" was a prig and a Protestant bigot, and in the recurrent statement that it is impossible to get inside the minds of men for whom theological questions were matters of such profound moment. Surely, to quarrel with Sidney from the start, because he is not an indifferent, easy-going, pleasure-loving modern youth, is to labour under a very serious handicap as a biographer; and one must feel that in complaining too captiously because Sidney was himself and not some one else, Mr. Addleshaw misses in his portrayal much of that peculiar charm which, after all, he must be allowed to have possessed, since it was so clearly exerted over his contemporaries. It is how Sidney impressed these, and not how he impresses us, when everything alien and remote in him is magnified, that is the true criterion. And so it happens that this memoir of Sidney, for all its pretensions to a mere accurate interpretation, involves a far greater and more serious element of falsity than many another memoir the writer of which has been content to follow, in its broad lines, the beautiful and inspiring legend that has passed into the imaginative life of the race. Aside, however, from this initial bias which prejudices his whole account, Mr. Addleshaw's book is a lively work, well informed as to facts, fresh and vivid as to personalities, and makes good reading for those interested in the Elizabethan era.

W. A. Bradley.

IV

MR. WEALE'S "THE HUMAN COBWEB"*

In these days of highly developed specialisation in matters literary, that author is happy who can find a little corner of the habitable globe which he can cultivate without rivalry and call his own.

*The Human Cobweb. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

If his happiness is in proportion to the size of his plot of ground, then Mr. Putnam Weale is to be felicitated above all other novelists. Mr. Weale has written a half dozen or more books, of history and of fiction, about China. He is not by any means the first man to write about the Far East; but with *The Human Cobweb* he has, for the moment at least, staked out an immense claim and warned off intruders. Under the law that obtains in such matters he is within his rights. Possession is, not nine points, but the only point, of the law: possession, and the strength to hold his ground against claim-jumpers. Mr. Weale is unquestionably in possession, and he gives every indication of having the requisite ability to maintain his place.

The Human Cobweb is apparently his first novel. Some of the qualities which conduce to success in the art of fiction were long since apparent in his brilliant studies of Far Eastern politics—the sense of dramatic situations, the perception of human motives underlying great political movements, the graphic style. He has produced a volume of clever, striking short stories—still of the East. And then, he is the author of that curious, remarkable book, *Indiscreet Letters from Peking*. There the historian and the novelist met and became one. No one knew just how much of truth and how much of fiction there were in these clever, cynical, vivid letters—no one, at least, save possibly certain diplomats who maintained a discreet silence in the face of their revelations; but there was no question that they carried conviction of their essential reliability. It was a daringly indiscreet book, with its plain speaking about diplomatic bungling in Peking during the siege, its occasional vulgarities, its scarcely veiled portraits of respectable figures in the world of international politics; but it was virile and forthright and graphic, and immensely entertaining.

The Human Cobweb is more evidently fiction, but it is not on that account less obviously true. Mr. Weale has not deserted his familiar ground, though the story opens with a dinner party in London. The scene soon shifts to Peking (the time, just prior to the siege), and it

may be remarked that the author begins at once to seem more thoroughly at home. The plot develops rapidly, and with enough suggestions of complications to stimulate more than a mild interest. It is primarily the tale of a young English engineer, seeking a railway concession in China as the agent of a London syndicate. The late Henry Seton Merriman, one may suppose, would have rejoiced in such a situation, with its inevitable struggle between the diplomacy of the East and of the Occident. The story itself, though it has obvious and even serious flaws, is engrossing enough for the purpose; it derives its distinction from its projection against the picturesque background of the Oriental city. Mr. Weale has lived long enough in the East to know that it must always remain a mystery to the Westerner. He has not lived there long enough, however, to lose his sharp sense of its wonder. He sees the Chinaman still with a fresh eye, quick to note the little details of clothes and gesture and demeanour and talk which go to make up the lifelike portrait. Above all, he is acutely conscious of the threat of danger always lurking under the Oriental's subserviency. His Chinamen are strangely human—fully as human as the motley company of European adventurers in the little hotel where most of the action passes.

Entertaining as the story is, it has its faults, as I have hinted, mostly of a technical sort. Curiously enough, considering Mr. Weale's undoubted dramatic sense, one of them is a lack, or rather an anticipation, of climax. The plot goes on rather aimlessly, after the real point has been reached, apparently because the author felt bound to wind up satisfactorily a nearly superfluous "love interest." While the hero is engaged in his struggle with wily Chinese politicians and dishonest French rivals, while he is getting into danger of his life with enraged mobs of Tartars and extricating himself by the immemorial coolness and resource of the adventurous Englishman, he is thoroughly likable. In the life of such a man a sweetheart is at best no more than an incident, and the author seems to have recognised this truth to the extent of permitting on the part of the reader only a languid interest in the sweet English girl

for whom he performs some of his prodigies of valour. Decidedly more interesting is the other woman. Mr. Weale evidently regards the loose society of the European colony in an Eastern city with the utmost *sang froid*, so that he has apparently come to adopt their moral point of view. When the manly young Englishman, having fallen in with a charming Frenchwoman and succumbed to her wiles, discovers that she has stolen his plans, he drags her into his room and is only saved by a chance interruption from applying his riding crop to her. Of course, he was carried away by his anger; Mr. Weale does not seem to hold him any the less a gentleman for it. Perhaps it is true that Englishmen, even gentlemen, acquire these pleasant little habits in the Far East. Mr. Weale's picture of the life they lead lends some support to the theory that his hero is a masterpiece of acute and realistic psychology. On the reader who lacks the education of experience in such society the incident may jar unpleasantly. He is, however, hopelessly hard to please if he cannot find plenty of excitement in this romantic and picturesque story.

Burton Bancroft.

V

MRS. ATHERTON'S "TOWER OF IVORY"*

Mrs. Atherton is constantly making new ventures. No amount of familiarity with her earlier work can rob her readers of the interest of the unexpected, which, in her case, is always worth while, if not invariably as an achievement, at least as an experiment, or even only as an intention.

In her new book she essays her most ambitious flight thus far, the most imaginative and poetic, for in it she undertakes to retell, in a novel of our own times, the epic of the cosmic power of love sung by the world's greatest poets. She seeks to incarnate the mighty figures, the love-impelled experiences of their gods and demigods, and of their heroic legendary mortals, in the stature and the emotional exaltation of a man and a woman of to-

*Tower of Ivory. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

day. Her inspiration she draws from the poet-composer who has soared higher than all others, hitching her wagon to the twin stars of his art, as he hitched his to that of epic lore. She employs the music and the strophes of Wagner, the voice and the temperament of the ideal singer, who is both Isolde and Kundry, Sieglinde and Brunnhilde, and Saint Elizabeth, with the destructive possibilities of the queen of the Horskberg glowing within her—the supreme artist who can live their lives as well as act and sing them, who can rise beyond the temptation to possess to the heights of self-denial and self-sacrifice. To crown it all, Mrs. Atherton borrows, with magnificent insight, the darkened, empty opera house of Louis of Bavaria, to accentuate the wider, cosmic proportions and significance of this concrete instance of the one woman and the one man, that the voice of eternal human love, finding fullest utterance in her peerless throat and in her temperament, which is gold and fire but also ivory, may ring out to him across space and solitude and darkness in the mystery of night, and find him seeing, responding. Mad Louis knew the supreme secret of listening to Wagner.

The story is thus superbly posited in the colourful, imaginative early chapters, but in the development it falls from this ambitious height. We must take the intention for the deed. Mrs. Atherton succeeds, in her own ultra-modern way, with her heroine, a genius risen from the mire of the New York pavements; she fails in the case of the man, who, in his slender comeliness, is meant to be a new Tristan and young Siegfried, with the emotional, if not the physical, innocence of Parsifal. Never was a more unconvincing lay figure forced less successfully into a heroic part entirely too large for it. In vain does Mrs. Atherton persist in telling us that he is of the woman's measure, temperamentally and intellectually; in vain does she assure us, in endless repetitions, that in later years he rose to the pinnacles of success and fame. The character, if it can even be called that, is irredeemably weak and insignificant. What Mrs. Atherton shows us in reality is an average young upper-class Englishman, of great distinction and charm of

manner and appearance, *débonnair*, unformed in character, indolent, immature, unstable as youth mostly is, in whom, at the crisis, unreflecting brutality must simulate the strength he lacks. His creator places him in an atmosphere of feminine adulation, young but mostly older, but not once does she venture (there is food for reflection in this) to place him by the side of a man full grown.

It is also significant that Mrs. Atherton constantly employs the figure of the potter and the clay in the headings she places over her chapters devoted to the development of this commonplace character. All the women in the book are set to potter away at it: the singer herself; an old Bavarian princess, and, with conflicting interests to serve, a mature lady of many experiences, the boy's worldly mother, his American mother-in-law to be, and her eighteen-year-old daughter, whom he marries, and who nearly frustrates the plans so elaborately laid for him, indolent and vacillating, in the future. Her he kills by his immature brutality; the singer, ready to sacrifice her art to him, but not that great career of his to her own past, commits suicide; and all this, the pottering, the tragedy, and the self-immolation for the sake of—what? To make a British diplomat out of a very uninteresting youth. He may have within him the roots of the greatness which all these women discern, but Mrs. Atherton fails to reveal them to the reader, who must take her word for it, and cannot. All one can find in this novel is the not unfamiliar, always tragic case of a woman of genius falling in love, in her maturity, with an attractive, insignificant young man—with the magic of youth itself—and endowing him, unworthy, with totally imaginary gifts of intellect and heart out of the abundant treasure of her own ripe temperament.

The book is written with all Mrs. Atherton's occasional deliberate disregard of technique. Dialogue is neglected to a disturbing degree, to make room for interminable stretches of straight narrative and analysis, because, of necessity, the author herself must potter away at her inadequate hero even more industriously than the women of her tale.

A. Schade van Westrum.

VI

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON'S "THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BOY"*

It is rather hard on a six-year-old boy to make him shoulder the responsibility for this book. Although, if there be honour in the title rôle, then "Binks" deserves it, for he is a charming little chap and we very much wish he were the entire book, instead of being only such a small portion of it. There is altogether too much of Binks's papa and mamma. They are such a *very* average couple, so distressingly average, that the realism of the picture amuses at first, but palls finally. Readers with insight and humour sufficient to appreciate Binks would be the last people in the world to choose the company of such a couple as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wilbour. The woman is as exasperatingly silly and as amorous as any healthy young commuter who spends only the night hours at home could desire a wife to be. In that respect she fulfils her mission. And the husband's idea of wit appears to consist in his consigning everything and everybody that he does not understand to the insane asylum. Only instead of the simple "Oh, he's (or she's) crazy!" that his prototype in actual life uses for all such cases Mr. Wilbour proves his superiority by using a different and lengthy phrase each time. Herein lies his great wit. As aforesaid, simply as a picture of life, this engaging young couple are not at all badly drawn, only they bore us as they would in life. And what makes them particularly boring is the fact that the author seems pushing them so fatally in the foreground to advocate some theory. What it is we cannot find out, unless it be a glorification of all that is banal and tiresome and foolish. For when poor silly little Susy finally takes to the certainly harmless, if expensive pastime of amateur farming to fill some of the hours which the non-reading suburban wife would naturally find hang heavy on her hands when her babies have grown beyond her immediate and constant care—and when the occupa-

*The Biography of a Boy. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: Harper and Brothers.

tion with something other than the hang of her skirts and the outline of her hair has matured the little woman until she can really say two consecutive sensible sentences, then she—and the reader—are made vaguely to feel that she has been doing wrong and ought to be punished. Binks is sent away to boarding-school, and we leave Susy about to start on a two months' vacation trip with her prig of a husband.

How a really delightful and clever little chap like Binks could have been born

of such parents is one of the mysteries of creation which could almost induce a belief in Special Intervention and in a Personal God. He is such a dear, and some of his sayings are so funny that they have undoubtedly been taken verbatim from life. Also several of the minor characters: the fat Sunday-school teacher, "Eph" the vegetable man, and several others are born of the fine observation and clever power of portrayal that have characterised the best of Mrs. Bacon's books.
J. Marchand.

THE PERSONAL EDOUARD ROD



HE late Edouard Rod lived in company with ideas. Life came to him second-handed. His existence was neutralised into his class-room, his study, his indoctrinations. His personality was not original, diversified or piquant. It was sane, regular and praiseworthy even to commonplaceness. There were no pegs on which to hang one's human interest.

On the only occasion I ever met him he was afflicted with a severe cold. He was bundled up, stuffed up, blinked up. Letters and life seemed through his eyes and feelings to be clogged up, barred off or at any rate dammed. As often as I have thought of him since, that impression has revived and I have always associated stuffiness and uncomförtableness with his literary legacy and outlook. This may illustrate the defect or danger of Sainte-Beuve's medium of personality in estimating the work of an author. In thinking of this I remember how Madame Judith Gautier told me, in pained wonderment, of being unable ever to imagine why the Goncourts, by virtue of ferreting in the corners or sharpening the angles of a life, represented her father as they did in their *Journal*. He is pictured there so differently from the father she had loved and known for years.

This trivial incident of Monsieur Rod's

rheum, however, chances to fit in, in a way, with his innate and incurable pessimism. Yet his pessimism seemed rather but a sort of indigestion of the good things of earth. Success and prosperity were the *plats* from which he partook at the banquet of life, and still he could not but ask constantly, Why eat? Why enjoy? Why live? Far lighter and pleasantly than his quasi-masters Schopenhauer and Leopardi, he was of plainer, more substantial stuff than the typical Parisian sceptics of his day. One need not look to him for any disconsolate force, intensity, isolated grandeur nor, on the other hand, for any pyrrhonic brilliancy and irony. He was never an ironist, though he belonged to the little circle of pungent jesters in the sanctum of the *Journal des Débats*. In truth, he was a genuine professor rather than a genuine literary man, and most truly belonged with Brunetière, Faguet and the rest in the grey, sombre, doctrinal portals of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Born and reared on the banks of the azure Lemán, with his face toward both Germany and France, Monsieur Rod finally decided to be French. In preferring not to develop the exotic within him, and thus not to add a distinctly new segment of horizon to the realm of French letters, he may have missed his greatest opportunity. If he had held himself aloof from and discussed Paris in his

volumes as he held himself aloof from and discussed his theses, he might have originated a valuable and entertaining work.

His racially hybrid nature partly explains that certain effaced sterility which nearly always marks his ideas, impulses and productions. For instance, he neutralised the Calvinistic element within him by believing, like a royalist Frenchman, that the Holy See is on the whole sufficiently representative and reformative. If one had objected in the presence of Monsieur Rod to the effacement of the individual in the uniformity of Romanism, he would have responded by objecting to the personal wranglings rife in the individualistic Protestant parishes such as he was familiar with in his cherished canton of Vaud.

His stories are to be distinguished from the usual French novel by the fact that they are "clean"; yet, highly alive to the moral demands of the Protestant races, he was under the impression, as he told me, that the "immorality" of his fiction was the reason why it had not found a foothold in England and America. As for his own attitude toward religion, he would believe, but *could* not—like almost every psychologist of the Renan group. He was a "Calvinist freethinker."

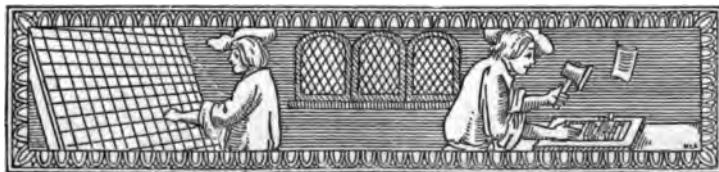
His pronounced consciousness of *moi*, the source or sign of his as well as of all pessimism, was neither exaggerated, egocentric nor *maladif*. It was intellectual dilettanteism. His débuts in literature were extremely naturalistic, but he soon revolted against Zola and willingly classified himself with Bourget and Barrès. He was legitimately the truest son of Goethe to be found in the family of contemporary French authors. He char-

acterised Goethe as the father of modern dilettanteism, and indicated himself when he defined a *goethéen* as one who is "above all intelligent or . . . *compréhensif*" because he embraces subjects rather than penetrates them, interests himself in everything for the purpose of enjoying all his faculties, yet gives himself wholly to nothing—who is, in brief, large, tolerant and sympathetic because he is indifferent.

Thus Monsieur Rod's dilettanteism—his rather plethoric, after-dinner indolence and indifference—assumed the guise of intellectual luxury. Now and then he exclaimed against such a fate: "*Ah, trois fois malheur à celui qu' à touché le funeste dilettantisme!*" But the die was cast and nothing was left to him except to make the most of it. And this he did with very good grace, for that matter. After all, like his own Michel Teissier, *il aimait son mal*.

Monsieur Rod was born in 1857, and studied at Berne and Berlin and at the Sorbonne. His belletristic career was divided between Paris and Geneva. He resided for quite a time on the slopes of the Seine at Auteuil, where in his salon, of Sunday afternoons, one could meet many of the literary celebrities of France. He was a rather large man, fine looking, polished in manner, companionable. His voice was very soft and pleasant, and he had talents as a *conférencier*. He never liked teaching and, I think, cared little for the title of erudite. He studied seriously many varied subjects, such as Wagner's æstheticism, contemporary Italian literature, Preraphaelitism; yet he did not permit these exotic chiaroscuros and perspectives to enrich and beautify the grisaille pages of his fiction.

Stuart Henry.



THE TATTLER

I

THE ANN VERONICAS



HE retiring woman who tiptoes through life is rarely encountered nowadays, and her timidity of a gentlewoman is usually misunderstood. You meet her in the pages of Jane Austen, and wonder if there was ever a time when she, in her modest way, was socially regnant. We have just been told by Mr. Labouchère that the epoch of the George Meredith woman is at hand. As well try to revive the radical type of whom Charles Lamb wrote: "A very disgusting woman, and wears green spectacles." He thus gracefully alluded to the second Mrs. Godwin, the wife of Shelley's father-in-law. That strong-minded sort is as extinct as the Dodo. Even the Daisy Millers are impossibly ingenuous and ignorant when compared to such a masterful young woman as Ann Veronica Stanley, the heroine of the latest novel by Mr. H. G. Wells. Here in all her efflorescence you get the New Girl, and we confess, apart from any discussion as to her ultimate behaviour or her "immoralism," that the portrait is not very flattering. Perhaps the outcry in England over her morals was partially caused by the disappointment in finding Mr. Wells so impartial a painter. His old friends, the Shaws, the Fabians, the Suffragettes, have nothing to thank him for in his limning of their cheerless utopianism, their hopeless vulgarity, their ineffectual ranting and banting.

In one description of these odd "advanced" souls the Goopes [Mr. Wells owes an apology to Gelett Burgess], the vegetarians, the fruitarians, and the rest of the comical cranks, Matthew Arnold's classic picture of a social science congress [in his essay on Wordsworth] is recalled: the room in the dismal provincial town, bald-headed men, women with spectacles, "What a set!"

But Ann Veronica herself! Is she really the latest avatar of the New Woman? Compared to her sisters in fiction across the channel, to the Marthe of

J. H. Rosny in Paris, or to the Lilly of Czepanek of Sudermann in Berlin she is decidedly timid and cockney. That she "went in" for biology, dissected and read "progressive" writers—Shaw, Chesterton, and Wells—did not make her any the less helpless when confronted by the great realities of life, by poverty and the persecution of males. A creature compounded of wide-eyed innocence and invincible science is rather paradoxical. Her author is implacable to her. He dowers her with plenty of sensibility. She is healthy in her instincts, not a fool, and in life would be charmless, but she wants to know. So did Marthe, so did Lilly; we instance this particular pair, preferring to pass over American fiction dealing with similar problems. Marthe was born miserably poor. She soon succumbed, not to vice, but to brute force. She became, through fright and shame, literally a "white slave" of the Paris faubourgs; Lilly, also poor, but born in a musical Bohemian family, drifted from one adventure to another, through sheer weakness of will. Very pretty, pleasure-loving, amiable, she never could say "No!" to a man who asked her to elope. Sudermann has not discovered a national but a universal type. The Lilly Czepaneks of his *Song of Songs* abound in every city; the Lily Barths of Mrs. Wharton are much rarer.

No such life for Ann Veronica. No tumbling into social depths, no passion's slave. Yet, as all roads lead to Rome, so she found the end of every avenue blocked by a man. No mounting to the heights without paying the toll of either matrimony or a "free life." [Free of what?] She is as independent but more reckless than Mr. Shaw's Vivie Warren; determined to carve a career for herself and how she failed and won need not concern us here. How modern she was in preferring the looser tie of free union may be noted in the delicately malicious comment of Mr. Wells: "Modern indeed! She was going to be as primordial as chipped flint." The case would not be put more neatly. In a word, the New Woman who disdains matrimony is not only letting down the bars of a safe-

guarding institution, thereby endangering her status as a free agent, but she is not even original; she is a reversion, an atavistic, a throw-back to the herd-woman of prehistoric times. Evidently Ann Veronica hadn't read Westermarck on marriage, though she did speak irreverently of herself as an "etherialised monkey." In reality she was a little pedant in petticoats.

She was, however, "complex" enough to adore Wagner. Only one wishes that Mr. Wells had not succumbed to the temptation of imitating Mr. George Moore and his *Evelyn Inness*. It may be remembered that in the first writing of that thrice written novel Evelyn is carried beyond her moral depths at a performance of *Tristan und Isolde*. Copying Mr. Moore—very much at a distance—Mr. Wells sends Ann Veronica to the opera at Covent Garden in company with a cultivated satyr. Why poor old *Tristan*, the most moral of music-dramas if you think of *Salome* or *Faust*? With Tolstoy it is the innocuous *Kreutzer Sonata* for violin and piano that is supposed to work havoc with the evil passions of mankind. And how much Mr. Wells knows of Wagner may be seen when he brings King Marke on the stage among the sailors at the close of the first act of *Tristan und Isolde*. Did he mistake Kurwenal for Mark? He had rather stick to his Martians. Nevertheless, Ann Veronica must "drain her dree" and the exotic music of Wagner almost precipitates a psychical catastrophe. Then she goes in for suffrage, is arrested, imprisoned, and is glad to return to the rooftop of her father. Again, the memory of Mr. Wells is remarkable. Chapter XIV is called "The Collapse of the Penitent." Hasn't he read the little story of Frederick Wedmore of the same title?

Ann Veronica has an experience, though, concerning the poor among whom she had lived, "it did not occur to her that save for some accidents of education and character they had souls like her own." She was like so many other high-minded twentieth century maidens who see themselves incarnate as the exceptional case." She wants the privilege of throwing her bonnet over the moon, still retaining her social caste—and she

doesn't know how to do the trick. She was forbidden a masked ball at a studio, dull and innocent enough, no doubt; but that parental command is the touchstone of the book. She disobeyed. She regretted when she had scorched her spiritual shins. She ran off with a married man. Her case is the common, not the exceptional one; and the underlying irony of Mr. Wells must have mightily wounded his radical English friends and admirers. The novel is full of Ibsen, Nietzsche and Tolstoy, and Meredith—in some of the dialogues; the genial figure of G. B. S. in baggy trousers, carrying in one hand a camera, in the other a carrot—symbols of his æsthetic culture—looms in the misty background of London. Maybe *Ann Veronica* is not as big a story as *Tono-Bungay*; maybe its doctrines make for anything but philistine morality; nevertheless, in the rush, rustle and swelter of the swift narrative, the mocking voice of Mr. Wells may be thus overheard: Here is your New Girl. She is as old as the Stone Age. She is clever but promiscuous. She demands the earth and the fulness thereof. And when she gets everything she asks for she will be as contented as she is to-day in 1910. We fear that the Ann Veronicas we shall always have with us. They are the firstlings of "new" social regimes, and after they settle down, usually they become sedate matrons and the ornaments of happy households. *James Huneker.*

II

ON THE WITNESS STAND



O one who profoundly admires Tolstoy's art, his novels are so crowded with acute observation of life, that every sentence is a text. For all his inexhaustible detail, his perceptions always ring true, and the most subtle intuitions he flings out in a sentence, for the reader to take or leave as he sees fit. I am thinking now of an observation of surprising fertility which occurs in Part V of *Anna Karénina*. On re-reading this remarkable book

I was thrown into meditation by a certain short paragraph, because I found therein a hint of what has long been a puzzling matter of concern to me. Please feel no disappointment; above all, have no suspicion of flippancy, when I explain that the vague emotion shared by Tolstoy and me springs from the curious and altogether unique spectacle of a man's mouth busily at work behind his whiskers! Anna's son is conversing with the tall old porter, when the boy "fell to dreaming, gazing up at the face of the porter, which he had thoroughly studied in every detail, especially the chin, that hung down between the grey whiskers, never seen by any one but Seryozha, who saw him only from below." With that luminous flash, the author leaves the pregnant theme of bewhiskered mouths, but we believe that further enlightenment may be extracted. It is the duty of lesser artisans to fashion useful articles from the chips fallen from the master's chisel, and the fact which Tolstoy hints at, but does not emphasise, is that the masculine mouth grown used to life in the bushes, screened from the gaze of any but the most prying, takes on an anomalous character. It is neither an external nor an internal organ, or rather it is both, and it becomes the most extraordinarily expressive feature just because it is in ambush, and thinks itself forgotten. It was clever of Tolstoy to remember how a chin so draped takes on an inordinately wagging character to a child who sees it from below. Nothing but measurements, a plotted curve of waggings, can *prove* that a whiskered chin moves more than one clean-shaven. Nevertheless, any one whose attention has been turned hither will be convinced, that not only this is true, but that the lips and all the muscles thereabouts have an agility when in hiding that they soon lose when exposed to the light of day. I say *soon*, but not immediately, for it requires several days for the hitherto bearded man who decides to follow Gibson models, to lose that sensitive twitching, that treacherous quiver which brands the mouth new shaved. It will not take long for it to learn the stoical calm of the nose, the non-committal quietude of ears—but in these few fleeting hours it palpitates with every

passing thought, and betrays itself to any curious watcher.

We are all familiar with the hero of romance, who stands outwardly at ease, while the author informs us that in point of fact "his heart is in his mouth," or "in his boots," or "it sinks to the pit of his stomach," "his brain whirls," "his gorge rises," "his blood congeals to ice," etc., etc. All this time the hero is smiling cynically, and no one but the author and the reader can guess his internal agitation. Under his protecting skin there is no end to the antics possible for his vital organs. They may all change places; and yet, to use a vulgarism, so long as he "keeps his shirt on," none of his audience is the wiser. His internals, by the divine law of compensation, make up for their dark and otherwise tiresome quarters by playing leap-frog unobserved. Not so his face—ah no! Never a feature but is calm, never a hint from that smooth brow of what is going on below.

Now it is ever the habit of Science to tear away the props of romance, and scatter our fond idols to the wind. It has been borne in upon us these last few years that this high carnival of internal organs is at an end. Where is our privacy if, upon denying that we fired the fatal shot, the sphygmograph is clapped to our pulse, and our tell-tale heart by its thumping proves that we lie? Of what use to cultivate composure, if the pneumograph catches and records on a revolving drum each flutter of a lung that hitherto has sported unobserved? Surely the way of the transgressor becomes steadily harder. Formerly he could lie with his face, while all his invisible members were whispering the truth. Now all his body is called to witness, and his tongue is counted the least convincing of them all.

I might seem to show a sympathy with crime. If so, it is only the sentimental fondness for an old order, when the new has come upon us. To prove, on the contrary, that my real position is on the side of law and order, I venture to make a suggestion—one that has sprung from the opening observation of this paper, and which shows the obvious rationality toward which all great devices aim. It is

well known that all technique advances from the complex to the simple—conspicuously so in criminal procedure. In the early days the rack flourished. Later there developed trials milder but hardly less exhausting, where, nevertheless, a sturdy offender could still keep his secrets. Then came the experimental psychologist with his chronoscopes and electric reaction recorders; and as a still further advance, I suggest in his place—the barber!

The records of the psychologist may be convincing, but they are not dramatic. The public is always the final judge, and but few have any notion, after the experimenters' calculations are complete, what it all has been about. The public has a tender conscience, and it becomes confused at hanging a man because of an irregular curve on smoked paper! If a combination of X-rays and moving pictures had been possible, so that one could see upon the screen the criminal's heart leaping to his throat as the fatal question was put to him, that would be a different matter. But here comes the advantage of my scheme. It combines accuracy with art, and appeals equally to the reason of the acute and the emotions of the populace. Our criminal, ornamented with dashing moustachios, lounges carelessly on the stand. Years of law-breaking are behind him, and long practice has made him such a master of his exterior, that not an eyelash betrays the anxiety of his soul. But no man, however brazen, faces the scaffold with inward calm, and the riot externally suppressed is raging fitfully within.

At this point the judge announces solemnly, "Shave him!" The lights are turned out, save for one vivid ray levelled on the face of the suspected man. Up steps the court barber amid the hush of the spectators, and with swift dexterity the curling mask of whiskers is shaved away. What do we see? It is as if the heart were uncovered, or the spleen with all its venom laid bare! An internal organ has become a visible one. Those quivering betrayals are hid no longer. Muscles so long involuntarily controlled cannot at once be governed by the will, and the malice, the deceit, the bravado, which lurked unseen before, are

greeted with howls of derision by the panting crowds. A mirror is held before the unlucky wretch, and one glance at his tell-tale mouth sends him groaning to his knees!

Why attempt to measure the obscurer movements of the hidden frame, when the mouth is twitching out its story for all to read?

Let no light-minded reader suggest that our criminal might not have a decorated countenance, and hence our plan be powerless. Who ever heard of a pirate without moustachios, of murderers who did not depend for escape upon a face disguised in hair? Those young at crime, who come into the court-room before their cheeks have roughened, deserve a gentler treatment in any case. Our plan is intended as the last resort for hardened sinners whose lies cannot otherwise be detected. Be sure that their lives have been too busy and their faces too unpopular to warrant them a daily shave!

As to the feminine criminal, what shall we say? Has she not in all history been the most imperturbable and inscrutable of liars? Need we seek any farther for the reason than this? Nature never hides her most expressive organ, so it is ever on the alert. Her sentry has no box where he may retire for a nap. She sleeplessly controls the whole frontier. Therefore on woman is the barber helpless. On her let the experimental psychologist do his worst!

Eleanor H. Rowland.

III

THE VAGARIES OF "ADVANCED THOUGHT."



THE cause of Woman's Suffrage would be well worth all the agitation it has caused were it only possible to draft into the ranks of its adherents that uneasy sisterhood, the Advanced Thinkers, and keep them busy there, for although the name claims intellectual superiority, yet the disciples of Advanced Thought are not noticeable for a remarkable brain development.

The watchword of the progressive sister is a cry against "conventionality," which she does not recognise as the force which holds society together, but considers as a hindrance to mental development. She has the greatest contempt for the received forms of the Christian religion, considers all dogma a restraint upon the intellect, and, having once met an "Adept" at a studio tea who assured her that he was living entirely upon dates, being in training, so to speak, for the Higher Life, she immediately called herself a Buddhist. In spite of her intellect having thrown off all dogmatic fetters in order that its powers may come to a maturity otherwise unattainable, she is a firm believer in Madame Blavatsky's supernatural powers and a regular "investigator" of every mind-reader, palmist, and medium that she can get hold of or that can get hold of her. She is awe-struck at the wonderful powers of Mrs. Piper and has even been known to consult that gifted person, at great expense, at some crisis in her own affairs. Fifty years ago the advanced woman was a devout follower of Emerson and Alcott, who were considered unorthodox enough to satisfy the cravings of the most towering intellect; to-day they would be considered distinctly behind the times and the woman who quoted them as spiritual teachers would be laughed at.

A luncheon party of these advanced thinkers will afford an ordinary woman food for wonder and amusement and the views expressed there are a revelation to the simple-minded. In such a festivity a Rank Outsider participated not long ago, for the first and probably the last time. The company included an actress who considered herself the best living exponent of "the intellectual drama"; a college woman of many degrees who conducted very fashionable and successful classes for girls and whose intellect was supposed to be little short of gigantic; a woman who lectured on any subject from The Renaissance to Recent Remarkable Novels, and a padding of spell-bound admirers. The Outsider had mentioned having been the preceding Sunday to hear the celebrated English bishop who was then visiting the country, and

was somewhat nettled by the supercilious air with which this was greeted. The Lecturer, with the air of one making concessions to intellectual weakness, took up the topic of religion and was soon in full swing. Christianity, she declared, entirely outworn and only fit for minds in a low state of development. It had answered its purpose and was ready to be discarded in favour of some system less restraining to the intellect. For her part she inclined to think that Buddhism was to be the religion of the future, and that its superiority to Christianity could be easily demonstrated.

"And how about the caste system?" asked the Outsider. "Do you think a religion that forbids, as does the Brahmin, even contact with a lower class of our fellow-creatures, superior to Christianity?"

This was something of a poser, for The Brotherhood of Man is a favourite subject with the advanced ones. Had the Lecturer known that the Brahmins are not Buddhists she could have retorted effectively, but the Outsider had counted on her ignorance of this fundamental fact and the honours remained with her. At this moment a discussion arose at the other end of the room, the question was divorced, and soon every tongue was wagging, for this is a topic upon which the advanced ones are fluent. The privilege of loving wherever and whomever one chooses, the right to run away with another woman's husband, and the ennobling effect of that act upon the character, are strongly upheld by the sisterhood, perhaps with less danger to the community in that few of them possess the seductive charm necessary to such a proceeding, while the husbands of the married minority are of a type which renders them safe from any sentimental advances. Presently the voice of the Instructor of Youth was heard as she related in impressive tones the touching story of a cousin of hers who had the misfortune to fall in love with his friend's wife and the nerve to tell him of it. Overcome by the high-minded nature of this proceeding, the husband consented to a readjustment of affairs, and the lady repaired to South Dakota to go through with the necessary prelim-

inaries. As soon as these were concluded she returned to New York, married the friend and began life on the new basis. "My dear," added the Instructor of Youth in feeling tones, "it's a perfectly ideal arrangement. She keeps the children and takes them every Sunday afternoon to see their father and *he always kisses her.*"

At the relation of this proof of magnanimity a low murmur of admiration arose from all present with the exception of the Outsider, who, feeling herself out of place in this rarefied moral and intellectual atmosphere, departed, leaving the guests behind her to enjoy that sense of intellectual superiority which always follows a defiance of the conventionalities.

These devotees of untrammelled thought who reject Christianity because of the demands made upon humanity's faith in the unseen, are credulity itself when it comes to any new religion, especially if preached by a man in a turban. Not long ago an Oriental who announced himself as a Mohammedan, called the faithful to prayer in Arabic three times a day from a turret in Union Square. The advanced ones were delighted with this, and the follower of Mahomet might have scored heavily had not a professor of Eastern languages happened to hear his call and pronounced it gibberish.

It is very improbable that real Orientalism is ever taught here, or that the Western mind could grasp it if it were. An Englishman, long resident in India, was told by a friend of his, a learned Hindoo, that although he was a sufficiently good astronomer to calculate eclipses and understood the geography of the heavens, that he still accepted, and should teach his small son, the Hindoo belief that an eclipse of the moon was caused by a dog swallowing it, and the Englishman goes on to comment on the impossibility of a European comprehending such a mind. And this being true of natural science, it is so unlikely that the Western mind could ever adapt itself to the subtleties of the Oriental philosophy, that it is very doubtful if anything but the very simplest forms of Eastern thought are ever taught in this country, the more so as the would-be followers of Buddha are seldom drawn from the scholarly classes.

It is quite possible that some of these people may have a slight interest in the subject of comparative religion, but if so, it is a half-pennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack. They are not minded so much to advance steadily in the consideration of unseen things as to look down upon those to whom the old paths afford a satisfactory way. Hence this bubble of unreality in which they dwell happily until it collapses at the prick of the needle of common-sense

Mary K. Ford.

THE BOOK MART

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- Government Printing Office (Washington, D. C.):*
 Report of the Commissioner of Education. For the Year Ended June 30, 1909. Volume I.
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FICTION

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 Rhoda of the Underground. By Florence Finch Kelly.
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 Skimming the Skies. By Russell Whitcomb.
 Mary's Adventures on the Moon. By A. Stowell Worth.
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The Boy's Book of Airships. By H. Delacombe.

Birds of the World. By Charles R. Knight and Ella Hardcastle.

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Women in Industry. A Study in American Economic History. By Edith Abbott, Ph.D.

The History of French Literature. From the Oath of Strasburg to Chanticleer. By Annie Lemp Konta.

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Girl and Woman. By Caroline Wormeley Latimer, M.D., M.A.

The Arakelyan Press (Boston):

Searchlights. By George W. Coleman.

Ariel Press (Westwood, Mass.):

Echoes and Prophecies. Dramatic Sparks Struck from the Anvil of the Times by the Hammer of the Spirit. By V. D. Hyde-Vogl.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of January and the 1st of February:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Haven. Phillpotts. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Powder Puff. Blei. (Duffield.) \$1.25.
4. The Candle and the Wind. Divers. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. China. Thomson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.50.
2. My Recollections. Cardigan. (Lane.) \$3.50.
3. Trans-Himalaya. Hedin. (Macmillan.) \$7.50.
4. The Heart of the Antarctic. Shackleton. (Lippincott.) \$10.00.

JUVENILES

1. First at the Pole. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop.) \$1.25.
2. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
3. Equal Suffrage. Sumner. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. With Christ in Palestine. Schofield. (Fenno.) \$1.25.
2. Journals of Emerson. Emerson and Forbes. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$3.50.
3. Dawn by Galilee. Connor. (Doran.) 35 cents.
4. One Day and Another. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Christopher Hibbault. Bryant. (Duffield.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Heart of the Antarctic. Shackleton. (Lippincott.) \$10.00.
2. Book of Operas. Krehbiel. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
3. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. When America Won Liberty. Jenks. (Crowell.) \$1.25.
2. Boys' Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) \$2.00.
3. Can You Believe Me Stories. Aspinwall. (Dutton.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Old Wives' Tale. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.50.
4. Silent Battle. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

NON-FICTION

1. Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
2. Astronomy from a Dipper. Clarke. (Houghton Mifflin.) 60 cents.
3. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
4. Old Boston Ways and Days. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. By Reef and Trail. Ames. (Brown & Page.) \$1.50.
2. John of the Woods. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. Can You Believe Me Stories. Aspinwall. (Dutton.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. Through the Wall. Moffat. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
2. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

5. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

6. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
2. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
3. Vehicles of the Air. Lougheed. (Reilly & Britton.) \$2.50.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Billy To-morrow. Carr. (McClurg.) \$1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
5. My Lady of the South. Parrish. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Page.) \$1.50.
4. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.20.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. When You and I Were Kids. Marriner. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. American Beauties. Fisher. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$3.00.
3. American Girls. Fisher. (Scribner.) \$3.50.
4. The Violet Book. (Jacobs.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Dorothy Dainty Series. Brook. (Lothrop.) \$1.00.
2. Rockspur Series. Patten. (McKay.) 50 cents.
3. Winning His Way to West Point. Malone. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Island of Regeneration. Brady. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion of the Future. Eliot. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
2. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. The Christian Religion as a Healing Power. Worcester and McComb. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.00.
4. A New Heaven and a New Earth. Pater-son. (Crowell.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. A Junior on the Line. Hart. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. Glenlock Girls. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. Boys and Girls of '77. Smith. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Promise of American Life. Croly. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Drake. Noyes. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Problem of Human Life. Eucken. (Scribner.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Billy To-morrow. Carr. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Florentine Frame. Robins. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
5. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$5.00.
2. Roses. Sudermann. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
3. The Blue Bird. Macterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. Romantic Movement in English Literature. Symons. (Dutton.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. Men Who Found America. Hutchinson. (Stern.) \$1.50.
3. Boys' Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) \$2.00.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Land of Long Ago. Hale. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
5. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Character. Carmac. (McQuiddy Print. Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
2. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
3. How to Identify Stars. Milham. (Macmillan.) 75 cents.
4. Longfellow's Country. Clarke. (Baker, Taylor.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. When Roggie and Reggie Were Five. Smith. (Harper.) \$1.30.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) \$2.50.
2. Oriental Rubaiyat. Hanscom. (Dodge.) \$6.00.
3. Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$5.00.
4. Old New York. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

6. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) \$2.50.
2. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
3. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. Religion and Miracle. Gordon. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Glenloch Girls. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
2. Their Heart's Desire. Perry and Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.00.
3. Girls of To-Day. Underwood. (Stokes.) \$3.00.
4. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. Janet at Odds. Ray. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Forty Minutes Late. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

6. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Practical Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. Manors of Virginia in Colonial Times. Sale. (Lippincott.) \$5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Ralph Osborne. Beach. \$1.50.
2. On the Gridiron. Williams. (Harper.) 60 cents.
3. A Little Girl in Old Pittsburg. Douglas. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Knight of the Wilderness. Gale. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Conquest of the Missouri. Hansen. (McClurg.) \$2.00.
2. Peloubet's Notes. Peloubet. (Wiley.) \$1.25.
3. Woman's Home Cook Book. (Reilly & Britton.) 50 cents.
4. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. How It Is Made. (Nelson.) \$1.25.
2. The Air Ship Boys. Sailor. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
3. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Sparrows. Newte. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Grip of the Nyika. Patterson. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
2. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
4. Trans-Himalaya. Hedin. (Macmillan.) \$7.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Redemption of Kenneth Galt. Harben. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
2. Girl and Woman. Latimer. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
3. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. Lost Christ. Smith. (Doran.) 25 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. The Bear Detectives. Eaton. (Stern.) \$1.50.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.20.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Lantern of Luck. Townley. (Watt.) \$1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. My Day. Pryor. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
2. Going Down from Jerusalem. Duncan. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Hunter's Camp Fire. Horne. (Harper.) \$5.00.
4. The Conquest of the Missouri. Hansen. (McClurg.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. West Point Cadets. Malone. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
5. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. My Day. Pryor. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.

3. Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$5.00.
4. The Heart of the Antarctic. Shackleton. (Lippincott.) \$10.00.

JUVENILES

1. With Pickpole and Peavey. Burleigh. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Up-Grade. Goodwin. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Tyrant. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Modern City. Kirk. (University of Chicago.) \$2.50.
2. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
3. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
4. Bailey's Poems. Bailey. (Preston & Rounds.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boys' Life of Lincoln. Nicolay. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Virginia's Attitude Toward Slavery and Secession. Mumford. (Longmans, Green.) \$2.00.
2. Riley Roses. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.00.
3. My Day. Pryor. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
4. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.40.

JUVENILES

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggan and Smith. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
2. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Little Colonel's Good Times. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. (Page.) Scribner. \$1.50.
5. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Essays on Modern English Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
2. The German Element in the U. S. Faust. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$7.50.
3. Ethics of Jesus. Stalker. (Armstrong.) \$1.75.
4. The Day of the Cross. Clow. (Doran.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Grosset & Dunlap.) \$1.50.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Girl Graduate. (Riley & Britton.) \$1.50.
2. Love Lyrics. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.
3. Faust. Goethe. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.25.
4. Boston Cooking School. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Foot Ball, Sr. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.20.
2. Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset.) 45 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. A Certain Rich Man. Allen. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
2. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$5.00.
4. France and the French. Barker. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. Arabian Nights. Wiggan and Smith. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Flute of the Gods. Ryan. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
2. Ballade of a Cheechako. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
3. The Melting Pot. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. Shaler's Autobiography. Shaler. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$4.00.

JUVENILES

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. When She Came Home from College. Hurd and Wilson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.15.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

THE BOOKMAN

3. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Columbia River. Lyman. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
2. Ballads of a Cheechako. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
3. Boston Cooking School Book. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) \$2.00.
4. Peloubet's Sunday School Notes. (Wilde.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Billy Whiskers Series. (Saalfeld.) \$1.00.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Westminster Co.) \$1.25.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
3. The Attic Guest. Knowles. (Frowde.) \$1.25.
4. Northern Lights. Parker. (Copp, Clark Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright (McLeod.) \$1.25.
6. The White Prophet. Caine. (McLeod.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Canada. Laut. (Briggs.) \$2.00.
2. The New North. Cameron. (Briggs.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) \$1.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Through the Wall. Moffet. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

4. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Annapolis Second Classman. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The School Four. Dudley. (Lothrop.) \$1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Peloubet's Notes. Peloubet. (Wilde.) \$1.25.
2. Inns and Taverns of Old London. Shelley. (Page.) \$3.00.
3. Old Boston Days and Ways. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. Boys and Girls of '77. Smith. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d " "	8
" " 3d " "	7
" " 4th " "	6
" " 5th " "	5
" " 6th " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing list, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

POINTS

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50 182
2. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50 140
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50 128
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20 127
5. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50 125
6. { The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) }
{ \$1.50 }
{ Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50 } 100

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH		EAST		SOUTH		WEST AND MIDDLE WEST	
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO		NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BAL- TIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASH- INGTON, AND WORCESTER		ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASH- VILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND		CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVE- LAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO	
The Foreigner.....	NO LISTS	Passers-By	NO LISTS	When a Man Marries.....	NO LISTS	When a Man Marries.....	NO LISTS
The Calling of Dan Matthews	8	Lord Loveland Discovers	10	Little Sister Snow.....	4	Truxton King.....	9
When a Man Marries.....	6	America	8	John Marvel, Assistant.....	4	The Silver Horde.....	5
A Certain Rich Man.....	6	John Marvel, Assistant.....	7	The Silver Horde.....	3	The Foreigner.....	5
The Silver Horde.....	4	Bella Donna.....	6	Truxton King.....	2	A Certain Rich Man.....	4
Little Sister Snow.....	4	The Foreigner	4	A Girl of the Limberlost....	2	Lord Loveland Discovers	4
John Marvel, Assistant.....	4	Truxton King.....	4	Flower of the Dusk.....	2	America	4
Truxton King.....	3	When a Man Marries.....	4	Lord Loveland Discovers	2	John Marvel, Assistant.....	3
Passers-By	3	The Silver Horde.....	4	America	2	The Calling of Dan Matthews	2
Lord Loveland Discovers	3	A Certain Rich Man.....	3	The Calling of Dan Matthews	2	Passers-By	2
America	3	Anne of Avonlea.....	3	Open Country.....	2	A Girl of the Limberlost.....	2
It Never Can Happen Again	3	It Never Can Happen Again	2				
Anne of Avonlea.....	3	Old Rose and Silver.....	2				
Bella Donna	2	Song of Songs.....	2				
Lords of High Decision....	2	A Girl of the Limberlost....	2				
		The Furnace of Gold.....	2				

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH		EAST		SOUTH		WEST AND MIDDLE WEST	
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO		NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER		ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND		CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO	
A Junior on the Line Patty's Pleasure Trip The Road to Oz Double Play With Pickpole and Peavey		Arabian Nights Double Play First at the Pole By Reef and Trail The Bear Detectives		Betty Wales & Co. Ralph Osborne On the Gridiron The Road to Oz Arabian Nights		College Years Billy Tomorrow Arabian Nights Foot Ball, Sr. Men Who Found America	

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—
NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH		EAST		SOUTH		WEST AND MIDDLE WEST	
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO		NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER		ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND		CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO	
A Wanderer in Paris The Spell of Italy Tremendous Trifles Canada Labrador		Out of Doors in the Holy Land A Wanderer in Paris The Spell of the Antarctic China Labrador		Why Worry? Their Hearts' Desire The Spell of Italy The Human Way Practical Bridge		Stanley's Autobiography The Human Way The Blue Bird Love Lyrics The Spirit of Youth	

THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

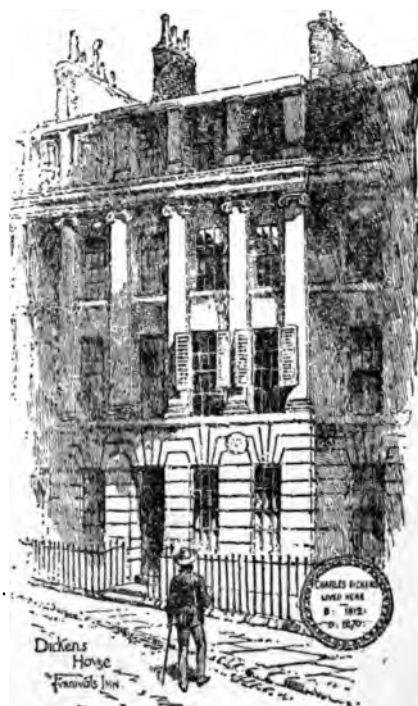
The Topical Edition of the *Pickwick Papers*, just issued in two portly library

**The Topical
Pickwick**

volumes under the editorship of Mr. C. Van Noorden, is unquestionably a happy thought.

As the preface somewhat obviously points out, there is no other English novelist whose pages mirror back with such exuberance, such inexhaustible variety, the contemporary life of London streets—the streets that Dickens himself tirelessly traversed on foot in his endless wanderings by day and night until he must have covered the entire city and its environs for miles around with an impalpable network of his own footsteps. An edition of the *Pickwick Papers*, or for that matter of almost any of the novels of Dickens, which could give us an ideally complete set of illustrations of all the localities mentioned in its pages, portraying beyond question the precise street corner, the actual building, the interior of the very room that the author had in mind as he wrote—illustrations that would include a mass of contemporary documents, handbills, advertisements, portraits, old prints illustrating social customs that have passed away—in short, the sort of collection which an enthusiast might have gathered together month by month as the separate parts of the *Pickwick Papers* made their appearance, would, of course, possess to-day a literary and an antiquarian interest not easy to exaggerate. The difficulty with happy thoughts of this kind is that from the very nature of the case they are bound to occur too late to be completely realised. The identity of a hundred points of interest which one word from the author himself might so easily

have established has now become a matter of clever conjecture and patient research. For instance, the local habitation of the Pickwick Club was indicated by the author no more closely than by the chance mention in the preliminary advertisement that it was “celebrated in the annals of Huggin Lane.” The editor of the Topical Edition, after bestowing an amount of research into the question



FURNIVAL'S INN, HOLBORN.

From a drawing by P. G. Kitton



Christmas Eve at Mr. Widdie's.
EMBODYING A CURIOUS ERROR BY PHIZ



CLAUDE SKUPAT, THE LIVING SKELETON.
EXHIBITED IN 1825.
"Proud of the Title, as the Living Skellington said when they show'd him."



THE COACH BOOKING-OFFICE.
THE GOLDEN CROSS.
The figure purchasing a ticket is meant to be a portrait of Dickens.
Drawn by George Cruikshank for "Sketches by Boz."



THIS ILLUSTRATION TO PUBLIC DINNERS ("SKETCHES BY BOZ") IS SAID TO CONTAIN, BESIDE REPRESENTATIONS OF DICKENS AND CRUIKSHANK, PORTRAITS OF MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL—BOZ'S PUBLISHERS—THE TWO FIGURES LEADING THE CHILDREN.

We are much pleased to note the strong movement in the South to honour the memory of James Ryder **"Maryland, My Maryland"** Randall, the author of **"Maryland, My Maryland."** Augusta, Georgia, is preparing to erect a monument to Mr. Randall, as well as one at the grave of the poet. The "James R. Randall Literary and Memorial Association of Maryland" has recently been formed, and includes in its membership many prominent Baltimoreans. Randall's portrait, painted by Miss Katherine Walton, and provided for by State appropriation, was unveiled at Annapolis last year.

Professor Brander Matthews's *A Study of the Drama*, which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is the fortieth volume that has come from his pen. This is an indication of industry, but it cannot be regarded as extraordinary. On the other hand, the fact that no less than fifteen books by other men have been dedicated to him is, we think, decidedly unusual. A special shelf in his library is given over to these books by his friends and fellow-craftsmen, and each volume is dressed in an individual binding. Among the fifteen literary friends who have commemorated Mr. Matthews in this manner are Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, H. C. Bunner, Laurence Hutton, Colonel Higginson, Professor Lounsbury, Bronson Howard, and Professor Harry Thurston Peck.

Literary clubland probably has no figure more conspicuous than Professor Matthews. In New York he was one of the founders of the Authors and Players Clubs, and is also a member of the Century Association. In London, he belongs to Stevenson's old club, the Saville, and to the Athenæum, for which he was proposed by Matthew Arnold. He was one of the six men who sat down to a dinner in Delmonico's in 1882, and who then and there established the international literary club, the Kinsman. During the last forty years he has known nearly every person of importance in the literary life of France, and England, and America.

The man who has been most conspicuous in the Latin Quarter of Paris for the past thirty years is, curiously enough, an American. And though a Bohemian of the Bohemians, an artist and a wit, he is best recognised for his tremendous capacity for work, his practicality, his sound sense and his financial success. Yet the three decades that he has lived in the Quarter have not changed him in the least. His French, though fluent, is still American French, and now, though more than fifty years old, he remains perpetually young, and in studios and art gatherings the world over his sayings are quoted, and by the newly arrived student in Paris he is regarded as an oracle. This person is Charles Lasar, whose *Practical Hints for Art Students* has just come from the press of Messrs. Duffield and Company.

Though he has always been taken seriously, he is universally known as "Shorty" Lasar. He first appeared in the Quarter in the early eighties, and though very small in size he had the muscles of an athlete and a handsome face with a head of black curling hair and an alert eye. Lacking the advantages of early school training, he soon won recognition as a vigorous personality. His experiences had been varied, from blacksmithing to lithography, and he had come to Paris with a modest purse determined to take up the study of art. He enrolled himself in the class of the late J. L. Gérôme, in the École des Beaux Arts, and was assigned to the antique room. For the sake of economy he used both sides of his *Michelet* paper in making his charcoal drawings, and these were entirely unlike the drawings of the other men. At first Gérôme regarded him with amused suspicion, but suspicion soon changed to intense interest, and Lasar was sent to the life class. Before long "Shorty's" criticisms were almost as eagerly sought as were those of the master. In the nights he studied the history of art and costumes, he made compositions and was ever searching for the reason of successful pictures in the galleries and exhibitions. There never seemed to be a moment when the subject

of art was out of his mind. Yet in all the years he never found time to execute an important picture for himself.

He was, however, a born teacher, and many successful canvases were due to his advice. He practised great frugality and continued to stay in the Quarter.

Students came and departed, but "Shorty" remained. He had no home ties. Finally some young women urged him to organise a class. He did so and was immediately successful, leaving Paris every summer with thirty or forty women pupils. One of his earlier students was Cecilia Beaux. He was not fastidious in his at-



BRANDER MATTHEWS



CHARLES LASAR

tire, nor was his speech, while of the liveliest interest, couched in Chesterfieldian phrases. But he was always a personality. He and Alexander Harrison, the distinguished marine painter, were great friends. "Shorty" admired Harrison extravagantly, for he seemed to have all that Lasar lacked—height (Harrison was over six feet), good looks, elegance of manner, position, fame. All efforts to make a lion of "Shorty" were futile. He did not hesitate to say just what came into his head, no matter what the sex of his auditor. Frankly he maintained he was not used to social custom, and insisted they had much better leave him alone. In the early days of his class he used to put on a blue blouse and sweep out the studio after the girls had left. Late one afternoon, while thus occupied, a fashionable young American girl came in. "I desire to talk with Mr. Lasar," she said imperiously. "You can't," he returned curtly, "he is occupied." And he swept on. "But I want to join his class," she continued, annoyed at the lack

of attention. "Well," said "Shorty," "you can pay me—I represent him—and—start to-morrow." "You are very rude," said the girl, "and I shall speak about it to Mr. Lasar in the morning," but she paid the fee and flounced out, overwhelmed the next day to find in the supposed servant the master.

"Shorty" once found a pocket-book in the streets. It contained a considerable sum of money and he left it at the police station with his address. A fashionable woman established her claim to it and, desiring to reward the finder, found his address and climbed six flights of stairs to his quarters, when she soon fell under his sway and ended, since he refused a reward, by inviting him to dine with her and her husband. "Shorty" laughed and declined flatly. She insisted, but he told



H. B. IRVING AS MR. HYDE IN THE DRAMATISATION OF STEVENSON'S STORY

In "Jekyll and Hyde," Mr. H. B. Irving makes his changes from the intellectual Dr. Jekyll to the repulsive man-beast, Mr. Hyde, the epitome of all evil, within a few seconds. His acting is even more wonderful, for with the change of character he effects a total change of voice. His extraordinary performance is drawing all London to the Queen's Theatre to spend "an agreeably horrible evening," as it has been aptly described. This picture shows Mr. Irving at the moment when, as Hyde, he looks into the window just before he comes in to murder Sir Danvers Carew.

her it was foolish, since the very maids at her home would laugh at her for inviting such an uncouth person. But she persisted, and finally "Shorty" said he would come, though he warned her she must take the consequences, declaring that he had neither fitting clothes nor manners. At the appointed hour he arrived at the front door, looking more like the grocer's boy than a guest. He wore corduroys, a *béret*, and a grey flannel shirt! The maid answering his ring looked at him furiously and angrily told him, without waiting for an explanation, to go to the kitchen door. He smiled good-naturedly and obeyed. "Now," said the *bonne*, "what do you want?" "Madame," said "Shorty" laconically, for he was not given to explanations. "What for?" asked the maid. "That's my business," he responded. "Of course," said the woman, "madame will come down here



RALPH PULITZER

Mr. Pulitzer, whose "New York Society on Parade" is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is a son of the proprietor of the New York "World"



BOUCK WHITE

Mr. White's, "The Book of Daniel Drew" is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

to see you from the drawing-room when she is expecting a monsieur to dine." But "Shorty" was obdurate and the maid went upstairs with his name to her mistress. Down flew the lady, overcome with morification, only to find her guest enjoying the *contretemps* to the full, and reminding her how he had warned her from the beginning.

While the literary career of Mr. George Cary Eggleston has been remarkable for the enormous amount of Mr. Eggleston's writing of a fairly dignified order that he has accomplished rather than for any individual book or books of exceptional merit, there are few American men of letters to-day whose Reminiscences would seem to promise more. Before taking up *Recollections of a Varied Life* we expect much. The man's experiences cover so wide a period; he has had

such exceptional opportunities of seeing interesting men and events at first hand. As a soldier in the Confederate Army he served throughout the War of Secession. A few years after its close he found his way to New York to become associated with Theodore Tilton on the Brook-

the *Globe*; and several more years on the staff of the *World*. He was for a considerable time the literary adviser of the Messrs. Harper and Brothers. A list of his published books would fill half a column of this magazine. He wrote with extraordinary facility, and the production



GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

lyn *Union*. In metropolitan journalism he served for three years as managing editor of *Hearth and Home*; a year as editor of *American Homes*; six years as literary editor of the *Evening Post*; five years as literary editor and as editor-in-chief of the *Commercial Advertiser*, now

of seven or eight thousand words a day was for him no unusual feat.

Mr. Eggleston's personal acquaintance with American literary life covers a period of more than forty years, but through his association he goes back farther yet.

As a young man on the staff of the *Union* he had working by his side the contemporaries of Poe. One of these was Charles F. Briggs, the "Harry Franco" of an earlier literary time, the associate and partner of the author of "The Raven" on the *Broadway Journal*, the personal friend and enemy of every literary man of his time. He told young Eggleston much of what the latter had always regarded as the golden age of American letters. While "Harry Franco" had many reasons to feel bitterness toward Poe's memory the dominant quality of his character was a love of truth and justice. Concerning Poe and the supposed immorality of his life he once said:

He was not immoral at all in his personal life or in his work. He was merely *unmoral*. He had no perception of the difference between right and wrong in the moral sense of those words. His conscience was altogether artistic. If you had told him you had killed a man who stood annoyingly in the way of your purposes, he would have thought none the worse of you for it. He would have reflected that the man ought not to have put himself in your way. But if you had been guilty of putting forth a false quantity in verse, he would have held you to be a monster for whom no conceivable punishment could be adequate.

The chapter devoted to the late John Hay upsets to a considerable degree some of the accepted impressions about the poem "Jim Bludso," the engineer who stuck to his duty and declared that he would "hold her nozzle agin the bank till the last galoot's ashore." Mark Twain had criticised the ballad, saying that Jim Bludso must have been a pilot, and not an engineer; for the reason that an engineer, having once set his engines going, could have no need to stay by them. The criticism moved Mr. Hay to an investigation, with the result that he found that in the destruction of the *Prairie Belle* both engineer and pilot had gone to their deaths in much the manner described in the poem and that in consequence there were two heroes to be revered instead of one. Nowadays it is generally accepted as beyond question that John Hay wrote *The Breadwinners*. On this subject Mr. Eggleston writes:

One other thing I may mention here as perhaps of interest. When the anonymous novel, *The Breadwinners*, appeared, it excited a good deal of comment because of the freedom with which the author presented prominent persons under a disguise too thin to conceal identity. The novel was commonly and confidently attributed to Mr. Hay, and some of the critics ventured to censure him for certain features of it. One night at the Authors' Club, at a time when talk of the matter was in everybody's mouth, and when Mr. Hay's authorship of the work had well-nigh ceased to be in doubt, he and I were talking of other things, when suddenly he said to me:

"I suppose you share the general conviction with regard to the authorship of *The Breadwinners*. Let me tell you that I did not write that book, though I confess that some things in it seem to justify the popular belief that I did."

The peculiar form of words in which he couched his denial left me in doubt as to its exact significance, and to this day that doubt has never been resolved. Of course I could not subject him to a cross-examination on the subject.

In the course of his work editorially on the various publications with which he has been connected and as literary adviser to the house of Harper, Mr. Eggleston has had some curious experiences with disgruntled contributors. On a number of occasions letters were written to the publishers demanding his "head." When he spoke to Mr. George Ripley of the matter the latter replied: "Oh, that is the usual thing. I am keeping a collection of letters sent to Mr. Greeley demanding my discharge. I think of bequeathing them to the Astor Library as historical material reflecting the literary conditions of our time." Conditions are pretty much the same to-day as they were then, and there is sound sense in the comment with which Mr. Eggleston ends the story of the minister who had demanded that he be discharged by Harpers for not having given an adequate reading to the minister's proffered manuscript.

Beneath the complaint made by the clerical author in that case there was a mistaken assumption with which every publisher and every editor is familiar—the assumption, namely, that the publisher or editor to whom

unsolicited manuscripts are sent is under some sort of moral obligation to read them or have them read. Of course no such obligation exists. When the publisher or editor is satisfied that he does not wish to purchase a manuscript, it makes no manner of difference by what process he has arrived at that conclusion. The subject of the book or article may be one that he does not care to handle; the author's manner, as revealed in the early pages of his manuscript, may justify rejection without further reading. Any one of a score of reasons may be conclusive without the necessity of examining the manuscript in whole or even in part. I once advised the rejection of a book without reading it, on the ground that the woman who wrote it used a cambric needle and milk instead of a pen and ink, so that it would be a gross immorality to put her manuscript into the hands of printers whose earnings depended upon the number of ems they could set in a day.

But the conviction is general among the amateur authors of unsolicited manuscripts that the editors or publishers to whom they send their literary wares are morally bound not only to examine them, but to read them carefully from beginning to end. They sometimes resort to ingenious devices by way of detecting the rascally editors in neglect of this duty. They slenderly stick the corners of two sheets together; or they turn up the lower corner of a sheet here and there as if by accident, but so carefully as to cover a word or two from sight; or they place a sheet upside down, or in some other way set a trap that makes the editor smile if he happens to be in good temper, and causes him to reject the thing in resentment of the impertinence if his breakfast has not agreed with him that day.

In his chapter on William Cullen Bryant Mr. Eggleston narrates a bit of literary history connected with "The Song of Marion's Men" which, while not absolutely new, is well worth repetition.

When Mr. Bryant issued the first collected edition of his poems, English publication was very necessary to the success of such a work in America, which was still provincial. Accordingly Mr. Bryant desired English publication. Washington Irving was then living in England, and Mr. Bryant had a slight but friendly acquaintance with him. It was suffi-

cient to justify the poet in asking the great story-teller's friendly offices. He sent a copy of his poems to Irving, asking him to secure a London publisher. This Irving did, with no little trouble, and in the face of many obstacles of prejudice, indifference, and the like.

When half the book was in type the publisher sent for Irving in consternation. He had discovered, in "The Song of Marion's Men," the lines:

The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.

It would never, never do, he explained, for him to publish a book with even the smallest suggestion in it that the British soldier was a man to "tremble" at any danger. It would simply ruin him to publish this direct charge of cowardice against Tommy Atkins.

For the time Irving was at a loss to know what to do. Mr. Bryant was three thousand miles away and the only way of communicating with him was by ocean mails, carried by sailing craft at long intervals, low speed, and uncertain times of arrival. To write to him and get a reply would require a waste of many weeks—perhaps of several months. In his perplexed anxiety to serve his friend, Irving decided to take the liberty of making an entirely innocent alteration in the words, curing them of their offensiveness to British sensitiveness, without in the least altering their significance. Instead of:

The British soldier trembles,
When Marion's name is told,

he made the lines read:

The foe-man trembles in his tent
When Marion's name is told.

During the past few weeks we have received quite a number of curious letters, and after looking them over carefully we have selected the following for publication as being the gem of the collection. It shows that the Indiana School is still very much alive. We have suppressed the name of the writer, for reasons that will be only too obvious to our readers, but we are quite willing to publish it in a later issue, in case the writer so desires. We must, however, respectfully but firmly decline the honour of that dedication.

**The Indiana
School**

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA,

January 26, 1910.

Editors of THE BOOKMAN,

New York City, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: I am addressing you collectively to-day, because that is in conformance to the instructions which you print in the table of contents of your delightful publication. I have a matter of the utmost importance upon my mind, although it is affording me intense gratification to be so involved in literature. There is no thrill in all this world like that which affects a poet when for the first time he stands upon an eminence, and gazing fondly downward, perceives that his works have found print, that the labour of men has been expended upon his poor products. Think, then, of my feelings when I pridefully state that I have a *book* now running through the press as swiftly as human ingenuity know how to imprint. It is not, however, a small or unimportant work, and instead of being the work of a moment, or the inspiration of a flash, it has been developing in my mind and heart *for no less than five years!*

It is a volume of poetical extracts from my works, which have hitherto never been published. This work is a private publication. Now, men, what I have as an object in addressing you to-day is this—has it not been fully demonstrated that man cannot wander alone through this sphere? He requires companionship and co-operation. In fact, I do not hesitate in saying that co-operation is the keynote of all human activity and success, particularly in a literary way. Will you help me to gain that Fame I covet, merit and shall undoubtedly acquire? Will you blaze the trail for me? You can do it. You have it in your power to be of inestimable service to me at this time! You are firmly established in the seat of literature. Those crushing influences, those blighting adversities which

torture the mundane heart
And dragging him down to earth, discords
trills

may, indeed, be a setback on my path, but in the end, eventually, inevitably, success will crown my poor products. What I ask is this. I have dogged the footsteps of the several celebrities which this town can boast of, namely, James Whitcomb Riley, Meredith Nicholson, Booth Tarkington, and Miss Miller and Alexander. I have written odes to them,

thus assuring myself of indelibly, ineffaceably linking my name with theirs, and assuming no little share of their popularity. I have written things over the grave of General Lew Wallace, and only deplore his early death, which deprived me of a chance unparalleled, perhaps never possible again, to share with him his popularity and *Ben Hur*. I am enclosing these odes. They may have defects—what human undertaking has not? Now, if you will be so kind, publish these, and earn the everlasting gratitude of one whose name shall yet be a literary household word, and whose individuality shall be writ large in the minds of men over the zenith of fame. If you will do this, and give me a favourable mention, I will some day find means of substantially thanking you.

Very truly yours,

P.S.—If you will do the above, I will send you a copy of the autograph edition free gratis, or, better yet, I will dedicate the book to you, so that it will only cost you 25 cents a copy, or five copies for one dollar.

WHY I AM A POET

Men have come to me this day,
Blessed day, I heard 'em say,
Mr. Hysey, they whispered to me,
We have come to-day to see
If it is right for us to know it,
Tell us why you are a poet.

Listen, then, I said, upstarting,
Let there be no sign of parting,
There is no need to rave or roar,
Your question isn't a bore.
What you ask is pertinent,
For I know how it is meant.

Listen, brothers, I said at once,
But wait till in a chair I ensconce.
Now that I'm seated comfortably,
My purpose is to let you see,
For it is right to let you know it,
Exactly why I'm a poet.

The winds of heaven blow about,
Battles are always ended with rout,
Things are being done supernal
By the powers that reign eternal.
Flowers have bloomed, plants are dead,
That lifted a blossoming head.

Everywhere there is a sign of life,
Some place, you will say, there is strife.
When I hear of these things,
The flame of poetry sings
In my ears and through my brain so quick
That on paper I say them rather than speak.

So a poet is necessary to men,
To fathom their inmost thoughts and then
To record them so sweet
That the scrunch of their feet
Shall endure. Now you know it,
Why I am a poet.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

I saw you on a wintry morn,
Standing, at the close of day,
In front of Bobbs-Merrill publishing plant,
Where you have full sway.
You are now a celebrity,
But thousands have laughed at you
For the way that you ply the pen
And for your colossal wit.
Not two feet apart we stood,
Two men on life's green shore,
Yet mentally I said then,
"Of the two, is he the more?"
Just two men we stood,
So close I could smell your breath;
Ages the same, yet your name
Will be embalmed through Death.
But others will tread where you
Have trod the path of fame;
Others will write for print,
Others will play the game.
When my works have printed been,
And diffused throughout the land,
Who knows but I will be
Advanced where you stand?

TO MEREDITH NICHOLSON

I walked out Delaware Street,
To where it and Sixteenth meet,
I saw your home pretty,
Pride of the city,
A hostelry so neat!

But monopoly of houses nice,
I decide by throwing dice,
Can't be in this age,
Though they're all the rage,
Surely that should suffice!

But the day is coming round
When I myself will be found
In luxury without stint,
For now I'm in print,
Popularity comes at a bound!

The *North American Review* has given up Mr. Chesterton as hopeless. We quote the following passage as **Sad Words** a warning to a rather **on Chesterton** numerous class of persons who seem quite unable to take anything that Mr. Chesterton writes in the spirit in which it is conceived. It relates to Mr. Chesterton's book on Bernard Shaw:

Life, whatever those two men may think, is grave and not buffoonery; and man, like the subject of man's worship, is noble, too noble for meretricious book-making. . . . Only two things can give point and savour to a paradox—genius and animal spirits. He lacks the one and has lost the other. The zest has gone from his fooling, the youth from his absurdities.

The last sentence applies in some degree to Mr. Chesterton's latest book, *The Ball and the Cross*, but only by comparison with his earlier ones. The tendency in certain quarters to give him up is as marked as it was in the case of Kipling. At every stage of his career some one has exclaimed that all the life has gone out of him; whereupon he produces a book that is better than any he wrote before.

There is a type of literary monograph which, with no wider equipment than abundant diligence and a contagious enthusiasm, ought to be fairly easy to put together, with a comfortable assurance that it will find a certain number of indulgent readers. We mean the type of book that is too gossipy to be biography, too biased to be authoritative criticism, too largely an avowed patchwork of accepted facts and opinions to be entitled to any great claim for originality—in short, the type that is fairly represented by the latest addition to the Jane Austen bibliography: W. H. Helm's *Jane Austen and Her Country-House Party*. It is only the exceptional reader who does not have a few chosen authors, certain favourite volumes that have come to be known almost by heart. It may be Thackeray or Conan Doyle, Dumas or Jane Austen—the fact remains that if they are our favourites we are ready to listen without

weariness, in conversation or in books, to almost any one who undertakes to re-travel with us the old familiar ground. An exhaustive genealogy of the Dumas family; a university thesis on the question, Can the Japanese appreciate Thackeray? a critical opinion on Conan Doyle's place in fiction a hundred years hence; a medical discussion regarding the mental condition of Jane Austen's Mr. Woodhouse would quite properly remain on the shelves, gathering dust. But we are always grateful to any one who will point out some new reason for admiring Rawdon

Crawley's attack upon Lord Steyne; who will make us thrill once again over the mad dash of the immortal four to recover the queen's diamonds from Buckingham; who will help us solve some Sherlock Holmes cryptogram, or listen once more to the verbal duel between the Lady Catherine de Bourgh and Elizabeth Bennet. Miss Austen lends herself peculiarly to this sort of treatment. Outside of her novels and her letters, there is so thin a supply of material that even the most resourceful and imaginative compiler finds himself driven back again



G. K. CHESTERTON

From the painting by Alfred Priest



MARY AUSTIN, AUTHOR OF "LOST BORDERS"

and again to direct quotation, until his book becomes largely an ingenious mosaic of clever fragments. In this manner it is easy to purl gently on, with something of Miss Austen's own tranquillity, without the sparkle of her humour, and yet without being boresome. It is easy to enumerate once again the few books that she is known to have liked, and to conjecture others that she may have encountered; to draw a more or less veracious picture of her intimate life, the furniture and hangings of her room, the hours of her meals, the fabric and the cut of her frocks. There is no fear that the book will remain unread, so long as it discusses once again the kindly fussiness of Mr. Woodhouse, the inimitable garrulity of Miss Bates, the pompousness of Mr. Collins, the flustered illogic of Mrs. Bennet—so long as it reprints a judicious number of famous passages, and does not fail to tell the hackneyed story of Tennyson at Lyme Regis, "Don't talk to me of the Duke of Monmouth! Show me the exact spot where Louisa Musgrove fell!"

This, in brief, is a fair statement of what W. H. Helm has succeeded in doing

in *Jane Austen and Her Country-House Party*. What the book will do is to afford a few hours of pleasant reminiscence to those who are already votaries of Miss Austen. But it is not likely to accomplish one of its avowed purposes, that of winning new converts. An intimate knowledge of Jane Austen's writings, her letters as well as her stories, is a condition precedent to a real enjoyment of this book—and in that respect it differs markedly from Professor Goldwin Smith's less pretentious volume in the Great Writers series. To a reader possessing no acquaintance with Miss Austen, Professor Smith's monograph gives just the needful amount of condensed facts, brief crisp opinions, and synopses of the several novels, so cleverly done that they leave upon the lazy reader a satisfied impression that he has read them in entirety, while to the less sluggish mind they impart a tingling desire to go to original sources.

Before leaving this volume by W. H. Helm, we wish to call attention to its opening paragraph, which seems to establish a new school of comparative criti-



JANE AUSTEN

cism. The paragraph in question runs as follows:

The year 1775, which deprived England of her American colonies, was generous to English art and literature. . . . Its greater gifts were Turner, Charles Lamb and Jane Austen. Could we be offered the choice of repossessing the United States or losing the very memory of these three, which alternative would we choose?

The real beauty of this formula is that it opens up the way to an infinite variety of applications. Would Euripides have been worth to Greece the sacrifice of the victory of Salamis? Would we give up the "One-Hoss Shay" to save Lisbon Town? And what epoch-making events would we reverse, rather than lose the works of Marie Corelli and Laura Jean Libbey? This sort of mental gymnastics is recommended cordially as an excellent substitute for the familiar soporific of watching the sheep go over the fence.

This portrait of Whistler, which at the moment of writing has never been reproduced, looks down with a certain air of haughty aloofness on New York's first



OCTAVE THANET (ALICE FRENCH)



KATE LANGLEY BOSHER, AUTHOR OF "MARY CARY"

Whistler exhibition now being held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It seems a challenge to the visitors, searching the very heart, asking, to use Whistler's own words, is it a true "comrade of art" who "passes that way and will understand"? This "portrait sketch," as Whistler called it, was painted by himself at the age of thirty-five or thereabouts, during his best period of creative work, the period of the "Mother," the "Carlyle," the "Miss Alexander," and the "Rosa Corder." The head, which was shown at the Paris Exhibition, also by himself, was painted some ten years before. It has since been acquired by Mr. Freer, who is also the owner of the portrait that is shown here. Two other portraits here are in oil done by himself, one still in London called the Macullough portrait, and another shown in Paris and Boston, belonging to Mr. George Vanderbilt. Mr. Freer purchased this superb portrait from the daughter of a friend of Whistler's to whom the artist had presented it. It was never before publicly exhibited in America and is very

A Remarkable Whistler

little known abroad. Of this Whistler a well-known art critic said to us the other day: "This portrait is more than a portrait—it is a solution to a problem—the problem of how the Whistler of the average portrait, the Whistler that has become popularised by the impudent cleverness of Boldini—could paint the

wonderful masterpieces on which the graceful butterfly rests. If Whistler was the gay flaneur, the spicy persifleur of the usual *Whistlerana*, the neurotic exquisite of Boldini, then who painted the masterpieces of serious profound human interest, the Little Lady of Soho Square, the Green Cap, Little Rose of



THE WHISTLER PORTRAIT AT THE METROPOLITAN

Lyme Regis, and above all that gentle dignified—(one is tempted to say holy) Mother?

Some captious reviewer, in commenting upon Jack London's recent book, *Martin Eden*, made the assertion that it would be physically impossible for a man to go through the porthole of a ship as Martin does. The criticism would seem to be answered in the suicide the other day of some unhappy individual who ended his life by throwing himself into the ocean, using the porthole as his avenue of escape.

The study of politics remained even up to the hour of his death the all-absorbing interest to Thomas C. Platt. It is said that the last page he read was in Winston Churchill's *Coniston*, a copy of the book being found open on a table at his side. Recalling the fact that the political boss depicted in this same story was once the provocation of no little comment from ex-Governor Odell, it would seem that in *Coniston* Mr. Churchill had touched upon a sore spot to politicians.

The errors of stenographers are sometimes costly and seldom amusing. One of the best instances of the latter kind relates to the contract that Mr. Isaac F. Marcossan has for his new book, *The Autobiography of a Clown*. When he came to examine the document he was amazed to find that after stipulating the usual facts about terms, date of publication, etc., it called for the publication of a volume entitled *The Autobiography of a Clam!*

Mr. Marcossan, by the way, has had an animated career. He was raised in the picturesque Louisville newspaper school and came to New York seven years ago to become associate editor of the *World's Work*. While on this magazine he had a large share in *The Jungle* campaign, which was one of the most spectacular publishing episodes of recent years. Mr.

Marcossan left the *World's Work* to go with the *Saturday Evening Post*, whose New York representative he is. Among other things he is the *Post's* envoy in Wall Street. He persuaded John D. Archbold to write his celebrated defence of the Standard Oil Company, which broke the trust's thirty years' silence, and he is the only man who has really interviewed Thomas F. Ryan and Edwin



JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Mr. Curwood's "The Danger Trail" is reviewed elsewhere in this issue



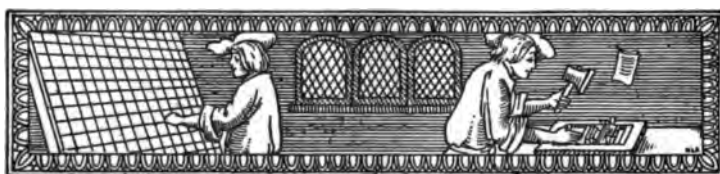
ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

Hawley. He originated and still writes the department in the *Post* entitled "Your Savings."

We have no desire to take a hand in the very complex controversy which is now vexing the sons of Princeton University. Indeed, it has so many ramifications, social and educational, as to make it almost impossible of comprehension.

For this very reason we asked a clever personage the other day to sum up the whole affair in a nutshell.

As to Princeton "Oh," said he, "it's perfectly simple. It began when President Wilson wanted a quadrangle. Somehow or other he failed to get the quad; but now by way of compensation they are all having the wrangle."



SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

XI—"O. HENRY"



It is only fair to say in advance that the present writer does not intend to analyse O. Henry (or Mr. Sydney Porter) and his books, quite as though this gentleman were a reincarnation of Master François Rabelais or any of the few great humourists of the past; nor will he venture to make any prediction about Mr. Porter's "ultimate future." These things are on the knees of the gods. It is sufficient to know that Mr. Porter has amused and delighted thousands by his stories; that he is ingenious, full of unexpected little strokes, and able in his serious moments to attain to a mastery of genuine pathos, without which no humour can be quite complete. Let us take him then for what he is—a contemporary, and an extremely clever one—and consider both the man himself and the books into which he has gathered not a little virgin gold.

I. THE MAN

In the case of many writers it would be unnecessary and perhaps impertinent to say anything about their personality. But with Mr. Porter, his life goes so far toward the explanation of his books as to make at least some reference to it indispensable. Moreover, so many legends have been circulated about him as to render it desirable to give the essential facts of his career. When the signature of "O. Henry" began to attract attention, six or seven years ago, there was a widespread demand to know just who this mysterious gentleman was. The demand was gratified by imaginative newspaper men, who in some of the tales they told showed that they were themselves only slightly inferior to Mr. Porter himself in the field of fiction. Even now the ac-

count of Mr. Porter in this year's volume of *Who's Who* is in several respects inaccurate; and the alleged facts are so very meagre as to disappoint the inquiring mind. Let us first then sum up briefly the events of Mr. Porter's life, and afterward consider what bearing they have upon the books which he has written.

In the first place, the author of *Cabbages and Kings* was born in Greensborough, North Carolina, in 1867, so that he is now in the forty-third year of his age. His health as a boy was not very good, and hence instead of being sent to college he was placed upon a ranch in Texas, where he remained for more than two years. He was not himself a rancher nor, as some have said, a sheep breeder and cowboy; though he soon learned a great many things concerning ranchmen and herders and cowboys. He also came into close contact with a very stimulating sort of life; and in the fresh air of the prairies he grew strong and possessed of superb health.

Remaining in Texas, he secured a position with the *Houston Post*, having to prepare a column every day at the rate of fifteen dollars a week. Within a few weeks this salary was advanced to twenty dollars, and in another two weeks it had been increased to twenty-five dollars—a rate of compensation which for a Texan newspaper was rightly regarded by Mr. Porter as very liberal. The editor, however, said to him: "Within five years you will be earning a hundred dollars a week on a New York newspaper."

At this time Mr. Porter did a good deal of serious reading, in which respect he resembles Mr. Howells, who, when a very young man, read the best of the English classics while employed upon a newspaper. Mr. Porter lately said to an interviewer:

"I did more reading between my thir-

Preceding papers in this series have dealt with Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, F. Marion Crawford, Owen Wister, Booth Tarkington, Margaret Deland, Ellen Glasgow, Robert Herrick, Gertrude Atherton and Robert W. Chambers.



"O. HENRY"

teenth and nineteenth years than I have done in all the years that have passed since then. And my taste at that time was much better than it is to-day; for I used to read nothing but the classics. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Lane's translation of *The Arabian Nights* were my favourites."

Not unnaturally, Mr. Porter's success on the staff of the *Houston Post* fired his ambition and led him to take over a weekly story-paper in which most of the stories came from the owner's pen. These stories are probably among those which we all have read, though doubtless they have been changed and very much improved; for Mr. Porter says that he never yet wrote a story that was not finally published between the covers of a book or in the pages of some widely read magazine. But his attempts at editorship proved to be a failure; and then Mr. Porter and a friend of his made a visit to Central America. The friend hoped to make a fortune in raising and exporting bananas. Mr. Porter went along to see him do it. As a matter of fact, there must have been some mysteries in the banana trade which his friend was unable to understand, for he sank what money he had taken with him. Then Mr. Porter spent much time, as he describes it, in "knocking around among the consuls and the refugees." It must have seemed to him that a good deal of his life was being wasted. In truth, however, he was absorbing the knowledge and the atmosphere which give a curiously exotic, and at the same time realistic, touch to his first book, *Cabbages and Kings*. It enabled him to set before us with the masterly ease of one who knows, a marvelous background of snow-white beach, and waving palms, and sunshine, and trees laden with fruit, and a wealth of tropical flora, which, nevertheless, only half conceal the heat and squalour and discomfort that make us understand with a perfect sympathy the feeling of the American or European exile who looks over the shimmering blue waters and longs wistfully for one more sight of what he pathetically calls "God's own country."

When Mr. Porter returned to "God's own country," he had accumulated enough experience to write many books;

yet a certain nomadic instinct kept him roving for a while longer. He drifted into the State of Texas again, and for two weeks acted as general assistant to a druggist. The duties and the place alike seemed monotonous; and, therefore, once more he began his wanderings until he reached the city of New Orleans, where the zest for writing came upon him once again. He wrote and wrote, sending stories not only to magazines but to newspapers—to everything, in fact, which published fiction; and when these ventures came back to him, as they often did, he never lost courage, but supplied them with fresh stamps and sent them again upon their way. He has said (and we may repeat it as an encouragement to those who do not immediately succeed): "Take 'The Emancipation of Billy'—as good a story as I ever wrote. It was rejected no less than thirteen times. Yet, like all the rest, it finally landed."

It was during his literary strivings in New Orleans that he decided, for some reason or other, that he must have a pen-name. He took counsel with a friend, and the two picked up a newspaper and turned to an account in it of a social function. They ran over the names hastily and Mr. Porter picked out the name "Henry."

"That will do for a last name," he said; "but I want a short first name in one syllable."

His friend remarked that he might use a plain initial letter.

"Good!" said the writer. "O is about the easiest letter written, and so let's call it O."

Afterward when the name of O. Henry was known all over the land, a certain newspaper wrote and asked him for what the O stood. With cheerful irresponsibility Mr. Porter gravely answered that the O was an abbreviation of the French Olivier. Sometimes, therefore, Mr. Porter's stories have been ascribed to one Olivier Henry, a Franco-American. Such is the genesis of a famous *nom-de-guerre*.

Mr. Porter grew weary of New Orleans, as he would probably grow weary of any place in a few years. He came to New York about 1902. Already he had acquired a small public. Mr. Gilman

Hall, then the editor of *Ainslee's Magazine*, promised him a hundred dollars apiece for twelve stories. That seemed a pretty attractive offer. At present, he rarely sells a story for less than a thousand dollars, and magazine editors are glad to make contracts for stories from his pen, paying the full amount in advance. Therefore, Mr. Porter has decidedly arrived.

II. HIS GENRE

From reading this brief account of his life and experiences, and granting his Americanism, it is quite obvious that Mr. Porter must have developed or acquired certain definite traits. The nomadic life makes one tolerant as it also makes one exceedingly observant. The person who acquires his experience in a library gets it only at second-hand, nor can he ever have that easy touch-and-go which comes from contact with the individual human being. Mr. Porter is a real *flâneur* of the American type, only, he confines himself to no boulevard, to no city, to no State, nor even to a single country. The world, in fact, is his oyster, and he has learned almost unconsciously to open it and to extract from it alike the meat and the salty juices. As he himself has remarked to an interviewer:

When I first came to New York I spent a great deal of time knocking around the streets. I did things then that I wouldn't think of doing now. I used to walk at all hours of the day and night along the river fronts, through Hell's Kitchen, down the Bowery, dropping into all manner of places, and talking with any one who would hold converse with me. I have never met any one but what I could learn something from him. He's had some experiences that I have not had; he sees the world from his own viewpoint. If you go at it in the right way the chances are that you can extract something of value from him. But whatever else you do, don't flash a pencil and notebook. Either he will shut up, or he will become a Hall Caine.

What Mr. Porter has described as being his method here in New York is undoubtedly his method everywhere. He gets down to the very heart of things. He sees the humour and the pathos blended; yet, on the whole, he is an

optimist, for he sees that in the end most things come out as they ought to, or else if they come out wrong, the majority of people do not know it. Hence arise his own easy temper, his careless slangy ways, his lack of reverence, his willingness to spoil even a very good story because of a strong temptation to inject something absurd into the midst of it. You laugh at the absurdity, but the story is thereafter impossible to take seriously.

There is a close literary relationship between Mr. Sydney Porter and Miss Helen Green. They both look at life from the same point of view. At her very best, Miss Green is much better than Mr. Porter. At her worst, she is very far below him. The defects and the merits of both come from the same cause—a vast fund of miscellaneous experience, and a slap-dash haste of composition which, while it gives a certain zest to what they write, too often takes the wrong direction and ends either in bathos or frivolity. Thus, Mr. Porter never wrote anything so good as "Mary Had to Have Her Broadway"—a story which appeals most subtly to the New Yorker—nor on the other hand, did he ever perpetrate anything so flat as half a dozen tales which might be gathered at random from Miss Green's cycle of "The Maison de Shine." Because of this carelessness, this almost impish and mischievous temptation to crack a joke at a place where the reader resents it, both of these popular writers will probably not be remembered very long. And there is another reason for their ephemeral notoriety. Nearly everything they write is riddled with slang—slang that is ingenious, uproariously funny, surpassing even that of Mr. George Ade. It permeates Mr. Porter's writings as an essential part of them. It was a very clever notion in *Cabbages and Kings* to make two Americans communicate with each other by means of slang, in a Central American Republic at a time when all telegrams are carefully inspected. If they had used Spanish, that, of course, would be immediately understood. If they had used English, the officials would find some one to translate it. As they had no code prepared in advance, they could not resort to cipher. Consequently, the first American tele-

graphs to the other American in "the great and potent code of Slang." Here is the telegram which slipped through the fingers of the curious Central American officials:

His Nibs skedaddled yesterday per jack-rabbit line with all the coin in the kitty and the bundle of muslin he's spoony about it. The hoodle is six figures short. Our crowd in good shape, but we need the spondulicks. You collar it. The main guy and the dry goods are headed for the briny. You know what to do.

BOR.

Now this is excruciatingly funny and extremely clever. If Mr. Porter merely indulged in slang at times, his stories might have a chance of escaping oblivion; but unfortunately—or as I think, fortunately—slang is an extremely short-lived form of speech. Just a few words of it are taken up into the legitimate vocabulary; but most of its words resemble that sort of bastard which is incapable of reproduction. A slang word or phrase is done to death in a few months or often even in a few weeks; because every one uses it continually for a little while, and then every one becomes weary of it and finally is sickened by it. Now a touch of it in any book may be preserved like flies in amber; but when a book is all shot through with it and daubed with it, then the book, like the slang itself, cannot last for very long. Therefore, Mr. Porter's stories, while they are caught at with avidity and read with vast amusement for a while, must finally go down into the pit, for this one reason, that with all their wit and humour and cleverness, they have upon them the taint of the *argot* that is ephemeral and that will make them in a few years unreadable and unintelligible. Who to-day can read the *Major Jack Downing Letters*, or the productions of John Phoenix, or of Philander Q. Doesticks? Artemus Ward still retains a certain theoretical vogue, but I doubt very much whether he is really read; and yet in their time all these men were regarded as very monarchs of mirth. Let it be granted that Mr. Porter has a great deal more to tell than any one of these, or than Petroleum V. Nasby, whose humorous letters sent

President Lincoln into convulsions of laughter. But ten years from now Mr. Porter's omnipresent slang will seem cheap, and in this way it will cheapen the stories that are told in it.

III. His Books

There is one more thing to be said concerning Mr. Porter, which has nothing to do with his style but with his methods of literary construction. He has now published six books—*Cabbages and Kings* (1905); *The Four Million* (1906); *Heart of the West* (1908); *The Voice of the City* (1908); *Options* (1909); *Roads of Destiny* (1909). The mere enumeration of these will show how rapidly Mr. Porter has written, and there is still another book of his already in the press. From the standpoint of a critic, much interest lies in the fact that they are all composed of short stories. Some one, of course, will immediately interrupt and say that *Cabbages and Kings* is not a short story, for it has a plot running throughout it. But it really represents a type of story which is nearly two thousand years old—the second step in the evolution of the novel. Mr. Porter finds his ancient prototype in Apuleius of Maclaura, that African novelist who wrote in Latin as strange as some of Mr. Porter's English, his romance entitled *The Golden Ass*. Apuleius at the very beginning of his book says: "I shall weave together for you in this tale various stories in the Milesian manner." "In the Milesian manner"! This is precisely what Mr. Porter has done about seventeen hundred years later. Without knowing it he has constructed a series of Milesian tales which have no relation to each other, but which are artfully made to hang upon still another Milesian tale which serves as a thread to bind the whole together. Thus, in *Cabbages and Kings* there are told the stories of "The Shamrock and the Palm," the plot by which Johnny Atwood and Billy Keogh discomfort the astute Pink Dawson, "The Flag Paramount," "The Admiral," "Dicky," and "Rouge et Noir." These are all Milesian stories—that is to say, short stories with no immediate relation to the principal story, which in itself is another Milesian, mechanically wedded to them.

Yet there is no particular reason for believing that Mr. Porter could not write a novel in which all the parts could be blended into a homogeneous entity. It is not lack of constructiveness, but rather too much haste which has made him take the line of least resistance. Let us summarise *Cabbages and Kings*, for it is the most complete story of all that he has so far written.

"There are yet tales of the Spanish Main," says the author at the beginning of *Cabbages and Kings*. The guns of the rovers—Sir John Morgan and Lafitte, as well as Balboa and Drake—are silenced; but the tin-type man, the enlarged-photograph brigand, the kodaking tourist, and the scouts of the gentle brigade of fakers have found it out and carry on the work. The American Consul, the gentlemanly adventurer clamouring for a concession, the hucksters of the United States, of France and Germany and England, the exiled bank presidents under a cloud, the professional promoters of revolutions and the derelict drunkards—these are the sort of persons that give action and background to the story.

Briefly the story is as follows. President Miraflores of Anchuria has become enamoured of a notorious American opera-singer named Isabel Guilbert, and has planned to leave his capital and go to Europe, taking with him the woman and all the available funds in the Anchurian treasury. At the same time (the reader knows nothing of this point until the end of the story) J. Churchill Wahrfield, President of the Republic Insurance Company of New York, embezzles one hundred thousand dollars, and, accompanied by his daughter, who knows nothing of her father's crime, sails for some Central American country where extradition treaties do not hold. Frank Goodwin, the leading American resident of Coralio, a coast town of Anchuria, has been notified of the flight of President Miraflores and is determined to intercept him and to recover the stolen money. Detective Smith, of the Columbia Agency of New York, has been sent in a private yacht to the Caribbean for the purpose of getting possession of the funds embezzled by Wahrfield from the Republic

Insurance Company. Fate brings all these persons to Coralio at the same time. Goodwin, seeking President Miraflores and Isabel Guilbert, enters the Hotel de los Estranjeros. There he finds a man, a woman, and a valise containing one hundred thousand dollars. The man shoots himself, and Goodwin, after a word to the woman, drops the valise from the window into the branches of an orange tree. He is seen only by Beelzebub Blythe, a derelict drunkard, who happens to be resting after his daily debauch in the orange grove. Detective Smith also finds a man, a woman, and a valise containing one hundred thousand dollars. The man and woman he believes to be the absconding trust company president and his daughter, and he persuades them to go with him on board the yacht to be taken back to New York. Soon after these events, Frank Goodwin marries the companion of the suicide, whom all Coralio supposes to be the formerly frivolous Isabel Guilbert. The new government of Anchuria hears some strange rumours and institutes a search for the money taken by President Miraflores. The search leads to Goodwin. He receives Colonel Falcon, who is acting in the interests of the government, and tells him directly that he has seen no valise or receptacle of any kind or any money belonging to the Republic of Anchuria; and his position and reputation are such that his word cannot be doubted. Later, Goodwin is blackmailed by Beelzebub Blythe. He secures the drunkard's promise of secrecy by settling his debts, procuring for him transportation to the United States, and giving him one thousand dollars. So far as the reader is concerned, the facts that Goodwin did not marry the loose living companion of the fleeing president and did not defraud the Republic of Anchuria of its money are not divulged until the end of the story, when the two derelicts, Beelzebub and Detective Smith, exchange confidences on a North River pier in the city of New York.

This is a very clever story and it leaves the reader in suspense just as a well-told story ought to do. But the whole combination takes us back to Apuleius with his story of the commercial traveller, his

tale of the robber's death, and that exquisite fancy which has no relation to anything else in the book, but which will live in art and literature together for all time as the story of Cupid and Psyche.

Mr. Porter is reaping a rich harvest, not merely in money, but in approbation. We could quote a dozen or more passages where he writes so well as to evoke the admiration of the most critical. He has also a variety of different backgrounds. Now we see the picturesquely squalid shores of South America; again we are taken into the heart of the West as it really is; and finally, we are introduced to a thousand attractive haunts in the great cities of our own country. The author seems to know almost every type of

man—the rich and portly financier, the “fly” newsboy or district messenger, the denizens of the great hotels, the “sales-ladies,” the chorus girls, the women in the shops, the raffish hangers-on of the saloons, the gamblers, and the grafters. He makes us know them too. In a sense he has constructed for us a panorama of the times in which we live. And, as I said before, he is never pessimistic, or, at the most, he is only superficially so. At heart he is an optimist, who believes that in every human being there is to be found something good, however mixed it may be with other qualities; and, like a true American, he can see and chuckle at the humour of it all.

Harry Thurston Peck.

VILLANELLE

IN MEMORIAM

Come, Spring, your fairest flowers strew,
Bring rue and rose to grace his bed,
Sweet singer of the rose and rue.

All wet with tears of April dew
Above his lowly laurelled head
Come, Spring, your fairest flowers strew.

The secret of the rose he knew,
Bright bud or dying petals shed,
Sweet singer of the rose and rue;

And as the nightingale unto
His love from dark to morning-red,
(Come, Spring, your fairest flowers strew!)

He sang, until his spirit grew
The soul of music ravished—
Sweet singer of the rose and rue.

The rose her beauty shall renew,
Her lover lieth cold and dead.
Come, Spring, for him your flowers strew,
Sweet singer of the rose and rue.

Marion Cummings Stanley.

present constituted, incontinence on the part of a man is less disruptive of the solidarity of the family than incontinence on the part of a woman; and this affords an answer, from the standpoints of economics and sociology, to that question of the dramatist's. A more emphatic and convincing answer might be made from the standpoint of physiology; but this further phase of the question can hardly be discussed in the course of a dramatic criticism. The point to be emphasised in the present context is the noteworthy fact that although Miss Crothers's thesis is unreasonable, she is so sincere in what she has to say and so earnest in her way of saying it that the appeal of her play is hardly hampered by its lack of logic.

The heroine, who bears the masculine name of Frank Ware, is a writer of novels and a worker in a social settlement. In this era of insistence upon equal rights between the sexes, she adopts the attitude of a champion of her sex and becomes fanatical upon the subject of the wrongs that men have done to women. She is bringing up a little boy who is the illegitimate child of a Parisian girl who died at the time when he was born. For the first and last time in her life, Frank falls in love with a man. His name is Malcolm Gaskell. He is a fine fellow, he loves her ardently, and he is well-endowed to make her happy. She then discovers that, although he does not know the fact himself, he is the father of the little boy. Gaskell's position is not without certain palliations. He had not deserted the child's mother nor disowned the child. The mother had wilfully deserted him and disappeared before he was cognizant of her condition. He now acknowledges the child and is eager to adopt him legally. A sane view of the situation would indicate that the happiness and future welfare of all three human beings—Frank and Gaskell and the boy—would be furthered by the marriage of Frank and Gaskell; but Frank takes the emotional rather than the reasonable view, and sends her lover away from her forever. In this the heroine is very truly feminine and exhibits a phase of character that is worthy of profound consideration. One might venture to suggest that there is something almost immoral

in her attitude of martyrdom. One wonders what the Passer-by of Mr. Jerome's religious parable would have advised if he had happened in upon the scene. There is something selfish in deliberate self-sacrifice for the sake of an abstract idea; and cruelty to others is no less cruel because the person who exercises it invites it eagerly to react against himself. But these moral questions must be answered individually by each auditor of Miss Crothers's play. For the critic it is sufficient to assign the author credit for a sincerity that stimulates to earnest thought and serious rejoinder.

A Man's World exhibits an advance over Miss Crothers's memorable first play, *The Thrice of Us*, because it aims to elucidate an important problem of life, whereas the earlier piece aimed merely to tell an interesting story. But on the other hand, it is not so skilfully developed nor so neatly and nicely written. The expedient by which Gaskell's paternity of the boy is revealed to Frank is artificial, elaborate, and awkward. A personal resemblance, especially in the expression of the eyes, is accentuated in a miniature painting that is made of the child; and this miniature is passed about as a stage property among the members of the cast, until a cumulative discussion results in a consensus of opinion concerning the resemblance. The technical need for this painting demanded the invention of a character to paint it; and the invention of this subsidiary character resulted in several scenes that are extraneous to the theme and halt the progress of the story. In the first two acts the plot is furthermore deterred by the intrusion of a group of Bohemian types that are conventionally sketched in outline. The dialogue, though easy, is somewhat redundant, and does not sustain the high standard of writing that was set forth in *The Thrice of Us*. But many passages in the last two acts are written with the simple conciseness and unalloyed reality which distinguish this author's dialogue at its best.

Just a Wife, by Mr. Eugene Walter, is an exceedingly bad play, and exhibits none of the merits of its author's earlier efforts, *Paid in Full* and *The Easiest Way*. From first to last it seems written



"DON." ACT I

"The atmosphere is naturally strained when Don enters, carrying the fainting Mrs. Thompson in his arms, and deposits her upon the sofa of the drawing-room."



"DON." ACT III

"At this point the author . . . disrupts the mood of comedy in which his play has previously been developed. Thompson draws and flourishes a pistol."

insincerely. It is difficult to imagine that the author was really interested in his story or believed his characters to be true. The play is based upon a relation between husband and wife which is so exceptional as to be almost unimaginable as a human instance; the plot is entirely incredible; and, at the climax, the piece explodes into a wordy interchange of rhetoric in which

"Just a Wife"

the sake of writing a play. It does, however, disclose one minor and incidental character that is sincerely conceived—a young Jewish lad who is pushing his way upward through the world and leading along with him a chum to whom he is devoted. This part is written with a human touch of sentiment; it is well composed because the author really cared about composing it. Whenever the Jewish lad is on the stage, and only then, the play is



"A MAN'S WORLD." ACT III

"The happiness . . . of all three human beings . . . would be furthered by the marriage of Frank and Gaskell; but Frank takes the emotional rather than the reasonable view, and sends her lover away from her forever."

the author consumes a quarter of an hour saying many things about the relation between the sexes which have nothing whatever to do with his story. The play is deficient in action and is turgid in dialogue. It bewilders the mind of the auditor who is striving earnestly to discover what it is all about. The truth is, apparently, that it isn't about anything, and that the author wrote it merely for

lifted into life. The piece, like all of Mr. Belasco's productions, has been given a beautiful scenic investiture and discloses many lovely pictures to the eye. But a play is something more than a series of pictures; it must pierce through the eye into the mind.

There was a very interesting narrative idea at the basis of Mr. Ernest Poole's play entitled "*None So Blind*." A bridge-



"JUST A WIFE." ACT IV

"The piece . . . has been given a beautiful scenic investiture and discloses many lovely pictures to the eye."



"THE WITCH." ACT I

"An old hag named Goody Whitlock has been accused of witchcraft and is pursued into the dooryard of the minister's house by an infuriated mob that hales her forth to be hanged."

builder is stricken sightless. During the succeeding months his wife, although she seems to him to be devoting her entire attention to helping him continue his labours in the

"None so Blind"

dark, has really shifted her interest to certain literary labours of her own in which she is aided by a man who loves her. Furthermore, the plans of his new bridge have been criminally tampered with by a rival engineer. An operation on the hero's eyes restores his sight; but when he returns home he pretends for some time that he is still blind, and thus discovers all that has been going on about him. By reserving until the proper moments the revelation of the fact that he can see, he traps and confutes the rival engineer and afterward regains the devotion of his wife.

This narrative idea could be turned to service for a great short story or a very effective one-act play. It might even be amplified into a novelette about the length of *The Light that Failed*. But Mr. Poole's four-act handling of it was dilatory, non-progressive, and undramatic. The secondary plot was too mechanical to justify the labour

it necessitated; and the defection of the wife was scarcely serious enough in nature to rise to a really dramatic culmination. The last act was devoid of action and was taken up entirely with talk. But the defects of *"None So Blind"* were merely technical. Its merit was the very

evident spirit of sincerity that pervaded it. There was an underlying vein of poetry that every now and then looked through the lines. The piece suggested to the audience a sense of a wholesome personality behind it, and was impressive in its beautiful intent.

The Witch, which was originally written in Norwegian by H. Wiers-Jensen, was adapted for the use of the New Theatre by Mr. Hermann Hagedorn. The adapter, having steeped himself in Hawthorne, very skilfully transposed the piece to Colonial New England and set the scene in 1692. The elderly minister at Salem has taken as his second wife a young and glowing woman of Portuguese descent. An old hag named Goody Whitlock has been accused of witchcraft and is pursued into the dooryard of the minister's house by an infuriated mob that hales her forth to be hanged. This Goody Whitlock



"A SON OF THE PEOPLE." ACT II

"Marc Arron admits his treachery, and Montaloup sternly condemns him for the sake of the revolutionary cause; but the men are friends, and after they have agreed that death at dawn must be the penalty, they embrace each other in affectionate farewell."

had been an intimate crony of the mother of the heroine. Concerning the latter, who is now dead, rumours of Satanic practices have also risen up; and the heroine begins to wonder darkly whether she herself may not have inherited an inclination toward the diabolic. Her morbid self-questionings and doubts are accentuated when her husband's son returns from a long sojourn abroad and she falls in love with him. At a dark moment when she is left alone, she determines to test her own power by wishing very hard that this man should come to her. He enters the room and drifts into her arms. His entrance, as the audience is clearly shown, is naturally motivated; but it convinces the heroine that she is endowed with sinister supernatural control. Having established an immoral relation with her step-son, she begins to wish very hard that her husband should die. In a sudden outburst, she states this to her husband and reveals to him the reason for the wish. He is elderly; he is at the moment tired from long travel; the shock of revelation kills him, and he rolls dead at her feet. The heroine is now convinced that she is possessed of diabolic power; and when she is accused by the community of witchcraft she cannot bear up against the accusation. As a test, she is required to lay her hand upon the forehead of her dead husband and swear that she is not a witch. Her mind cracks under this ordeal and crumbles into madness.

This is a sombre and slow-moving play, and to the average auditor it is tedious; but to those who are interested in psychological obliquity it presents a sincere and truthful study of a mind that is morbidly self-possessed. The insidious passion of the heroine gleams like lurid lightning through the heavy-heaved and darkling clouds of the envining atmosphere of grave and grey New England. *The Witch* is an exposition of incipient insanity resultant from illicit infatuation. This is neither a pleasant nor a wholesome theme; but it is expounded with earnest literary art.

A Son of the People, which, with the more appropriate title of *A Revolutionary*

Wedding, was originally written in Danish by Sophus Michaelis, is a play of plot,

which is set, for the sake of convenience, in the period of the French Revolution. In order to

marry a young noblewoman named Alaire de l'Estoile, to whom he has been betrothed since boyhood, an exiled nobleman named Ernest des Tressailles, returns secretly to France. The marriage ceremony is performed at five p.m. in the château of Alaire; and immediately afterward a regiment of revolutionaries arrives and arrests the bridegroom. He is condemned to immediate death by the grim justice Montaloup; but the captain, Marc Arron, suggests and obtains a remission of the execution till the following morning, in order that the newly married pair may spend the night together. Confronting certain death upon the morrow, the nobleman proves a disappointing lover to his bride. He is haunted by a harrowing fear of death, which excludes all other emotions. The heroine passes from pity of his peril to scorn of his cowardice, and in the latter mood determines to save his life at all hazards. She tries to bribe Marc Arron with money, but fails. Then she seizes him eagerly by the hand and offers him herself as the price of her husband's release. The captain succumbs to this temptation; he exchanges uniforms with des Tressailles, and the latter, in the guise of Marc Arron, escapes. Left alone with the captain, Alaire immediately retracts her promise; and Marc Arron, accepting this retraction and confronting certain death at dawn, calmly resigns himself to sleep. That his death is imminent and irretrievable is revealed to Alaire by a dialogue between Marc Arron and Montaloup. This dialogue is very moving. Marc Arron admits his treachery, and Montaloup sternly condemns him for the sake of the revolutionary cause; but the men are friends, and after they have agreed that death at dawn must be the penalty, they embrace each other in affectionate farewell. Witnessing the heroism of Marc Arron, Alaire realises that she loves him. Under the spell of this new emotion she fulfils her former compact with him. Thereafter he longs eagerly to avert the doom

awaiting him. But at the final moment his heroism reasserts itself; he renounces an opportunity for escape, and is shot dead by the soldiers under his command.

This is an interesting, but essentially an artificial, plot. The play is nothing more than melodrama. It could have been lifted into literature only in either of two ways—neither of which, apparently, was at the command of the author. If the characterisation had been as subtle, as searching, and as wise as that of Maeterlinck in *Monna Vanna*, we might have had a tragedy. Or if the tale had

been told with such a glamour of verbal poetry as decked the daring plots of Victor Hugo, it might have seemed less a matter of mechanism and more a matter of life. But the people in the present play are merely puppets dominated by the plot; and the lines, in the English version, filtered through the German by Mr. S. I. Szinnyey, are lacking in literary distinction. The piece, moreover, is occasionally chaotic in confusion of details. It is a fairly interesting bit of machinery; but it lacks the high sincerity of literature.

Clayton Hamilton.

STRANGE STORIES OF THE PENSION BUREAU



THE archives of the United States Pension Bureau contain the outlines of more human interest stories than any other department of the Government. Not all the fiction in the catalogues of the Library of Congress exceeds it in quantity, nor excels it in the variety of plots it offers. If it were possible to summon to this great, red brick building the authors of all time, bidding each bring forth a theme for work on his, or her, chosen lines, not one would fail to do so for lack of material. Aristotle might find hidden in some dusty, time-yellowed "jacket" the germ of a passion hitherto unnoted by him; and Shakespeare's fingers would itch to grasp a pen and evolve a thrilling play based on a really new plot, taking as its basis a pension case. If nearly great authors of our day were admitted to the papers, they would find therein so much inspiration that they would come forth on the verge of nervous prostration, or in the whirl of a brain storm, superinduced by the strain of selecting from this vast store of raw literary material.

This seemingly extravagant statement should not inspire an instantaneous move

Washingtonward by plot-seekers; for existing laws would frustrate their efforts to gain access to the records in the Pension Bureau. It is only authorised employees of the Bureau, attorneys, and members of Congress—who often call, or send their secretaries to investigate the progress of their constituent's claims—who are given the privilege of examination of the records.

But as no law has ever yet been framed which will prevent secrets—official or otherwise—from leaking out, the comedies, tragedies, and melodramas of the pension business are constantly coming to the ears of those outside the authorised circle. Some of the most interesting come through the offices of claim attorneys, for the reason that they see more papers in the claims than does the Pension Bureau, and because they have no official muzzles on their mouths. Next to these come the special examiners and the secret service force of the Pension Bureau—men who find it irresistible to tell good stories which they have run across in their work; though they may enjoin secrecy, or ask that their names shall not appear in connection with the stories, if the same are published.

You may find some of these stories, stripped of verbiage, in one of the daily

papers or set forth in legal language in Decisions of the Commissioner of Pensions. But the story is there—the human interest story, and, perhaps, it may tell, besides the story of fraud perpetuated on the Government, that of years of deceit toward a trusting heart, which often breaks under the revelation brought by the officers of the Bureau. Here is such a one:

A New York woman applied for pension on the ground that she was the widow of a soldier killed during the Civil War. Her application appeared flawless—stating the soldier's name, company and regiment, and the battle in which he was supposed to have been killed. On investigation, the department discovered that a man bearing the name of this soldier, owing to his service, was living in the Far West, drawing pension for disability contracted in the service. The woman in the case was notified; but she was so certain that the Far West man was a fraud that she sent her grown son to Washington to interview Mr. Evans, then Commissioner of Pensions. The son eloquently contended that the man in the Far West could not be his father, for that father was so loyal, so loving, toward his mother, and that he looked forward, eagerly, to return to his wife and little family when the war would be ended. That wife in the meanwhile toiled to keep the home together, and never gave up, even when she heard that her husband-lover was killed in battle. The young man showed the Commissioner letters from his father's surviving comrades, stating that they had actually seen the soldier lying dead on the battlefield. The Commissioner induced the son to go to the Far West and interview the soldier, who was then in a Soldiers' Home. The son did—only to have the soldier confess that he was really his father. Why then this deceit, leaving his loyal wife to struggle, and to mourn him dead? Like many another man who had felt the freedom from domestic duties, which war had given him, he became enamoured of the life, and decided never to return home. There are thousands of such vagabonds wandering around the earth—soldiers of fortune, and misfortune—and their disease, for disease it

seems to be, was undoubtedly contracted in the service!

Cases of soldiers leaving faithful wives at home when they enlisted, of deserting from the army, assuming another name—leaving the impression that they were killed and numbered among the unknown dead—are not uncommon. Many of them are exposed, in after years, living with other women than those who mourn them as dead.

It is a wise law that declares a man dead after he has been missing for seven years; but if one could frame a human law that would cause the women who wait, or who cherish the dream of a faithful-to-death lover, to forget him in that time, there would be less heart-breaking stories come to the knowledge of those who work on pension claims.

Many stories of soldiers leading double lives are brought to the attention of the Bureau, through two women bringing application for pension on account of the service and death of one soldier. It then falls to the lot of the Bureau to act the part of disagreeable informant, as well as to decide the merits of the claims.

While the papers in a soldier's claim may reveal deeds of valour worthy of another Homer's epic, the widows' cases contain the most romantic material. For besides certificates of the soldiers' enlistment and discharge, marriage certificates and birth certificates, into the jackets love letters find their way. Letters written during battles, in camp, or while on the march, which may not contain a single line of evidence pertinent to the claim, but which often cause the most unimaginative clerk to go dreaming back in the past to some little New England village where a trusting woman waits, and then to Virginia where the campaign is hottest. But it is *facts* the attorneys and the pension adjudicators are after, and romances, while appreciated as romances, are *nil* as pension evidence.

It is also the widows' claims which yield material for mystery novels such as would make even a satiated reading public sit up all night to reach the climax. Take, for instance, this:

Mrs. F. Newby, of Mill Shoals, Illinois, was informed that her husband was killed at the battle of Shiloh. In due

time she applied for, and received, a pension. Thirty years after Shiloh, a man appeared at her home and claimed to be her husband. He said that he was taken prisoner at Shiloh, and during his long imprisonment lost his memory. He told his story most pathetically, and so worked upon Mrs. Newby's faith and fancies that she declared to all interested parties that he was her husband, and took him to her heart and hearth.

After gaining possession of these, the Mr. Newby sought to secure the pension. He had little difficulty in establishing his claim, for he was backed by his willing wife (erst-widow), and he spent the pension money with great zest. Soon, however, the secret service force of the Pension Bureau got on his trail. He was arrested, tried, and convicted as an impostor, although Mrs. Newby and no less than a hundred witnesses swore he was Newby of Shiloh. But thirty strong witnesses, secured through the activity of the secret agents, testified that he was no other than "Rickety Dan" Benton, of Tennessee, who heard of Mrs. Newby, her worth and her little pension, and thought it would be a good piece of work to impersonate her missing husband and so secure a soft berth for the rest of his days.

Here comes the old, yet inconceivable, story of woman's credulity; for when Rickety Dan was released after three years' imprisonment, he returned to Mrs. Newby, and she took him back; living with him several years. He then deserted her, and wandered down to Alabama, where he died in an almshouse and was buried in potter's field.

Then Mrs. Newby sought to have her pension restored; but the Bureau contended that as she had lived with a convicted impostor, she waived her right to pension on account of the death of Newby of Shiloh. But her story touched the big heart of Commissioner Warner (lately resigned) and he made a decision which caused even the most case-hardened attorney in Washington to sit up and take notice. He not only ordered that Mrs. Newby be restored to the pension rolls as the widow of Newby of Shiloh, but that arrearage, to the amount of a couple of thousand dollars, be paid her.

But among those interested in the case it is still a question—Was Newby killed at the battle of Shiloh, or was he and "Rickety Dan" one and the same person?

There is not the slightest doubt but that thousands of men have enlisted for reasons far from patriotic, and have deliberately lost their identity under assumed names in the service. Many of these have made good use of the chance for a change of life, as, for instance, when they have been objects of local contempt for some slight sin, which neighbourly tongues would not let them live down, or when they have lived most inharmoniously at home, yet dared not make a run for fresh fields, on account of being tracked, in times of peace. Many years after, when they have established themselves, to their credit and the honour of the community in which they reside, they are discovered by some old home acquaintance, who seems to take delight in raking over the ash heaps of unprofitable years, and branding the useful citizen, the hero-soldier of the young boys of the town, as the scapegoat of his native village. And if they are looking for evidence to back their assertions of identity, they usually get it from the Army and Navy Survivors' Division of the War Records Office at Washington.

Some soldiers dread the sight of elderly female visitors to the retreat which they have secured at one of the National Soldiers' Homes, for they have known where some of their compatriots were wont to sit, smoking pipes of peace in comfort, they have been rudely jostled by hysterical women who have discovered in them long-disappeared husbands. Then Peace flees—and so does part of their pensions, for while they may still enjoy the immunity of the institution, the stern Pension Bureau, on hearing the woes of the grass widow, decrees that the deserter shall pay to his wife, through the pension agent, a certain percentage of his pension for her support. Cases have been known where women have blackmailed some of these poor, old men, claiming to see in them one to whose support they have legal right. Sometimes the heavy hand of the law clutches these vampires, but more often than not they escape with a warning, and a goodly part

of the soldiers' pension money. Poor old soldiers! Many of them who fought nobly to defend their country now need their country to defend them from the unscrupulous.

Unscrupulous attorneys and agents are often a source of trouble to pensioners and the Pension Bureau. Widows, being softer material in their hands than old soldiers, are often their victims, or their means of defrauding the Government. One of the most notable instances of such crimes was that of one William A. Munson, a pension agent of Providence, Rhode Island. William was a most accommodating lawyer, who allowed his women clients to have their quarterly cheques sent to his office, where he cashed them for the beneficiaries, saving them much trouble, as few of them were rich enough to have bank accounts. They trusted him to do all their pension business, even to notifying the department when they remarried, and their pension was supposed to cease.

Munson profited by this trust, in this wise: When a client remarried, he failed to notify the Pension Bureau, received her cheque, forged the signature, and drew the cash. In cases of soldier clients, he failed to notify the department of their death, and kept on drawing their pensions by the same method as that through which he obtained the widows' mites.

His plot was revealed, through the agency of an anonymous letter sent to the Commissioner of Pensions, claiming that a certain remarried widow was still drawing pension, though remarried for some time. A field inspector of the Bureau learned that while the woman had remarried, she made no effort to conceal the fact, and had not received a cent of pension since her remarriage. It was then found that Munson's operations were so extensive that it required fourteen government inspectors to work for weeks in his district, the centre of which was Boston. It was estimated that no less than one hundred and fifteen remarried widows were unintentionally being granted pensions, of which they never saw one cent. Munson was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to serve five years in prison, but he died before his term expired.

Not infrequently, the Commissioner of Pensions receives communications containing "conscience money" from persons who confess to have received pensions through dishonourable means, or who continue to draw a disability pension when the cause for which it was granted has ceased to exist. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that there are thousands of such cases which are not at all touched by conscience, Christian Science, or suggestion, and the Pension Bureau bears on its rolls many men who were not entitled to pension for *permanent* disability, though, in the course of time, they might be, for such an incurable disease as senility.

When conscience letters come to the Pension Bureau, special examiners are detailed to investigate the cases; for it is sad, but true, that in nine cases out of ten restitution is not offered on account of an awakened conscience, but because of feeble-mindedness in its most hopeless stage; and now and then, because some person wishes to attract attention to his "soul stunts"—as hardened sinners or harmless nonentities like to do at the mourner's bench.

But for the sake of our faith in the ultimate goodness in everybody, we are told that many cases of genuine repentance have come to the attention of the Pension Bureau. This is but one of the many: A soldier was drawing a pension for gunshot wound received at the battle of Gettysburg. He was not only a pensioner, but in the eyes of the community in which he lived a hero. This position he held for years. Then one night he attended a camp meeting, and while there became struck with the sinfulness, the falseness of his life. That night, in the blessed darkness of their chamber, he told his wife a story that at once shook her soul at loss of faith in him, while at the same time he gave her double-fold faith in his soul of honour, which had not been dead, only stunned. The story he told was that he was but a lad when Gettysburg was fought. He had witnessed the awfulness of the first day, and, fearing that he would be ordered into the thick of action on the coming day, he secretly shot himself, so as to be excused from duty.

The soldier and his old wife talked it all over that night, and ended in deciding that there was but one thing to do—to write to the Commissioner of Pensions and offer to make restitution to the Government. They were very poor, but they expressed their willingness to send a small sum to the Bureau each month until the entire amount was refunded. Mercy, as well as Justice, is enthroned at the Pension Bureau, and their prayer was granted. And while they dropped tears

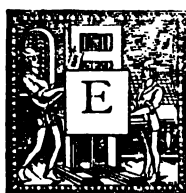
of gratitude in their humble home because light shone on the pathway of retribution, in that great, red building which contains so many human interest stories, some of the clerks who listened to this one suddenly discovered that they had contracted colds in their heads—in the service and line of duty—and were compelled to use their handkerchiefs, or retire to seclusion afforded by the long files containing pension cases—and romances.

Catherine Frances Cavanagh.

THE STORY OF ART IN AMERICA

By ARTHUR HOEBER

PART III—THE CLOSE OF THE OLD RÉGIME



EXTRAORDINARY as was the story of the career of Chester Harding, that of his friend and contemporary, Francis Alexander, was no less strange, even if the man was not quite so picturesque a figure. Alexander was born in Connecticut, on a farm, in 1800, and as soon as he was old enough he worked in the fields in the summer, while in the winter he went to the district school. At eighteen he became master of this school, but the excessive labour had an unfortunate influence on his health. He was worn out and he sought rest and relaxation. He loafed about the hills and the woodlands, and it was while he was fishing one day that, impressed by the beauty of his catch, he was suddenly seized with an overwhelming desire to represent them. He had always drawn and painted from his earliest youth, having secured the usual box of water colours as a lad, but though hitherto it had been a pastime pure and simple, now he went at it most seriously, and not only his friends but himself were amazed at the results. So wonderful were these that he immediately became obsessed with the notion of becoming—a

sign painter! His ambitions soared no higher in an art way.

To this end he immediately made preparations to go to New York, where he stayed some six weeks. There he met Alexander Robertson, then the secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, who permitted him to make some copies of landscapes in oil; but for want of ready cash he was obliged to return home. However, he had seen some portraits in the big city, and arriving at the farm, he tried his hand at such work with no less happy results than with the fish, so that his fame spread about the countryside. Finally, there appeared people—neighbours—who were willing to pay five dollars for a portrait, and when he had earned a modest sum he returned to New York, where he hoped to take up the study of this branch of art seriously; but, save for the kindness of Waldo, Jouett, and Trumbull, who loaned him canvases to copy, he got little instruction, and when his funds were exhausted he joined the ranks of the itinerant portrait painters and wandered from town to town until he settled down at Providence, Rhode Island, where he was enabled to raise his price to twenty-five dollars a head. From there he went to Boston. Gilbert Stuart was there at

the time, and to him Alexander went with some of his work, about which the master was most complimentary. Upon the strength of this, the price was raised to forty dollars for a head, and two years later that sum was increased to seventy-five, his patrons augmenting all the time. Being prudent, he managed to save enough to enable him to go abroad. He toured Italy, met such distinguished people as Sir Walter Scott, and on his return the Boston folk paid him a hundred dollars for his portraits, a tidy sum in those days.

In Rome, Alexander painted a Magdalene and Sir Walter came to his studio to see it. The artist was all impatience to learn how it impressed the famous writer and waited anxiously as Scott sat in his chair, close to the canvas, gazing at it intently. Long the Scotchman looked, and finally he turned away with a sigh. Then he got up and said briefly: "She's been forgiven!"

No man was more clever than Alexander in securing patrons. His success in obtaining orders and advancing his fortunes was the envy of all his fellows. Such skill is not, we believe, entirely unknown at the present day, but Alexander's greatest *coup* was his "beat" in getting a "strangle hold" on the greatest lion of the time, Charles Dickens, when that distinguished English novelist came to America in 1842. Our artist went out to his ship with the pilot, boarding it while it was still out of sight of land—a decided achievement—and he begged from the writer the honour of a sitting. Moved by this display of Yankee enterprise, Dickens immediately capitulated and consented. As a consequence Alexander's studio was crowded with the most prominent people of Boston, who came, not only to see the picture, but to honour the much admired Englishman. As an achievement, no modern artist has quite equalled this feat, which would do credit to the most hustling newspaper reporter of the present day; and Alexander profited largely by his adventure, the fame of the affair spreading far and wide. He died in Italy in 1881, whither he had gone, more or less dissatisfied with the in-artistic surroundings in his own land. A

group of contemporaries at this time included Matthew Jouett, John Nagle and Henry Inman. They were popular as portraitists, though it must be confessed they were more or less uninteresting and commonplace, albeit they did not lack for facility, but they were as a rule without grace, decorativeness, or the sense of greatness. Jouett was perhaps the best of them. He was a Kentuckian who had studied under Stuart in Boston and he was considered the best painter "west of the mountains," as the phrase went. Born in 1783, he was educated for the Bar, and he had a farm in the vicinity of Lexington. In the winter he journeyed to the South, where he found a large patronage for his portraits at New Orleans and Natchez, and he was particularly happy in painting children. He died at the age of forty-three.

Henry Inman was born in 1801 and died at forty-four, having, however, accomplished a large amount of work and being the first vice-president of the National Academy of Design when it was formed in 1823, he being at that time but twenty-five years old. He studied with Jarvis, was his apprentice and travelled all over the country with him as a capable assistant. Starting in for himself, he settled for a while in New York, afterward going to Philadelphia, where he became popular, and in 1837 he was enjoying an income of nearly \$9,000 a year, a large sum, of course, in those days, one which few painters make now, for that matter. Then, without any special reason, his vogue declined and his health became so poor that he was obliged to go to England for a change of climate. Again, however, he became successful, finding a considerable patronage in the British metropolis. Despite this success, he came back to his own land only to die shortly after his return. He was a various painter, for while he did portraiture mainly, he executed miniatures, landscapes and figure pieces with no little cleverness. When Inman was in London, some one gave him a commission to paint a certain Lord Codrington, and he was keen to do it, for the name, it seems, carried much weight. At that time the Lord Chancellor was Cottenham, and the

similarity of these names not infrequently caused great confusion. It was destined to bother Inman, for he went to the latter and requested sittings upon the supposition that this was the person named in the original commission. In vain the Lord Chancellor insisted that he did not know the gentleman who had given the order to the artist. "But," said Inman, "he knows *you*, my lord, and he is a most prominent and reputable citizen." So enthusiastic was the painter and so pleasant his address that he won over the nobleman, who came to his studio and had brought there his full official costume, wig and all, in which he gave many sittings, and the portrait was a great success in every way—until Inman came to deliver it to his patron, when the mistake was discovered and the canvas thrown back on his hands to his great disappointment, for the Lord Chancellor would not listen to a proposition to purchase it, presuming possibly that he had done all his duty in giving the sittings!

Samuel Finley Breeze Morse was born in 1791, and though he was to leave an imperishable name in scientific annals rather than in those of art, it was as a painter that he began his career, and it was as such that he liked to be considered. He was one of the founders of the National Academy of Design and its first president. Morse came from an excellent family, his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Finley, having been a former president of Princeton College, and Morse himself graduated from Yale in 1810. He had a strong bent for art, so that, quitting college, he was put under the charge of Washington Allston and sent to Europe the following year. Naturally he entered the studio of Benjamin West, though only as a visiting pupil bringing his drawings for criticism. West was very severe with him he relates, keeping him at the cast for a long time and causing him to work over and over again at the same drawing. On one occasion he went to West's studio and found him painting his big picture "Christ Rejected." The old gentleman began a critical examination of Morse's hands and at length said, "Let me tie you with a cord, and take that place while I

paint in the hands of the Saviour." The young man, of course, complied. West finished the work, and releasing him said, "You may say now, if you please, that you had a hand in this picture." In another year Morse had confidence enough to paint a large canvas of "The Dying Hercules," to help him in which he modelled a figure in clay and from this he made his picture of heroic size. Dunlap relates that Morse had a plaster cast made of the figure, which he sent to West for his inspection, and that the old gentleman was immensely pleased with it, calling in his son Raphael, to whom he said, "Look there, sir, I have always told you any painter could make a sculptor."

Not only was the picture successful, however, but the Society of Arts gave Morse a gold medal for his plaster model, and this medal was presented to him from the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, *à propos* of which it is interesting to note that at that time England and the United States were at war with each other! Much encouraged by this early success, Morse worked very hard, but his finances compelled him in 1814 to return home, and he opened a studio in Boston, where he received the most flattering social attentions, but—not a single commission. Declining to embarrass his already overburdened father any longer by demands on his purse, he gathered together his painting traps and went to New Hampshire, where he did small portraits at some fifteen dollars each. There he became acquainted with the lady he subsequently married, a Miss Walker, and later he went to visit his uncle, Dr. Finley, in Charleston, where he painted his portrait. It was this canvas that put Morse on his feet, for so excellent was the likeness that in a few weeks he had obtained orders for one hundred and fifty portraits, at sixty dollars each! He is said to have completed four of these commissions a week, and for four years he found Charleston a profitable place.

In about 1820, Morse conceived the idea of painting an historical picture, an interior of the House of Representatives with portraits of the members, a work which he thought could be sent over the country for profitable exhibition purposes.

He had married in the meanwhile and so had fresh responsibilities. To make the necessary sketches and studies, he went to Washington and devoted the next eighteen months to completing the canvas. It was some eight by nine feet and con-

tained a large number of figures, but when it was placed on exhibition the public did not respond, so that a financial loss of many hundred dollars ensued, in addition to the time the man had spent in the performance.



IN THE WOODS. BY ASHER B. DURAND

Metropolitan Museum of Art

This and the use of some of his capital in assisting his father made Morse poor again, and he came to New York to secure some work, which he obtained through the interest of kind friends. It was his painting of the Lawrence family that called attention to his talent and led to an order from the corporation of the city of New York for a full-length portrait of General Lafayette, who was then on a visit to this country. This was in the winter of 1824-25, and as Lafayette's tour of the States was in the nature of a triumphal journey, the work, being an



PRESIDENT MARTIN VAN BUREN. BY HENRY INMAN

Metropolitan Museum of Art

admirable likeness, was of great practical value to the artist. But it was executed under the stress of great grief, Morse having lost his wife, his father and mother, while at the same time one of his children lay at the point of death. If this portrait of the noble French Marquis is a trifle stiff and pompous, it is nevertheless an impressive canvas, well drawn and largely conceived, and the head, painted convincingly and with force, is very human and appealing.

Despite his sorrows, Morse kept himself thoroughly occupied, and this same

season he was instrumental in forming the National Academy of Design, as a school for students and a protest against the narrowness of the then existing American Academy of the Fine Arts. An artistic tempest ensued with Morse in the full fury of it. He also delivered that season a course of lectures on the fine arts, the first ever delivered in this country. By 1829 his fortunes had so improved that he was able to go abroad again, extending his journey this time to Italy, where he studied and made copies of the old masters. In London he was received at the Royal Academy lectures by Sir Martin Shee with honours befitting the president of the National Academy of Design of America. In 1832 he was back again in his native land and was appointed professor of the fine arts, in the University of New York. It was in his rooms at the University that he set up his first rude telegraphic apparatus in 1835, and nine years later he was enabled to bring his invention fully before the world when he established a line between Washington and Baltimore. From that moment he was lost to art and his fortune was made. The representatives of the various governments of Europe, at the suggestion of Napoleon III, made him a grant of four hundred thousand francs in 1858. During his practice of his profession he painted portraits of President Monroe, Chancellor Kent, DeWitt Clinton, the poets William Cullen Bryant and FitzGreen Halleck, and the sculptor Thorwaldsen. His artistic temperament led him to much experimenting. He painted thinly at times, and again with much pigment, but generally with good construction and sound methods, and he lived as late as 1872.

In 1807 there was born at Setauket, Long Island, William Sidney Mount, the son of a farmer, who at the age of seventeen was taken by his brother as an apprentice to the trade of sign painting. Delicate health drove the lad back and forth from New York to the country, for he studied at the Academy school a while, returned to the farm, came to New York again and practised portrait painting with moderate success, but it was not till he finally settled on Long Island and began the painting of rustic pictures that

he attracted national attention. These scenes of farm and village happenings he rendered with astonishing skill and realism, and no one has since surpassed him. They were almost photographic in their fidelity to life, admirably composed, and they take us back to the Little Dutchmen of the seventeenth century in their sincerity and delightful technique. His "Bargaining for a Horse," now owned by the New York Historical Society, had a great vogue, and in its engraved form was in many a home throughout the United States. Despite his delicate health, he lived to be nearly sixty, dying in 1868. R. Caton Woodville, a contemporary, though ten years younger, was a Baltimorean of good family who early went to Düsseldorf and made but two short trips home, dying in London at the early age of thirty-five. He did much the same sort of picture and had a better academic equipment than Mount, yet he was less sympathetic.

There come now two men, Thomas Cole and Asher B. Durand, who were destined to have an immense influence on their contemporaries. We may speak of the younger man first, for, though Cole was born five years after Durand, he was



PORTRAIT OF THE MITCHELL CHILDREN

By Matthew Harris Jouett. By courtesy of Miss Bessy Frazer, Lexington, Kentucky.

survived by him no less than forty years. Cole was born in England in the first year of the century and came to America at the age of nineteen. He had been a wood engraver at Liverpool, and he found work to do in Philadelphia. The father, an unsuccessful shopkeeper, had wandered about the States until he finally settled in Steubenville, Pennsylvania, where the son was finally obliged to join him in a wall-paper manufactory. The usual itinerant artist came along and fired the young man with ambition. He obtained some colours, made his own brushes, and he, too, became a wandering portrait painter, though he searched in vain for stray commissions. Of a delicate, sensitive nature, it is to be feared he was but a poor mixer and had not the gifts to secure the provincial patrons. At any rate, he suffered many tribulations, ran into debt and finally returned to Steubenville hopelessly involved. The family went to Pittsburg and Thomas followed, to assist his father now in the making of floor cloths. Finally he determined to be an artist at any cost, and he went to Philadelphia, where he suffered for the bare necessities of life, going through a very severe winter in great privation.



JOHN GRIMES. BY MATTHEW HARRIS JOUETT
Metropolitan Museum of Art

which brought on inflammatory rheumatism. Presently he painted landscapes that began to attract attention.

However, good times and great prosperity were in store for Cole, for he finally determined to come to New York and take his chances in the big city. Into the window of a restaurant, kept by the then famous Pfaff, he managed to place five landscapes, which found buyers immediately at ten dollars each, and fifty dollars in his impoverished condition seemed fabulous wealth. Presently, he placed three more pictures in the same window, which were seen by no less a light than

eagerly appreciated in those days, and such a series was his "Voyage of Life," which was engraved and which few American homes of that period escaped. The famous Art Union published this, but there were others, notably the "Course of Empire," artificial, conventional, uninspiring and perfunctory, yet finding a sympathetic chord in the taste of that day. Cole, however, was much better in his smaller and less pretentious landscapes, for he was in truth genuinely fond of nature, and in his way he got much of the character of American scenery. Many of his pictures were



THE HEART OF THE ANDES. BY F. S. CHURCH

Metropolitan Museum of Art

Colonel Jonathan Trumbull, who, of course, was the art oracle of the day. He looked up the young man and forthwith took him under his protection, introducing him right and left. Success came almost immediately and was not only uninterrupted, but was most extraordinary. In 1829 he went abroad, remaining three years and making two subsequent trips to Italy. He had a studio in the Catskills, and he, with Durand, may be said to have originated what is known as the "Hudson River School," though he died before he could see its great vogue. Cole painted many allegorical pictures which were

panoramic; he delighted in presenting no end of detail, which, if tight and hard at times, was nevertheless the result of serious study and close observation.

Asher B. Durand's canvas "In the Woods," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is not in the fashion of to-day, being likewise hard and tight, with a detail spread all over it that had better been generalised. Many men painted in that way in his day. Yet it is a well-composed picture, beautifully drawn, thoroughly understood, and full of much poetry. Its colour is not as we care for colour now; yet that, too, is in the main true, while

the work is that of a distinguished craftsman. Durand was born in 1796 and lived to be nearly ninety years old. At sixteen he was apprenticed to the well-known engraver, Peter Maverick, whose partner he became when he was twenty-one. At forty-one he started to paint, and he is referred to as the father of American landscape. He painted portraits reasonably well, his sitters including several Presidents of the United States and many statesmen, Henry Clay being among them. His early training as an engraver enabled him to draw with great

1826 and dead barely a decade. He had a phenomenal success, making enormous sums of money in his day and having the most distinguished patrons. A pupil of Cole, he sought to portray on canvas nature's marvels in the way of landscapes, attacking themes that few did before or since and achieving the almost impossible in an astonishing manner. Among his themes were the falls of Niagara; the great mountain peaks of South America with all the gorgeous sub-tropical growth; icebergs in the frozen North; rainbows, volcanoes, dense



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. BY ALBERT BIERSTADT

Metropolitan Museum of Art

accuracy, but it is as a landscape painter that he has the largest claim to fame, for in this direction he laboured with great enthusiasm, spending a long apprenticeship before nature. For sixteen years Durand was president of the National Academy of Design, succeeding Morse. We may pass an earlier man, Thomas Doughty, 1793-1856, for Frederick E. Church and Albert Bierstadt, since both held commanding positions and their work had a strong influence on their fellows. Much the more artistic man of the two was Church, born in

forest interiors, all of which he arranged in a skilful manner and sometimes with marvellous success, for he was thoroughly equipped, knowing his trade as have few men, and his appeal to the public was unmistakable. It required no profound knowledge of art to comprehend his pictures, for everything was obvious; there was always the detail with almost never the suggestion. He was photographic in this detail, too, being almost a human camera. His South American scenes were remarkable transcripts of the place and fairly glowed with brilliant tints.

Not only were his own countrymen moved by his canvases, but all Europe joined in the chorus of praise. England bought his work as readily as did America, and for vast sums. His "Niagara," now in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, brought twelve thousand five hundred dollars years ago when that sum had twice the purchasing power of to-day. France gave him the Legion of Honor, and he was a prophet in his own country. His application was prodigious. He permitted nothing to keep him from



THE OLD HUNTING GROUND. BY WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE

his easel, and he is said to have painted the sunset every night of his art life. Nor did any artist ever draw cloud forms with more thorough understanding, and to-day, despite modern movements and changes in art view points, his pictures command profound respect.

Bierstadt, though born in Düsseldorf, in 1829, was brought to this country at the age of two and became an American of the Americans. He might be called the pictorial historian of the Rocky Mountains, a new and most strange land in those days, and what he brought back

from there met with wonderful material success, though he is not to be mentioned in an art way with Church. Yet he possessed great technical skill and was a glutton for work. Vast sums were paid for his pictures in those fortunate days for the artists. For his "Storm in the Rocky Mountains" a patron gave thirty-five thousand dollars; James McHenry gave twenty-five thousand dollars for his "Lander's Peak," and the Earl of Dunraven paid fifteen thousand dollars for his "Estes Park, Colorado." Again it must be remembered that those sums meant more then than they do to-day; but time has not dealt kindly with the fame of Bierstadt, and these prices are far beyond what the canvases would bring in open market now. Despite his skill, his colour was not only bad, but at times vulgar and crude, reminiscent of what we refer to as the "chromo"; his textures were of tin and there was a mechanical quality everywhere, while the detail ends by getting on one's nerves. More artistic, if less pretentious and ambitious, were Jervis McEntee, Sanford Gifford and Worthington Whittredge, the last man dying only last month, at the age of ninety.

William Hart and his brother James came from Paisley, Scotland, and were landscape painters and members of the National Academy of Design. William, who was much the better of the two, concerns us specially, being as well a most entertaining character, and though he came to this country at the age of nine, he always retained a fine Scotch burr to his speech. He began by painting panels for a coach maker, but he became a landscape painter early and made much money. Possessing a harmless and charming vanity, he took himself and his work with enormous seriousness. It is recorded that the dry goods merchant prince, the late A. T. Stewart, being in Hart's studio, once asked him who he considered to be the best of American painters. With never a moment's hesitation Hart replied as if somewhat surprised at Mr. Stewart's lack of knowledge, "Why, Mr. Stewart, I am." When the old building of the Young Men's Christian Association was erected at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue some thirty or forty years ago, though it was only six or

seven stories high, it was considered a veritable skyscraper. Hart had one of the studios on the top floor. On one of his afternoons, among the visitors were some fashionable young ladies, and one of them, ignoring all the paintings that were thoughtfully displayed about the room for just such an occasion, rushed over to the window to gaze out on the view of the city. Full of enthusiasm, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Hart, what a superb view you have from your window." Hart glanced at her with a sad expression. "I'll tell ye what it is, Mees," he said, "ye're here to see my pictures, *not* to look out of my weendows." Hart painted cattle in his landscapes, and while he was in no sense one of our best, he was at any rate a capable man, occasionally rising to reasonably good results. John F. Kensett was more artistic, though most of the landscape work at this time was thin and dry in painting. Born in 1818, he died in 1873, and he was astonishingly successful in a financial way, his pictures taking a strong hold on the buying public, and though he had sold most of his finished pictures, the uncompleted work and sketches left in his studio at the time of



JOHN DAVID WOLFF. BY DAVID HUNTINGTON
Metropolitan Museum of Art

his death brought, when they were put up at auction, the tidy sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

There remain of this group of the earlier period some portrait painters to whom we may refer. Of these Charles Loring Elliott is the most distinguished. He was born in 1812, son of an architect, who was against his following the profession of a painter, but the boy persisting, he was finally sent to our old friend Colonel Trumbull. Elliott was quite the best portrait painter of his time and a prodigious worker, despite his overfondness for the flowing bowl, and it is said he could paint better pictures under the strong influence of liquor than most of his confrères could sober. Prosperous merchant princes sat to him, bank presidents and heads of corporations, and he limned them in all their pomposity, not infrequently giving equal importance to the pattern of their Axminster carpets, to the design of their hair-cloth furniture and the graceless folds of their inartistic hangings. Finally, to mention only the more prominent, we have Daniel Huntington, for many years the beloved and respected president of the National Academy of Design, who occupied a commanding position as the official limner



PORTRAIT OF A LADY. BY CHARLES L. ELLIOTT
Metropolitan Museum of Art



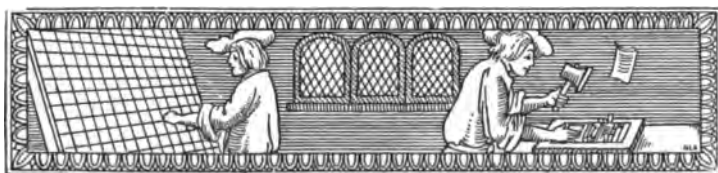
THE OX BOW. BY THOMAS COLE

Metropolitan Museum of Art

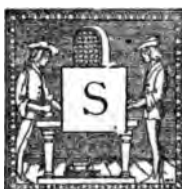
of New York's social and mercantile hierarchy. He painted as well the landscape, genre, allegory, still life and historical pictures, though it must be confessed he never rose to commanding heights. As Mr. Isham says in his book on American Painting: "His early activity corresponds with the lowest ebb of taste in the country when thought was most platitudinous and when conception of real distinction in art was smallest. . . . Huntington could not fail to be affected by such surroundings. . . . His portraits are 'like,' but with no pro-

found likeness and . . . the great majority are woolly in texture and of an unpleasant grey tone." The New York Chamber of Commerce, the directors' rooms of many banks and insurance companies are crowded with these Huntington portraits, which, alas! give but a poor idea of the sturdy originals, those giants of finance and commerce, and they will furnish sad food for thought for later generations, who, it is to be feared, will have but a low notion of the artistic demands of their predecessors of this period.

(To be concluded)



THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX



SINCE we last opened the Letter-Box to our readers, several things have happened. In the first place, we have received such myriads of picture post-cards inscribed with criticisms or with friendly greetings that we have had to hire a boy to help us catalogue them. It will not be possible to publish this catalogue when finished save in instalments. All the same, we are going on with it, making special notes of the remarks which ought to receive conspicuous mention. But while the boy is at work, we must for the moment turn to other things. By the way, we ought to mention that the Gentleman from British Columbia has lately visited New York, but unfortunately did not know that we had removed to a new office and have a new address. Consequently, he did not track us down, being probably in a hurry; but instead he sent us a large and beautifully illuminated card, bearing the inscription in green and gold and red: DON'T TRUST TO LUCK UNLESS YOU HAVE A RETURN TICKET HOME. Of this we merely express our regret that he had a return ticket home, since otherwise he would not have gone away without giving us the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance and showing him that part of our Picture Gallery which was not contributed by him.

In the second place, we have received numerous solutions to the Mystery of the Silver Loving Cup; but we shall hold these back from publication until we receive one or two additional explanations, remarking in the meantime that some of the solutions that have come to us are exceedingly elaborate and ingenious; only they require too much active exercise on our part in order to test their theories; and as we are a Mycroftian even more than a Sherlockian we prefer to sit around in the office and not go scurrying all over the town.

Finally, we feel that the *Inferno* has been neglected almost too long. Therefore, we shall devote the present number entirely to letters which relate to it; and

after making suitable commentaries upon these letters, we shall revise the *Inferno* for the benefit of such as may be tempted to use words and phrases which are either crude, or misleading, or *banal*.

I

From Flushing, New York, comes a letter which is brief and to the point.

To the Editor of the Letter-Box:

The principles on which the *Inferno* is established are not clear to me, but there are two expressions which I should like to see speedily consigned to the depths. One is the "level glance," the other the "twisted smile." Perhaps the Barrie copyright should prevail against the second. With the first I should like to send this sentence, found in ninety out of a hundred best sellers: "She looked at him from under level brows."

We hardly think that these two expressions are so widely spread as our correspondent believes. They are found only in a few books of which the writers have tried to attain to what is piquant by the process of distortion or pseudo-novelty. They certainly have not got into the language spoken by human beings generally; and, therefore, for the present, we shall let them go. But we stand ready at a moment's notice to plunge them relentlessly down into the seething flames.

II

A lady in Sierra Madre, California, writes us a letter which shows that she thinks back to the origin of things and to their inner psychology.

Allow me to propose two candidates for the *Inferno*,—*Vacation* (commonly pronounced *vaycaytion*), and, "To extend a welcome, or congratulations." In place of the first (so suggestive of emptiness of head, heart, and other organs, why not "*Holidays*," a cheery word calling up youth, jollity, leisure, recreation, pleasure, and everything else that a man wants to think of when he has left his work behind him and is seeking health and change.

One can welcome a man, or congratulate

him, but why *extend* a welcome or congratulations? One thinks of a long-handled toasting fork at the end of a long, skinny hand, and arm stretched to its utmost; besides, think of it critically, and what a silly phrase it is.

We are quite in sympathy with this appeal for the word "holidays" in place of "vacation"; and yet, of course, "vacation" has settled itself firmly in the language—both in ours and in that of England and of France. Moreover, it has a good Latin origin. Therefore, we can scarcely consign it to the Inferno, though personally we believe the good old Saxon "holidays" to be a cheerier word.

As to "extending a welcome," that goes bang down into the Inferno along with "tendering a reception." We have even heard university-bred men speak of "an educational tender," than which nothing could be more awful or more worthy of a "long-handled toasting-fork."

III

Another Californian—they seem to have a feeling for linguistics in California—sends us the following:

To the Hierarch of the Inferno:

Won't you please consign to the hottest part of your Inferno the men who have capitalised millinery, the invention of aeroplane hats, and the women who wear these rambunctious monstrosities, and all the hats you can grab?

Instead of to Mr. Bok, I make this appeal to you, since more men are likely to read your Rhadamanthiade than the gentle cooings of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

We don't quite understand this point about "capitalised millinery," but we are shocked at the thought of putting women into the Inferno; nor is the flaming pit intended for hats. Words and phrases are the only things that can get there; and although we sympathise with our correspondent, we are afraid that we cannot help her in this particular matter.

IV

A correspondent in Newport, Rhode Island, desires us to immolate the phrase "in this connection." We gladly do so, though we had supposed the late Charles

A. Dana to have done it so efficiently and thoroughly as to make it unnecessary for us to take a hand in the affair.

V

An ingenious and double-folded picture post-card from Belize in British Honduras, and representing a river regatta, is so very brilliant in colouring that we mention it here as the only one of the kind that we have ever seen. Likewise, the sender of it has made us a Cardinal by addressing it "To His Eminence, the Senior Editor." Yet neither of these two things would tempt us to mention it this month. It is rather because it gives us a suggestion for the Inferno, accompanied with a flutter of persiflage in English, Latin, Spanish, and Hebrew. The handwriting is very small, yet it is not so small as ours; and, therefore, we have felt bound to decipher most of it. Here is the communication:

YOUR EMINENCE: This is for your gratification, *dupliciter*: as an artistic gem for THE BOOKMAN's Gallery; and as a gentle indulgence to your deliciously naïve craving for titles. I trust no one has forestalled me in the latter intent. But if this trust be vain, let me offer another salutation, of a Hoo-Hoo kind, with a Mexican or Peruvian nuance, "Grand Snark of the Incas."—Selah!

Many thanks to you for many enjoyable hours in THE BOOKMAN's company. Won't you let us have another glimpse of the Junior Editor in his touring car, with his views on Oppenheim or Russell Irwin? And will you pitchfork with all due formality of bell, book, and candle, down to the lowest depths of your Inferno, these two offenders against good taste and grammar: "*like* he does," etc., and "make good"—in the sense of "succeed"?

This is a quiet place, and if in your moated grange "*Scis te læsum, scis languentem*," I'd advise you that you bear it rather than seek surcease of sorrow in these diggins: *Quæ heis (hic?) scripta sunt, ne in lucem edantur* (verb. sap.), *saltem . . . iacent*.

Con muchísimo respecto, de Su Eminencia,
S. S. S.,

PEPE.

Fortified by these suggestions, we draw the curtain from the Inferno and allow our readers to gaze down into its lurid depths.

THE BOOKMAN'S INFERNO

- "Add'ress."
 "A long-felt want."
 "Along these lines."
 "Ar'is'tocratic."
 "Auto'mo'bile."
 "Balance of—" (except in commercial language).
 "Brainy."
 "Bright" (for "clever" or "brilliant").
 "By leaps and bounds."
 "Clubman."
 "Dandy" (as an adjective).
 "Educational tender."
 "Elegant" (for "good," "agreeable").
 "Enthuse."
 "Exclusive" (as a social term).
 "Exqu'is'ite."
 "Extend" for "offer."
 "Fictionist."
 "Genteel."
 "Gentlemanly."
 "He (she, it) struck a new note."
 "In'quiry."
 "In this connection."
 "In touch with" (except as a technical term in military or naval discourse).
 "Like" for "as."
 "Locate" (as an intransitive verb).
 "Lunch."
 "Ly'ceum."
 "Measure up."
 "Mu'seum."
 "Nom de plume."
 "Output" (except in commercial language).
 "Ovation."
 "Parlour."
 "'Phone," for "telephone," either as noun or verb.
 "Playlet."
 "Pleased to meet you."
 "Prince Albert coat."
 "Proposition," except in its etymological sense."
 "Quit."
 "Residential district."
 "Resort" (as a noun).
 "School-children."
 "School-teacher."
 "Silk hat."
 "Smart" (for "clever").
 "Social standing."
 "Storiette."
 "Stylish."
 "Sur le tapis."
 "Tender" for "offer" (as a noun).
 "The Four Hundred."
 "The story grips the reader."
 "Thinker."
 "Under the auspices of—"
 "Up against."
 "Up to date."
 "Very sick man."
 "Vest."
 "Well-posted."

So much for the Inferno. At the next opening of the Letter Box we shall pay attention to the numerous letters which have nothing to do with the Inferno. After that, if the boy manages to catch up in his cataloguing, we shall go on with our delightful Picture Gallery.

DAWN, AND A WAVE OF LIGHT

Dawn! and a wave of light
 In the broken eastern sky,
 A rifted gleam in the gloom of grey,
 A flame from the ashes of sunken night,
 And the deep despair of the things that die—
 Dawn! and the hope of day!

Dusk! and a breath of air
 From the farthest hills of peace,
 Sweet as an image of silver light
 Moon-made in a pool where the waters wear
 A lighted calm wherein care shall cease—
 Dusk! . . . and the hope of night.

Frank E. Hill.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A LITERARY DRUMMER



ET me confess at the outset that by literary drummer I do not mean a drummer with literary aspirations or qualifications, nor even a drummer with a pronounced taste for letters. No, one uses literary drummer as one would use the term hat drummer, or shoe drummer, meaning thereby one who travels about drumming up and making sales of literature.

Selling literature is what I seriously believed my occupation was to be, when I first went on the road for a publishing house. The craftsmanship of the story teller, the plot of the story, the execution, the style, the artistry—these were some of the features upon which I would expatiate and dilate, and with which I would woo the orders from reluctant buyers. With this belief in mind I carefully read the new books I proposed to sell; I studied them; I pondered over them; trying to determine what excellencies of style, of construction, of craftsmanship would appeal most tellingly to booksellers. For booksellers, to handle books effectively, must know them, and appreciate them truly, thought I.

With this belief in mind I started to sell my first bill of goods, the goods being literature. It was an important event in my life, and one that made a lasting impression upon me. My customer was an elderly lady, unmarried, who having been brought up in the bookstore of her father, had upon his death succeeded to the business.

"She has been in a bookstore thirty years," I said to myself. "Therefore she knows books; she appreciates good books; she loves them."

In the back of her little emporium, where I was surrounded, it is true, by books, but also by such unliterary objects as rolls of wall paper, stacks of writing tablets, calendars, souvenir postal cards, shelves full of ledgers, account books and filing cases, I unpacked my trunk and displayed my wares. And as I drew forth

each book, or cover, or few leaves of paper, or whatever I possessed which represented a book that was going to be, I dwelt long and lovingly upon it. I told the story of each novel, and I endeavoured to tell it to that old lady in just the way that would have made it appeal to Walter Pater or Henry James. To be sure, my little lecture was accompanied by some disconcerting incidents. A phonograph in the front of the store squawked "Waltz me around again, Willie," with monotonous persistency and maddening iteration. And it seemed fated that whenever I was in the act of making a particularly telling point some customer should approach; upon which my audience would desert me instantly to sell a lead pencil or ten cents' worth of writing paper. Besides, my customer's manner of receiving the information I imparted to her was, to say the least, uninspiring. It consisted of a repetition of the syllables, "um-um." If I said a thing was very good, she said, "um-um." If I confessed it was rather poor, she said, "um-um." And um-um, in a mechanical and non-committal tone, was the only response to my most eloquent periods. When the trunk was empty and I was through, I paused, flushed and excited.

"Well," said the elderly lady, in a disparaging tone, "is that all you've got? I hoped your house would have something *real* good this year."

"Good," I cried. "Great goodness, madam, they're all good; there's nothing but good books strewn all around here."

"No," she said, shaking her head, "your books don't look pretty. I don't believe I feel like placing an order this year."

With madness in my heart I repacked my trunk. And that very afternoon, after an exciting altercation with the proprietor of a department store, a gentleman who spoke with a strong German accent, I sold him fifteen hundred wretched little paper books, with awful, staring covers and insides which no in-

telligent child of ten could by any possibility mistake as literature.

But the preconceived notions, if not of a lifetime, still of a few months, are not easily cast aside, and as I continued my trip I continued also to try to sell books by pointing to the features which would have made them appeal to Walter Pater or Henry James. With the result that I momentarily expected a telegram from my house, summoning me to return in disgrace.

At last, in a dingy hotel in a dingy town, I saw a light. My customer had deserted me, after a half hour of evident abstraction on his part, and desperate but waning enthusiasm on mine. He crossed the hall and entered the sample room of a fellow-professional, a brother literary drummer, where books were strewn on sheet-covered tables. And I, gazing from afar, saw my erstwhile customer comfortably lounging in a chair, while my comrade in art, coat off, hat on, gesticulated, and in strident tones harangued.

"Now, Joe," said he, talking round a cigar that had apparently grown fast to his mouth, "I'll give you the straight dope. This novel here is merchandise, and you want a hundred copies; this novel is literature, and one will about do you."

With astonishment and dismay I saw the customer nod assent to this apportionment of merchandise and literature. "Merchandise, and you want a hundred copies; literature, and one will about do you." Shades of the stylists, and men of letters; sacred names of Walter Pater and Henry James.

I sought out my brother traveller as soon as I might, and questioned him.

"Is it true," I said, "that books of genuine literary merit do not appeal to the trade?"

"It's the straight goods," he replied, talking round a toothpick, which had supplanted the cigar. "Literature don't make a hit nowadays."

"But can't we educate the public through the bookseller?" I said. "Can't we elevate the taste of the trade? Can't we appeal by showing the artistic merit of a book, the style, the story telling, the characterisation, the dramatic strength,

subtle humour, the irony, the artistry, and all that?"

"You bet we can't," he replied tersely, "unless we're millionaires travelling for pleasure. Don't try to shoot any hot air like you mentioned into the booksellers in the small towns; but play the old, sure, reliable favourites. If you've got a new book by a popular author, tell 'em it's absolutely the best he's ever done. If the author's new, tell 'em it's a cracker-jack good story—the heroine a peach, something doing all the time, and a happy ending. That's the dope. I see you're new at the business, and maybe you're a college feller who's got some ideas that haven't been tried out yet. Well, don't take my word for it, young man. What's your next town?"

I told him.

"The only man you see there is Hammelstein. He's the buyer in the big department store, a smart bookman, none better, and he certainly knows how to merchandise books. You ask him about merchandise and literature, and what makes books sell."

The next day I met Mr. Hammelstein, small, shrewd, suave and watchful; and by way of making conversation I asked him what made books sell in his store.

"What makes books sell in this store?" he replied calmly. "Well, I guess I do."

"Of course," I said, "but how do you do it? What methods do you follow?"

"Oh, I try to pick the winners," he answered. "If I pick mostly winners, people come to rely on my judgment, so when they see a big pile of some book on the counter or in the window, they say—that must be all right—and get it."

"But what makes the pile?" I asked.

"Well, the author's a big reason, maybe the biggest. If a man writes a best seller one year, people are ready to give him a try the next time he comes out. Then the advertising counts for a lot. And the appearance of the book—the cover, and the paper jacket—that's very important."

"Anything else?" I said.

"Well, illustrations help some, good lively pictures, in colour, especially with young girls. And a good catchy title counts for a lot. Yes, sir, a good title is

mighty important. Something new and striking, something that gets people guessing, something that's easy to say and hard to forget—makes a successful title; and a successful title mighty often makes a successful book."

"Don't your customers often look inside the books before they buy?" I asked hopefully.

"Oh, sometimes, not always," he answered. "Women do it; and they most generally look at the last pages."

"At the last pages?"

"To see if the story ends right. If it don't, they won't take it, nine cases out of ten."

"And how about novels of genuine literary merit?" I questioned.

"Nothing doing; they don't sell," he replied. "I buy them one at a time, on special orders, so don't you show me any, young man."

Discouraging testimony, but I still persisted in my efforts to sell books by describing them according to the standards of Walter Pater or Henry James, and thus appealing to the literary tastes of the buyers. At the same time I carried on a diligent investigation into the literary canons of the people I met, and I was persistent in asking my customers what books were popular, and why. The answers were vague, and as a rule could be reduced to two fundamental reasons. One—a book sold well "because our people liked it." Two—a book did not sell at all, it stuck, was a plug, "because our people didn't like it." Sometimes a dealer would go behind these fundamental reasons and feel that the publisher was in some mysterious way responsible for the failure of his books, when they did fail. But I noticed that when, on the other hand, a book succeeded, the credit attributed to the publisher was most meagre.

In my quest for information I one day sought a customer in his cellar, where he was engaged in the prosaic task of breaking up boxes.

"Of what character are your most profitable books?" I asked.

"There ain't any money in books," he replied, with a vicious bang of the hammer.

"Of course," I replied hastily. "So

many booksellers feel that way. But what kind of books should you say are least unprofitable?"

"Well," he said glumly, "I sell mostly fiction."

"Ah," I said, with the zest of a biologist tracking a germ to its lair, "and what kind of people buy the most fiction from you?"

He wiped his forehead reflectively.

"The young ladies in the boarding-schools round here buy a good deal," he replied; "and as I'm right handy to the hotel, I get a pretty nice transient trade from the drummers. And I always have some lady customers who'll buy a good love story; and sometimes a man I know will come in to get something to kill time while he's on the train or his family's away. There was quite a movement among some of the married ladies of this town to get their husbands to stay home and read novels instead of playing poker down to the Elks' Club. But that's sorter died out."

Here was illuminating information. Boarding-school misses and drummers as arbiters of literary taste; time-killing and an antidote for poker, as functions for fiction.

"I tell you what people want in a novel, is a good story," cried my customer, above the crash of breaking boxes. "They ain't buying Bibles, or text books, or scientific pamphlets when they get fiction; and they ain't crying out to be improved when they're tired, and want to be amused with a good yarn."

I considered my customer reflectively. At Christmas time he sold books; about St. Valentine's Day he sold valentines; Easter cards at Easter; fire crackers for the Fourth; favours for Hallowe'en parties, and books again at Christmas. Between whiles he sold letter paper, ledgers, souvenir post cards, wall paper and crêpe paper, lead pencils, playing cards and fountain pens, typewriters and phonographs. He worked in his store eleven hours a day, and six days a week. He was a small merchant in a small town, bounded by the narrow horizon of a small merchant and circumscribed by the narrow life of a small town. How could I appeal, with my gabble about style, characterisation, subtleties of humour,

colour and artistry, and the standards of Walter Pater or Henry James?

That very day I received from my house the sheets and the cover of a new novel. Upon that cover was the head of a girl, brilliant as to complexion, luxuriant as to hair, adorable as to her hat. The title was *The Princess*, something or other. The story, well, I read it during a railroad journey, in a dim and dirty car, riding over an awful track, through dreary scenery; and the journey was endurable. The book was not what I should call literature; the plot was rather palpable, the characters were types, the conversations stilted and the style crude; but in the language of my drummer friend, "there was something doing all the time" in that story. It gave me some

hours of innocent if not very improving amusement.

The next day I set that story in the place of honour on my sample table.

"Well, what's new?" asked the customer of the day.

"This," said I, holding up *The Princess* something-or-other, "a cracker jack, a winner. It's merchandise," I cried, endeavouring to keep my cigar from tumbling out of my mouth, "and you want a hundred copies. And this," I went on, holding up the book I had formerly advocated with enthusiasm and held up to admiration as a model of style, characterisation and craftsmanship according to the standard of the elect, "this is literature. One copy will about do you."

HOW TO GET THE CLASSICS READ

Have the books mentioned below bound in red, or green-and-gold, illustrated in colour, and published anonymously. Properly advertised, with the changed titles, they should enter the Best Selling Class immediately.

THE ILIAD, Homer

HUNTING FOR HELEN
OR

LOVE LAUGHS AT LAW

A story of dash and deviltry in the days of old. Profusely illustrated by H— C— C—

THE TALISMAN, Scott

BLOOD FOR BLOOD

A detective story with a disguise and a thrill for every page. With a sketch of the heroine (from life) by H— H—

ESSAYS, Emerson

THE FAIRY RING

A poet's dream of love and other things. Cover design by O— H—

HENRY ESMOND, Thackeray

BEWITCHING BEATRIX

The history of a girl and her many lovers. Six artists have drawn the Beatrix of their dreams. Choose yours!

PARADISE LOST, Milton

A PARTY OF MY OWN

A strong political romance. Illustrated by C— D— G—

SPEECHES, Burke

DO THE WICKED FLOURISH?

An exposure of fraud and rapine unequalled in the world's history. With cartoons by F— O—

Caroline Frances Richardson.



THE EGOIST

Though Time has robbed me of my youth,
Dispersed the friends of long ago,
Has hushed the voice I loved to hear,
And laid my high ambition low,
One treasure still remains my own—
I have, in all life's changeful sea,
Where much is guessed and little known,
One port from my uncertainty—
For Time, although a thievish elf,
Has failed to rob me of myself.

And when I try to pierce the dark,
To probe the mystery of death,
I do not fear a future wrath,
I do not fear the failing breath,
I only fear—to lose myself.
I only fear lest death may end
Assurance of identity;
For to this known, this life-long friend,
I cling, like miser to his pelf,
Death, will you rob me of myself?
Georgia Davies.

THE BRUSH AND THE BUSKIN



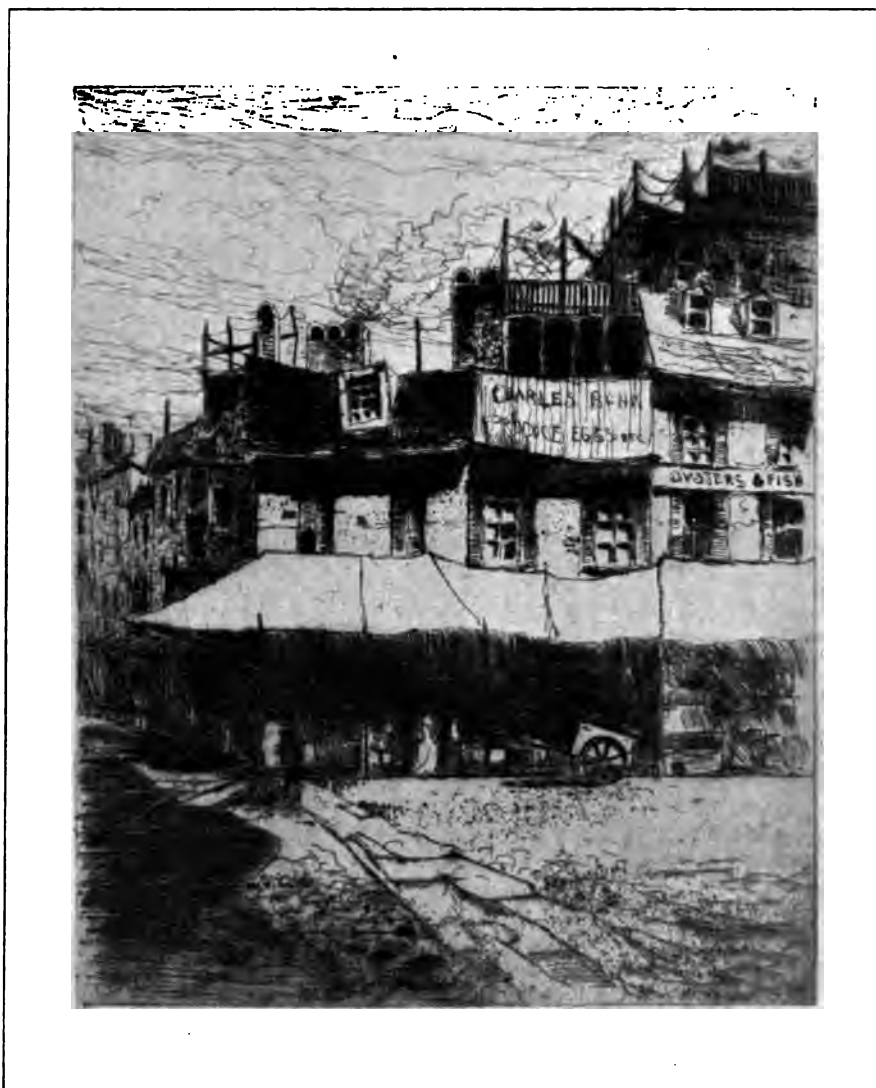
WHEN a sailor man ceases following the sea he seems, by instinct, to take up the profession of a farmer, and retires to the country, where he can exercise his authority over a hired man, a plough team, and steer a mowing machine. There seems to be a close analogy between the two callings, sailor and farmer. For some reason, also, there seems to be a close relation between the actor and the painter. It is quite safe to say that if the average actor could retire independently well off, he would still seek some active outlet for his artistic temperament, thus he turns naturally to the form and method of expression that is open to him in the creation of art, as exemplified by the use of brush and pencil. In England many distinguished artists have been actors, and many actors, while not known

to the public at large as painters or draughtsmen, are recognised by their brothers in the craft as artists of no mean order. On the stage in America to-day are not a few men who, if their voices should fail them, could easily make a living—in some cases earning as much money perhaps as they ever did on the stage—by working assiduously with brush and palette. Many only follow the kindred art as a hobby, or to fill in their leisure hours when not back of the footlights. The purpose of this short article is to show examples of the work of both classes, the men who could turn from one profession to the other, and who have studied both seriously, and the dilettanti—and let us not despise the word—who enjoy delightful and stolen moments from their serious life work.

There are very few magazine readers of the day who are not familiar with the artistic work of Walter Hale, for in-

stance. He is a traveller over many lands, who has left a distinct impression in the artistic world. His etchings and line drawings have a delicacy and a firmness of touch that entitle him to the serious consideration of all lovers of art expression. Every summer he spends cruising about the highways and byways of Europe, recording impressions of busy street scenes, picturesque nooks and cor-

ners, glimpses of château and cathedral. In partnership with his wife, who is known on the stage as Louise Closser, who has also the gift of expression with her pen, he makes these far afield excursions, and many stay-at-homes have wandered with this talented couple in their annual excursions. Mr. Hale's art rests on very solid foundations. He is a man who has studied seriously, and pro-



A CORNER OF OLD PHILADELPHIA. ETCHED ON COPPER BY WALTER HALE,
PHILADELPHIA, 1891

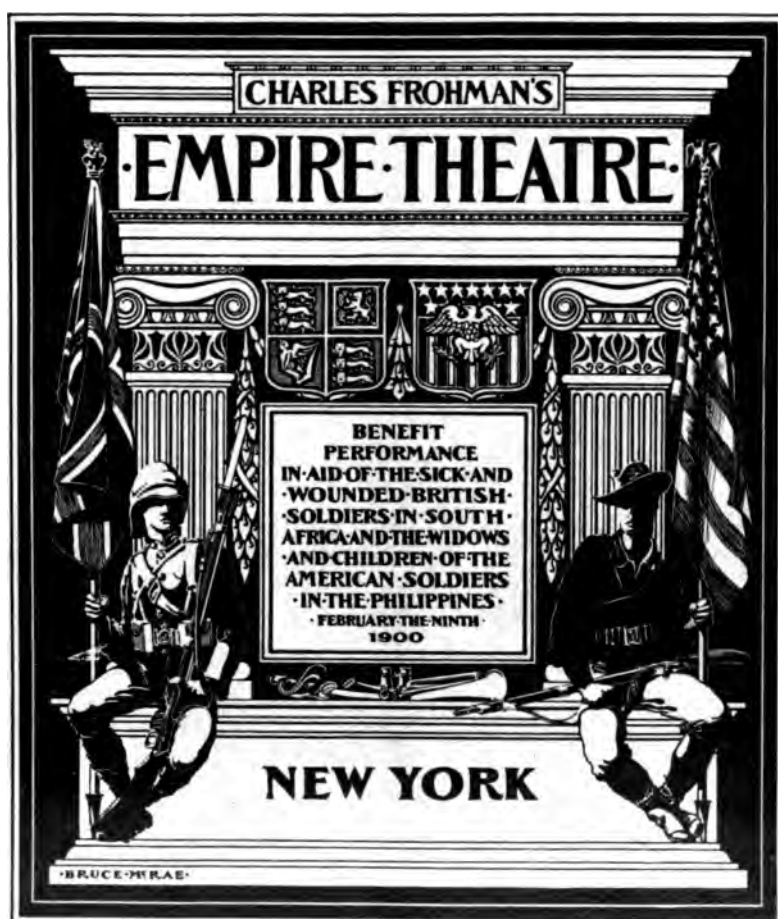
Exhibited with the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, London, and with the New York Etching Club
at the Academy of Design (plate destroyed)

duced seriously, who, long before he took up acting, was earning his living after a studious apprenticeship. An exhibition of his works in any gallery is sure to attract the public, and he has a distinct following, as most artists and illustrators have. His work in a measure resembles that of Joseph Pennell, and well bears

"That's a kindly wish," responded the popular leading man, "and possibly it might call for an explanation."

"Well, if you did," replied the artist, with a wave of his hand toward the etchings, "you'd have to stick to this."

Nevertheless, Mr. Hale still continues acting, and devotes only his leisure mo-



DESIGN FOR A POSTER. BY BRUCE M'RAE

comparison, in many instances, with that master of line and architectural draughtsmanship.

Said an artist one day, in looking over a collection of his etchings, and after being asked what he thought of them: "Hale, there is only one thing that I can suggest. You ought to go out and get a broken leg."

ments to the other form of the expression of his artistic ego.

There are but few theatre-goers who see Bruce McRae playing the lead before metropolitan audiences who know that he is one of the most talented draughtsmen, along certain lines, that can be found in America. Like Mr. Hale, Mr. McRae is a graduate student of a good

school. The late Stanford White, upon being shown one of McRae's decorative panels, stated that there was but one man in America who could duplicate it. Unfortunately he did not mention the other man's name, for it would be interesting as a comparison. In the example shown of Bruce McRae's work in this article the sureness of his touch is apparent, and his decorative sense is dominant. But

with such talent should not allow himself more leisure time for his artistic work, but popularity is also one of Mr. McRae's gifts.

Albert Brunig, one of the best character actors on our stage to-day, has taken to painting, as he expresses it, merely as an outlet, and only of late years. His love for out-of-door life has led him to paint out-of-door things, and



THE MEADOW. BY ALBERT BRUNIG

not only is his draughtsmanship good, but his colour and his use of it is delightful. His work is not of the dashing, off-hand character. It is painstaking and conscientious, and while going much into detail, it is never "finicky," but embodies the very essentials of decorative composition, breadth, strength and dignity. The poster reproduced in this article was drawn by Mr. McRae ten years ago for a benefit performance, and tells its own story. It really seems a pity that a man

during his vacations he has been one of an artists' colony who have studied under the direction of Mr. Willard Metcalf. Quick to see beauty, he has developed a knack of catching the impression of things as they are, and while lacking in technique—which only comes from long practice—his sketches are sincere in feeling and full of colour.

The "talented Barrymores," who have inherited from both their mother and father's side of the house a temperament

that is versatile and artistic, are known only through their stage careers, but both John and Lionel are artists of no mean order. The elder, Lionel, in the last two years forsook the stage and sought the seductive atmosphere of art life entirely, going to Paris with the full intention of giving up the footlights and devoting himself to painting. His work in portraiture has been very highly spoken of, and his etchings also have attracted attention. It is the regret of the writer that it was impossible to secure for this article an example of Mr. Barrymore's work. Whether the temptations that came his way upon his return to America were too strong, we do not know; however, the public have welcomed him back to the work in which they knew him, and he is on the stage again. John Barrymore, who has inherited his father's charm of personality, possesses an originality of imagination that is given to very few of our *genre* painters and illustrators to-day; audacious and daring, he has recorded in some of his sketches the impressions of vivid imaginings. Many of his eccentric compositions remind one of Doré, and possess touches akin to the work of those hobgoblin painters of the Dutch School, like Teniers and Van der Meulen. Sprites and devils, nightmare fancies,

lanshees and warlocks grin and gorm at you with a horrible fascination. Look at the leering face of this ogre hangman astride the gallows. See the picturesque imagination portrayed in this Doréan composition of "Remorse," the giant opp-

pressing the poor sufferer, who supports his crushing weight in the dismal chasm of the Land of No Hope. As a caricaturist, too, Mr. Barrymore shines. With a few swift touches of his pen he can catch a likeness with the proper exaggeration of facial outline, the gift of the born eccentric draughtsman.

Guy Standing is another actor-artist whose work, while in an entirely different line from that of any of the others mentioned here, is well worth attention. It possesses charm. No one would think that these little water colours, full of colour and feeling, would be his. One might expect him to deal broadly with dashing strokes at the canvas, but he has a decided gift for delicate handling of tints and washes, and having been a sailor, most of his sketches deal with



THE GIANT REMORSE. BY JOHN BARRYMORE.

marine or maritime subjects. Here is a huge steamer looming through a pearl grey fog, being teased along by an impudent, puffing tug, or here lying at anchor in the grey mist, a long line of war vessels straining at their anchors in the tide. But they are all well done, these little

sketches, and the handling is deft and clever. Again, it is to be regretted that Standing does not do more, and possibly in a larger way, for certainly, should he find it necessary to seek another field, the way lies open to him.

Wilfrid North, the actor-manager and manager-actor, who is now connected with the New Theatre, has developed a new line of artistic work, using a medium that is original with the most surprising results; it is not the paint-box or the palette or the tube of oil, but grease paint. It is interesting to see the results he has attained with a stick of paint which is supposed to convey colour to the cheek of youth, or to work in the wrinkles of old age, darken the eyebrow or to suggest the shades and shadows of facial make-up. He has copied many well-known paintings and preserved remarkably the colour and feeling of the original, blending most skillfully tones and preserving faithfully the effect of atmosphere. The examples of his work in this article show that he has a clean, artistic perception, and also portray his accurate drawing, but they cannot suggest the truth and vividness of the colouring. Seeing the effect produced by this simple medium,

one is surprised that artists have not used it before. In many ways the appearance is that of pastel, and yet it suggests also the blending of oil paint. Even on close

inspection the observer is puzzled to know how the thing was done. Mr. North only employs his talents as an artist to amuse himself, and rather makes light of his own artistic efforts, but those of his friends who possess his little sketches—and he has done but few of them—have given them a place of honour on their walls, and, as the reader can see at a glance, they are worth it.

Mr. F. F. Mackay, the veteran actor and father of actors, also puts in his leisure moments with the brush. It is a hobby of his, he says, and certainly one can see that he has enjoyed the doing of the pictures that are on the walls of his school of acting. The view of the church at Stratford-on-Avon from the river is familiar to every American pilgrim to the shrine of Shakespeare, and it is very fitting that Mr. Mackay should

have embodied it on canvas.

There is not an actors' club in New York that does not possess an example or two of the work of the late lamented and much beloved Joseph Jefferson, and



THE GALLOWES OGRE. BY JOHN BARRYMORE

one of the finest photographs that the dear old gentleman ever had taken is of himself, seated at an easel, palette and brush in hand, with a huge canvas before him. Marvellous were the products of Mr. Jefferson's inspiration. He had created a school of his own. He was prone to portray forest scenes, with tree trunks of wonderful size, in accurate military formation. Old mills were a favourite subject with him, especially old mills with waterwheels, and in some of his paintings

house, and a large and rather theatrical-looking forest, all painted, the artist boasted, in the dead of winter, in his own sitting-room, and entirely from his imagination. When it was first displayed on the walls—for, of course, none of the old gentleman's gifts was ever refused—it attracted much attention, and one day, Mr. Jefferson being in the club, seized a brother member, who happened to be a man whose pictures had on more than one occasion won prizes in the salon, and



STRATFORD-ON-AVON. BY F. F. MACKAY

he actually accomplished the impossible, for, to all intents and purposes, he succeeded in making the water run up hill. This having been called to his attention by an over-critical friend, Mr. Jefferson responded that he was well pleased with the result, for "few men could have accomplished it." When president of the Players Club, a position he held for so many years before his death, Mr. Jefferson presented to the club a large canvas of his own. If the writer remembers correctly, there was a pond in the foreground, many rushes, a tumble-down

stood him before his own masterpiece. "Now I want you to tell me," he said frankly, with his childlike and delightful smile, "what you think of it."

"Well," replied the painter, responding to the pressure on his arm, "I'd like to have one hung as well as that." And the old gentleman was delighted.

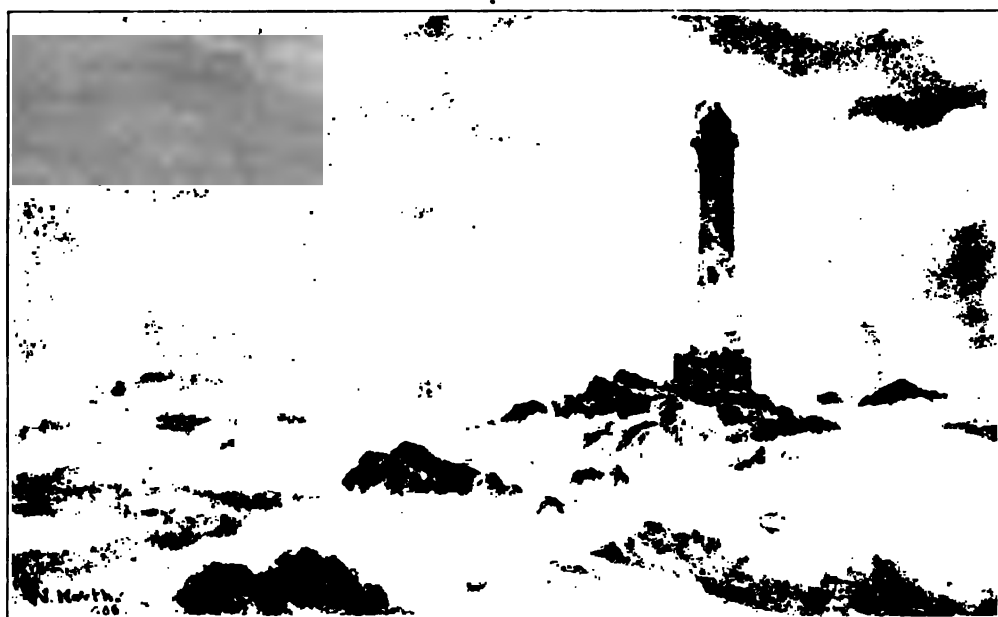
During his lifetime that picture remained in its prominent position, and whenever Mr. Jefferson entered the club he would manage to manœuvre himself in front of it, regarding it from all sides and angles, and hardly ever did a picture re-



A MISTY DAY. BY GUY STANDING



LOW TIDE. BY WILFRID NORTH



THE OFF-SHORE LIGHT. BY WILFRID NORTH

ceive so much praise and so little criticism as that marvellous landscape.

There are many more actors who paint and draw than those mentioned in this short article. Mr. Robert Edeson, and Edward Sothorn, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and but a few months ago there was an

article in an English magazine showing the reproduction of many artist-actors' work. It is a good thing for a man to have a hobby, and it is still better for him to have one that his friends can also enjoy.

James Barnes.

CONCERNING STAGE VIANDS



PON what meat does this our Cæsar feed," asks Cassius scornfully, "that he has grown so great?" The question is a human one and strikes deep. We are not permitted to behold the great Julius at his table, but it may be safely assumed that he would there display the usual histrionic preference for a sizable épergne of hothouse fruit.

It has been wickedly hinted that the origin of this singular though universal theatrical appetite was a too literal interpretation of Orlando's line in *As You Like It*. For more than one reason the passage is fraught with significance:

ORLANDO (*bursting in upon the Banished Duke and his courtiers at their mid-day meal in the forest*): Forbear and eat no more.

JAQUES: Why, I've eat none yet.

ORLANDO: He dies who touches any of this fruit till I and my affairs be answered. I almost die for food and let me have it.

(*The Duke speaks him gently, promises to partake of nothing until his return with the starving Adam, and during the youth's absence courteously keeps the word he has pledged for all his companions while Jaques regales them instead on the Seven Ages speech. Re-enters the famished Orlando supporting the fainting Adam. The Duke bids them be seated, and while Orlando busily explains his antecedents, a courtier sings a song in two stanzas. The Duke then terminates the banquet, and with Orlando*

and Adam adjourns to his cave. No one has eaten a mouthful.)

Of course, it is possible—for nothing is so stupid as stage-tradition—that upon this simple authority depends the time-honoured practice of dispensing naught but fruit at the Shakesperian table. But the same fashion may be observed in our modern romantic plays—indeed, the same two fashions. For not in Shakespeare alone does the board offer only a massive edifice of bananas, apples, pears, and grapes; and on the stately pile no one, however a-hungered, lays a violent hand—the épergne remains at the fall of the curtain the still unravished bride of quietness. The heroes and heroines of romance feed themselves with rhetoric, with song, with kisses, with tears, but never with the sole nourishment offered them—fruit. A similar prevalence and neglect of fruit prevails in the more plebeian drama. To be sure, the contemporary table affords also a stalk of celery and such showy and insubstantial matters, but these are manifestly trimmings; its main reliance is still its middle monument—the impressive and inviolate épergne which forms its centrepiece. Is this but another illustration on our stage of the servile following of the Shakespeare tradition?

The only modern managers who have been providers prodigal enough to go beyond the established menu and realists reckless enough to demand that eatables be eaten *coram publico*, are James A. Herne and Mr. Belasco. Still over-cautiously is their example followed, but yet it may be said that the markets are richer for their having lived. The roast turkey

of *Shore Acres*, the clam-pie of *Sag Harbor*, the spaghetti of *The Music Master* are famous. But are they the pioneers they would seem of a happier day when all actors shall be fed? Diligent memory records that these succulent dishes were discussed only by the comedians. No tender Von Barwig twined in mid-air wreaths of spaghetti on the nimble fork. Eating upon the stage is not as in life a serious business; and though it is better for them to be above such things, sympathetic characters may only—and then at a pinch—toy with their food if any is provided that is malleable. A potato, for instance, will furnish excellent fork-play; an egg may be nicked with such delicate deliberation that its opening is precisely timed with the scene's closing; bread can be infinitely crumbled, and a piece of not too brittle toast may be bisected and trisected and each section re-bisected and re-trisected so assiduously that the hungry hero will appear to have quite satisfied his lately clamouring appetite. Yet ridiculous to exacting persons as it may

seem that apparently robust people should have no desire for food or that a starving man having pounced upon it like a ravenous street-cat should satisfy all cravings in the mere pounce, it must be conceded that art has its demands as well as nature. An actor is probably wise to remember that though out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh, it may not well speak out of its own fulness unless it is willing to excite laughter. Certainly the rule of the drama seems to be that though all may occasionally hunger only the comedian may eat.

Stage viands, then, may be summed up in the immortal words which the Bard himself—no, I mean Bacon!—has applied to books. (But as the analogy will not precisely hold in life and yet does so at all points for the stage, is this not another proof of his theatrical experience?) "Some are to be tasted, others swallowed, some few to be chewed and digested." It is only the gross comedian who may do the last—all others must be content to toy alone.

Algernon Tassin.

A CASE OF COINCIDENCE

RELATING TO SIR A. CONAN DOYLE



IN 1904, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle tried to repeat the extraordinary success which he had won with his earlier books wherein Mr. Sherlock Holmes was the central figure. The new stories, for which a heavy price was paid, and which were finally collected in a volume called *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*, contained one tale, the title of which is "The Adventure of the Dancing Men." It will be readily remembered that the story centres about a mystery relating to the American wife of a fine old English squire, Mr. Hilton Cubitt. Mr. Cubitt discovers that his wife is being terrorised by a series of strange pictures, obviously forming a cryptogram and roughly drawn on the

stable door and sun-dial at night. Unlike most cryptograms, this does not consist of arithmetical numbers (as in Poe's *The Gold Bug*) nor were any ciphers employed in it. Rather it is based upon very small black figures of men, with pin-point heads and black lines for the bodies, legs and arms. Each of these "dancing men" represents a letter of the alphabet.

Now this story was considered a fairly good one compared with the other stories in the same book; and some credit was given to Sir A. Conan Doyle for the ingenuity of his cryptogram. Not very long ago, however, an eminent surgeon of this city who has, like so many of his profession, a fondness for literature, happened, on a rainy day, to be looking over a bundle of old magazines. Among them

凡男男女女大 夫男女男女 夫男女男女
 凡男男女女大 夫男女男女 夫男女男女
 夫男女男女 夫男女男女 夫男女男女
 夫男女男女 夫男女男女 夫男女男女

[illegible]

THE LANGUAGE OF THE RESTLESS IMPS. FROM "ST. NICHOLAS" FOR MAY, 1874

was a copy of the first volume of *St. Nicholas*. In the number for May, 1874 (page 439), there occurs a puzzle given under the title "The Language of the Restless Imps." A verse, apparently of poetry, is written out in a cryptogram, each letter representing a "restless imp" in one position or another. The solution of the puzzle is given in *St. Nicholas* for June, 1874 (page 502), and turns out to be simply the well-known childish verse:

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
etc., etc.

The interest of all this comes in when one observes that the "restless imps" of the *St. Nicholas* magazine for 1874 are precisely the "dancing men" of Sir A. Conan Doyle's story, published just thirty years after. The alphabet has been transposed in most cases, but the "dancing men" are the same, so far as they enter into Sir A. Conan Doyle's narrative.

The gentleman who made this discovery took it for granted that some one had suggested (or perhaps sold) the cryptogram to the British writer. He, therefore, wrote a courteous letter to Sir Conan Doyle, pointing out to him that his cryptogram was really three decades old and warning him against the possibility that other aged material might be

palmed off to him. In reply came a half-penny post-card which read as follows:

WINDLESHAM,
CROWBOROUGH,
SUSSEX.

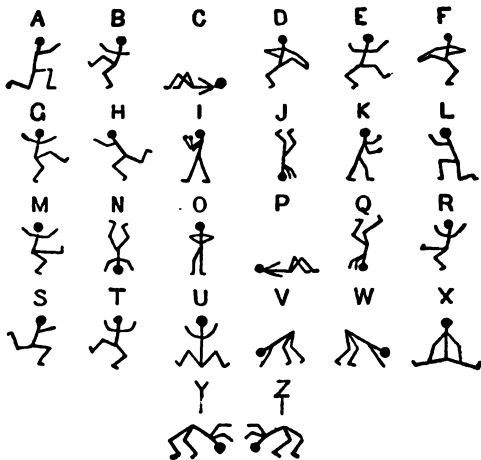
DEAR SIR:

Pure Coincidence.

Yours truly,

A CONAN DOYLE.

This was not a very satisfactory answer when sent to an eminent member of Sir A. Conan Doyle's own profession. It was curt in tone and was not even provided with sufficient postage to carry it to the gentleman to whom it was addressed, without requiring him to pay for



THE KEY TO THE RIDDLE

the author, to practise his voice and his facial expression before a mirror, and, as a child, his mother used to invent stories for him to illustrate in this manner and by pantomime. His childhood, as he himself said, made it not strange that he should become what is called singular, and as a man his heart was always at war with his temper. Furthermore, as his temperament impelled him to choose characters in general repellent, he was not taken to the hearts of people as were Booth and Jefferson, and the newspapers gave the impressions that he was continually fractious and morose. Even to his acting they never did justice, but such an actor as he could not, says Mr. Winter characteristically, be suppressed by the niggardly intolerance of implacable detraction. "Pleasant characters which are strong are rare," wrote Richard once to him, and even the few sweet and winning parts he played contain something of repulsion also. He intensely liked the blending of the tragic and the comic and thus was greatly attracted to the part of Nero. It was his peculiarity, Mr. Winter thinks, that he shunned publicity as author or even part author of some of the pieces he played. His idea it was to weave a love story into *Jekyll and Hyde*, thus making the abstruse theme dramatic. "Your old idea of Beau Brummel is being worked out now by *me*," he wrote, "with the assistance of a young man named Fitch." Mr. Winter says that Mansfield changed his outline of the play somewhat and then entrusted it to Fitch, dictating to him the greater part of the colloquy but allowing him to write dialogues from notes of his talk; and that thus the mere clerical labour of Fitch made him a prosperous dramatist. Two plays, however, Mansfield claimed—*Monsieur* and *Don Juan*—neither of which survived.

The feeling between him and Irving, beginning in delightful relations, became later disapprobation on the part of Irving and antipathy on the part of Mansfield, who had only himself to blame for the loss of the earlier active friendship in which the weight of obligation was entirely on his side. He imagined that Irving's jealousy had ruined him in London, just as at the opening of the Garrick

Theatre in New York—for which he had such rainbow dreams—he seriously believed that a social faction had risen against him. It was an infirmity of his mind that he ascribed every mishap, says Mr. Winter, to some external malign influence and never to any ill-considered judgment or act of his own. Afterward his hatred for foreign actors kept on increasing, and once he wrote to the *Herald*, "We have no stage in America; it is the stage for *all* stages." Remembering a satirical pleasantry of Irving's, he forgot his substantial kindness; just as remembering Mr. Winter's guarded recognition of his Shylock he forgot all the other praise the critic had bestowed upon him. On account of his resentment about Shylock his letters became insufferable and the critic asked him not to write again. But after cherishing his resentment for some time, he actually broke into the latter's house at Staten Island, where the latter had locked himself in to do some work, and effected his reconciliation with a winning smile and exhilarant mirth. It was always so with Mansfield—no person who knew him well could long remain seriously offended with him, for in his bad moods he acted only like a tired child. He never rested, much as he longed for rest and spoke of it. His marriage to Miss Cameron Mr. Winter calls the most fortunate event in his experience; from her he got as much happiness as it was possible for his restless spirit to know, and without her he would have become a more bitter cynic and worn himself out by hopeless warfare with the world sooner than he did. It was particularly characteristic of him to ascribe to himself a bad motive for a kindly act.

Professionally his generosity with the public was as colossal as his private carelessness and extravagance. In spite of both, however, he always had the delusion that he closely watched his dollars. He always wanted to manage a stock company in his own theatre, but he lacked both the tact and patience to do so. With actors in general he did not cultivate personal association, and because his own hair was thin and close cropped he was known to manifest annoyance on seeing others more generously provided. He

possessed a habit of playful satire which he did not always use prudently with either the public or the newspapers, and he delighted in practising on the credulity of the latter. The wish for plays on novel subjects and themes for plays were constantly in his mind. But even in such momentous matters he maintained the blithe and frolicsome spirit which made him a boy to the end of his life. Certainly the essential boyishness of his nature could find no better illustration than when he wrote to Mr. Winter that they co-operate on a play to be called "Don Juan, a Comedy by Deux Autres"! His passionate desire to be everywhere recognised as the greatest actor of his time flogged him to the last. Mr. Winter's description of their farewell is simple and touching. "At the door I turned to look at him once more. His face was pale and very wretched in expression, and I saw in his eyes as he looked at me that he knew our parting was forever. I went back and kissed his forehead and pressed his hand and so came away. Life seems to me to be chiefly made up of farewells like that and memories like these."

The second volume—to which is added a complete chronology with the bills of all his plays—is filled with minute analyses of Mansfield's various parts and valuable studies of the plays into which they fitted. It is rather here than in the first volume that the author's well-known style appears. Here are seen at their best his fine faculty of making two adjectives bloom where only one bloomed before, and his ability to marshal sonorous sesquipedalians into batteries more awfully arrayed than Austrian armies besieging Belgrade. His remarks on acting in general and Mansfield's in particular are of weight.

Acting, he says, is the record of an actor's intellectual development and his progressive mental and spiritual experience as revealed in his impersonations. He wisely gives a detailed description of Mansfield's personal appearance and notes the fact that he was below the middle height. As a younger actor he resorted to questionable realism and he was slow in learning that art is free from extravagance and has perfect self-con-

trol. The highest attribute of his acting was imagination and after that, humour. He had an eccentric bias and was desirous of walking outside the beaten track. Stalwart characters and scenes of passion and power were essential to bring out his characteristic quality. He was never a lover and had not enough moonshine in his temperament to be one. His general delivery of oratorical speech lacked modulation and often became merely reverberant. In all his acting he was at times phlegmatic and slow, seeming to brood over his emotions and drag out the effective points. In test scenes he could rise to the full height of physical, spiritual, and vocal expression, put forth the extreme measure of effort and yet preserve complete control. Mr. Winter thinks that a more satisfying exhibition of intellectual and physical power has seldom if ever been seen upon the stage. His singing was beautiful and few effects of pathos have equalled Brummel's song in his wretched garret at the end of the play. He had striking characteristics which were miscalled mannerisms, but in the sense of conscious affectations they were not mannerisms but only essential attributes of his individual temperament, demeanour, and speech. It is idle to expect persons of strongly marked characteristics to conceal themselves in their rôles and that is not the true standard of the art. In impersonation of the more real kind he was extraordinary, and such was his versatility that he distinguished himself in almost every branch of acting. Throughout the whole of his career he was—however reluctantly and resentfully—more or less under the artistic influence of Irving and emulative of his example. His acting life in America covered a period of twenty-two years and three months; within it he produced twenty-seven plays.

The author attacks Mr. Paul Wiltach, the writer of a previous life of Mansfield, with more severity than that modest and engaging biography gives opportunity for. Mr. Wiltach seems hardly to blame, being a young man, for not having had a life-long intimacy with Mansfield or owning five hundred of his letters or making some trifling slips in minor de-

tails. Nor is it given to many biographers—perhaps not even to Mr. Winter, since in many cases only Mansfield himself was the source of his information—to verify every unimportant anecdote which comes to his notice. His charge of plagiarism as sustained by his far from deadly parallel passages is both over-fastidious and belittling. The language of any specific kind of criticism is not unbounded, and when one considers that Mr. Winter's vocabulary is exhaustive, Mr. Wiltach scarcely deserves to be taken to task for the occasional use of the same word in the same connection. Both biographies, though differing widely in plan, are amazingly the same in substantial facts and both are written from the same decided bias of affectionate admiration; therefore, it seems too much to demand of Mr. Wiltach that, in gleaning his material from journalistic sources and with the co-operation of Mrs. Mansfield herself, he should altogether avoid Mr. Winter's copious contributions. As for the Fitch-Mansfield controversy, the truth of the matter seems unlikely to be established by the caustic pages in which he sets forth his side of the case, or his cool disposal as "a writer of serviceable plays" of a man who, whatever his shortcomings, has contributed to the American drama what remains as yet its most notable body of work. Fitch and Mansfield alone knew the precise truth and both were conceivably interested parties, but at least it may be said that the playwright proved he could write deft and original plays full of first-hand observations of life, and also that it is a recognised habit of stars to fancy they have written the plays in which they appear. These two episodes mar a book eagerly awaited by all lovers of the stage from the hands of a critic whom no one has ever accused of a lack of partisanship, but who nevertheless of all men could be best relied upon to discharge the task with thoroughness and acumen and in a literary and scholarly manner. *The Life and Art of Richard Mansfield* is (as "R. M." predicted in one of his letters) a noble monument for which the shades of Betterton or Garrick or Macready might envy him.

Algernon Tassin.

II

BRANDER MATTHEWS'S "A STUDY OF THE DRAMA"*

In this book, which apparently has been designed as a companion volume to Professor Bliss Perry's *A Study of Prose Fiction*, Professor Brander Matthews has collected and arranged in final form a series of discussions of the basic principles of his doctrine of the drama. It is not a text-book intended to teach aspirants how to write plays; it is, rather, a work of constructive criticism intended to show the intelligent public how the best plays are written now and have been written in the past. In the special field of interpretation which is covered by this volume Professor Matthews has long been recognised as a leader. Many of the main principles which are expounded in the present book are already familiar to most students of the stage; but this fact is due directly to the assiduity with which Professor Matthews has insisted on them during the last dozen years in his lectures and his essays. Fortunately for the propagation of thought, there is no copyright on critical ideas; and any interpretative principle which is sane and serviceable is likely to become common property within a decade after it has first been formulated. Every critic who at present writes a book about the drama devotes, as a matter of course, three chapters to a discussion of the three leading influences which, in all ages, have directed the labours of the dramatist—that of his actors, that of his audience, and that of the physical conditions of the theatre of his time; and in view of the present widespread recognition of this principle, it is interesting to remember that it was first formulated by Professor Matthews. He was also the first critic to perceive and to develop the many implications of Brunetière's announcement that the essential theme of all drama is a struggle between human wills, and of Sarcey's structural theory of the *scène à faire*. He was the first also to assert that the drama cannot rightly be considered as a

*A Study of the Drama. By Brander Matthews. Boston, New York and Chicago: Houghton Mifflin Company.

department of literature and that the masterpieces of the literary drama have always flowered forth from a pre-existent drama which was purely popular and essentially unliterary. These principles have now become generally accepted, and are constantly employed as a basis for critical discussion of current plays by many writers who do not even know that they have derived them indirectly from Professor Matthews. This fact is, in itself, a high tribute to the soundness and the sense of Professor Matthews's theories.

In expounding the basic principles of the dramatic art the critic has not confined himself to any particular period of the drama. Rather, he has preferred to range from century to century and to step lightly over the bounds of nationality. He culls his illustrations from Sophocles or Ibsen, Molière or Shakespeare, Calderon or Plautus, Sheridan or Scribe, with the single purpose of selecting a citation that will clarify the point at issue. It would be impossible for a critic with such an extensive compass to be intensively a specialist in every period that he touches. Professor Matthews is most at home when he is discussing the French drama in either of its most important periods—that of Molière or that of Augier and Dumas *fils*; and he seems least at home in his discussion of the Elizabethan drama. He has devoted a special chapter to the Elizabethan poets, with the purpose of showing that they have been greatly overestimated as dramatists by such essentially non-dramatic critics as Lamb and Swinburne. Any well-considered protest against the explosive adulation which Swinburne bestowed upon the minor Elizabethans is exceedingly sanifying and, therefore, thoroughly welcome; but Professor Matthews has leaped to the other extreme, and, forgetting his own principle that the work of a dramatist should always be judged in accordance with the necessary technical standards of his own age, belittles the lesser Elizabethans because, apparently, they did not construct according to the standards of Pinero. The faults of which he accuses them were shared by Shakespeare; and we can consider these as faults only when we look at them from

the point of view of later ages. Although in recent years the entire trend of scholarly criticism of the Elizabethan age has tended to lessen the apparent gulf between Shakespeare and his contemporary dramatists, Professor Matthews makes it seem wider than ever by speaking with surprising lightness of the labours of other playwrights who, in Shakespeare's age, were almost equally esteemed. Of Webster, who is now generally regarded as a giant, Professor Matthews says that "for all his striving after the horrible, he does not prove his possession of the native endowment of the instinctive playmaker." Why, then, one wonders, did *The Duchess of Malfi* hold the stage for two hundred and fifty years? In another passage, he seems especially uncritical in a summary discussion of Thomas Heywood. He calls him, in one phrase, the "most adroit" playwright of his time, whereas this phrase, if it were to be applied justly, could be assigned only to Beaumont and Fletcher; and, in a succeeding phrase, he denies Heywood all literary quality and states that his work is "well-nigh unreadable now." Apparently he has been led astray by the insidiously succinct phrase in which Lamb called Heywood a "prose Shakespeare"; whereas the truth is that Heywood did his best work in two types of drama that Shakespeare never even touched—the domestic tragedy, and the buoyant narrative of out-of-doors adventure—and showed himself in all his plays essentially a poet. "Unreadable" is surely a harsh adjective for an author who, over and over again, has written lines as good as these:

Astonishment,
Fear, and amazement beat upon my heart,
Even as a madman beats upon a drum.

The interest of this volume for the general reader is greatly enhanced by the fact that Professor Matthews is endowed with a thoroughly developed sense of style. It is unfortunately a rare experience to read a book of information which is no less interesting in manner than it is in matter. Though Professor Matthews's manner is essentially his own, it maintains the tradition which was introduced into American letters by James

Russell Lowell. There is a similar deftness of fanciful phrase and apposite illustration. Such a sentence, for instance, as the following, in which Professor Matthews is discussing the distinction between the poetic drama and the dramatic poem, sounds almost as if it had been written by Lowell: "Perhaps it may seem like bad manners to look Pegasus in the mouth; but it is good sense to see that he is entered for the right race before we bestride him." Like Lowell, Professor Matthews has a habit of quotation and draws extensively from his reading to reinforce his points. His memory is very wide and nearly always apt; but now and then he seems to trust it a little too confidently. On page 7, for example, he has allowed himself to misquote Matthew Arnold's famous line concerning Sophocles; and this slip reminds us of that astounding error of Arnold's own when he substituted "cold" for "pure" in Keats's memorable phrase about "the moving waters at their priestlike task of pure ablution round earth's human shores." But such minor errors as this may be rectified in the next edition.

Walter Clayton.

III

PROFESSOR STEPHENSON'S "THE ELIZABETHAN PEOPLE"*

It was a happy idea to rationalise the Elizabethan plays by giving us a human insight into the character and daily life of Shakespeare's audience. This Professor Stephenson does in his book *The Elizabethan People*. The account is well ordered—though neither in plan nor in detail with as much care against repetition as might be wished—and as thorough as reasonable space limits and general interest would permit. The style is easy and entertaining, though one could desire that it had availed itself of more of the many opportunities for humour which the material affords. There are numerous anecdotes and extracts from contemporary writings, both plays and pamphlets. The problem was, as Professor

Stephenson asserts, to select and arrange from a practically inexhaustible store, and he has done so with skill and judgment, although to any one taste some items may seem to be developed unduly. The book, as will be seen from the summary, covers the entire range of Elizabethan daily life, public and private.

The author's thesis is that unless one can get into the Elizabethan state of mind much of their work will be unappreciated and misunderstood. Ignorance, for instance, of the fact that kissing was then a common mode of salutation makes one attribute to Juliet a greater forwardness than she possessed. Their literature, too, must be looked at with the understanding that though in some respects brilliantly intellectual they had the characteristics of childhood set in the body of manhood. They had three national traits—credulity, savagery, imitation. Their youthful exuberance could almost be called a fourth national trait, for they had all the eagerness of children, and whatever they did in work or play they did with terrible energy. Yet they were God-fearing, chivalrous to women and to strangers, full of feelings of honour and reverence, kind to the poor in both public and private benefactions; and wholesome and merry in nature, the latter past even the fancy of a more prosaic time.

The multiplicity of new ideas thronging upon them from the discoveries of the age and the great widening of the import trade was so vast that soon nothing became too impossible to believe. Thus a gull became one of the chief stock characters of their literature. They were callous to bloodshed because they saw so much of it and because every man, wearing his sword by his side in public, took the law into his own hands. The law itself was amazingly severe and provided most cruel penalties; it inflicted brutal tortures in public and punished many petty offences by hanging. The populace thronged to see men being lashed or branded or having their hands and ears cut off; or pressed to death or disembowelled while still half alive from hanging or boiled or burned at the stake. Thus the incidents they tolerated in their plays were very violent. Their temper, too—

**The Elizabethan People*. By Henry Thew Stephenson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

from our point of view—was cruel. The popular sports of bear and bull-baiting were practised everywhere; even boys had a game of tying a cock to a stake and throwing small billets of wood at him till he was dead. Their practical jokes were carried to the limit of brutality; and madmen were laughed at and then, since they were supposed to be possessed by devils, beaten in order to make the lodging uncomfortable. As for their third characteristic, they were quick to do what others were doing; they imitated and appropriated everything they could lay hands on and gave no credit to the originals; their fondness for fads went beyond anything known to-day.

On account of the rise of the middle class, there was taking place in Elizabeth's time a remarkable re-arrangement of the social scale, which resulted in great freedom between classes. This was greatly increased by the queen's democratic habit of making "progresses," especially as the roads were so poor that she could scarcely have moved her ponderous parades over a dozen miles a day (and even she, in her gorgeously decorated but unupholstered coach, complained of bruises from hard travel). These roads, too, were infested by footpads and beggars and peddlers; nor were they any worse than the city streets, which, unpaved and unlighted, were filled with pickpurses and brawlers. But in spite alike of crimes and social freedom, the law whenever it got a chance was very strict. The town councils were rigidly paternal in their rule—in fact as many things were *verboden* in an English village as in Berlin nowadays, though none of their restrictions tended toward cleanliness. In houses great and small cleanliness was indeed unknown, and the people themselves were quite as dirty; the streets were filthy and littered with garbage and refuse—it was small wonder then that the plague was a regular visitant.

The smaller dwellings were comfortable, without chimneys and their first floors often only of trodden earth, and furnished very meagrely. People even of the better class had no conception of privacy and separate entrances to rooms was a refinement undreamed of; one

might go through several rooms to reach his own when he went to bed at night. Lack of ventilation, careless habits, and general inattention to sanitary conditions made most houses "not savoury." In elegant houses they strewed rushes upon the floors, but when a room was to be re-rushed the new layer was merely deposited upon the old and only once a year were the rooms entirely purged. Thus filth covered to the eye was evident to the nose, and the professional perfumer, who went around burning juniper berries, was in great demand. Even in the palace people often were bitten by vermin from head to foot. Table knives came in only at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign and forks not until after the end of it, so that people in general had robust table habits.

Bright colours, elaborate trimmings, and excessive padding were the characteristics of Elizabethan dress. Both poor and rich cultivated the extreme fashion, and the new fashions were generally introduced by men. A courtier could scarcely move in his stiff clothes, and they were all laced tightly together. Women got into a framework before they put on their outer garment, and in both sexes all outward semblance of human form was often completely lost. Women generally wore their heads dressed plain, but they and the men also dyed their hair whenever they wanted to, and often changed the colour with their clothes. Starched ruffs sometimes contained eighteen or nineteen yards of linen and were a quarter of a yard outstanding. Thus most people found it a manœuvre to eat or drink, and—to surmount the difficulty—there is mention of a spoon with a handle two feet long.

Courtship was carried on in a fearless and unfastidious manner, and true lovers had to drink deep and often to their ladies' health. A younger sister was rarely permitted to marry first, but she did not have to wait long, as fifteen or sixteen was the common age for marriage, and one became at twenty a confirmed spinster. Few girls dared express dissatisfaction with a marriage already planned by the father. Great and elaborate festivities followed the wedding and often degenerated into boisterous buf-



foenery. Burial was preceded by a procession as ostentatious and as spectacular as could be managed.

People, educated and common, believed in the folklore superstition of the day and in ghosts, witches, fortune tellers, omens, and charms. Their whole daily life was hemmed about by them. Angels guarded the individual or pursued him to destruction. Fairies stole children on every occasion, and if their parents were disappointed in them it was because the real ones had been spirited away and changelings substituted—a misfortune which any child was liable to before baptism. Elizabeth once sent in great excitement for a magician to counteract the effects of a wax image which had been carelessly picked up. A learned scholar explained that he saw a devil entering the window of a church which was then struck by lightning. Ghosts were very real and might be met anywhere. They always retained in addition to their supernatural powers the human qualities peculiar to them in life, but at any time they could be under certain limitations, such as not speaking until the subject they were interested in was broached. The general belief in them forced every criminal to reckon with the possibility of a supernatural revelation. Witches went everywhere and they congregated together at any disturbance of the elements. Though they were associated with all sorts of loathsome objects, they were creatures of flesh and blood and lived on earth amid friends and neighbours. The witches themselves came to believe as ardently as the rest in the supernatural powers attributed to them.

London exerted even a more dominating influence on the country at large than to-day. An attractive city it was, with the river as its great thoroughfare and with many beautiful buildings. Venders of one kind of article lived in the same street, and the average petty trader was as dishonest as the modern confidence-man, often darkening his shop so that there might be no inspection of his goods. The barber shop and the tobacco shop were Elizabethan institutions—the former was the centre of gossip and gallants used it as their club. The barber was also the dentist and gave the place an air

with festoons of the teeth he had pulled. The tobacconist, too, was generally the apothecary, and the gallants smoked there amid all sorts of queer drugs and healing contrivances. Smoking, though in general disrepute, was a fashion that grew rapidly until "Will you have a pipe of tobacco?" became the customary equivalent of "Have a drink?" The apprentice was a person of considerable importance, and in the end might marry his master's daughter. In all grades of society palmistry, alchemy, and astrology were very popular, and though there were honest devotees to these arts most of the practisers were quacks. London, being carefree in Elizabeth's day, was always amusing itself and took advantage of every opportunity for frolic. These were plenty, for pageants and public tiltings for sport were given constantly. There were many festivities during the year, and the calendar presented an unending round of days which had their customary jollifications. On these occasions people always drank great quantities of ale and, not satisfied with that, were always having fairs at which practically nothing else was sold. Music was cultivated universally and all trades had their separate songs; ballads were sung in the streets and hawked about everywhere for a penny. All public demonstrations were accompanied by fireworks to gratify the love of spectacle. People adored stories of monstrosities, and the story-teller was only a step removed from the juggler or the minstrel. Dancing was a favourite amusement for all and a necessary accomplishment for the well-bred. Men were the prime gossip mongers of the day, but women did even more flirting than at present; everywhere manners were free and easy, and there was much kissing. Dice and cheating at dice were common, and indulgence in both were among all classes immoderate. Fencing schools and public matches were daily patronised. What with quackery, cheating, and lechery, London was a monstrous den of vice, and the plays present a foul picture of public morals probably not in the least overdrawn.

Such were the characters of the people, the habits, the furniture and trappings of life in Shakespeare's time. But the de-

duction Professor Stephenson draws from them are perhaps overlarge. Children, for instance, are brutal but not necessarily cruel in temper—their apparent cruelty is due more to lack of realisation of the pain they are inflicting than to any pleasure they derive in torture itself, and their sport consists merely in observing the odd antics of the thing tormented. Then, too, all his illustrations cited of universal immorality might occur in New York to-day. It should be borne in mind that his materials—plays and special pamphlets—must be accepted only with some caution as documents of average life, the items having been selected in the first place largely for their colour and vividness as picturesque material. The intention was, while keeping them life-like, to make them as pointed and extreme as possible. It is as if one should in after years reconstruct contemporary New York largely from Clyde Fitch's realistic plays and *The Police Gazette*. The former by artistic necessity and the latter by commercial design give only the sharpest and raciest of material at their disposal. Particularly is it to be remembered that the Elizabethan plays were written for an audience practically of men, and men in very boisterous spirits. Thus they had all the characteristics of our modern college plays which are written by undergraduates for private performance. One would be wrong to judge from their abundance of salacious allusion that college young men are especially depraved in habit or that their depravity is necessarily pervasive. They are only immature, and immaturity delights in piquant subjects and revels also in the audacity of dealing freely with elsewhere forbidden matters. The Elizabethans were likewise immature but not only in their morals, as Professor Stephenson points out—they were immature in their moralising as well, and those writers who were not actuated by commercial motives seemed genuinely to think that the more immoral the matter, the more moral the teaching. In the main, however, the author does not overstate his case or his conclusions; and certainly he has put into shape comprehensively and entertainingly a vast amount of material which should give the average reader information par-

ticularly necessary to him in these days of idealising for their excellencies and undervaluing for their faults the plays of Shakespeare and other Elizabethans.

A. de Vivier.

IV

MR. CHESTERTON'S "THACKERAY"*

Mr. Chesterton's volume, made up of twenty-five pages of astonishing introduction and three hundred and fifty pages of the most preposterous selection, leaves one in a certain state of bewilderment. The book is laid aside with conflicting emotions. You don't know just how you feel toward him. You cannot make up your mind whether you are more delighted or exasperated. You have been moved to wonder by his new way of interpreting and expressing old facts. Barnes Newcome is "the neat and nasty young man from the City"; Helen, the mother of Arthur Pendennis, "a saint without a sense of honour"; Ethel Newcome, "a vision, who walks the world like a Diana." The other characters in *The History of Pendennis* are "allegorical influences on the soul of Pendennis." "Major Pendennis is the devil, while Warrington is the angel." Every one in *Vanity Fair* is "filled with a futile energy." The introduction contains dozens of these little touches that stir and interest profoundly. For the moment you are almost inclined to regard Mr. Chesterton in the light of a discoverer.

At the second glance, however, this admiration turns to positive suspicion. Not only do you cease to regard Mr. Chesterton as a great Thackerayan; you question his right to be called a Thackerayan at all. When he tells you of Thackeray's youth that "there was a girl who broke his heart as there was a boy who broke his nose," you realise that in his passion for phrase-making he is not above resorting to pure conjecture. When he says that Thackeray "passed to Cambridge which is also better described in his books than it can or need be described here" you are inclined to laugh at the Chestertonian

*Masters of Literature. Thackeray. Edited by G. K. Chesterton. New York: The Macmillan Company.



knowledge of *The History of Pendennis*, for it is only in that one of his novels that either of the great English Universities plays a conspicuous part. When he gravely relates that "*there is a legend* that he actually waited upon Dickens with a proposal to illustrate his books, then already in the blaze of popularity," you mentally add that in addition to ignorance of Thackeray he is self-convicted of ignorance of Dickens, and feel like referring him to the last page of the first book of Forster's *Life*.

But it is when he turns to the task of making selections that irritation reaches its height. Indeed, there are moments when the discriminating reader is almost ready to believe that Mr. Chesterton is intentionally perpetrating a gigantic humbug. "How much of this will the fools stand?" he seems to be saying. With *Pendennis* he has unquestionably done well. In no way could the spirit of the book be conveyed better than by presenting the chapters in which the redoubtable old Major meets and vanquishes Captain Costigan, and reduces the blackmailing servant Morgan to subjection. Nor can any serious criticism be made of the treatment of *Vanity Fair*. But *The Adventures of Philip* Mr. Chesterton has either not read, or else has entirely forgotten, for otherwise he certainly would never have overlooked the tremendous battle waged in the Paris boarding-house between the Bayneses, the Bunches, and the MacWhirters—a scene worthy of a far better book. His selections from *The Book of Snobs* are not impressive, and the three *Roundabout Papers* that he presents, "On a Chalk Mark on the Door," "Autour de mon Chapeau," and "Desseins" convince one that his knowledge of those delightful essays which Thackeray contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine* is both limited and superficial.

But the crowning irony of all is *Esmond*. Mr. Chesterton chooses the death of Lord Castlewood, "Mr. Joseph Addison," and "The Flight of the Prince." It is not that there is so much fault to find in the selection of these. The chapter in which Addison composes "The Campaign," with some slight suggestions from Harry Esmond, is to many minds

the most artificial and unconvincing in the whole book. Certainly had the episode been in a work by Bulwer-Lytton or G. P. R. James, Thackeray would have been the first to ridicule it, to point out the improbability of the assistance which the hero renders the great man. On the other hand, the death of Frank Esmond shows the Thackerayan action at its swiftest, and the pages which tell of how Beatrix left the note found in the *Eikon Basilike*, and how the young Prince followed her to Castlewood at the cost of a kingdom, justly deserve their high reputation. But why did Mr. Chesterton ignore the great scene, the climax of the third act, the chapter in which My Lady tells the Duke of Hamilton of Henry's right and great sacrifice? Beatrix for the hundredth time has just insulted her cousin on his supposed bar sinister—"Our grandfather, indeed! Merci, Monsieur le bâtarde!" and the Duke, the latest suitor, comes in and looks very black at the presence of Colonel Esmond. "I do not choose," he says, when shown the diamonds, "that the Duchess of Hamilton should have as a benefactor a gentleman with a name he has no right to bear." It is then that Beatrix's mother, stung to passionate resentment, flings out the great secret. "My daughter may receive presents from the Head of our House. We owe him our all, yes, our all! The title we bear is his if he would claim it. 'Tis we who have no right to our name, not he who is too great for it. His father was Viscount of Castlewood and Marquis of Esmond before him, and he is his father's true son and lawful heir, and we are the recipients of his bounty, and he the chief of a house that's as ancient as your own." It is probably Thackeray's greatest height, and, as Trollope has pointed out, one of the very great scenes of all literature. *Arthur Bartlett Maurice.*

V

FRANCIS WELLMAN'S "DAY IN COURT"*

That court proceedings in general and jury trials in particular have a peculiar

**Day in Court*. By Francis L. Wellman. New York: The Macmillan Company.

fascination for a vast number of people is demonstrated every day by the attention they receive in the pages of the public press, and it is not at all difficult to understand their appeal.

Even an ordinary jury case is seldom lacking in dramatic action; it is usually stimulating to the imagination and always replete with human interest. The contest between the opposing lawyers is in itself no mean spectacle, and when two men of equal skill and experience are pitted against each other the battle royal that ensues is calculated to stir even the most sluggish blood. The fact is, however, that comparatively few jury trials in America are well conducted on both sides. There are perhaps twelve thousand lawyers in the city of New York, but a very small percentage of them—probably not over one per cent.—are thoroughly equipped jury advocates, and there is every reason to suppose that this fairly reflects the situation throughout the whole country. Nevertheless, nine out of every ten men who enter the law schools undoubtedly intend to practise in the courts, so when an advocate of wide experience like Mr. Wellman consents to advise them as to the proper preparation for their duties they are indeed fortunate in their instructor and the Bar is to be congratulated on the sane and healthy point of view that is set forth in his pages.

But though Mr. Wellman's *Day in Court* is primarily addressed to the legal fraternity, his treatment of his subject is so entirely free from all technical touch and so well supplied with illustration and anecdote that he again invites the layman with all the charm that lured the general reader to his *Art of Cross-Examination*.

There is always more or less mystery about the courts to the uninitiated—and sometimes to the initiated—and to be taken behind the scenes and shown the preparation for the fray heightens intelligent appreciation of good legal work and affords some measure, at least, of a lawyer's grave responsibilities. Few laymen realise that many cases are lost or won before they are reached for trial. But as the reader follows Mr. Wellman's admirable chapter on "Preparation for Trial" he will discover that it is not the glib talker or the blustering bravo who

succeeds, but the man who, in the quiet of his consulting room, studies his clients and their witnesses, delves into every detail of their stories, protects his cause against treacherous memories and traitorous influences, and guards himself against every possible surprise.

An excellent example of what such preparation will effect is Mr. Wellman's modest account of his first case as an assistant corporation counsel in New York. This was an action brought to recover \$40,000 from the city for injuries by water to the foundation of a building in 1854, or thirty years before the cause was assigned to the assistant's care. Meanwhile the whole character of the neighbourhood of the building had completely changed; the street had been practically rebuilt; all the old residents had moved away; there was apparently no proof that the city's engineers had not diverted the old water course which was alleged to have done the damage, and the defence was seemingly a forlorn hope. But at the end of six months the young advocate had located thirty witnesses who could testify as to the old water course; he had made elaborate plans of the street, and constructed a model so arranged that by removing some of the blocks of which it was constructed he could show the hilly condition of the street in 1830, its grade in 1854 and 1860, and so on down to the date of trial. To the astonishment of every one concerned the city won its case, but the result was not surprising in view of the exhaustive research of its legal adviser.

Not less absorbing are Mr. Wellman's observations on the art of selecting a jury and opening to the jury. They are the results of a long study of that peculiar animal Man and teem with curious, but perfectly recognisable, traits of human nature. Much that the author has to say on the art of cross-examination is to be found more fully stated in his former book bearing that title, but he quotes a most amusing case to prove that it is a wise lawyer who knows when to terminate the examination of a hostile witness. In this case the plaintiff was suing to recover \$1800 loaned to a friend, and his cross-examination brought out the fact that he had earned the money in the

war fighting for his country. The embarrassed examiner instantly dropped this line of attack, and when his opponent gained a verdict, largely on account of his speech extolling the man "who had guarded our liberties and risked his life for the nation," et cetera, he admitted that it was his foolish cross-examination which had revealed the plaintiff's war record and probably turned the jury in his favour. "Well," remarked his opponent, "if you had continued your cross-examination a little further you would have discovered that it was in Lee's army that my client fought and it was *Confederate* money that he earned!"

A book such as this, teeming with human interest, written in vigorous English without affectation of style and tending to uphold a high standard of manners, morals and efficiency in the legal profession, should be accorded a gracious reception by a far wider audience than that to which it was originally addressed. It is a work by which the Bar of America should be perfectly willing to be judged by laymen and lawyers at home and abroad.

Frederick Trevor Hill.

VI

RALPH PULITZER'S "NEW YORK SOCIETY ON PARADE"*

It is a thousand pities that Mr. Pulitzer could not have coupled in this extraordinary little book good nature with satire and sympathy with cleverness. His wit is altogether too good to be wasted on so exaggerated and so bitter a book. His attacks on the forlorn and plodding people in our metropolitan society are a little too rancorous and envenomed to carry anything like conviction in their train. He is not satisfied to beat the poor creatures roundly over the pate but must—simply for good luck and good measure—leap upon them afterward and pummel them until they be dead. He uses his cudgel so dexterously, however, that we can but deplore his failure to use a rapier in its stead.

Here are one hundred and forty pages

*New York Society on Parade. By Ralph Pulitzer. New York: Harper and Brothers.

(not to mention Howard Chandler Christy's eight illustrations) that are devoted exclusively to assaulting and battering three innocent enough diversions of our fashionable New Yorkers—to wit: dinners, operas and dances. At the very threshold of the book we were thrilled to read, *à propos* of dining out in *le monde ou l'on s'ennuie* that

A long strip of carpet winds its way from the front door across the sidewalk to the curb, sheltered by an awning and presided over by a groom whose function it is to open the doors of carriages and automobiles (with no grooms of their own) and to summon these conveyances at the evening's end. He can also inform arrivals at what hour carriages are being ordered to return. The guests generally begin to reach the seat of hospitality about ten minutes after the hour of invitation. As they enter the house the ladies are ushered into one cloak-room and the men into another. The men go through the simple operation of taking off their overcoats and hats and getting a check by which to reclaim them. They are also handed a little stiff envelope containing a card, etc.

These are pregnant words, indeed, and after reading them, we hoped that we were to receive a thorough grounding in polite etiquette. We guessed that we had met with a greater than Bok, the peer of Mrs. Sherwood, even. We hurried on, hoping to learn what to wear at such solemn and costly revels, what banalities to utter upon attacking our caviare; which of the silver (or gold) harpoons to bury in our docile and patient clams, or, finally, how to slip gracefully homeward before the cigars had been permitted to burn wearily to their little red paper belts. But this is the only really valuable hint on social deportment in the entire volume; the rest of it is simply an organised attack on social New York.

We are told that the ladies in the boxes at the opera were wont, years ago, to look "laughably fat, pitifully thin, sheepish, waspish, bovine, feline. (Our own memory of these dead and gone ladies, as we gazed at them with awe from our stalls, is that they were too beautiful for words.) As for the ladies in those same boxes to-day, the author is disposed to think that they are "mere wax dolls, mere

supports for their dresses, mere back-grounds for their jewels, mere mannikins to grin and gesture with automatic animation, to pose and preen with pomp and dignity."

(We merely remark, in passing, that such an utterance as this is, to our mind, almost sacrilegious. It is not satire—it is *lèse majesté*.)

At a fashionable dance in New York we are told that most of the women "eat moderately at supper, whether from scruples of conscience or of corsets is immaterial. Each of the men, however, toys with enough food to sustain a clerk for forty-eight hours, and sips enough champagne to send a day-labourer to the night-court."

But to go on with the author's description of a typical New York dance—in some respects the crowning absurdity of the book: "Champagne bottles rise into sight and disappear like one of their own golden bubbles. Their contents swirl in foaming cataracts down thirsty throats to freshen weary bodies and irrigate parched minds. The host has lost much of his starch but none of his stupidity. Men stand and sit about with flabby, saturated shirt-fronts and clammy pendent collars, their faces flushed, their eyes bright, their tongues quickening."

Upton Sinclair! Joseph Medill Patterson! Hang your heads in very shame!

No review of this volume would be adequate, however, that failed to pay full tribute to Mr. Pulitzer's caustic wit. Indeed, the epigrams and *mots* that are scattered through the little book almost repay us for the author's evident heat and choler. As, for instance:

The hostess, at a dance, welcomes her guests with that indelible smile which hostesses share exclusively with coiffeurs' models and Christian martyrs.

The servants at a fashionable dinner are described as "so many prestidigitators, palming the most promising plates beneath their exasperated victims' very eyes, proving, with tantalising success, that the quickness of the hand deceives the palate." The ladies in New York are said to be "fond of giving one another addresses in Paris where they say one can get such pretty things so ridiculously

cheap; but they do not give one another the addresses where they actually *do* get such pretty things ridiculously cheap. Those they keep sacredly to themselves."

The smoke from a cigarette in the mouth of a fashionable woman "issues from curving lip or chiselled nostril as delicate as any innuendo." The men, on entering the boxes at the Metropolitan, "are ranged behind the women by chance, by choice or by adversity." A woman of very moderate means at the opera is wearing a string of pearls which "must be either adulterated or adulterous." "The larger portions of the brain, as well as of the body, are not supposed to be shown in New York society." The mansions along upper Fifth Avenue are described as "palatial plagiarisms." A dowager's face is said to be "a triumph of massage over matter."

At a dinner the attitude of the men and the women toward each other "is very much like their attitude toward the *chauds-froids* and the *galantines* which are set before them—familiarity with externals tempered by ignorance of contents." Or this really priceless bit: "The society of New York has performed the feat of lifting itself off the ground by its own purse-strings."

As we hinted before, it is a pity to waste such delightful morsels as these on a monograph that is as deficient in proportion and perspective as it is in sympathy and kindness. The author has made his picture altogether too murky. He should learn that in any work of art the effect of black can best be secured by contrasting it with a spot or two of high light. Where there are no whites the blacks have an annoying habit of seeming less black.

Francis W. Crowninshield.

VII

BOUCK WHITE'S "BOOK OF DANIEL DREW"*

They used to frighten young brokers down in Wall Street by saying, "Watch out or 'Uncle Daniel' Drew will get you."

*The Book of Daniel Drew. By Bouck White. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

It was like the Bad Man warning to unruly children. Though many years have passed since Drew departed from the money pastures no one has arisen to take his place, for he remains to-day the most picturesque memory in that long, money-studded hall of chance—the Market Place. Those who did business with Drew needed no history of him because he left them souvenirs in the shape of battered bank accounts and bankrupt ambitions to corner stocks. But for the present generation and the generations to come, it is fortunate that there should at last be a work like Mr. White's, which, in a certain very interesting sense, really incarnates a unique character, first of the militant Financial Captains. It is an amplified diary found in an old trunk up in Putnam County, New York State, where the financier was born, put into autobiographic form, and I venture the statement that no more fascinating piece of Wall Street literature has been offered in many a year. It is likely to stand alone for a good while, too, because no century can produce or stand for more than one Daniel Drew at a time.

Drew's first business activities were significant of later events, for his early trading was in young calves. This equipped him for handling lambs when he got to Wall Street. He graduated from calves to full-grown steers, and it was while operating as cattle drover that he created the phrase and inaugurated the practice by which he is perhaps best known. In those days the cattle-men brought their beasts to the city down Bowery Lane. The butchers from Fulton Market met the drovers at the Old Bull's Head Tavern and conducted their trades over their ale and beer. One butcher was more enterprising than all the rest, for he left his fellows tippling in the inn while he went ahead and got the first choice of cattle. This butcher, by the way, was Henry Astor, brother of the first John Jacob and one of the fore-runners of New York's social mentors. But Drew was just a little cleverer than Astor. He knew how anxious the butcher was for fat cattle, so one night just before he got to New York he scattered a large quantity of salt in the lot where his steers were enclosed. He was

up before dawn to see that the animals got no water. All the next morning on the journey into the city he kept the thirsty cattle from drinking. Just before he reached the place where he thought he would meet Astor he turned them loose at a brook and they drank their fill. When Astor looked them over he found them looking sleek and fat and he paid a big price for them. It was not until the next day that the butcher realised that he had been done. When some one asked Drew about it he remarked: "Oh, I just watered the stock." The old drover perhaps little realised that he was creating an institution that was to be a first and inflated aid to modern finance. His own philosophy of it is characteristic, for he says:

If a fellow can make money selling a critter just after she has drunk fifty pounds of water, why can't he make it by issuing a lot of new shares of a railroad or steamboat company and selling them just as though it was the original shares?

Having received his baptism in stock-watering Drew put the pump on his business crest and it remained there until the end of his strenuous days. Not even Harriman in the wettest moments of the famous Alton reorganisation worked the handle so industriously or so profitably. He was the original financial brigand and he makes no bones about it in his book. On the subject of business and sentiment he says:

Friendship is very nice for a Sunday afternoon when you are sitting around the dinner table with your relations talking about the sermon that morning. But nine o'clock Monday morning such notions should be brushed away like cobwebs from a machine. I never took any stock in a man who mixed up business with anything else. When he is in his office he ought not to have a relation in the world—and least of all a poor relation.

He summed up the Wall Street creed very neatly.

Drew's watering process received its worst perfection in his notorious manipulation of Erie stock. Together with Fisk and Gould he made this road the Scarlet Woman of Wall Street. Of his aiders and abettors in this nefarious campaign

he remarks: "I was a middle-aged man when Jim Fisk was a baby in his cradle and before Jay Gould had seen the light of day. I might almost say that I was their Wall Street parent. They were a pair of colts; I broke them." Curiously enough, to follow the old man's figure of speech, they later "broke" him. There is no space here to recount Drew's Erie career save to say that it was a chapter of frenzied finance that makes the operations of the gentleman from Boston look like kindergarten lessons in trading.

He was the original fake tipster, as a score of incidents will show. Once he wanted to unload a lot of Erie and he adopted this plan: a young broker drove by for him and took him down town. The broker was eager for a tip on the market, but Drew was secretive. As they stepped out of the carriage Drew's hat fell off and out dropped a number of slips with orders to his brokers. Most of them read "Buy Erie at 67," and all up the list. The young broker helped the old man pick up the papers and pretended not to see what was written on them. But he flew to his office, called his friends together, told them of this accidental disclosure of the old man's plan, and they began to buy Erie like mad. And the wily old tipster fed it to them while the price soared.

On another occasion after he had been badly squeezed in Northwestern by a crowd of younger men, Drew vowed to get even. He strolled into their principal club late in the afternoon pretending to look for some one. As he stood awkwardly (for he had a shambling, uncouth figure) he pulled out his handkerchief. Apparently he did not notice a slip of paper that fluttered out with it. A bystander quickly picked it up, and as soon as Drew had gone was interested to read on it, "Buy me all the Oshkosh stock you can at any price below par." Here was a real tip from the inside. The young men in the club formed a pool, and the moment trading began the next morning bought thirty thousand shares. After their purchases were made the stock declined rapidly at the rate of a dozen points a day. They had bought Drew's stock.

Drew frankly says that he stopped at nothing less than murder to gain his mar-

ket advantage. During the Civil War, for example, he had an elaborate system for getting advance news of battles. He capitalised defeats. Even generals were in his employ. "Big officials," he says, "who wouldn't accept money could usually be reached by giving them shares of stock we were manipulating. We didn't dare make offers of this kind to Abe himself. Lincoln was an unpractical man so far as making money went. All he thought about was to save the Union. He used to get very peevish at us money kings."

Of his great antagonist, Commodore Vanderbilt, he has the admiration that one strong man has for another who had drubbed him. It was after his defeat by the Commodore in the great Harlem corner that Drew wrote the following couplet:

He that sells what isn't his'n
Must buy it back or go to prison.

Uncle Daniel admits that this is not much of a poem, but both he and all the bear traders and "short sellers" who lived afterward have realised that there was more truth than poetry in it.

Drew's comments on Gould and Fisk are worth while repeating. Of them he says: "Jimmy (Fisk) used to put his purse into his belly; Jay put his belly into his purse. Jimmy used to say, 'The difference between Jay and me is that I have more trouble to get my dinner than to digest it, and Jay has more trouble to digest it than to get it.'"

The old drover was very illiterate. One night he set the combination of his office safe at letters that spelled "Doare." The next day he was detained at home. The clerks could not open the safe, although he had told the messenger that it was the word "Doare." Still they could not budge the iron door. Finally, when the second messenger came the old man said, "Tell them that it is doare, an ordinary doare, barn doare, house doare, any kind of doare."

"But there are five letters in the combination," said the clerk. Then, and only then, did the great financier find out the correct spelling of the word "door."

He was not without humour, as his remark in one of the most spectacular

events of his life shows. He and Vanderbilt were in a death struggle over the Erie. The Commodore had obtained a court order restraining Drew from putting out more Erie shares, whereupon the wily old broker hired a printing office and printed one hundred thousand shares over night. When some one spoke of the injunction which Vanderbilt had obtained Drew said, "It was an attack on the freedom of the press!"

Nor did he lose his picturesqueness of expression in his declining days when he had been squeezed dry, when Jim Fisk had been laid low by a rival's bullet, and when his old pal "Boss" Tweed was languishing in jail. Some one asked him about the market and he replied: "To speculate in Wall Street when you are no longer an insider is like buying cows by candlelight."

Isaac F. Marcossou.

VIII

THE LECKY MEMOIR*

The roll of historians who have won a permanent place as men of letters is not so very long, but the name of William Edward Hartpole Lecky is likely to be inscribed upon it by the judgment of posterity. His writings have not the popular interest, to be sure, which attaches to those of Macaulay or Froude; the impartiality of his attitude is reflected in a certain coldness of style; nevertheless, the importance of the subjects he treated and the lucidity of the treatment should serve to give him a place with Gibbon and Hallam as one of the few masters of a difficult art. This interesting *Memoir* written by his wife reveals him as an historian who was incidentally a man of letters, and not a man of letters who was incidentally an historian. By the time he was twenty he had read more than many persons read in a lifetime; his taste was catholic and he had the faculty of storing away in a convenient mental pigeon-hole the precise information he was to need. School life, Mrs. Lecky tells us, was never very congenial to him. He was shy

*A *Memoir* of the Rt. Hon. William Edward Hartpole Lecky. By his wife. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

and studious; he disliked rough outdoor games and would not share in them. At the age of seventeen he was discussing with his youthful friends everything "from John Stuart Mill and Carlyle to Kant, Hegel, and Mommsen." If we should take this statement too seriously we might be forced to conclude that young Lecky was a prig; but the value of these discussions was possibly not very great. Other men of consuming intellectual curiosity, like Gladstone and Macaulay, have been as wont as Mr. Brooke, in *Middlemarch*, to "go into" this or that just far enough to talk about it.

Lecky was fortunate in his circumstances as well as in his temperament. He came of a good North of Ireland family, and no *res angustæ domi* ever troubled him. His father died when he was only fourteen and his mother married again; but he was always on good terms with his stepfather, and he had a sufficient income to permit him to spend much time, after his graduation from Trinity College, Dublin, in Continental travel. He went to Italy and, like many educated Englishmen of the time, became an enthusiastic advocate of the cause of Italian unity; and twice within a short period to Spain, a country that especially interested him. "Next to reading," he wrote, "I am inclined to think travelling is nearly the pleasantest thing going." Sea voyages, however, he hated. It was in Italy that he decided not to take Orders, his original intention. He was then (in 1862) twenty-four years old, and he had already written a book on *The Religious Tendencies of the Age*, which revealed his singular capacity of sympathising with every point of view without himself adopting any. This was certainly no recommendation in those days of bigoted Protestantism for the ministry in the Irish Church. It was, however, an excellent qualification for writing the *History of Rationalism*, which he began about this time. "I am hard at work," he writes from Nice, "and have been for a long time on an enormous book which, as it seems to me, will ultimately comprise almost every conceivable subject. It is on the laws of the rise and fall of speculative opinions." Such an ambition in so young a man would ordinarily raise a smile. But that Lecky's mind had al-

ready reached maturity was shown when the book appeared three years later; and still more by the publication, only four years after that, when he was but thirty-one, of the *History of European Morals*. It is not easy to recall any other instance of a man attaining a secure position as an historian at the very beginning of his career. The late Henry Charles Lea characterised the second work as "a brilliant book, which for acuteness of thought and range of material is not readily to be paralleled in our literature." The utilitarians attacked his exposition of the intuitive theory of morals; but he avoided in the main the errors of the school of Buckle, of which in a sense he was a pupil, and these two essays of his in the history of opinions rightly enjoy the high position they still hold.

Lecky went to live in London in 1866, but he shortly afterward visited Spain once more. He met the lady who was to become his wife, and who was then maid of honour to the Queen of the Netherlands, at Dean Stanley's. He married her in 1871, at The Hague; and the wedding journey took the two through various parts of Europe, spending much time in Rome. "To Lecky Italy was the true terrestrial Paradise which supplied him with ideas and memories that brightened all after life; and it was a privilege, his wife wrote from Rome at the time, to see it with one who knew it so well." Here the Leckys made or renewed many friendships; one of the most pleasant was that with William Wetmore Story. When they returned to London they became distinguished members of a distinguished circle. Sir Charles Lyell, Lord and Lady Minto, the Brookfields, Leslie Stephen and his wife, Miss Anne Thackeray, Browning, Tennyson, Lord Russell, Huxley, Tyndall—these were among the people with whom they were thrown into more or less intimate relations. "A genial atmosphere and a total absence of ostentation made intercourse easy and pleasant; and it was the kind of society Lecky liked best, and where he was the most appreciated." Yet he found London a good place for steady work. It was at this time that he began to work upon his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*. More than all his other writ-

ings, perhaps, this is the book by which his reputation stands. That part of it relating to Ireland is of exceptional value. It not only provides a useful antidote to Froude's *English in Ireland*, but it also gives the most comprehensive and impartial account of a period concerning which partisan dispute has raged hotly. Lecky felt deeply the injustice of which his native island had been the victim, and his "noble defence" won the warmest thanks from such representative Irishmen as Sir John Pope Hennessy, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and Aubrey de Vere. But he was no advocate of Home Rule as a remedy, and he did not hesitate to attack, years after, Mr. Gladstone's futile bill.

The fact is that Lecky's mind was distinctly conservative, as his book, *Democracy and Liberty*, showed. He did not believe that any form of government could be a panacea for every human ill. Gladstone, whom he admired for many things, went too fast and too far for him in his political views, and drove him finally into the Unionist ranks. He was elected to the House of Commons, rather late in life, as a Unionist. But this was the least important phase of his career. He enjoyed the respect of his fellow-members, but his political weight was inconsiderable for a man of his reputation. He had been too long a scholar and a writer to catch the tone of public life. Perhaps his opinions had more influence without the House than within it. To the very day of his death, indeed, he was a positive force in English life; a man of high ideals, of tolerant disposition, of unaffected kindness and sincerity. There is much in these pages that would well bear quotation. It is enough here perhaps to say that they should not be unread by those who have any concern with the intellectual England of the nineteenth century.

Edward Fuller.

IX

ALEXANDER IRVINE'S "FROM THE BOTTOM UP"*

Alexander Irvine is one of the men who see, one of the men who have vision.

*From the Bottom Up. By Alexander Irvine. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

There are many men who have great brains, great abilities, who have little or no vision, who have no eye for the spiritual truth of things. *From the Bottom Up* is Mr. Irvine's autobiography in which he records some of the spiritual facts of his unusual life.

The title is unfortunate. Mr. Irvine never was at "the bottom"—not in the sense in which he would use the word. All of Mr. Irvine's life is spiritual—all, at any rate, that is recorded. That he was very poor, and very ignorant, and struggled hard, and saw "the limit" in human character and in human circumstances, in a great variety of ways, is apparent from his book, but from the start there was a constant and strong struggle for the light, and an eye that saw the light, that saw the actual and possible beauty of the human soul wherever encountered.

There is no special development toward the light, as there is in some strenuous but comparatively encumbered persons; there is light at once. It breaks forth explicitly on the first page and illumines all that follow. After he had been a newsboy, almost in his babyhood, he became a farm-hand, and, as early in the book as page 11, we have an account of a religious experience.

As I sat on the fence and watched the sun set over the trees, an emotion swept over me, and the tears began to flow. My body seemed to change as by the pouring into it of some strange, life-giving fluid. I wanted to shout, to scream aloud; but instead, I went rapidly over the hill into the woods, dropped on my knees, and began to pray.

He felt the beauty and the mystery of Nature and to him it was divine. A little further on he sees a girl and her beauty comes to him with deep and poetic force. He came across her in the fields:

There was something of the fawn in her graceful form, some of the fire in her blue eyes, and in her girlish laugh a suggestion of the freedom of the mountain and glen. I think it was in that moment of intensity that I crossed the bridge which separates the boy from the man.

In all the varied adventures that follow—in the army, in the navy, in the

mines, as a groom, driver of a milk wagon, as a slum missionary, as a preacher, there is the same quality of vision, of an idealism so constantly realised that it operates in all circumstances, no matter how sordid, no matter how untoward. Even in a fistic encounter—at which Mr. Irvine was evidently proficient—the light of the spirit is present.

Sometimes, indeed, the light is darkness, in the sense that there is occasionally despair and doubt, but the complexion of that despair and doubt is the idealistic glow: it is the spiritual depth of the God-drunk man. Mr. Irvine's most significant crisis of this kind led him beyond his poetic piousness and his efforts at the detailed regeneration of men to see the need of a more radically spiritual attitude toward organised society. He saw the need of wholesale rather than retail change, and that for him meant socialism; Christian or poetic socialism, the world movement of socialism, rather than any merely Marxian or State economic theory.

"My vision spiritual came to me out of the unknown," he wrote. "The facts and experiences of life led me to socialism. In each case it was a rebirth." Mr. Irvine's socialism is "a passion for the regeneration of society, it is a state of mind, a point of view. . . . My socialism is the outcome of my desire to make real the dreams I have dreamed of God. It came to me, not through Marx or Lassalle, but by the way of Moses and Jesus. Twenty years' experience in reform movements taught me the hopelessness of reformation from without. It was like soldering up a thousand little holes in the bottom of a kettle."

Mr. Irvine unerringly seizes upon the spiritual aspect of socialism as he seizes upon the spiritual aspect of everything with which his varied life has brought him in contact. He leaves the purely economic, pedantic and scholastic side of socialism to those limited scientists who have no vision. He writes with fine insight: "Socialism is not an ultimate conception of society: it only paves the way for a divine individualism. When the fear of hunger is vanished men will have a chance to be individuals." On every page of Mr. Irvine's book is stamped his

look for the best, for what is beautiful in the human spirit and in the ideals of mankind.

Hutchins Hapgood.

X

Parry's "A LIFE OF BACH"*

The surest sign of development in musical taste and culture is a growing interest in the work of Johann Sebastian Bach. Standing at the threshold of modern musical art, with its range circumscribed, his giant figure has nevertheless dominated the whole subsequent course of its progress; and as long as the art develops, his influence will continue to be deeply felt. Not a great composer since his day has omitted to pay homage to the "Father of us all," as Mozart called him. But to the amateur music lover, as distinguished from the musician, Bach has always seemed austere and difficult to understand. The very pedestal upon which the *cognoscenti* have placed him has served only to keep him removed from the comprehension of those musically less favoured. Now, all this is changed. The music lover is learning to know that Bach's music, like that of the other Masters of the tone world, needs but to be heard to be understood, and that it is not only given to those with a special insight into music to appreciate his genius.

It is, therefore, an opportune time for the appearance of a good biographical study of the great eighteenth-century composer that should at once set forth his achievements and place them critically and historically with reference to the works of the other great masters of music. The authoritative life of Bach was written by Philip Spitta and published a little over a quarter of a century ago. But it was a pioneer work, voluminous and comprehensive, embodying the researches of a devoted and conscientious explorer, who had done his work with Teutonic thoroughness, and containing a mass of detail and a vast array of evidentiary facts that confused the reader,

even while they served their purpose. Accordingly, it was not easy to derive from Spitta's *Life* a clear or comprehensive view of the composer. Sir Hubert Parry, Professor of Music at Oxford University, has now attempted to give a more concise, albeit not less complete, survey of his life and works, and the result is in the main successful.

The outward facts of Bach's life are unfortunately meagre. Unlike his great contemporary, Händel, who lived for the most part in the limelight of popularity and whose labours brought him in close contact with the workaday world, Bach lived a quiet and even secluded life in small German towns, content to fill positions humble both from the artistic and pecuniary standpoints, never attempting to force himself into public view, but rather grateful for the opportunities afforded him for self-development. His was an interior existence that required no stimulus from without to achieve the best that was in him. As Mr. Parry puts it: "His life was unified by the persistence of strong and decisive qualities of character and temperament which happened to be very characteristic of the race and period to which he belonged, and the unity is emphasised by the fact that he had very little help from the outside in developing his powers, and that he went on educating himself and expanding his resources from beginning to end."

The Bach family had been famed for its musical tendencies for generations. A number of its members were noted composers, and the various branches, accustomed to meet at stated intervals and to hold musical gatherings, in this way kept in close touch with one another's achievements. When Johann Sebastian Bach was born, it was as though Nature had concentrated all the musical gifts of the entire family into one supreme endowment. Mr. Parry's preliminary chapter on what he calls "convergences" leading up to his study of Bach's own life, is not a mere condensation of Spitta's far longer review of the conditions that preceded Bach's development. It contains some pregnant thoughts, well presented, and calculated to prepare the ground for what follows. He develops the idea of the importance of personality in musical art, and utilises it throughout the volume to

*Life of Johann Sebastian Bach. By Sir Hubert Parry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

point his conclusions with respect to Bach's personality, as shown in his works; and this species of higher criticism is excellently done.

In the biographical portions of the *Life*, the author has set forth simply and effectively all that is known about Bach, emphasising the few important facts and abstaining from the temptation, to which biographers so often succumb, to conceal the paucity of data by romancing about the unknown. The comparative obscurity in which Bach lived, together with the changing art conditions prevalent at the time of his death, almost caused a complete effacement of his work; and it was not until fifty years after his death that the effort to revive his memory and to rehabilitate his work became marked. It is a strange episode in the history of musical art, showing how far the pendulum can swing in the wrong direction. A large part of the book is given up to a critical study of Bach's work, considered historically and chronologically. In view of the difficulty and, indeed, the impracticability of acquiring at first hand a working knowledge of a large portion of Bach's music, this feature may detract from the general popularity of Mr. Parry's volume. When one is unfamiliar with music, critical comment means so very little, and in the nature of the case, a large part of Bach's musical output will remain caviare to the general. But for the student of music, Mr. Parry's study is valuable and suggestive, and his evident close acquaintance with his subject-matter and his well-chosen and clearly expressed comments will make it a welcome permanent addition to the library. The musical excerpts interspersed through the pages are additional aids to a comprehension of the critical comments; and the illustrations, including a splendid portrait of the composer—recently discovered—add materially to the attractiveness of the volume.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

XI

THE RETURN OF LOUIS XVIII*

The little group of Bourbon princes driven from France by the events of 1792

*The Return of Louis XVIII. From the

faded more quickly from the memories of their people than any similar exiles of modern times. And indeed it can truthfully be said that they were scarcely worthy of remembrance. Dynasties have a way, like other things in the world, of expiring when they are no longer of use, but the descendants of Henry IV seemed to hang on long after it became apparent that not one of them was capable of realising that paternalism was a thing of the past or of properly exercising such paternalism had it been possible to revive it. They took a passionate but selfish interest in the momentous affairs of their country, hoping yet despairing that their hour would return, but never learning one lesson from the startling political phenomena of which their family had been the victims.

Their hour finally did come, and to its first moments Mr. Stenger devotes his attractive if uninspiring historical essay, *The Return of Louis XVIII*. It is scarcely necessary of mention that with his evident interest in the subject, he has no enthusiasm for the actors in the story he relates. If ever there was a history without a hero, this is one, but in spite of that fact the author, with his stirring descriptions of the French capital and the extraordinary condition of its society during the eventful year 1814, has produced a work of unflagging interest. It is a brilliant picture of chaos, political and social.

The Comte de Provence, elder brother of Louis XVI, was living in England under the humbler title of the Comte de Lille, when the news came that the throne of France had been restored to his family. Henceforth he was Louis XVIII. For a quarter of a century he had been an exile, and his people, with the exception of a few intriguers and members of the Old Régime, had quite forgotten him. This oblivion was shared with other kinsmen, of whom the most important were his younger and more genial brother, the Comte d'Artois and future Charles X, and his niece, the Duchesse d'Angoulême—who, Napoleon said, was the only man in her family—married to one of the two sons of d'Artois. They were a vain, French of Gilbert Stenger. By Mrs. Rodolph Stawell, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons,

selfish and incapable lot, though they believed themselves entirely competent to rule in the manner of Louis XIV, which was the only way of ruling that ever entered their heads. The lessons of the Revolution and the Empire had had no effect upon them; the very idea of a constitution was like an atrocious nightmare. Their "rights" were all they thought of. The only possible thing was a return to the state of what Carlyle calls "as you were."

In this folly they were not without support. The Abbé de Montesquiou, for example, who was one of the commission to draw up the new constitution, had no doubts as to the prerogatives of the restored family. He insisted at the outset that there should be "a plain statement that France was submitting herself once more to the sceptre of the Bourbons." So it was finally written that "Louis Stanislas Xavier was freely called to the throne of the French nation."

"What," cried Montesquiou, "the people calling Louis XVIII to the throne. But that is a lie—it would be a monstrous thing to say. The king has never lost his rights; he has never ceased to reign. It is not as Louis XVI's brother that he owns the crown, but as Louis XVII's uncle, as the immediate successor of the young prince whose long martyrdom could not deprive him of the title of king of France. Do you, by any chance, contest his Majesty's right to the name of Louis XVIII?"

"You do not take into account, then," answered M. de Tracy, "any of the intermediate events? Has nothing happened since 1789?"

"Events are powerless against rights," replied the abbé.

And he sent the new king some excellent advice:

The Constitution need not stand in his Majesty's way. He can say to the Senate: "You profess to give me these laws in the name of the nation: who told you what the nation's intentions were? Where are your instructions? What are your credentials? You have none but those that were granted you by Napoleon. I, on the other hand, have those of my fathers. . . . This same Constitution, in thus ignoring my rights, consecrates them, so don't say that the law cannot be what I wish!"

When, before a year was over, Louis had to flee once more he, quite characteristically, put all the blame for his fresh misfortune upon Napoleon. There was not a word of self-reproach for his own deeds—his broken promises, the restraint of the press, the insults which he permitted the aristocracy and clergy to heap upon the people.

Paris, that kaleidoscope of human events, has never witnessed stranger scenes than in the months following the entry of the Allies, nor have they ever been more vividly and carefully described than by Mr. Stenger, who is able to give this matter the space it requires. There were altogether thirty-one princes of royal blood in the city. In the salons and theatres there were the first beginnings of intercourse between the Old Régime and the New. The people, with their love of novelty, were absorbed in the sights of the streets.

The Cossacks were particularly attractive to the idle crowd who stared in astonishment at the intrepid little horses with their high saddles, and at the men coming into the courtyards to fetch water, and trying vainly to make themselves intelligible in an incoherent medley of words. As they groomed their horses they sang the touching, melancholy songs of their own land and every ear was strained to hear them. . . . Or perhaps it would be a long line of Prussian grenadiers marching by on their way to barracks, or a battery of Austrian guns returning to quarters, with the officers in the middle of the road, showing off their arched chests to the best advantage in their extremely tight uniforms. . . .

There was more traffic at this time in the Rue Saint-Honoré than in any other street, for it led to where the Czar was living. Here Germans and Russians walked side by side with Asiatics born in the shadow of the Great Wall of China, or on the shores of the Caspian Sea; here were Cossacks with sheepskins on their backs and little whips, which they called knouts, twisted round their necks; flat-nosed Kalmucks, with bronzed faces; Bashkirs and Tingous from Siberia, armed with bows and arrows; Circassian chiefs, wearing pointed helmets like those of the twelfth century, and shining coats of mail wrought in polished steel; and officers covered with crosses and ribbons. Blücher wore seventeen upon his

breast, and wherever he appeared was followed by a staring crowd, amazed to see so many proofs of courage and ability. Suddenly, perhaps, this motley crowd would be pushed aside by the passing of a number of little light one-horsed carriages, drawn in the Russian manner by traces made of rope, and driven by coachmen with large red beards, long brown great-coats and small low hats. Lying back in these carriages would be Russian officers, easily recognisable by the long hair that hung down to their shoulders—a sign of noble birth that distinguished them from the private soldiers whose hair was cut close to their heads.

There is, in English at least, but little literature on the Restorations that does not concern itself almost exclusively with political events. Mr. Stenger, on the contrary, deals more especially with the Court and its dignitaries, treating them, as he says, "faithfully and ruthlessly," but with excellent method and careful judgment. He brings his account down to the Second Restoration, covering, in the main, a period of one single year, than which there are few more interesting in modern times.

George H. Casamajor.

XII

ANNA CHAPIN RAY'S "OVER THE QUICKSANDS"*

On a background of old Quebec, with its winter sports, its simple life and social gayeties, Anna Chapin Ray has written a story of boyish love affairs as simple as the background. It is told largely by dialogue between the youthful characters, the conversation being of much the same timbre as that indulged in at dances or on tramps by youths and maids the world over. To be sure, the story is somewhat concerned with the darker phases of life, but not convincingly so; that is to say, the author seems far more at home with the lighter portions of her book. The plot, however, involves a brother and sister whose relationship is unknown to themselves, and who fall in love. It might be as sinister as a play

*Over the Quicksands. By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

which has held the boards these many months in New York, but fortunately there is nothing more tragic than white cheeks and falling tears, a lot of unnecessary mystery, and all right at the end.

Miss Ray has followed the outworn habit of allowing long conversations between the characters, knowledge of whose topics is withheld from the reader, lest he should too soon see the outcome and cease perforce to turn the pages. Several of the characters hold these explanations, and go on afterward with bewildering changes of conduct—which might be more bewildering save that, in spite of the silence maintained whenever he chanced upon the scene, the sophisticated reader does somehow suspect how matters are going—while all sorts of explanations are hazarded by the other characters not yet in the secret. At last the reader, together with those most nearly concerned, is admitted to the final confession, and the book ends.

A plot of this sort cannot be regarded seriously. But the book is possessed of a naïve charm, a certain freshness, that makes it pleasant reading for an idle evening. The heroine is a merry, individual little creature, and though she is American and drawn by a Canadian she is fairly true to type. The various men are simple, agreeable fellows, good skaters and dancers and with a breeziness to them that reminds one of the college stories of one's youth, even to the inevitable accident to the hero in an athletic encounter. The glimpses of the nuns and their hospital are well done, lending another worldly touch to the tale, although it seems as though there might have been a quainter and more picturesque presentation of one of the quaintest and most picturesque of New World cities.

The book is odd in so far that it touches upon the relations of the sexes in the woman's story, and yet remains in effect so youthful and devoid of any deep purpose or insight. The careful mother may possibly not leave it lying about for the girls to read; yet it is precisely, in its pretty groupings of gay young folk and their various pairings off, the sort of book to appeal to those girls and to give them a real treat. To be sure, the unfortunate occurrence is in the past and concerned

with the previous generation. Nothing could be saner than the young people themselves, from Allison the kind and sensible to Hilda the fluffy but fine. There is nothing that is not utterly wholesome from the first page to the last except the exigencies of the plot, which make a past necessary for some one. The choice of the nun, in the white abstraction of her devoted life, who long since has expiated the sin that falls for a while so menacingly across the path of hero and heroine, has mitigated this past as much as possible. Yet it seems too bad to have given a story so perfectly suited and so charmingly written for girls in their teens, this forbidding bar-sinister. It remains for those past sixteen to enjoy its young society and ingenuous talk, as they might that of a bevy of young people who had come in for tea.

Hildegard Hawthorne.

XIII

J. O. CURWOOD'S "THE DANGER TRAIL"*

This is an honest little book, which makes no pretence at being anything but just what is is, a good yarn to entertain the reader. There is no pretence of giving to a mere story of adventure the attributes of a literary value which it does not possess. There is no attempt at characterisation of the persons involved in the story, no endeavour to paint for us the weird magic of the Frozen North, and, most refreshing of all, there is no attempt to glorify or idealise brute force as the one thing worth considering. There is, therefore, no necessity for the reviewer to endeavour to find some modicum of literary value in a story which does not even pretend to possess it, so we can safely praise *The Danger Trail* as a rattling good yarn of mystery and adventure. It concerns itself with the doings of one John Howland, Chicago engineer, who has realised the dream of his life by being put in charge of the Hudson Bay Railroad, building up in the great white stretches of the North. From the moment of his first entrance into that en-

chanted country, Howland meets with remarkable adventures, which hold him—and the reader—in a lively whirl until the end of the story.

It would be unfair to the book for the reviewer to reveal the mystery that surrounds Howland, because the unravelling of this mystery is all the book has to offer the reader. He ought to be left to find it out for himself, and it is safe to predict that he will not put the book out of his hand until he does find it out. It will give him an hour or two of exciting reading, and he will regret that the author was so saving with his material. We get so much interested in what is happening that we feel we would like to know more of the mysterious persecution of Thorne and Gregson, and of what happened at the railroad camp before Howland arrived. Mr. Curwood piles on the thrills so cleverly that we swallow them all and ask for more.

There is one portion of the book, however, which is deserving of serious criticism, and which, judging by the best standard, is deserving also of praise. That is the work of Charles Livingston Bull, some of whose six or seven full-page illustrations to the story are equal to the best this artist has yet given us. It is not hard to become enthusiastic over Mr. Bull's work. The piquant effect of his Japanese technique for utterly un-Japanese subjects has a charm that prickles like champagne, the boldness of his line work is stimulating. The human figure, except in vague outlines as a part of the landscape, is not Mr. Bull's strong point. But his appreciation of the soul of wild nature, and the wild creatures that inhabit therein, is as unique as his manner of expressing it. One or two of the pictures in this book, principally because they concern the human element, are not up to Mr. Bull's usual standard. But two of them, the frontispiece and the picture of the dog team on the edge of the snow-covered ridge, are marvels of composition. There is a weird power in this last illustration which dwarfs into banality the attempt of the author of the book to describe the same thing in words. He may have seen the sight, but the artist interpreted it.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

*The Danger Trail. By James Oliver Curwood. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

PLOT OWNERSHIP AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*



It is the usual custom to assume cheerfully that an author has a definite property right in the plot of his play or novel; a legal right, if he holds a copyright; a moral right in any case. The whole question seems, on the surface, exceedingly simple. He has, at some expenditure of mental effort, selected a certain number of episodes out of the infinite variations of human life; has combined them after an apparently new pattern, and produced, we will assume, a satisfactory and symmetrical piece of art. Consequently, by the most elemental principles of equity, the results of his own labours would seem to belong to him, as much as though he had made a shoe, or a cane-bottomed chair—and if another writer should consciously or unconsciously make use of a like combination of episodes, the impulse is to raise the charge of plagiarism. Now, of course, the writer who deliberately steals from another a really unique idea, or who bodily takes over an entire piece of plot construction, and attempts to foist it upon the world as original work, is deserving of very short shrift indeed. But in actual experience such cases of barefaced theft are rather rare. The question is usually not nearly so simple. Since the dawn of history, a good many millions of plots, good, bad and indifferent, have been tried upon a patient pub-

lic; in less scrupulous generations writers successively borrowed from one another until a certain proportion of the better plots became and have remained public property. Plot-making has long since reached the point where it would be exceedingly difficult to write a novel without using any of the episodes which are the admitted common property of fiction—and it would be a rash author who dared to assert positively that he had hit upon an idea that no writer before him had ever used.

To make clearer the point here raised, let us imagine what would happen if the question of copyright were treated in accordance with the principles of the patent law. The idea is, of course, fantastic to the point of absurdity, but it may serve, like many another *reductio ad absurdum*, to clarify an obscure point. Suppose, for instance, that before copyright was granted, your novel had to be carefully examined, the records searched for all similar stories copyrighted in the past; and finally all the rights you could secure would be to such additions and variations as you had really originated, and grafted onto the work of your predecessors! Does not this way of putting the matter make us realise that nine-tenths, if not ninety-nine hundredths, of the average novel is really second-hand material; and that, under such a preposterous copyright law, the utmost that the poor author could hope to secure protection for would be some minor detail, such as that the hero stabbed himself with an umbrella rib, instead of a dagger, or that the heroine jilted her lover by telephone, in place of a violet-scented note?

In other words, it is well for every author to cultivate a certain silent modesty of mind toward his creations, refusing to be too sure that the ownership of even his most cherished plots is really vested in him. There are some authors who steadily refuse to write even a short story based upon a plot suggested and freely given them by some one else. It does not occur to them that they seldom know or

*The Stronger Claim. By Alice Perrin. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Duke's Price. By Demetra and Kenneth Brown. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

The Awakening of Paul Chester. By Alice and Claude Askew. New York: Fenno and Company.

An Interrupted Friendship. By Mrs. E. L. Voynich. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Sally Bishop. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The Shoulder Knot. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. New York: Cassell and Company, Limited.

The Crossways. By Helen R. Martin. New York: The Century Company.

can trace the ultimate source of the plots that they regard as most exclusively original. Just when the first germ idea entered their brain; whether in the form of some forgotten happening in their own experience, or an anecdote told across the dinner table, or a vague distorted memory of something they have read, or perhaps in a still more obscure and elusive manner, through the yet unknown possibilities of thought transference—this is one of the things of which they can seldom be quite positive. And, after all, it is a far less important matter than it is usually assumed to be. A plot, to be sure, is a rather vital part of every story. You could no more imagine one without such a foundation than you could imagine a vertebrate without a bony skeleton, or a modern skyscraper without a skeleton of steel. And, of course, a faulty or misshapen plot is apt to result in a story as disproportioned and as grotesque as a two-headed calf, or a three-legged hen. Yet it is not the plot which determines, excepting in special cases, the value of a novel as a work of art—any more than a symmetrical skeleton is the criterion of a woman's beauty. In both cases the criterion is the flesh and blood with which the inner framework has been covered—and if a poor artist has a good plot and has not known how to vitalise it into the flush and tingle of real life, his plot ownership, however valid it may be at law, is a barren possession which he might as well make a present of to the next comer.

Life has one thing at least in common with the game of chess—namely, that it is a game the possibilities of which have not yet been exhausted. Yet every year really new combinations are becoming harder to find, and the old combinations are becoming of necessity more and more shop-worn. The whimsical idea sometimes arises that for the benefit of the long-suffering critic there would be a distinct saving of time if existing plots could be classified and distinguished by their various openings somewhat after the fashion of the recognised gambits in chess. Think what a convenience it would be, in epitomising the plot of some current novel, to say briefly that it opens with the *King Lear* gambit or the gambit

of *Aladdin's Lamp*! There is many a modern novel the plot of which could be thus put down in shorthand almost to the concluding chapter—and how little trouble it would be to epitomise the remaining three moves, resulting in check-mate!

In conclusion, it may be said in all seriousness that at least nine ideas out of ten in our current fiction are not really original and should confer no property rights, at least in the bare plot. The truth is that the makers of fiction have scant time in which to become readers of fiction; they necessarily have a very defective knowledge of what has been done in their own field, excepting for the work of the very few whom the world of letters reads as a matter of course. And unfortunately the best and most important plots are by no means limited to the star performances. They are often to be found in the most unexpected localities, hidden away in the third and fourth rate magazines and submitted to such abusive treatment as almost hides their possibilities. This is the reason why, in discussing stories with almost any writer of real ability, it is easy to surprise him by pointing out that many of his favourite situations have been used time and again. Not long ago, the present writer happened to be conversing with such an author apropos of a short story by the latter in which the turning point was the situation of a young woman watching the struggles of a victim of the morphine habit, and deliberately allowing that victim to die rather than administer another dose of the drug. The author in question, supposing the situation to be practically new, was a little surprised and disconcerted upon being told that it had been used at least ten times in English—among others, by Marion Crawford, in *Paul Patoff*, where the old Turkish woman who has kidnapped Patoff's brother is deprived of the drug in order to make her confess; by Gertrude Atherton in a short story in which a physician watches the ravings of a young society woman throughout the night, withholding the hypodermic that would have saved her because he thinks it will be better for her family if she dies; and by William Black in a somewhat analogous situation in one of his later novels, the

name of which for the moment escapes the memory, where a daughter saves her mother's life and breaks up a long standing habit by taking the dose herself and very nearly sacrificing her own life.

The whole point of this discussion, namely, that plot ownership is a far more precarious sort of property than real estate, in that it is seldom free from a "cloud upon the title," is well exemplified in the novels chosen at random from the output of almost any month in the year. From among the current volumes, *The Stronger Claim*, by Alice Perrin, is pecu-

"The
Stronger
Claim"

uliarly adapted to emphasise the point under discussion, not only because it happens to be a novel of some importance, but because it gives an impression of considerable originality. Nevertheless, its central idea, namely that an inherited taint will outweigh any amount of culture and education, has become one of the common-places of modern fiction. The specific story told in *The Stronger Claim* concerns a certain young Englishman, Paul Vereker by name, who differs outwardly from other Englishmen only in the peculiar darkness of hair and complexion and a strange green tint in his eyes. Any one who had dwelt long in the East might have suspected the strain of Hindoo blood which had come to him through his mother, who was a Eurasian. But his relatives in England, who knew nothing about his father's unfortunate marriage, never had occasion to suspect that the boy was a mongrel by birth. And if it had been Paul's destiny to remain in England he might have gone through life without the hereditary taint ever revealing itself. But it so happened that after his marriage he received a government appointment in India and in the very town where his relatives, both native and half caste, were as numerous as they were notorious. Until this time Paul as well as his wife had been quite ignorant of his origin, and at first the shock to him was only slightly less keen than to her. Of course, the wise thing would have been to follow the advice of those older in the service who told him frankly that his mixed descent destroyed his usefulness and that he ought to have himself

transferred to some other post, where his secret would not be known. Paul, however, chose to do the unwise thing and to fight against social and official prejudice. But, little by little, the memories of early childhood awaken; the ancient speech comes back, the old spell of superstition and mystery descends upon him; he sees himself again a small boy standing awestruck in the gloom and the wonder of a heathen temple, while the Brahmin priest smears upon his forehead the caste mark that is to stamp him forever one of their own. This is why he finds his purpose, his convictions, his very character in an unstable equilibrium. And when the crisis comes; when a sudden clash between fanatical natives and overzealous missionaries results in a riot and Paul happens to be within the zone of danger, that little hidden strain of native blood suddenly comes to the surface and makes it impossible for him to protect himself as an Englishman would—and instead of driving off the rabble with his uplifted cane he wavers, turns white, shows his fear, and then is borne down while the fanatical mass sweep over him. The whole story is told with admirable sense of proportion and considerable dramatic force. The picture of Paul Vereker's early childhood among his Eurasian kindred is something to be long remembered and enjoyed. None the less, the central idea is essentially that of *The Call of the Blood*, by Robert Hichens; essentially that of the episode of Harriet in Gertrude Atherton's *Senator North*—Harriet, whose mother was an octoroon, and who carefully conceals from her white husband the truth of her birth until one night when she betrays herself in a fit of hysteria brought on by attendance at a negro camp meeting. And one may cite further *The Shadow*, by Henry C. Rowland, in which a Jamaican negro, a magnificent specimen of coal black humanity, a man who boasts his descent from African princes and has enjoyed the advantages of an Oxford education and social intercourse with some of the best people in England, flings away the chance of a lifetime when a carefully planned political revolution in the West Indies is about to place him on a throne—because at the critical moment he is missing, having

heard far off in the forest the mystic beat of heathen drums calling him to unspeakable rites of the ancient Voodoo worship.

It would be interesting to discover just how hoary is the antiquity of what may,

for convenience, be called
"The Duke's Price" the Wife in Name Only type of plot. It happens that in this month's instalment of books there are two well-defined examples of the type, while still a third wavers throughout one chapter upon the brink of the same situation.

The first of these books is *The Duke's Price*, by Demetra and Kenneth Brown. It is a brightly written, entertaining volume, blessed with a sense of humour, and considerable understanding of character, both racial and individual. Furthermore, it succeeds in treating a marriage between a rich American girl and a foreign nobleman with more sanity than it is the custom to show toward international matches in current fiction of the coloured-illustration variety. The duke and his American wife really do happen to love each other, in spite of his title and her money—and they might have been very happy in Chapter the first, instead of having to wait until Chapter the last if each had not conceived the wrong idea about the other's motive through one of those ingenious medleys of misunderstanding such as happens nowhere upon earth outside the pages of a novel. It would waste valuable space to give an extended list of this type of novel, in which it takes three hundred pages for two well-intentioned people to discover that they love each other. But one may mention off-hand, *Le Maître de Forges*, by Georges Olmet, as a glaring example which every reader can easily supplement from his own memory.

The Awakening of Paul Chester, by Alice and Claude Askew, authors of *The Shulamite*, is the second of the two books above referred to in which the Wife in Name Only motif forms an integral part of the book's structure. Paul Chester is a man of humble origin but abundant wealth. He is a man of great ambition socially and politically, and although his marriage is based on love he is not blind to the advantages which his wife's family will give

him in his upward climb. It is unfortunate that at the outset of the honeymoon he comes across a letter written by the bride which convinces him that she has accepted him only because his fortune will make things easier for her parents and her sisters—a belief which month by month is strengthened by his father-in-law's unblushing appeals for money. From the finding of this letter, the husband and wife live together with all outward appearance of harmony, but really on terms of mere formal tolerance. Yet, when Paul in his constant reaching out for the social aid which his wife has refused to give him makes the acquaintance of the wife of the party leader, a woman of great power as well as of great beauty, an utterly unscrupulous woman who can make and unmake men as the caprice of the hour dictates, Paul's wife feels a surge of mad jealousy which forces her to acknowledge that her love for her husband is still alive. Paul himself, wrapped up in his political ambitions, looks upon this other woman simply as a stepping-stone to power, then little by little he begins to find a strange fascination about her, the fascination that one feels in trying to master some beautiful and treacherous wild animal. And finally, before he knows it, he has been bewitched, overborne, swept almost to the brink of ruin and dishonour. The rest of the tale would be a novelty in literature, so far as the present reviewer recalls, if it were not for the important little fact that the story of Potiphar's Wife is recorded in the book of Genesis. Paul Chester is not cast into prison, but he suffers an even severer penalty by being socially ostracised and finding that his utility as a public servant is at an end. And this end might have been made permanent but for the intervention of a minor character, a frail hunchback girl with a beautiful face and a warped mind who has a proclivity for eavesdropping and an occasional good impulse in the use of her knowledge.

One would say off-hand that the episode of a crippled young woman, knowing herself to be incurable, brazenly offering her love to a man who has never given her reason to think he cares, might be set down, unhesitatingly, as a unique scene in

fiction, one not likely to be duplicated in the same country and generation. Yet it happens that this episode occurs in two out of the seven books reviewed in this article: first in the case of the hunchback girl above referred to, and again in Mrs. E. L. Voynich's new volume, *An Interrupted Friendship*, in which the girl who makes the proposal is a life-long paralytic. In both books, the episode, while structurally important, is of quite subordinate interest. In the case of Mrs. Voynich's novel, the crippled girl is of importance only as the motive for her brother's accepting a rather dangerous appointment on an exploring trip to South America, his incentive being to raise the money needed for an operation upon his sister. The real theme of the book is the history of the privations and dangers that meet this small band of French scientists; the way in which the courage, the manhood and the sense of honour of men with a previous clean record tend to disintegrate under the test of loneliness and fever and unseen perils; and finally, the way in which one single indomitable soul in a sickly, painwracked body can by the force of unflinching endurance and patient example effect the regeneration of a whole company of men and save an expedition from failure. The man in question when he comes upon them is a human scarecrow, so tattered, so wasted, so burnt by exposure that he seems something lower and less human than the natives themselves—a poor starving wretch, his strength almost gone, his feet cut almost to pieces by rocks and thorns. His history is never fully told; one guesses vaguely that something in early life permanently destroyed his faith in man and in woman; that he has become a fugitive and a wanderer, living among the scum of humanity which finds its way to the jumping-off places of civilisation. And yet he has remained even in his rags and his degradation a gentleman—and among the company of explorers the first man to find this out and to form a friendship for him is the young Frenchman who has sacrificed three years of his life to pay for his sister's cure. The rest of the story can be summed up in very few words. This is the friendship re-

ferred to in the title; and its interruption is caused by the love which the crippled sister bestows, unasked, upon the other man and that he is unable to reciprocate. The book is seriously marred by one catastrophe which very nearly approaches absurdity. The operation is performed, the girl well on her way toward recovery when, as she steps from a carriage to the sidewalk, a man with a pushcart clumsily knocks her down, runs over her, and damages the spine beyond remedy. Of course, had she recovered, the friendship might not have been interrupted, but it does seem a pity that Mrs. Voynich could not have managed the matter by a less artificial intervention of fate.

Sally Bishop, by E. Temple Thurston, belongs to much the same category as Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* and Frank Danby's *Heart of a Child*. It happens to be

a better piece of work than either of them. Sally Bishop is the daughter of a poor clergyman, who died unsuccessful and embittered; and she is managing to keep body and soul rather painfully together, through the drudgery of long days of typewriting. Traill, the man who is destined to play a vital part in Sally Bishop's life, has his first glimpse of her through an office window, from the street.

She was the last, amongst all those workers who could be seen within the lighted apertures of the windows, to leave her post. One by one, they performed their weary play of actions, the shutting up of ledgers, the putting away of papers. . . . But she still remained, and the man, with a certain amount of dogged persistence, continued to watch her movements. Once he took out his watch, as his impatience became more insistent. Then, with the continual watching of her, the continual sight of her hand dancing laboriously on those keys, the noise of the typewriter at last reached the ears of his imagination. He could hear, above the sounds of the street, that everlasting metallic tapping.

"God, what a life!" he exclaimed to himself.

It was partly out of sympathy for the girl's weariness, partly through a sensuous appreciation of her beauty, that Traill waited outside in the rain, followed the

girl, spoke to her. And this was the beginning of a very common and oft told story, but seldom better told than Mr. Thurston has here succeeded in telling it. The man's struggle against himself on behalf of Sally is a rare bit of psychology. So, too, is the cleverness of his subsequent move when he sends her through the same mail a letter of farewell beginning, "Miss Bishop," and a gold bracelet with her name, "Sally," outlined in diamonds. The whole situation, the theme and substance of the book is summed up, once for all, by Sally's amazingly outspoken friend, Janet.

I know what sort you are and I fancy I know just the type of man whom you'd fall in love with, as you've fallen in love with this Mr. Traill. He's hard—he can bend you—he can break you—he can crush you to dust, and there'll still be some wind or other that would blow your ashes to his feet. He's all man—man that's got the brute in him, too—and you're all woman, woman that's got the mating instinct in her, and will go like the lioness across the miles of desert, without food and without water, when once she hears the song of sex in the hungry throat of her mate. . . . I don't care what you say about that letter—the letter's nothing! It's the gift that's the thing. That's the song of sex, if you like; and whether you return it or whether you don't, you'll answer it, as he meant you to.

The story ends in tragedy, grim tragedy, as such stories usually do end; and the admirable thing about the ending is the sense that it leaves of having been inevitable.

The Shoulder Knot, by Mrs. Henry Dudeney, is frankly not up to that author's former standard. "The Shoulder Knot" It is too fantastic. What it is intended to symbolise is the doctrine that one cannot go through life looking exclusively upon that which is sensual and sinful without becoming mentally and morally defiled; and that the only cure

for those who cannot see the good in life is not to see at all. Mrs. Dudeney has attempted to express this by imagining a poet capable of high things who deliberately wastes his talent by describing all that is evil and loathsome; and as a punishment for this he is possessed by a devil which is visible to his friends in the shape of a queer, ill-defined, grey spot on one shoulder—a vague shifting, changing spot that persistently refuses to become defined. And from this devil and from his own evil thoughts he finds no escape until one day a flare of lightning leaves him permanently blind. There are moments when the author attains a thrill of genuine horror. But for the most part the whole thing is too palpably absurd to hold the reader.

The Crossways, by Helen R. Martin, takes us, once more, among the slow-witted and thrifty Pennsylvania Dutch of the same author's earlier volumes. This time the story she has to tell concerns a delicate young Southern woman reared in luxury and idleness who marries a young physician of this same Pennsylvania Dutch stock. And he, taking her back to the home of his birth, believes, in his inexperience, that he is acting only for her own good when he throws upon her frail shoulders the burden of household drudgery, the cooking, the sweeping, the weekly wash. As it turns out, he very nearly causes her death and brings himself to a point of humbleness and penitence that are good to see. It is a book that at times gives the reader some rather savage thoughts, a wild desire to interfere and use physical violence. But it is eminently worth reading, not only for its masterly delineation of local types, but also for its portrayal of that delicate, yet unbreakable spirit with which a frail woman finally bends a stubborn man to her will.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

PLANT OWNERSHIP AND SOME OTHER

BOOK MART

Ruebush-Elkins Company (Dayton, Va.):

The Broken Statue de Fontange. A Dramatic Day. By Harold W. Gammans, A.B.
A drama in four acts.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

W. A. Butterfield (Boston):

The Life of William Shakespeare, Expurgated. By William Leavitt Stoddard.

Mr. Stoddard has included in his biography of the great poet and actor some rare documents and records, such as the Northumberland Manuscript, as well as the recent discoveries of Professor Wallace. The work is not only of interest to the lover of biography and the professional scholar, but also to school and university students.

Cassell and Company, Ltd.:

Charles Dickens and His Friends. By W. Teignmouth Shore.

This volume on the great novelist and his large and distinguished circle of friends is full of reminiscences and anecdotes. Many names famous in the Victorian era are here associated with that of Charles Dickens.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Life of Garret Augustus Hobart. Twenty-fourth Vice-President of the United States. By David Magie, D.D.

The author shows how step by step Mr. Hobart rose, filling each successive post with honour, until he occupied a place among the most prominent men of affairs in the social, financial and political life of the nation, but how in character and manner he remained unchanged.

Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico. The Master Builder of a Great Commonwealth. By José F. Godoy.

A study of the public and private acts of the President of the Mexican Republic, and of the services rendered by him, in the capacities of soldier and of statesman, to the country with whose history he has been so intimately connected. The volume contains numerous illustrations and several maps, indicating the rapid strides in internal development that Mexico has taken under the guidance of its President.

DRAMA

Elder and Company:

The Tocsin. By Esther Brown Tiffany.
A drama of the Renaissance.

Henry Holt and Company:

Allison's Lad and Other Martial Interludes. By Beulah Marie Dix.

Six one-act dramas: "Allison's Lad"; "The Hundredth Trick"; "The Weakest Link"; "The Snare and the Flower"; "The Captain of the Gate"; and "The Dark of the Dawn."

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS,
PHILOSOPHY*Funk and Wagnalls Company:*

The New Schaff Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D.D., LL.D. With the Assistance of Charles Colebrook Sherman and George William Gilmore, M.A. (Associate Editors).

Volume VI. Innocents—Liudger. The remaining six volumes will be published at intervals of three months.

Harper and Brothers:

In After Days. Thoughts on the Future Life. By W. D. Howells, Henry James, John Bigelow, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Henry M. Alden, William Hanna Thomson, Guglielmo Ferrero, Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

These representative men and women have written here on the subject of life after death. Each gives his or her personal private convictions, doubts, hopes and wonderings about the life that may or may not follow this.

The Health-Culture Company (Passaic, N. J.):

Scientific Living for Prolonging the Term of Human Life. The New Domestic Science, Cooking to Simplify Living and Retain the Life Elements in Food. By Laura Nettleton Brown.

The author emphasises the fact that in the ordinary processes of cooking the organic elements become inorganic and food values are destroyed. He claims that when this dietetic idea is generally known and made practical it will restore the racial vigour as nothing else can, free woman from the slavery of the cook stove and become a large factor in the solution of the servant problem.

Henry Holt and Company:

Eugenics. The Science of Human Improvement by Better Breeding. By C. B. Davenport.

Comprising two papers on the subject, one, "Fit and Unfit Matings," read before the American Academy of Medicine, at Yale University, in the autumn of 1909, and the other, "A Plan for Further Work," being based on a report of the Committee of Eugenics of the American Breeders' Association, read at the Omaha meeting, December, 1909.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Church and Labor. By Charles Stelzle. Paul and Paulinism. By James Moffatt, D.D. The Earliest Sources for the Life of Jesus. By F. Crawford Burkitt, M.A., D.D.

In the series of Modern Religious Problems, the general editorship

of Dr. Ambrose W. Vernon. The aim of this series is to lay before the great body of intelligent people in the English-speaking world the precise results of modern scholarship, so that men both within and without the churches may be able to understand the conception of the Christian religion (and of its sacred books) which obtains among its leading scholars to-day, and that they may intelligently co-operate in the great practical problems with which the churches are now confronted.

Moffatt, Yard and Company:

What Is Socialism? By Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Mr. Kauffman discusses socialism in its scientific and philosophical aspects, and in its practical working out in actual life, sharply distinguishing between real socialism and the innumerable shams which travel under the name of socialism. The chapter headings are as follows: "The Modern Devil"; "The Point of Departure"; "The Ascent of Man"; "Whither?" "The War of the Classes"; "The Apostle to the Gentiles"; "The Propaganda"; "The Co-operative Commonwealth."

The Pilgrim Press:

The Person and Place of Jesus Christ. The Congregational Union Lectures for 1909. By P. T. Forsyth, D.D.

The author attempts to set forth the religion and the gospel of Christ from the best modern point of view. Starting with an able discrimination between lay and apostolic religion, he looks back over the greatness of Christ and its interpretations; and forward over the testimony of Christ's self-consciousness, of apostolic inspiration, of experience in the soul and in the church; the omnipotence of God, and the absoluteness of Christ. The last three lectures are concerned with the pre-existence of Christ, His self-emptying and self-fulfilment.

Regan Printing House (Chicago):

The Two Great Questions. The Existence of God and the Immortality of the Soul. By Lysander Hill.

The author's purpose in writing this volume has been to outline "the scientific argument upon the two great questions of God's existence and man's immortality—two questions so indissolubly connected that the answer to either is the answer to both."

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

How to Study the Stars. Astronomy with Small Telescopes and the Naked Eye and Notes on Celestial Photography. By L. Rudaux. Translated by A. H. Keane, LL.D., F.R.G.S.

The book will enable any one inter-

ested in astronomy to acquire some knowledge of it first-hand, without the costly instruments and intricate appliances used in an observatory. The author does not attempt to replace the excellent books which describe the heavenly bodies and the great laws controlling the universe, but rather shows in full the methods of observation with the naked eye and the more simple instruments which an amateur might be expected to procure. He gives hints for the building of small observatories and tells what should be looked for in the more important portions of the heavens.

The Fresh-Air Book. By J. P. Müller.

The special argument of the book is that men should make a much more liberal use of fresh air, not only for breathing, but also for the skin. More natural ways of living are urged in general. Some of the more important chapters deal with: "Air and Sun-Baths in Every-day Life"; "What to Wear"; "Cultivation of Gymnastics"; "Skin Gymnastics an Aid to Beauty"; "The Poor Man's Gout"; "The Fight against Tuberculosis"; and "Concerning Appendicitis."

Sturgis and Walton Company:

Each for All and All for Each. The Individual in his Relation to the Social System. By John Parsons.

"Not a treatise on sociology," the author writes, "but it applies the results thus far reached by science to a mass of questions in education, industry, philanthropy, government and religion." It is intended to be a convenient reference book, and Dr. Parsons, in its preparation, has kept in mind the requirements of students, teachers, preachers, editors and public speakers.

The Young Churchman Company:

A Journey Godward. By Charles C. Grafton.

A volume of personal reminiscences of interest to churchmen in America and in England. Bishop Grafton's reminiscences cover considerably more than half a century of activity in the Church.

The Gospel According to St. Matthew.

The Gospel According to St. Mark.

By G. M. MacDermott, M.A., L.Th.

In the new series of Plain Commentaries.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Camera Adventures in the African Wilds. Being an Account of a Four Months' Expedition in British East Africa, for the Purpose of Securing Photographs of the Game from Life. By A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S.

Mr. Dugmore tells here the story of his adventures in the heart of Africa and presents over one hundred photographs of animals taken by surprise at close quarters.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe. A Compact Itinerary of the British Isles, Belgium and Holland, Germany and the Rhine, Switzerland, France, Austria and Italy. By W. J. Rolfe, Litt.D. With Maps. Revised Annually. First Edition for 1910.

This is not a general guide book for an extended tour of all Europe, but is intended for the tourist who can spend but three or four months abroad. It describes "one continuous route, arranged to take in the maximum of what is best worth seeing, with the minimum of travel."

The Macmillan Company:

The Last American Frontier. By Frederic Logan Paxson.

Giving an account of the struggle to gain the frontier west of the Mississippi. The book is in the series of *Stories from American History. The Story of the American Merchant Marine and Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road* will shortly appear in this series.

Moffatt, Yard and Company:

Central America and Its Problems. An Account of a Journey from the Rio Grande to Panama, with Introductory Chapters on Mexico and her Relations to her Neighbours. By Frederick Palmer, F.R.G.S.

The work deals with Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras, Costa Rica, San Salvador, Panama, with three chapters on Mexico in its political and ethnographical relations to Central America, and the political relations to the United States. Mr. Palmer sets forth the conditions existing in these various republics and also considers the history, populations and resources.

L. C. Page and Company:

In Unfamiliar England. By Thomas D. Murphy.

Being a record of a seven thousand mile tour by motor of the unfrequented nooks and corners, and the shrines of especial interest, in England; with incursions into Scotland and Ireland. There are sixteen illustrations in colour, reproduced from original paintings by eminent artists, and forty-eight duogravures from English photographs; also indexed maps covering routes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Biographical Story of the Constitution. A Study of the Growth of the American Union. By Edward Elliott.

Dealing with the larger questions of constitutional interpretation, many of which lay beyond the jurisdiction of any court. These questions have been fought out between men, and this *Biographical Story of the Constitution* attempts to picture, through the lives of some of the more conspicuous of these contestants, the struggle and its result. In an appendix are given documents illustrative of the principal points around which the conflict of opinion has been hottest.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

The French Verb. Its Conjugation and Idiomatic Use. By C. F. Martin.

Teaching the student how to use the French verb at the same time that he learns to conjugate it. He is shown what preposition, if any, follows a verb before an infinitive, and also how to form a sentence with the verb. For this purpose complete conjugations of all French verbs are given, and their idiomatic use is carefully illustrated.

Ein Nordischer Held. Ein Bild aus der Geschichte. Von Richard Roth. Edited with Introductions, a Brief Outline of Scandinavian History, Notes, Exercises and Vocabulary by Helene H. Boll.

The hero of the story is Gustavus Vasa of Sweden, and the text describes his youth, his services to his country and his wanderings.

Picture Primer. By Ella M. Beebe. With Introduction by Charles L. Spain.

Intended to prepare the child for any first reader. The vocabulary includes only one hundred and eight words, and the first quarter of the book is entirely in script.

Ginn and Company:

The Leading Facts of American History. By D. H. Montgomery.

Revised edition. In the Leading Facts of History Series. This edition has an entirely new form, new type, new illustrations and new maps. The text has been brought up to date and has been in many parts rewritten.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Principles of Education. By William Carl Ruediger, Ph.D.

The aim of this book is to present an outline of the Principles of Education for use in college and normal school classes, in reading circles, and in the superintendent's and teacher's private professional reading.

William R. Jenkins Company:

Mon Livre de Petites Histoires. By Agnes Godfrey Gay.

A reader prepared for American children who are beginning the study of the French language. The aim has been to set before the child interesting subject-matter expressed in the simplest form.

Common Difficulties in Reading French. By Charles C. Clarke, Jr.

Answers are given here to most of the questions which present themselves to the second or third year student reading French text or translating it into English.

Charles E. Merrill Company:

Höher als die Kirche. Eine Erzählung aus alter Zeit. Von Wilhelmine V. Hillern. Edited with Introduction, Notes, Exercises in Syntax and Vocabulary by Frederick W. J. Heuser, A.M.

The latest addition to Merrill's 'German Texts.'

G. P. Putnam's Sons (Cambridge University Press):

Exercises on Erckmann-Chatrian's Waterloo. By A. Wilson-Green, M.A.

FICTION

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Top of the Morning. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

A series of sketches concerned with the doings of the six genial literary and artistic friends who form a club known in their own circle as "Us."

Cassell and Company, Ltd.:

A House of Lies. By Sidney Warwick.

The story of the downfall and regeneration of a man whose career and romance are built upon "a house of lies." A young lawyer is accused by another man who had been his rival in love of dishonesty in the matter of some trust funds. When the wife learns the true state of affairs, realises that her husband is guilty and also that he had been the successful suitor for her hand only through a lie, having told his rival that she was engaged to him, she analyses her feelings and knows that it is her husband's accuser that she really loves. At her husband's demand she goes to this accuser to intercede for him, only to find that because of his love for her he had already withdrawn the suit against the lawyer.

Peggy, the Daughter. By Katherine Tynan.

Another one of this author's Irish stories. It is set some time in the last century, when the landowners and

people of position in the country led rather wild and reckless lives. Peggy's father belongs to this class, and when the story opens she appears at his castle as a little girl of six. She grows to young womanhood and shares in the exciting times which enter into life at the castle.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

The Master Spirit. By John C. Kleber.

The scene opens in Virginia prior to the Civil War. Maximillian and Marcellus Montgomery, twin brothers, upon becoming of age, had each been presented by their father with a fine plantation and an equipment of slaves, and were left to manage them according to their best judgment. It is the story of how one brother, although engaged to marry the daughter of a prominent political leader of the South, persuades the other's sweetheart to marry him. The heartbroken Maximillian abandons his home, serves in the war, and then travels to the West, where he becomes a wealthy miner. Years later he learns that Maxine, his old sweetheart, who is now a widow, is living with a daughter in Texas. He hastens to her and finds that although aged with the years of sorrow, she is his old love.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Fortune Hunter. By Louis Joseph Vance.

Founded upon Mr. Winchell Smith's play of that name now running in New York. Nathaniel Duncan, at his father's death, is thrown upon his own resources, and after numerous attempts he is firmly convinced that as a business man he is a failure. Therefore he and his friend Harry Kellogg put their heads together and devise a scheme. The idea was for Duncan to go to some small town, where he would secure a position, make the acquaintance of a wealthy heiress, marry her and henceforth settle down to a life of ease. Things were working out beautifully, and his proposal of marriage to the heiress had been accepted. But here the young man's better self comes to the surface. He begins to take an interest in business, and finds he is not the failure he thought himself. The impetus for all this being his discovery that he is in love with another girl, not an heiress, but one whom he could marry for love and not money. The fine plans are scattered to the winds and the engagement with the heiress broken off.

Harper and Brothers:

The Return of the Native. By Thomas Hardy.

The second volume in the new pocket size Thin Paper Edition of the works of Thomas Hardy.

Mary Cary. By Kate Langley Bosher.

Mary Cary, a bright little girl, is an inmate of an orphan asylum. She tells of her own life and that of her companions in the asylum and airs her views of the various members of the Board of Directors of that institution, and also of the matron. The "Frequently Martha" the little girl explains in this way: "Martha is my every-day self, like the Bible Martha who did things, and didn't worry trying to find out what couldn't be found out, specially about why God lets mothers die. Mary is my Sunday self, who wonders and wonders at everything and asks a million questions inside, and goes along and lets people think she is truly Martha when she knows all the time she isn't."

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Little Brother O' Dreams. By Elaine Goodale Eastman.

Little Brother O' Dreams is the shy, poetic elf of the woods, who makes friends with the rich man's child from the city, and grows up to be both a bee-man and a poet, the lover of his childhood's friend.

The Macmillan Company:

Kings in Exile. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

Consisting of a number of short stories which Mr. Roberts has written about the lives of some of the dominant creatures in the animal world that have been driven from their own haunts and are being held in captivity by man.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

A Mine of Faults. Translated from the Original Manuscript. By F. W. Bain.

A love story of the Orient. The heroine is a tantalising bit of loveliness, who throws the spell of her beauty around a world-conquering king bent upon subduing her father's kingdom, a king who, defiant of love, believed himself secure from the wiles of women. Artful as this "Mine of Faults" is, she becomes the victim of her own wiles by falling as ardently in love with her suitor as he is with her.

An Apprentice of Truth. By Helen Huntington.

Opening in a small New England town, the scene shifts to New York, and the story deals with some of the phases of social life in the metropolis.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

- *Thurston of Orchard Valley.* By Harold Bindloss.

Disappointed in both business and love, Geoffrey Thurston leaves England a poor man and goes out to the great Canadian Northwest, where he makes a new start and eventually wins out against great difficulties. He also wins the love of Helen Savine, the daughter of the man by whom he is employed as an engineer.

The Living Mummy. By Ambrose Pratt.

The discovery, in Egypt, of the tomb of Pthames, revealed to Sir Robert Ottley and Dr. Belleville secrets, including the preservation of life and the ability to make persons and objects invisible. Returning to London, both used these to serve his own purpose. Sir Robert's invisible agent spied upon the stock exchanges. Belleville exerted his efforts to destroy enemies. Frankfort Weldon, an enemy because engaged to Miss Ottley, though she really loves Dr. Pinsent, meets death by falling, to all appearances, before an approaching train. Dying, he thrusts into Pinsent's hand an object which the latter could feel but not see. Experiment showed Pinsent that heat made it visible. It appeared to be a hand resembling that of the mummy of Pthames. Belleville then plans Pinsent's destruction. To force a promise of marriage from Miss Ottley he puts Pinsent through unheard-of torture. He brags of his foul deeds and tells Pinsent that Weldon was a victim of the invisible agent. and that in falling he had clutched the hand that struck the blow. But Belleville falls into his own trap and meets a death more horrible than that planned for Pinsent, being consumed by his own deadly chemicals.

The John C. Winston Company:

- A Daughter of the Manse.* By Mrs. Charles Tracy Taylor.

Evelyn, the heroine of Mrs Taylor's new story, is a refreshing sort of girl; bright and amiable, and one who influences for good her numerous friends and associates. Her own love affairs, which become somewhat entangled, are finally very happily adjusted.

JUVENILE

Houghton Mifflin Company:

- Flutterfly.* By Clara Louise Burnham.

A fairy story in which the Princess Flutterfly, Jack Frost and Love strangely come together. The book is illustrated in colour by Miss Emily Chamberlain.

Moffatt, Yard and Company:

- When Mother Lets Us Sew.* By Virginia Ralston.

Recently added to the series known as *When Mother Lets Us*. The new volume instructs the little girl in many branches of plain sewing. Many plans and pictures are given for her assistance.

MISCELLANEOUS

R. T. Crane (Chicago):

- The Utility of All Kinds of Higher Schooling.* An Investigation by R. T. Crane.

In Part I the author discusses the utility of an academic or classical education for young men who have to earn their own living and who expect to pursue a commercial life. Part II is devoted to technical and special schooling.

Government Printing House (Washington, D. C.):

- Report on the Progress and Condition of the U. S. National Museum for the Year ending June 30, 1909.*

Richard Rathbun, Assistant Secretary, in charge of the National Museum, presents a report upon the present condition of the United States National Museum and upon the work accomplished in its various departments during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909.

Harper and Brothers:

- The Great English Short-Story Writers.* With Introductory Essays. By William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson.

In two volumes. Each volume contains an introductory chapter, one on "The Evolution of the Short Story" and the other on "The Modern Short Story." These are followed by selections from the work of numerous writers. The aim is to illustrate the development of the short-story form and to furnish examples of the art.

- Harper's Handy-Book for Girls.* Edited by Anna Parmly Paret.

In preparing this book the author has made a study of the tastes of girls of the present day. Part I treats of the Home; Part II, Arts and Crafts; Part III, Needlework and Millinery; Part IV, Gifts; Part V, Out-of-Doors; and Part VI, Amusements and Miscellany.

Henry Holt and Company:

- Shell-Fish Industries.* By James L. Kellogg.

This volume on shell-fishes has been prepared by Professor Kellogg for three groups of persons, namely, those who eat them, those who may be or desire to become directly interested in their culture, and those who may have an inter-

est in the biological problems involved in their artificial control. The book is illustrated with half-tones and original drawings. This is the latest addition to the American Nature Series.

John Lane Company:

Yet Again. By Max Beerbohm.

A series of miscellaneous essays. Among the titles are: "The Fire"; "Seeing People Off"; "A Memory of a Midnight Express"; "A Study in Dejection"; "The Decline of the Graces"; "Whistler's Writing"; "The Naming of Streets"; "On Shakespeare's Birthday"; "The House of Commons Manner"; "The Humour of the Public."

John W. Luce and Company:

The Cook-Ed-Up Peary-Odd-Ical Dictionary and Who's Hoot in the Best Arctic Circles. Including Advices on How to Find the Pole and Prove It. Geographic Observations, etc., etc. Written by Degrees by Disagreeing, Fellow of Various Degrees of Fearlessness, Commanded by Paul R. Dash of 40 Degrees North Latitude (Meaning Boston). Pictorially Punctured by D. C. Bartholomew. A Voluminous Appendix Has Been Carefully Removed.

The Soul of Man Under Socialism. By Oscar Wilde.

Authorised edition.

The Macmillan Company:

The Spirit of America. By Henry Van Dyke.

Based upon the lectures which Dr. Van Dyke delivered as exchange professor at the Sorbonne. Dr. Van Dyke presents to the French mind the fundamental spirit of the New World. The subjects treated are: "The Soul of a People"; "Self-Reliance and the Republic"; "Fair Play and Democracy"; "Will-Power, Work and Wealth"; "Common Order and Social Co-operation"; "Personal Development and Education"; "Self-Expression and Literature."

Who's Who. 1910.

An annual biographical dictionary of living celebrities, chiefly English and American.

The Inspiration of Poetry. By George Edward Woodberry.

Based on the Lowell Lectures. After a preliminary chapter, in which Mr. Woodberry treats of the more general

aspect of his theme, he takes up a number of the great names of literature and shows how these men were really possessed by inspiration. The poets Mr. Woodberry considers in this volume are Camoens, Cervantes, Marlowe, Byron, Gray, Tasso, Lucretius.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Lincoln. By Isaac Newton Phillips.

Being an analysis of the character of Lincoln.

Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism. By A. R. Orage.

The subjects included are "Philosophy"; "Life"; "Man and Woman"; "Art"; "Morality"; "Good and Evil"; "Willing, Valuing and Creating"; "Superman"; and "New Commandments."

Normalist Publishing Company (Elgin, Ill.):

The Philosophy of Happiness. A Consideration of Normalism. By R. Waite Joslyn, LL.M.

With chapters on "The Laws of Life"; "The Right to be Happy"; "The Question of Happiness"; "Man as an Organization"; "Normal Life"; "Expressions of Energy"; "Habits and Attitudes as Related to Normal Life"; "Activities as Right and Wrong"; "Standard for Conduct"; "The Struggle of Life"; "The Struggle of Man with Man."

The Open Court Publishing Company:

Jean-Jacques Rousseau. A Forerunner of Pragmatism. By Albert Schinz.

Reprinted, with additions, from *The Monist*, October, 1909.

The Pilgrim Press:

Stories and Story-Telling in Moral and Religious Education. By Edward Porter St. John, A.M., Pd.M.

Prepared for the purpose of aiding parents, teachers and workers in settlements, vacation schools, etc., in becoming efficient story-tellers. A few of the chapters are: "The Educational Value of the Story"; "The Use of Idealistic Stories"; "Some Vital Characteristics of Good Stories"; "Learning to Tell a Story"; and "Where to Find Stories."

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Resources. An Interpretation of the Well-Rounded Life. By Stanton Davis Kirkham.

The author points out, to an age engaged in the pursuit of material resources, the existence and the proper utilisation of intellectual and spiritual resources. He encourages the cultivation of the spiritual, intellectual and physical endowments, and sets forth a well-rounded ideal of life, to which the soul, harassed by the narrowing, and often aimless, activity of the present, will turn with relief and gratitude.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., F.B.A., and A. R. Waller, N.A.

Volume IV, Prose and Poetry—Sir Thomas North to Michael Drayton. Containing material representative of a number of the literary activities of the Elizabethan and of the Jacobean age. In this volume, in addition to the consideration of specific kinds of literature, is given a history of the book trade from 1557 to 1625 and an account of the foundation of libraries.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
2. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Candles in the Wind. Diver. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. A Son of the Immortals. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Recollections of Lady Cardigan. (Lane.) \$3.50.
3. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. Mexico. Carson. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

2. Ann Veronica. Wells. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
3. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
2. Practical Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. American Beauties. Fisher. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Sioux to Susan. Daulton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Top of the Morning. Tompkins. (Baker, Taylor.) \$1.50.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

4. *Bella Donna*. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. *John Marvel, Assistant*. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. *Lord Loveland Discovers America*. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. *Mental Medicine*. Huckel. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
2. *A Wanderer in Paris*. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
3. *Friendship*. Black. (Revell.) \$1.25.
4. *Blue Flower*. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. *Anne of Green Gables*. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. *Double Play*. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. *The Flopsy Bunnies*. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. *The Man Outside*. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. *The Tyrant*. De La Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
3. *Lord Loveland Discovers America*. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. *It Never Can Happen Again*. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
5. *The Up Grade*. Goodwin. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. *Passers-By*. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. *Loyalists of Massachusetts*. Stark. (Clarke.) \$5.00.
2. *Spirit of Youth and the City Streets*. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. *Approach to Social Questions*. Peabody. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. *Vehicles of the Air*. Lougheed. (Reilly & Britton.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. *Four Corners Abroad*. Blanchard. (Jacobs.) \$1.00.
2. *Lass of the Silver Sword*. Du Bois. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. *Arabian Nights*. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) \$2.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. *Lord Loveland Discovers America*. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. *The Fortune Hunter*. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. *John Marvel, Assistant*. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. *Passers-By*. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. *A Girl of the Limberlost*. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. *Old Wives' Tale*. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. *Trans-Himalaya*. Hedin. (Macmillan.) \$7.50.
2. *Junior Republic*. George. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

3. *The Spirit of America*. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. *Garibaldi and the Thousand*. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) \$2.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. *Bella Donna*. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. *The Kingdom of Slender Swords*. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. *When a Man Marries*. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. *The Calling of Dan Matthews*. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
5. *A Certain Rich Man*. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. *The Man Outside*. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. *The Kingdom of Slender Swords*. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. *Lord Loveland Discovers America*. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. *The Seventh Noon*. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
4. *Blonde Lad*. Le Blanc. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. *Tess*. Miller. (Watt.) \$1.50.
6. *A Certain Rich Man*. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. *The Kingdom of Slender Swords*. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. *Tess of the Storm Country*. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
3. *The Seventh Noon*. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
4. *Passers-By*. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. *A Girl of the Limberlost*. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. *Lord Loveland Discovers America*. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. *Lords of High Decision*. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. *The Foreigner*. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
3. *Truxton King*. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Webster's International Dictionary. (Merriam.)
3. Survival of Man. Lodge. (Moffatt, Yard.) \$2.00.
4. Problem of Human Life. Eucken. (Scribner.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Little Colonel Stories. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
5. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Demagog. Hereford. (Holt.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Quantrill and the Border Wars. Connelly. (The Torch Press.) \$3.50.
2. The Courtin'. Lowell. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Pragmatism. James. (Longmans, Green.) \$1.25.
4. Herod. Phillips. (Lane.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Happy Hawkins. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
2. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
5. Margarita's Soul. Bacon. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Florentine Frame. Robins. (Moffatt, Yard.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Phoebe Deane. Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. Arsene Lupin. Le Blanc. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. A Pool of Flame. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Riley & Britton.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

THE BOOK MART

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3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Winning Chance. Dejean. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. The Survival of Man. Lodge. (Moffatt, Yard.) \$2.00.
3. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

JUENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Wits' End. Blanchard. (Estes.) \$1.50.
3. The April Fool Doll. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. Jason. Foreman. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Sparrows. Newte. (Kennerly.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. For Each Day a Prayer. (Dodge.) \$1.50.
2. Songs of the Beloved. Orthwein. (Dodge.) \$2.00.
3. Rubaiyat. Fitzgerald. (Page.) \$1.50.
4. Two in Arcadia. Finck. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUENILES

1. Little Men. Allcott. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Boys' Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) \$2.00.
3. Buster Brown. (Stokes.) 50 cents.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
4. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Good News. White. (Nelson.) 20c.
2. Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
3. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUENILES

1. Elsie Dinsmore. Finley. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 20 cents.
2. Air Ship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
3. How It Works. Williams. (Nelson.) \$1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.20.
6. A Son of the Immortals. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Ireland. Sutherland. (North American, Philadelphia.) \$1.00.
2. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
4. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.

THE BOOKMAN

JUVENILES

1. The Bear Detectives. Eaton. (Stern.) \$1.50.
2. Ginger and Pickles. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitz-Gerald.) \$1.20.
2. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
6. Woman's Way. Somerville. (Watt.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Curiosities of the Sky. Serviss. (Harper.) \$1.40.
2. Anti-Pragmatism. Schinz. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
3. Women and the Trades. Butler. (Pittsburg Survey.) \$1.50.
4. Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Weale. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Winning His Shoulder Straps. Brainerd. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
2. Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
3. Jack Among the Indians. Grinnell. (Stokes.) \$1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. Happy Hawkins. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
5. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitz-Gerald.) \$1.20.
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

2. Heart of the Antarctic. Shackleton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
3. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
4. Seven English Cities. Howells. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. First at the North Pole. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggan and Smith. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. The Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Crossways. Martin. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
4. Thurston of Orchard Valley. Bindloss. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
5. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. New Menticulture. Fletcher. (Stokes.) \$1.00.
2. Who's Who Among Wild Flowers. Beecroft. (Moffatt, Yard.) \$1.20.
3. A Day in Court. Wellman. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
4. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. School Team in Camp. Earle. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Abraham Lincoln. Moore. (Houghton Mifflin.) 25 cents.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitz-Gerald.) \$1.20.
5. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Liberalism and Social Problem. Churchill. (Doran.) \$1.50.
2. Warriors of Old Japan. Ozaki. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. Egypt. Loti. (Duffield.) \$2.50.
4. German Element in the U. S. Faust. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$7.50.

JUVENILES

1. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
2. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. Standard Operas. Upton. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
2. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. American Business Law. Sullivan. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Grizzly Bear. Wright. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
4. Cooking for Two. Hill. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
4. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.
2. The Shadow on the Dial. Bierce. (Robertson.) \$2.00.
3. Write It Right. Bierce. (Neale.) 50 cents.
4. Their Day in Court. Pollard. (Neale.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Blue Goops and Red. Burgess. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. Little Colonel Books. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
5. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitz-Gerald.) \$1.20.

THE BOOKMAN

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
2. Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
4. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Stories. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. The Rover Boys. Winfield. (Grossett & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Darewell Chums. Chapman. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Musson.) \$1.25.
3. A Son of the Immortals. Tracy. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.
4. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Briggs.) \$1.50.
5. Nest of the Sparrow Hawk. Orczy. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
6. Passers-By. Partridge. (Musson.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
2. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. Ann Veronica. Wells. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Mrs. Rorer's New Cook Book. Rorer. (Arnold.) \$2.00.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Catering for Two. James. (Putnam.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Sea Horse. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) \$2.00.

2. Ginger and Pickles. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Annapolis Second Classman. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Mint Julep. James. (Lane.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Familiar Quotations. Bartlett. (Little, Brown.) \$3.00.
2. Longfellow's Country. Clarke. (Baker & Taylor.) \$2.50.
3. Guide to Modern Opera. Singleton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. On the Trail of Washington. Hill. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d " "	8
" " 3d " "	7
" " 4th " "	6
" " 5th " "	5
" " 6th " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing list, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.....	220
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20	177
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.....	92
4. The Man Outside. Martyn. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.....	78
5. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50	58
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.....	57

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH		EAST		SOUTH		WEST AND MIDDLE WEST	
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO		NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BAL- TIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASH- INGTON, AND WORCESTER		ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASH- VILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND		CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVEL- LAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO	
Lord Loveland Discovers America 5 The Kingdom of Slender Swords 5 The Silver Horde..... 4 The Foreigner 3 Passers-By 3 The Fortune Hunter..... 2 The Calling of Dan Matthews The Furnace of Gold..... 2 The Man Outside..... 2		The Kingdom of Slender Swords 10 Lord Loveland Discovers America 8 The Man Outside..... 5 When a Man Marries..... 4 Bella Donna 4 Passers-By 4 The Silver Horde..... 3 Cab No. 44..... 3 The Fortune Hunter..... 3 A Girl of the Limberlost..... 3 The Furnace of Gold..... 3 Song of Songs..... 2 A Son of the Immortals..... 2 Ann Veronica 2 Anne of Avonlea..... 2 The Foreigner 2 John Marvel, Assistant..... 2 The Rosary 2 The Calling of Dan Matthews 2		The Kingdom of Slender Swords 6 When a Man Marries..... 4 Lord Loveland Discovers America 4 John Marvel, Assistant..... 3 Little Sister Snow..... 3 Passers-By 2 The Calling of Dan Matthews Miss Minerva and William Green Hill 2		Lord Loveland Discovers America 7 The Kingdom of Slender Swords 7 The Calling of Dan Matthews When a Man Marries..... 4 A Certain Rich Man..... 3 The Man Outside..... 3 The Seventh Noon..... 3 The Foreigner 3 Bella Donna 3 Passers-By 2 The Lords of High Decision Song of Songs..... 2	

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH		EAST		SOUTH		WEST AND MIDDLE WEST	
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO		NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER		ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND		CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO	
Anne of Avonlea Captain Chub Little Colonel Stories The Rover Boys Anne of Green Gables		Double Play Anne of Green Gables Four Corners Abroad The Bear Detectives Patty's Pleasure Trip		Anne of Avonlea Wits' End Little Men Buster Brown Boys' Book of Airships		Anne of Avonlea Elsie Dinsmore Patty's Pleasure Trip Captain Chub Little Colonel Books	

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH		EAST		SOUTH		WEST AND MIDDLE WEST	
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO		NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER		ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND		CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO	
The Spirit of America American Business Law The Spell of the Yukon Labrador Heart of the Antarctic		England and the English Practical Bridge Tremendous Trifles Why Worry Familiar Quotations		Laws of Psychic Phenomena For Each Day a Prayer The Survival of Man Songs of the Beloved Brain and Personality		Modern Novelists Quatrill and the Border Wars The Good News Tremendous Trifles Gardening in California	

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXXI

MAY, 1910

No. 3

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

First of all, we must begin by a little sermon on the half-knowledge and extremely short memory of

**General Grant
and Colonel
Roosevelt**

Americans as a people. No one has ever accounted for this, and it

seems not to have been seriously taken into account in estimating our national qualities. Before we begin, however, we should give an illustration or two of what we mean. The other day, two persons who were well dressed and apparently educated, were gazing at a large picture entitled "Waterloo" exhibited in a very large New York shop. These persons looked at it a long while, and then one of them said in a hesitating sort of fashion: "Waterloo? Let me see—didn't Napoleon have something to do with that?" Only a day or two ago, a woman of thirty, refined, and generally intelligent, like all American women, was told that General Grant in his tour around the world had received the highest possible honours from monarchs and princes everywhere. The young woman looked dazed for a while. She had heard of General Grant, but evidently in a very casual sort of way. Consequently, the person who was talking with her, thought to aid her memory by saying that General Grant was so received because of his great military exploits in the Civil War. Whereupon a still deeper haze settled down upon the lady's mind, and she could only mutter feebly: "Civil War? Civil War?" She had evidently never heard of the Civil War!

This ignorance is peculiar to our people. There are more half-educated people in the United States than in any other

country, but there are fewer persons who are wholly educated. Nowhere here will you find the stolid ignorance of the French peasant or the Russian *moujik*; but on the other hand, nowhere else in ordinarily good society will you hear so much miscellaneous misinformation and fatuous



MONTAGUE GLASS

Very few among our present short-story writers have found quicker appreciation than Mr. Glass. His tales of Jewish commercial life appearing in the "Saturday Evening Post," have had a wide circle of readers

half-grasping at ordinary facts. One may urge in reply, that half-knowledge is better than no knowledge at all; but when you come to look at it, half knowledge is rather the more dangerous of the two. It leads persons to imagine that they know something, whereas in fact, their minds are in a perpetual mirage; and if they have to say anything or if they have to decide upon anything, they are no better off than if they had no knowledge whatsoever; for it is several chances to

one that they will say and decide according to the thing that is not. The other trait which is a national one with us is the trait of rapidly forgetting. This may not seem to be of any particular consequence, and yet it strikes at the very root of our institutions and of the enforcement of our laws. Thus, we may become extremely angry at the moment over a huge piece of graft, or the misdeeds of a public man; or we may, on the other hand, admire something that has been well and



HAMLIN GARLAND

From his latest portrait

ably done. But five years afterward (or less) every one will have forgotten the graft and the names of the grafters. The public officials will have retired into temporary seclusion, and then, after a little while, they will emerge to be hailed with admiration by thousands of men and women who are themselves quite free from guilt or guile, but who have just forgotten. So the benefactor must let virtue be its own reward. His name will not remain in the minds of any one. As a people, we live from day to day, meeting its problems well and skilfully; but when the problems of to-day are entangled with the problems of the past, we act like fools or children. Thus, we are robbed and pillaged and insulted, and we do not even know it. In this respect we are far below the level even of the French peasant or of the Russian *moujik*. What they grasp, they hold tenaciously and transmit to their children and their children's children.

A curious and quite harmless illustration of our national shortness of memory is to be found in the popular view of the triumphal progress of Colonel Roosevelt. Readers of the newspapers as well as editors of the newspapers believe that no ex-President ever received so enthusiastic and warm a welcome in foreign lands. But why should they have forgotten the journey of General Grant around the world in 1877-79? The United States at that time was not, in our modern sense, a "world power"; it had defeated no foreign nation of importance; its diplomacy had not become involved with that of Europe and Asia. It had no big fleets, and its presidents were quiet, sober men. And yet no American, no foreign monarch even, was ever so magnificently greeted as was General Grant. We ought to remember this because of our own national self-respect; but it was only yesterday that we mentioned this to a colleague and he said rather dubiously: "Oh, yes, Grant. Wasn't he made to sleep in an outbuilding or something of that sort, and generally turned down?"

Just because such a view is prevalent, it seems to us worth while briefly to recall

here the honours which were paid to the great, grim, silent soldier, who ended a four years' war in which any one of a hundred skirmishes was more sanguinary than all the battles of the Spanish War put together, and who commanded more soldiers in the field than any other American general has ever done.



AN UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT OF MR. GARLAND AND HIS TWO LITTLE DAUGHTERS

Taken on the lawn of his summer house at West Salem, Wisconsin. Mr. Garland's new novel, "Cavanagh: Forest Ranger," is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.



THE TWO SEATED FIGURES ARE JOHN MUIR AND JOHN BURROUGHS, THE THREE STANDING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) ARE CHARLES KEELER, THE SAN FRANCISCO WRITER, WILLIAM KEITH, THE CALIFORNIAN PAINTER, AND FRANCIS F. BROWNE, THE EDITOR OF THE "DIAL." THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN LAST SPRING IN MR. KEITH'S STUDIO

It was on the seventeenth of May, 1877, that ex-President Grant sailed down the Delaware from Philadelphia on the steamship *Indiana*. Reaching England, he received the freedom of the city of Liverpool, and in London he accompanied the Prince of Wales to the Epsom races, dined with the Duke of Wellington, and the Duke of Devonshire, received the freedom of the city of London, met all the great English statesmen, and visited and spent the night at Windsor Castle by invitation of the Queen, although the Court was in mourning. Then, going to Belgium, he was the guest of the King. Thence he proceeded rapidly to Switzerland, where the whole country turned out to see him. At Paris, official honours were heaped upon him from the moment that he set foot within the city, and he was entertained many times by President MacMahon, whose bluff soldierly character resembled that of the ex-President

himself. When he reached Egypt, the Khedive placed a palace at his disposal, a special guard of honour, and a steamer to be always at his service. He and Mrs. Grant visited the Khedive. After travelling in the near East, where he was everywhere greeted with an Oriental magnificence, he returned, and the King and Queen of Greece received him at an unusually brilliant function. Arriving at Rome, his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., passed much time with him (General Grant, by the way, was a Methodist), and the King of Italy also entertained him with banquets and spectacles of various sorts. The King of Holland welcomed him; in Berlin the aged Kaiser was too ill for the personal entertainment of visitors, but Bismarck spent hours in conversation with him, as did other German statesmen and soldiers, among them the Crown Prince Frederick, who was afterward Emperor. Bayard Taylor preserved the glasses out

of which the Iron Chancellor and General Grant drank some schnapps together.

In the free city of Hamburg, the Senate especially honoured Grant: the King of Sweden pressed invitations upon him to visit his Majesty at the superb palace of Drottningholm. In Russia the General was received by the Prime Minister, and an imperial yacht was placed at his disposal, while royal salutes were fired whenever he appeared. A grand audience was arranged for the ex-President by the Emperor Alexander in St. Petersburg. A like function was arranged for him in Vienna by the Emperor Francis Joseph. King Alfonso (father of the present king) gave him a truly Spanish welcome in Madrid; and when General Grant reached Lisbon, the King of Portugal, putting aside all etiquette, came to meet him. The two had many other meetings, punctuated with receptions and banquets. From Europe and Africa, the General proceeded to India, where he was entertained by the Viceroy and by countless Maharajahs. In Siam, the King eagerly invited him to the palace, where a State dinner was given and the royal elephants were displayed. In China, almost more than anywhere else, was he the recipient of extraordinary honours from viceroys, princes, and statesmen, including Li Hung Chang; while in Japan the imperial Cabinet and the Emperor met him and gave him a sight of a military review at a time when few people were aware of Japan's growing power in war. The most picturesque festivals and popular fêtes crowded his days in Tokio, where the Emperor at the imperial palace gave him a personal farewell. Thence the General returned across the Pacific to San Francisco, where all California seemed to have assembled in his honour. We cannot go into these things in detail; but it is not likely that any American ex-President will ever receive so wonderful and universal a greeting as that which was given General Grant almost a quarter of a century ago.

We extend cordial congratulations to our contemporary, *The Dial*, of Chicago, which has just been celebrating its

thirtieth anniversary. *The Dial* of the Transcendentalists—of Margaret Fuller, Emerson, Channing, Parker and Thoreau—was established at Boston in 1840 and lasted four years. It was a quarterly, and a complete set of its sixteen numbers are to be found only among the rarest treasures of a few public and private libraries. The new *Dial* was begun in May, 1880, with Mr. Francis F. Browne as editor and chief contributor. For twelve years it was issued as a monthly and since then as a fortnightly.

While we are congratulating *The Dial* we must not forget to say a word of friendly farewell to another esteemed contemporary. In the April issue of *Putnam's Magazine* the publishers make the announcement that the periodical has been incorporated with the *Atlantic Monthly*. First as *Putnam's Magazine*, then as *The Critic*, and again as *Putnam's Magazine* it has long enjoyed a distinguished career and exerted a dignified influence upon American letters.

A New York paper quotes Mr. Howells as endorsing highly the work of several contemporary English writers of fiction, among them one "Bett Ridge." That rather puzzled us for a time. Can the paper have meant Mr. W. Pett Ridge?

Mr. Howells is further quoted as saying that "we are too prone to be imposed on by big names—those of Dickens, Thackeray, Reade, and Collins are dead and no one reads them now." On another page in the same paper there is an article on "Books with Large Sales." Here is one paragraph:

There are those who say that Dickens is not generally read any more, but the record of sales shows that he is bought, nevertheless. For more than seventy years *Pickwick Papers* has headed the list for humorous fiction up to the present day, and *David Copperfield* has held its own as well.

The French Republic seems to be moving along in a fairly successful fashion; yet no one can speak with a Frenchman of the upper classes without finding that he is deeply pessimistic. He may be an Orleanist, or a Bourbon, or a Radical, or an ordinary Republican; but when you really get down to his innermost thoughts he will tell you that the only hope for France lies in a restoration of the Empire, modified by the *plébiscite*—that is to say, the Empire as it was in the early years of

**A Cry
for Empire**



GASPARD FELIX TOURNACHON (NADAR)

M. Tournachon, better known as Nadar, the famous caricaturist of the Second Empire, recently died in Paris

Napoleon III. There is no more chance for a kingdom; the Republic is confessedly unstable because it is so torn by different parties and so swamped by mediocre men. But the Empire—yes! A single head, a single policy, a firm hand, and back of it all an occasional referendum to the nation—these things will once more set France at the head of Europe, ready for attack or for defence, and with a coherent and intelligent diplomacy. We are not concerned in these pages with the political aspect of such a policy, but we cannot help looking at it in

its relation to contemporary literature. It is not merely that the historians, such as Masson, have patiently sought out the most minute details concerning the great Emperor who raised France to the acme of glory. There has been gathered together a mass of Napoleonic literature every page of which Napoleon has in some way touched with his brilliant personality. This, of course, has been true ever since his death at St. Helena. It is much more true since the humiliation of France in 1871. The nation hides the anguish of its heart; yet it does not forget; and, as has well been said: "This spirit of waiting and of being ready, literature has unconsciously or consciously fostered for a generation. The splendid songs of Paul Déroulède still rouse barracks and camps, and reverberate upon the night air through masses of men at the time of annual *manœuvres*." France is not dead. It is not decadent. It is merely waiting. Among recent writers who illustrate the undercurrent of French feeling and make it explicable, none is more remarkable than M. Georges d'Esparbès. He seems to be inspired by the Napoleonic spirit as it was in 1808, when all Europe crouched at the great Emperor's feet. M. d'Esparbès might well be the incarnation of one of those *vieux grognards* who cared nothing for kings and princes, who littered their horses in palaces and cathedrals all over the Continent, but who, even while they spoke to Napoleon as "thou," did so with a frantic, almost furious, adoration such as few men feel even for their God. M. d'Esparbès wrote, some time ago, a collection of twenty-one Napoleonic tales which he grouped under the single title, *La Légende de l'Aigle*. These stories have been read far and wide in France, and it is odd that, so far as we know, none of them has yet been translated into English. Each is brief, yet it blazes and burns like a red-hot coal. Some portions of the book have been reprinted in the original by Dr. Guyot Cameron, lately professor in Princeton, and he has eloquently described the author's inimitable force.

Inasmuch as in another part of this number we publish a translation of one

of these tales, we venture to quote a little from what Dr. Cameron has written about M. d'Esparbès, whom Adolphe Brisson called "the poet of the Empire." Speaking of the *Légende*, he says:

Four names brilliantly illustrate the movements of French literature that are evolved from the love of military glory or from provincial patriotism. M. Georges d'Esparbès has felt and fixed the fury of the Napoleonic fever in pages glowing with the heat of struggle and gleaming with the flash of arms. They are written under the inspiration of symbols. The Sign of the Sphinx, the riddle of humanity, the great Emperor, has become flesh. The imperial Eagle, resurrected to renew a modern Roman dominion of sword and stone, triumphantly screams in the heavens lit by flashes from the furnace of battle. The Walhalla of war opens, and its mustered heroes are incarnated in new generations of valour. And after the blackening flame has died out, in the crash of a ruined country and the embers of a continent in conflagration, a phantom passes, alternately a gruesome spectre and a prophetic leader, the rush of whose vision makes men breathless with awe, and enkindles the immortality of courage. This spirit M. d'Esparbès has caught in his twenty-one Napoleonic tales which compose *La Légende de l'Aigle*. Napoleon stalks through it, dominating by an unseen presence the multitudes of superbly marshalled and splendidly accoutred men, the armies of centaurs, where man and horse were as one mind; interpreted by the admiration or the love of superstitious soldiers, to whom he seems to speak in the storm, blasphemously deified as an avenging agent of God; granting the petitions presented on the points of bayonets, as there defiled before him the ranks of gigantic grenadiers of the Guard to the small and sturdy soldiers of the line, or as he silently appeared beside the camp-fires. And around him echo the roll of drums, the blare of music, and the clanking trot of cuirassiers, while the dolmans of hussars and dragoons wave in great splashes of colour like the flags of red devils. . . .

It is for this that the name of M. d'Esparbès has been coupled with that of Victor Hugo. A flood of force hurries one impetuously through his pages. As with the great master, something monstrous disengages itself from the seething torrents and looms like an immaterial mist concealing gigantic outlines above

the fields worn by the tempests of men charging over them. Brutality, blood, and battles; impossible combats of one against a thousand; armies of soldiers and hosts of horses swallowed by the smoke whence torrents of flame and shot and shell pour the War that is Hell; bravery, action, glory, all gleam here.

We advise our readers to make themselves familiar with the writings of M. d'Esparbès, since he is a prose-poet whose influence among his countrymen is enormous; and we advise them also to read Dr. Cameron's vivid introduction to his book entitled *Tales of France*.



GEORGES D'ESPARBÈS

A month or two ago we printed a few paragraphs about the "Order of Minerva," in which we endeavoured to explain our position in the matter of portraits of literary persons of more or less distinction. To the confession that very often we have published portraits of men and women who were not exactly of the first rank, we might have added that in the course of the

Pierre Loti

fifteen years and three months that THE BOOKMAN has been in existence we have presented the lineaments of practically every real literary personage of the last half century. Yet that statement would not be literally true. Every now and then we find, to our great surprise, that in the index of our portrait gallery there is

book of the roving ex-lieutenant, *La Mort de Philæ*, or plain *Egypt*, as it appears in the English translation, is one long threnody over the ruin that has been wrought, not by Time, but by the base utilitarianism of its insular occupants, and by the hand of the tourist. English critics were most concerned when the



PIERRE LOTI

missing some very obvious name. For example, this is the first portrait in THE BOOKMAN of M. Viaud of the French navy, better known as Pierre Loti.

There is, as may well be imagined, much to wound the delicate sensibilities of a Loti in the land of the Lotus under modern English domination. The latest

volume first appeared by the author's attack on the impounding of the waters of the Nile at Assouan, which, so M. Loti claims, has completely changed the climate of the country, and now threatens Egypt with a plague of fever. But the most amusing passages are those in which are recorded the visitor's impressions of the English tourist, male and female, as

organised under the efficient generalship of "Thomas Cook and Son (Egypt Ltd.)." The Khedive is reported to have said on one occasion that the first man in Egypt was Lord Cromer, the second was Lord Cook, and that he himself was but the third. Loti is far from taking so good-natured a view of the situation. For him the omnipresent tourist and the evidences of the enterprising activity of the London agency are a perpetual insult in the land of the Pharaohs, and they release in him an illimitable spleen. There is an element of true pathos in his sufferings as he seeks to avoid this twentieth century plague of locusts and is, at every turn, confronted by its depredations. Cairo, of course, is impossible. It is becoming merely a more vulgar Nice or Interlaken, and the mosques are invaded by Teutonic hordes whose shouts and laughter profane the silence of the sanctuary. But even when the august sentimental traveller begins to ascend the Nile and to penetrate the interior, he finds the most remote and sacred places of his pilgrimage profaned, and himself forestalled, by unwelcome presences. One day he visits Abydos in a peculiarly exalted mood. He approaches the temple reared to Osiris, the mysterious Prince of the Other World, by King Seti, with distinctly other-worldly sensations, and the memories of two thousand years heavy upon him. But hark!

What is this noise in the sanctuary? It seems to be full of people. There, sure enough, beyond a second row of columns, is quite a little crowd talking loudly in English. I fancy that I can hear the clinking of glasses and the tapping of knives and forks. Oh! poor, poor temple, to what strange uses are you come. . . . This excess of grotesqueness in profanation is more insulting surely than to be sacked by barbarians! Behold a table set for some thirty guests, and the guests themselves—of both sexes—merry and lighthearted, belong to that special type of humanity which patronises Thomas Cook and Son (Egypt, Ltd.). They wear cork helmets and the classic green spectacles; drink whiskey and soda, and eat voraciously sandwiches and other viands out of greasy paper, which now litters the floor. And the women! Heavens! what scarecrows they are! . . . Let us escape

quickly, if possible, before the sight shall have become graven on our memory.

But already it is too late; the day has been spoiled for Loti beyond repair.

Alas! even when we are outside, alone again on the expanse of dazzling sands, we can no longer take things seriously. Abydos and the desert have ceased to exist. The faces of those women remain to haunt us, their faces and their hats, and those looks which they vouchsafed us over their solar spectacles.

Later he looks back from the portico of another fane:

"And what is now happening in the holy neighbourhood of unhappy Osiris?" he cries. A



JEAN MORÉAS

troupe of donkeys, belaboured by Bedouin drivers, is being driven in the direction of the adjacent temple, dedicated to the god by Seti! The luncheon no doubt is over and the band about to depart, sharp to the appointed hour of the programme. Let us watch them from a prudent distance. To be brief, they all mount into their saddles, these Cooks and Cookesses, and opening, not without a conscious air of majesty, their white cotton parasols, take themselves off in the direction of the Nile.

In Jean Moréas, whose "masque" by Vallotton, from Rémy de Gourmont's first *Livre des Masques*, we reproduce, Paris literary society loses one of its most pic-

turesque figures. A poet, M. Moréas, who was an Athenian Greek of good family, and whose real name

Jean Moréas

was Papadiamantopoulos, gained recognition in the eighties as one of the leaders of that group known first as "dégadents," and later as "symbolists." He was one of the earliest to pay court to Verlaine after that poet's return to Paris from England, and like many of his fellows, he adopted certain of Verlaine's less reprehensible habits. Thus, he made the boulevard his home, and the café his workshop, living the poetic life full in the public eye. A friend has given the following picture of him in those days: "One commonly comes across M. Jean Moréas on the Boulevard Saint-Michel, if it is winter, in the cafés that are hospitable to the din of poets, if summer, on the terraces, nonchalantly exposed to the curiosity of the passer-by. At whatever hour you meet him, he is working, by which I mean that he makes verses or recites them. With a fine deep-throated voice, which accentuates the mute syllables in a bizarre fashion, he gives a new gravity to the strophes of Ronsard and La Fontaine, of Thibaut de Champagne and Alfred de Vigny; and, by the peaceful quiver of his lip, every one understands that M. Moréas feels perfectly happy. He has found the sovereign good." Another observer, less sympathetic, portrays him in a similar posture but with an added touch of vanity, praising his own verses as he declaims them, and comparing them favourably with Verlaine's, while, occasionally, refreshing himself with a sip of absinthe, he glances with unaffected admiration at his own reflection in the café mirror, and gives voice to an enraptured "*Ah, que je suis beau!*"

Moréas had for a time another idol besides himself and Verlaine. This was Mallarmé. It was Mallarmé who said to him after his first attempts in the new style of poetry in which the Greek oddly sought to revive the traditions of mediæval and Renaissance poetry in France: "*Monsieur, vous trichez avec les siècles.*" In founding the "école romane," which was the expression of this wish to restore

the past, Moréas broke with many of his early friends who remained in the symbolist camp and regarded him as a traitor to the cause. Chief among these was Gustave Kahn, who has indulged in more than one fling at his old comrade and at his *chansons romans*, which even well-disposed critics had to admit were often so filled with archaisms of thought, language, and expression as to be unintelligible save to the scholar. But Moréas had a surprising way of changing his base, and was constantly establishing new schools on new principles that suggested themselves to his fertile mind. Hence no one line of attack was effective against him for long, and when he was seized by a new conviction, he would himself repudiate with charming candour the works composed under the previous critical obsession, or rather, he would re-edit these, and would add them to the catalogue of his "*œuvres de jeunesse*"—another milestone in his "passionate pilgrimage" through life. In later years he lost many of his eccentricities, adopted most of the conventions in poetry against which he had ardently rebelled, ceased to announce schools and to publish manifestoes; and, interviewed in the course of one of those "*enquêtes littéraires*" inaugurated from time to time by enterprising Parisian journalists, he summed up his mature creed in the single phrase: "*Il faut être bon ouvrier.*"

The Kipling paper which we quote below has recently been reprinted in the London *Spectator* à propos of the anarchist outrages in India. It was published originally in the *Pioneer* of January 11, 1888. Its application to present conditions in India is obvious, and it leaves no doubt that Kipling, who was then only twenty-three, saw further into the state of affairs than many of the wiseacres of the time. Its real interest, however, lies as much in the manner as in the matter. The style is that of Kipling in his maturity, neither better nor worse than in many passages that may be found in some of his most admired writings. Even in the pages of *Kim* you find the same ironic note of

patronage toward modes of thought with which he does not agree. It has been called a "know-it-all" manner and "swagger." George Moore once said it consisted in whispering to the reader between the lines, "I know a trick worth two of that." George Moore seemed almost morbid on this subject. He said he could not read anything of Kipling's without hearing "I know a trick worth two of that." The paper is not in the best vein of the mature Kipling, but it is certainly better than a good many things that are bound up in his complete works. It suggests at least the question that if the *American Notes* are worth a binding, why are not these other contributions to the Indian press on subjects with which Kipling was familiar?

A LITTLE MORALITY

Morality, heavenly link,
It is to thee that I drink!
I'm awfully fond
Of that heavenly bond
Morality, heavenly link!—*Bab Ballads.*

The Government of India woke up with a start. The air was full of flippant language. "Bless our Souls," said the Government of India, "this is painful! They are actually getting irreverent. We must do something." They called up all the Secretaries and took their opinions, and the Secretaries said with one voice that there was nothing like Morality. "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," murmured all the Secretaries, because they had read Tennyson in the six-shilling edition and had ideas on governing India. "The fact of the matter is," said the Government of India impressively, "something has gone wrong somewhere. We don't quite know what it is, but we are determined to set it right." And all the Secretaries murmured applausively: "Set it right. By all means, set it right."

And really, the state of affairs demanded some sort of correction. The Government of India was in the habit of giving little boys four rupees a month to sit still and load themselves up with Spenser's *Faery Queen*, pp. 1 to 131, inclusive, and Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* and Colenso as far as Decimal Fractions, and Fawcett's *Political Economy*, and *Hypatia*, and the *Elements of Logic*, and whole pages of *Chaucer*, besides unlimited quantities of *History*, and things of that nature. On the

strength of his four rupees a month, the boy took a wife, and by the time that his subsistence allowance came to an end he was usually the owner of two children, in addition to a mass of mixed information regarding Magna Charta, Deucalion, Empedocles on Etna, "Let us take a walk down Fleet Street," "Wilkes and Number 45," Colonel Olcott's lectures and the back numbers of the *Theosophist*. Just as he was comfortably settling down, and had brought his wife's widowed sister and a younger brother or two to share his wealth, the Government was in the habit of withdrawing the subsistence allowance, and saying cheerfully: "Now we've given you a first-class education. Please walk about a little and get a living. We regret to say that our offices are full." Then that boy would go away very sorrowfully, because he was a married man with an indifferent constitution and a large experience of life, and would curse the Government of India by all his own gods and a host of new ones borrowed from the *Rape of the Lock*, and the Logic books, and *King Lear*, and all Macaulay, including the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. At first the Government of India used to listen smirkingly and pat him on the head and say to every one: "Hear him swear! All those bad words are out of our primers. Isn't he fluent? That's intellectual activity, that is! You wait a few years, and you'll see the poets and the novelists, and the historians and the eminent manufacturers, and the clear-headed engineers, just jostling each other through the length and breadth of the Empire." So the Universe lit a cheroot and waited for the procession of proficient. But the boy who was also a married man—the child who was a father—did not want to be a poet, or any of those unremunerative things. He had his children to look after, and, because he was an old man at thirty-five and generally died at forty-five, he wanted to do his work quickly. His fathers had an extensive literature of proverbs which said nothing about going away from home and carving out careers, but a good deal about the necessity of enjoying a great man's protection, and climbing over other men's shoulders to authority. Some of the proverbs said: "A mahout is as strong as the elephant when he is on its neck," and others that "It is better to be the foot-servant of a king than a chief of two villages." The boy believed these proverbs, because they were drilled into him in his home life, which was as entirely distinct

from his school life as anything you could well conceive. At school he spoke one language; at home another; at school he dressed in one fashion; at home in another; at school he sat in one fashion; at home in another; at school he thought in one groove; at home in another; and so on, because he came of a very, very old stock.

Later on he discovered how to print the thoughts that filled his poor brain, and he mixed up the teachings of the *purohits* with Fawcett and Mill, and tangled the *Shasters* with Spencer, and strung *Kalidasa* and *Cleopatra* in alternate lumps. The Government of India was immensely pleased, and said: "Now you'll see! This is the beginning of a National Literature. Observe the fireworks!" But the National Literature had been written by the boy's forefathers ages and ages ago in their own way; and ages and ages ago the clear-headed engineers had done the national monuments, also in their own way. The stock was an old, worn-out stock, and, as has been said, Death came early to the boy and those like him. Some of his writings were peculiar and not exactly what the Government of India has expected. They had sown Carlyle and there came up anything but *Hero Worship*. It rather resembled the *French Revolution*. But the Government of India said: "For goodness' sake don't interfere with it. It will settle down and leave the National Literature and the Legitimate Political Aspiration." The German read a few pages of the stuff and said dreamily: "Mine Gott! You haf missed der soul-life-drift of dese people. Dey haf der power of defining afrydings, but dey haf not de power of understanding what is der meaning of der definition. I tell you dey are de soul-mit-ancient - clouds-encumbered - double-life-bejointed people, and you haf dreated dem as dough dey was into-der-tendency-of-politicoscope-seeing Teutons. Dere will be, as you Englanders say, Helltobay!" But nobody attended to the German, partly because no one could understand him, and partly because every one was so busy copying the pattern of his *Pickelhaube*. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and said: "*Mon Dieu!* I have known you English for fools these eight hundred years. But you are to-day such fools as I have never seen. No, never." The Frenchman was volatile, and had made such a mess of a place called Tonquin that no one attended to him.

The boy went on in his wonderful way, his

poor head swimming with the things he had picked up in the days of his subsistence allowance, and at last created the "New English." Everybody laughed at it, but it was all his own—unique and unapproachable. And the Government of India shook its head, for the "New English" seemed a poor distillation from the strong wine poured out so lavishly. Then the boy found his *métier*, poor fellow. You must understand that his mother-tongue was almost inconceivably rich in terms of abuse, and the language of his home life bristled with peculiar terms and strange twists of expression which would have deeply shocked the Government of India had it heard them. But, as the Government of India was nervously anxious not to penetrate into the sacredness of his domestic life or to upset his religious prejudices, it missed the wonderful language which the boy would use toward his wife, or his mother, when the one had been misbehaving herself or the other had slapped one of his children. When to the immense natural resources of the country were added some Emerson, Carlyle, Swift and Johnson, the result even in temperate hands would have been fine. But the boy was, by heredity and national temperament, devoid of any sense of proportion, and constitutionally prone to exaggeration. The style and composition of the old-time histories might have convinced the Government of India of this; but they never cared to look.

So the boy found his *métier*, which was to abuse the Government of India; and here everything was in his favour. By the irony of Destiny he abused it, not for half-poisoning him and giving him indigestion, but for not poisoning him half quickly enough. The New English was a flexible tongue and the boy was an apt copyist; albeit he had no notion of the value of words. This was curious, because for generations and generations words had been things to his people. He turned up his books and abused it as the French peasantry abused the aristocracy before the Revolution; then he abused it in the Ciceronian style beginning: *Quousque tandem*, etc.; then he cursed it in the Swiftian manner, which was rather more vitriolic than the others; then he pulverised it on paper in Macaulay periods, and, when he was nearly exhausted, a cynical Fate put the *Pall Mall Gazette* and some American papers in his way. He copied everything and made no doubt but that he was doing well; and the cry of his torment, for he was nearly dead

with the terrible indigestion of half-baked studies, was heart-rending. But over and above, and through and under, the Swiftian, Ciceronian and Steadish invective could be heard the winged words of the barbers in which he had been brought up. It was a pitiful, a pathetic thing; and the worst of it was that the boy did not know what was the matter with him, any more than does a baby suffering from colic. To its eternal credit be it written, the Government of India did not add a fresh mistake to its original sin. Any other Government on hearing the language the boy used would have imprisoned him. Our Government would have hanged him as high as Haman. The Indian Government felt dumbly that it had done him a great wrong, and appointed a Commission to soothe him. But his trouble was not curable by Commissions, though he himself said it was. He had mixed up the proverbs about climbing over other men's shoulders to employment with Smiles on Self-Help and the curious teachings he had learned at his mother's knee. He drank, so to speak, brandy and curds, heady port and *arrack*, together, and the natural indigestive result was extreme discomfort. Then said the Government of India, who had been lavishing lakhs and lakhs and lakhs on subsistence allowances in order to make him what he was: "He is irreverent! We must seriously consider the matter. His language is really shocking." And so it was!

The Conference of the Secretaries held itself, and unanimously resolved that Morality was what he lacked. The boy had three hundred and thirty-three million, three hundred and thirty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three gods of his own; but the Secretaries thought that he might endure yet one more—a colourless and abstract sort of god, carefully arranged so as not to hurt his religious feelings. When they were all settled down, the Military Secretary drifted in, booted and spurred, on his way to the race-course. "Irreverence is it?" said he. "Morality be dashed. When I did anything wrong at school I was flogged to bring me to my bearings, and so were you." He departed tempestuously, while a Secretary murmured: "You can't flog a married man—boy—what is it?" A Lieutenant-Governor said: "Hang it, no. They'd make a Dacca schoolboy's case out of it!" And that was the stumbling-block. The boy was not only a married man, but also claimed to be the People of the country. In England a

future Prime Minister can be birched till he bleeds and no one says anything. In India a future anybody cannot be touched without serious discussion; and this, too, is the fault of the Government of India. "Make prefects," said a Secretary. "No end of good in prefects. I was a prefect once." Another Secretary exploded with a cackle and said: "They'd take bribes." But the recommendation was written down. Then a brilliant genius said: "Give 'em a primer to teach 'em Morality," and Lord Cross, seven thousand miles away, in a London fog and all among the Societies for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, the Protection of Aborigines, the Lying-in Hospitals and the Missions to Fallen Women, sent some sample primers across the sea to the boy who was, on one side, as old as all Asia, as wise as all Asia, and, on the other, younger than the youngest puppy that was ever born, dying of indigestion in the spirit, and dead in the flesh before its fiftieth year. He knew rather more about Morality than any of his examiners, for many, many years ago his forefathers had walked through Morality and come out on the other side. His complaint was indigestion—acute mental dyspepsia, and for *that* the Government of India gave him a fresh book to swallow.

Just as the Great Morality Manifesto had been drafted, the Secretary in the Revenue and Agricultural Department entered. He had lost his way to his office in a fit of absence of mind, and there was a light of deep thought in his far-away eyes. "Oh! you here!" said he. "By the way, what's the best thing for a cow that has gorged herself with clover?" The question had nothing to do with the Educational Department, and it remained for the Military Secretary, fresh from his morning gallop, to answer it. "You can't do anything," he said, "but *if* she recovers keep her on dry diet."

The Great Morality Manifesto went forth to the World.

And the World laughed.

Speaking of Kipling, we recently met an Englishman who claimed to have known the real Namgay Doola. We do not think that any real lover of Kipling will have to pause long before recalling this tale and its setting. There, "between the tail of a heaven-climbing glacier and a dark birch forest," is the little *opéra-bouffe* kingdom four miles square (but

most of the miles stood on end) and the royal elephant which ate up the revenue, and the standing army of five, and the king himself, who would not imprison, because, having been once bedridden he "perceived the nature of the punishment," nor burn a rebel out, "because a hut is a hut and it holds the life of a man." Then Namgay Doola himself red-headed, blue-eyed, wild Irish from top to toe, with his red-headed offspring standing in a semi-circle before the little oil lamp and the worn crucifix crooning their plaintive hymn:

Dir hané mard-i-yemen dir to weeree ala gee,
which is all that the years have left of
They're hanging men and women, too, for
the wearing of the green.

The story of Namgay Doola was written in the early nineties. The Sikkim campaign took place in the summer of 1889. The Englishman who told us the story relates that among the prisoners taken at the battle of the Jelap was a Thibetan, who had been badly wounded while defending a stone wall that had been thrown up to impede the British advance. The man was fair, with blue eyes and red hair. Though manifestly Thibetan in dirt, speech, habits and ways of thought, he was obviously of European extraction. His name was Namgay Doola and he could tell but little of himself except that his father, Timlay Doola, had had much the same physical characteristics. As the prisoner's wound healed he picked up English phrases with extraordinary facility. The case aroused much interest among Europeans, with the result that inquiry of one of the Lamas at the Pemeancha Monastery extracted the story of Timlay Doola which, to use Kipling's words, "was Tim Doolan gone very far wrong indeed."

Back in the fifties a batch of invalids had been sent to the capital Convalescent Depot at Jalapahar. Among them was a wild harum-scarum red-headed Irishman named Timothy Doolan, whose constitution had been shattered by fever and strong liquor. Tim became smitten by a good-looking Lepchani, and speedily grew

careless and dirty in his habits, and was frequently late at roll-call. It was at last decided to send him back to his regiment, and he received his marching orders. The next day, however, he could not be found. It was learned that the woman and her family had left for Sikkim and a party of sappers was sent in pursuit. Three or four days later the party returned and reported that they had come up with the deserter and the Lepchas beyond Runjeet, but the soldier, who had taken all his arms with him, had fired upon the pursuers and driven them back. This was the last seen of Tim Doolan, who probably settled down as Timlay Doola to a comfortable loafer's life. Further evidence as to the identity of the deserter with Namgay Doola's father was furnished by a messenger who brought from Namgay's house in Thibet an old brass breastplate, used formerly for fastening a soldier's cross belts, with the number of the regiment on it, a small well-worn brass crucifix and an old tobacco-stopper.

Professor Grant Showerman in his volume of essays entitled *With the Professor*, has many a sneer at the "practical" American's indifference to "Culture." The "professor" is a teacher of the classics in a Western State college, and his monologues, which make up the successive chapters of the book, are all written from the point of view of a "cultured" person on the defensive, among the rough, over-mastering Philistinism of every-day life. His weapons are irony and mock humility, and he employs them for the most part against the sort of man who asks, What is the use of literature? He also has his opinion of those college professors who are teaching "every practical thing under the sun—from the care and feeding of babies to the construction of a steam engine." Verily they have their reward, but forsooth and forsooth!

Of course, it goes without saying that the Professor was too modest to claim any such glory for himself and his colleagues in the academic department. Their aims were not practical. All they were doing was to send out into the society of the State cultivated

ladies and gentlemen, and every one knew that nothing could be more impractical or have less to do with life. But then, they were not representative. . . . When people spoke of college professors now, they meant men and women who made things and did things.

In his inspired moments the Professor asks the sordid utilitarian spirit of the times such questions as these—

Look here: tell me, if you can, what are the only things which have lasted through the ages? Are they the bridges built by engineers? . . . Do you suppose the fame of our own age two thousand years hence is going to rest upon the achievements of commerce, or the height of our skyscrapers, or the speed of our trains, or the number of our graduates, or the size of our circuses? What does the fame of *past* ages rest upon? Was it the bank account of Crassus or Cicero's eloquence that was worth while in the Roman Republic? . . . What could you know about the history of the world without the literature, sculpture, painting and architecture which antiquity left behind, and which men, even in the most barbarous age, respected for their beauty, hardly knowing why? What would be left of past ages if it were not for their devotion to that same impractical culture which you despise? Don't you understand that only what is practical is perishable, and what is impractical is eternal?

It is this self-conscious, self-defensive attitude on the part of American essay-writers that is making American "Culture" something of a by-word among the nations. It explains why the foreign critic so often calls us "culture-mad." For books of the cultured addressed merely to the cultured, yet containing little else than praise of "Culture" are accumulating very fast. Seldom does one of them take anything for granted. Back he goes to the beginning every time, arguing it out painfully—how much better it is to commune with the great than to own a motor-car, and there are kingdoms that are not of this world and there are temples not made with hands. If the "professor" were no more than this we should simply have to class him with those persons whose relations with "Culture" seem never to get beyond the

stage of salutation. But luckily he is something more. He has humour and an agreeable style, and on the absurdities of education,—pedagogy, the doctor's dissertation, the "drier criticism," the young scholars who write enormous treatises on "Terminations in T," and "Suffixes in S,"—he is very well worth reading—

Only the day before, in an old file of a New England newspaper, he had read that "the amount of nonsense uttered regarding the subject of education during the past twenty-five years was greater than that uttered on all other subjects put together." The file was dated 1825, and the Professor was moved to smiles at the thought of the immense proportions which the sum total must have assumed by this time. And here were educators still discussing, still changing methods, and still thinking that they were doing and thinking new things, while for the most part they were merely pouring old wine into new bottles. Change was succeeding change so rapidly that the Professor could no longer keep track of his children's progress at school, and had almost been intimidated into giving up all attempt to contribute to their education himself. Sometimes, indeed, he suspected that they were not really being educated. The whole matter recalled to his mind Lowell's

Change jes' for change is like them big hotels
Where they shift plates and let ye live on
smells.

And then there was his classical friend. The Professor knew that he really believed that his forthcoming publication on the number of *et's* in Tacitus as compared with the number of *kai's* in Thucydides was going to be widely read and far-reaching in its consequences, while the Professor himself knew well enough that it, together with ten thousand other articles of like nature which were being corrupted by moth and rust on the library shelves of the country (he regretted that thieves could not get at them, too), was only a contribution to the world's unread and unreadable literature of humour.

Mr. James Huneker's motto must surely be that which Thackeray put into the mouth of Blanche Amory—*Il me faut des émotions*—and when one thinks of the number of thrills that must annually run down his

hedomastic backbone, it is surprising that the vertebrae remain in place. Is there anything analogous to railway spine among æsthetic voluptuaries? In his new book, *Promenades of an Impressionist*, there is no sign of a falling off in the pressure of excitement. He still remains the most shaken American critic of his time. There is never any danger that he will not react with an intensity proportionate to the stimulus. Of Sorolla he writes:

Aye, but he is a big chap, this amiable little Valencian with a big heart and a hand that teaches out and grabs down clouds, skies, scoops up the sea, and sets running, wriggling, screaming a joyful band of naked boys and girls over the golden summer sands in a sort of ecstatic symphony of pantheism. How does he secure such intensity of pitch in his painting of atmosphere, of sunshine? By a convention, just as the falsification of shadows, by rendering them darker than nature made the necessary contrasts in the old formula. Brightness in clear-coloured shadows is the keynote of impressionistic open-air effects.

Of Zuloaga—

The measuring eye of Zuloaga, his tremendous vitality, his sharp, superb transference to canvas of the life he has elected to represent and interpret are at first sight dazzling. The performance is so supreme—remember, not in a giggling, technical sense—a half dozen men beat him at mere pyrotechnics and lace *floritura*—that his limitations, very marked in his case, are overlooked. You have drunk a hearty Spanish wine; oil to the throat, confusion to the senses. You do not at first miss the soul; it is not included in the categories of Señor Zuloaga.

Of Watteau—

Only your academic, colourless painter lacks personal style and always paints like somebody he is not. Watteau's art is peculiarly personal. Its peculiarity—apart from its brilliancy and vivacity—is, as Maclair remarks, "the contrast of cheerful colour and morbid expression." *Morbidezza* is the precise phrase; *morbidezza* may be found in Chopin's art, in the very feverish moments when he seems brimming over with high spirits. Watteau was not a consumptive of the Pole's type. He did not alternate between ecstasy and languor. He

was cold, self-contained, suspicious, and inveterately hid the state of his health. He might have been cured, but he never reached Italy, and that far-off dream and his longing to realise it may have been the basis of his last manner—those excursions into a gorgeous dreamland. He yearned for an impossible region. His visions on canvas are the shadowy sketches of this secret desire that burned him up.

There are fifty thousand subjects about which Mr. Huneker feels very strongly. If we were working up the title list for a new encyclopædia, we could ask for nothing better than a subject-index of his emotions. And this by the way brings us to an accurate definition of Mr. Huneker. Some call him a universal flirt. Max Beerbohm insists on regarding him as a boy. They are all quite wrong. Mr. Huneker is an encyclopædia touched with feeling. He has made up his mind not to miss anything and never to fall below his opportunities. He never rains, but he pours. He seems to gain in copiousness of side-reference, allusion and comparisons as he goes on. In this book, even more than in *The Egoists*, his pages are spangled with names. If he is characterising one man, he incidentally hits off twenty other men. Of course, we feel the envy natural to our slower mind and say in our spite that scudding over everything is no way to get to the bottom of anything. But the trouble with people who get to the bottom of things is that they usually stay there. The ordinary man when he becomes a specialist merely disappears. And we know very well that most of our critics, though far slower than Mr. Huneker, come no nearer to the truth. So the question of depth must be left to those solemn British reviewers who if a man writes brilliantly on many themes complain dolorously because he is not constantly and deeply dull on one. Mr. Huneker is not a teacher, still less is he a philosopher. He is a large, bright-coloured, acquisitive and restless bumblebee of all the arts.

This emphatic passage on the pathology of genius is characteristic:

The pathologic theory of genius has been

overworked. In literature nowadays "psychiatrists" rush in where critics fear to tread. Mahomet was an epilept, so was Napoleon. Flaubert died of epilepsy, said his friends; nevertheless, René Dumesnil has proved that his sudden decease was caused not by apoplexy, but by hystero-neurasthenia. Eye-strain played hob with the happiness of Carlyle, and an apostle of sweetness and light declared that Ibsen was a "degenerate"—Ibsen who led the humdrum exterior life of a healthy *bourgeois*. Lombroso has demonstrated—to his own satis-

faction—that Dante's mystic illumination was due to some brand of mental disorder. In fact, this self-styled psychologist mapped anew the topography of the human spirit. Few have escaped his fine-tooth-comb criticism except mediocrity. Painters, poets, patriots, musicians, scientists, philosophers, novelists, statesmen, dramatists, all who ever participated in the Seven Arts, were damned as lunatics, decadents, criminals and fools. It was a convenient inferno in which to dump the men who succeeded in the field wherein you were a failure.



JAMES HUNEKER

The height of the paradox was achieved when a silly nomenclature was devised to meet every vacillation of the human temperament. If you feared to cross the street you suffered from agoraphobia; if you didn't fear to cross the street, that, too, was a very bad sign. If you painted like Monet, paralysis of the optical centre had set in—but why continue?

It is a pity that this theory of genius has been so thoroughly discarded, for it is a field which promises many harvestings; there is mad genius as there are stupid folk. Besides, normality doesn't mean the commonplace. A normal man is a superior man. The degenerate man is the fellow of low instincts, rickety health and a drunkard, criminal or idiot. The comical part of the craze—which was short-lived, yet finds adherents among the half-baked in culture and the ignorant—is that it deliberately twisted the truth, making men of fine brain and high-strung temperament seem crazy or depraved, when the reverse is usually the case. Since the advent of Lombroso, "brain-storms" are the possession of the privileged. Naturally your grocer, tailor or politician may display many of the above symptoms, but no one studies them. They are not geniuses.



ANNIE LEMP KONTA



THE LATE DAVID MUNRO

Annie Lemp Konta, the author of *The History of French Literature* recently published by the Appletons, is a St. Louis woman, but has long made her home in New York. The *History* is the result of ten years' study and work, part of the time having been spent in Paris for the purpose. Mrs. Konta is the wife of Mr. Alexander Konta, one of the adapters of the version of Molnar's *Devil* in which George Arliss starred two seasons ago.

David Munro, who died late in February, was for some years the editor of the *North American Review*, and was its associate editor at the time of his death. How genuinely he was esteemed, liked, and admired was clearly indicated in the many printed obituaries. We are not going to speak of his many good qualities, his ripe scholarship, and his kindly geniality, because we feel that we can sum up the matter better in a sentence. We were once discussing him with a man who had known him long and well. "He is," said this friend, "in

heart and mind the absolute incarnation of Thackeray's James Binnie, the life-long comrade of Colonel Tom Newcome."

Last month we printed a letter from an Indianapolis correspondent and expressed our willingness to publish his name if he so desired. As that seems to be his wish we are printing his second letter just as it came to us. Any comment would be quite superfluous.

INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana, March 31, 1910.

Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

I am still addressing you collectively in conformance to those rules which you have laid down for the guidance of we literary people. How can I ever thank you sufficiently for publishing my poor products? Of course, I know that editors are always glad to have poetry and articles to fill in when there is a lack of space on their part, and I understand your sentiments as none but one of æsthetic pretensions can.

My book is still running through the press, we having discovered that one of the poems was maliciously altered by an ignorant compositor, who, insufficiently versed in the poetic principle to compose anything himself, vented his spleen upon my products. I had a poem which read:

Sweetly the night bird sings,
Lull me to rest.
Overpowering the slumber
Filling my breast.
In Phantasmagoria's mazes
I am a guest.

This unprincipled compositor, with truly Ionian malice, transposed and altered the above out of all semblance to English poetry, and I am still hot about it. (I could have him arrested if I wanted to, but that would not be in accordance with the divine principles of calm which I have laid down for my guidance while wandering through this sphere.) No, let him go, but when Retribution clutches him in her icy fingers, I shall indeed shriek with gratified pique!

His inhuman carelessness has necessitated an entire reprinting of that section of the book, the errors having escaped my attention in the proof-sheets. In view of this added expense, I am going to raise the price of the book to

thirty cents straight, no reductions except to wholesalers. I will give you a copy free gratis, but I shall expect a lengthy review in your column, pointing out its merits and its probable effect upon English literature in centuries to come. Yes, you shall have a free copy, which you will especially prize because it is autographed, and has a splendid portrait of the author.

But you *must* give me credit! You *know* I covet Fame! Why delay? I have arrived! I am in print! Surely you are not going to rob me of the credit of those verses, are you?



CLAYTON HAMILTON

Mr. Hamilton's new book, "The Theory of the Theatre," is reviewed elsewhere in the present issue. Besides being the dramatic critic of this magazine Mr. Hamilton is a lecturer on literature and the drama in Columbia University.

You are not about to crowd them into your own vineyard, are you? Emblazon my name in the columns of your magazine, yes, print it in full to all who read! You will confer a favour by being the medium through which I ride to literary celebrity—yours will be the credit of discovering me. Amongst others enclosed you will find an ode to Mr. Boothe Tarkington. I neglected to send it last month, and I would not *for the world* have him feel slighted. All my poems, if I do say it myself,

bear the stamp of unmistakable genius. You are at liberty to publish *all* my works, should such be your ambition.

Very truly yours,
M. HYSEY.

GAD! MY DREAM COME TRUE!

Tropical flowers strew the way,
Incense and myrrh fill the air!
To-morrow you die, eat and drink to-day,
And drive away dull care.
Welcome the Conquering Hysey home,
Let the poet come to his lair,
The New Hoosier Bard that roam
World-wide, while thousands stare.
The winecup bring zealously forth,
The flagon ply with a vim,
Hysey is here, to sample the broth!
All honour to poets, especially him.
Screech out the praise to Hysey!
Enthuse him and render him meed,
Cut up and carry on like crazy,
And the Hoosier poet feed.

P. S.—How I do wish you would publish a series of articles on "Representative American Poets." There are enough such of unquestioned merit to justify such an act. Also, I am sure that lots of people in Indianapolis would buy your magazine if they seen my picture in it.

HYSEY.

TO BOOTHE TARKINGTON

I

A poet's license I shall use,
And change your name from Booth to Boothe.
When first I seen ya
'Twas in the Arena,



A. RADCLIFFE DUGMORE

Champing of a Cherry,
Airy, fairy, contrary
Boothe!

II

By night one may climb a steeple,
And secretly peer at His Own People,
Though your position's unsteady,
There'll be a Beautiful Lady,
The which you may marry.
Airy, fairy, contrary
Boothe!

III

You climb the lofty dome
Of Fame! O, Man from Home!
Like Monsieur Beaucaire
You pay your fare,
So on Popularity's trolley you'll carry.
Airy, fairy, contrary
Boothe!

IV

We know the language you use
None other could write save Boothe,
Though you can't play piano,
You're A Gent from Indiana.
Like you I will my critics parry,
Airy, fairy, contrary
Boothe!

V

But, Boothe, I, too, am in the game!
Boothe, I, too, will have honoured name!
It may surprise ye
When you hear that Hysey
Have more Fame than average mortal carry.
Airy, fairy, contrary
Boothe!

The suggestion has been offered us that we refer to Mr. A. Radcliffe Dugmore, whose *Camera The "Bloodless Adventures in African Hunter" Wilds* has just come from the press, as the "bloodless hunter" to distinguish him from an eminent personage whose recent exploits in the dark continent have not been absolutely unchronicled. We are afraid that we cannot do so and adhere strictly to the truth. True, Mr. Dugmore suggests that those who want real excitement will carry a camera instead of a gun, but some of his photographs contradict his theories. For example, there is a study of a rhinoceros "photographed at a distance of fifteen yards when actually charging the author and his companion."

As soon as the exposure was made a well-placed shot turned the charging beast. Again, there is another picture entitled "The King is Dead." "When this lion came near us the flash failed, so he was shot." It must be said, in justice, that these shots were all fired in self-defence, and that five animals killed in six months is a pretty good record for humanity. Still we shall have to await another candidate for the attractive title.

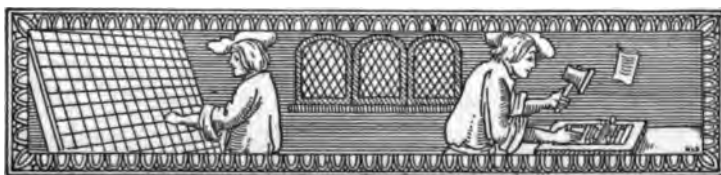
The subject of an Academy of Literature has again come up in England, this time with Mr. Maurice Hewlett as a sponsor. Again the "Academy" With comment that he has probably made four-score enemies by the selection, Mr. Clement K. Shorter offers the following names as his "Forty":

Mr. Thomas Hardy	Mr. Joseph Conrad
Mr. Edmund Gosse	Mr. W. L. Courtney
Mr. Robert Bridges	Dr. Gasquet
Professor Bury	Dr. Douglas Hyde
Lord Morley	Mr. C. H. Firth
Mr. Frederic Harrison	Mr. Sidney Lee
Mr. J. M. Barrie	Mr. H. W. Massingham
Mr. William Archer	Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch
Mr. Augustine Birrell	Mr. George Saintsbury
Mr. James Bryce	Sir George Trevelyan
Mr. Sidney Colvin	Mr. A. W. Ward
Mr. Austin Dobson	Mr. W. B. Yeats
Professor Dowden	Mr. Owen Seaman
Mr. Anthony Hope	Mr. E. V. Lucas
Sir W. R. Nicoll	Mr. Henry James
Mr. Edward Clodd	Mr. Herbert A. L. Fisher
Mr. J. G. Frazer	Mr. T. Sturge-Moore
Mr. Rudyard Kipling	Mr. Walter Raleigh
Mr. Bernard Shaw	Mr. Theodore Watts
Mr. Stopford Brooke	Dunton
Mr. Andrew Lang	

A correspondent who signed himself "J. G. J." recently wrote to the New York *Sun* calling attention to the fact that a one-act play, *The Vacuum*, followed closely the story of Balzac's *Grande Bretèche*. As the idea has been made the basis of at least six different tales, among them Poe's *Cask of Amontillado* and Conan Doyle's *The New Catacomb*, "J. G. J.'s" discovery is by no means impressive.

M. Emile Boutroux, of the Institute of France, is the present Hyde Lecturer at Harvard. He is a man in whom all of our great American universities are interested, and many

persons have been asking why it is that his work has been confined exclusively to Harvard. This is the first time that a Hyde Lecturer has not visited other universities. M. Ferdinand Brunetière, who came here in 1897, established the precedent. He lectured at Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Yale, and gave a series of memorable talks at the Berkeley Lyceum in New York under the auspices of Columbia. His example was followed by René Doumic and others. In the present case it is said that at least two universities have written to M. Boutroux, inviting him to visit them. M. Boutroux is reported to have replied that much as he would like to do so, his coming to America was made under imposed conditions that did not permit him to accept the invitations. Therefore, many persons have been trying to conjecture what these conditions are, and why a long established rule is being broken.



AS TO POETS

The Emperor Akbar, Lord of Ind, awoke
And, half in jest, to Rajah Birbal spoke:

"My poet-friend, in Bhoja Razu's days
The minstrel Kalidasa filled the air
With mighty harmonies;—but tell me, where
Is he that grandly sings thy monarch's praise?"

Then Birbal, wit and scholar, bowed his head
In playful reverence, while thus he said:

"Great Bhoja Razu proved a worthy king;
Rich gifts he gave to wise and witty men;
When kings like Bhoja Razu come again,
Like Kalidasa other bards shall sing."

Arthur Guiterman.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS.

XII—WINSTON CHURCHILL

I. HIS METHODS



IF there is any one writer among the American Story Tellers of to-day who best illustrates the familiar paradox that genius is a capacity for taking infinite pains, that writer is Mr. Winston Churchill. That his novels are born of an inexhaustible patience, a dogged determination to be true to his own high exactions both in style and substance, is a self-evident fact. It is not necessary to know the prosaic details of his literary methods, or even to remember that he thinks three or four years is not too long a time to bestow upon a single volume. Such matters do not concern the critic, excepting in so far as they stand revealed by internal evidence—and in the case of Mr. Churchill they are woven into the very warp and woof of every page he writes. There is

no escape from the pervading sense of careful documentation, plodding diligence, endless repolishing. It is impossible to read a single chapter without being aware that its production involved a labour not unlike the slow process of chipping away fragment by fragment, grain by grain, the enveloping marble from the emerging statue—and no small share of that labour is expended in covering its own traces. The net result is that, from *Richard Carvel* to *A Modern Chronicle*, these novels present themselves to the public with an air of solid dignity and conscious worth that involuntarily calls to mind the portly, middle-aged prosperous gentleman in immaculate frock coat, who typifies the so-called Pillar of the Church.

In other words, the sum and substance of all adverse criticism upon Mr. Winston Churchill's books may be reduced to this—there is in them all, yet fortunately in

Preceding papers in this series have dealt with Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, F. Marion Crawford, Owen Wister, Booth Tarkington, Margaret Deland, Ellen Glasgow, Rebecca Stoddard, Gertrude Atherton, Robert W. Chambers and O. Henry.

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ever-diminishing ratio, a streak of literary pharisaism, a certain air of seeming to thank God openly that they are not like other books. Let other books, if they choose, be frivolous or melodramatic, or ultra-modern according to any one of the fifty various and transitory schools of fic-

tion that spring up and pass like mushrooms. Mr. Churchill's books desire no kinship with such as these. They aspire to be Literature, spelled with a capital L; they are carefully fashioned upon the great Mid-Victorian models; one almost questions whether the author did not de-



WINSTON CHURCHILL

liberately draw his dividing line at Thackeray and refuse to regard any subsequent developments of technique in fiction as deserving of notice.

The consequence is that in his method of construction, Mr. Churchill has retained the chief faults of his early models as well as the qualities that he has sought to emulate. The conception of a well-knit plot without irrelevant characters and episodes and with the interest strongly focussed upon some one main issue is distinctly modern. So also is the instinct which tells an author at what point in the infinite sequence of human events his special series of episodes logically begins and at what point it ends. The naive assumption of the earlier

him that he shall give us a well-constructed plot. In fact, the form itself warns us that he is attempting nothing more complex than a family chronicle and, therefore, necessarily of a loose and rambling nature. As a matter of fact, Mr. Churchill's plots are not his strong point. As we shall see in taking up the separate volumes, they give the impression of wandering aimlessly along the highways and byways of life, most of the time with no clear structural reason for turning to the right rather than the left, no preconceived goal toward which the various tangled threads of the story are converging.

Now, there is no intention of conveying the idea that Mr. Churchill is un-



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novelists that a story begins with the birth of a particular man or woman has long since become an exploded fallacy. The writers of to-day recognise that in its broadest sense the life story of any human being has already begun unnumbered generations before his birth, and that its end is not within the powers of human foresight to predict; while, in a narrower sense, the history of a human life cannot in itself constitute a story-structure, but is at best the raw material for several stories. Now, when an author chooses to follow the old-fashioned method of introducing his characters practically in their cradles and following their subsequent development step by step, and year by year, well into the prime of life, it is too much to ask of

him that he shall give us a well-constructed plot. On the contrary, nothing is clearer than the fact that he knows perfectly well the sort of plot-structure that he is using, and could have used quite a different kind had he so chosen. His method is the time-honoured method of Fielding and of Thackeray and to some extent, of Dickens. Like Thackeray, also, he chooses to think of himself as Master of the Show and to keep us reminded that it is he who pulls the wires that make the puppets dance. He even interrupts himself occasionally to regret, between parentheses, that the space limit of his book will not let him tell us more about some particular character whom he has just introduced, but assures us that we shall meet that character again in a later volume. Mr.

Churchill likes to do this sort of thing; and the mere fact that the whole tendency of fiction to-day is toward the objective method and away from the old-fashioned, confidential relation between author and public obviously does not concern him in the least. After all, it is a sufficiently harmless mannerism, but none the less as out of date as powdered wigs and knee breeches.

The practice of chronicling the childhood of hero or heroine calls for rather more specific notice. There is, of course, only one ground on which it may be defended—just as there is only one ground on which to defend the analogous practice of narrating the family history of the hero's ancestors for several generations back. If we grant that human character is the result of heredity modified by environment, then, of course, a knowledge of a man's ancestry explains his inherited traits and a knowledge of his early surroundings shows how those traits have become modified. But now and then we find a man or woman in whom heredity has had a free hand and environment has accomplished little or nothing. We realise that it would have made small practical difference in which hemisphere they had been reared or what manner of guardians and teachers they had had. The strong, primitive impulse and passions of their race, whether for good or bad, are no more to be curbed or changed by food or climate or higher mathematics than the colour of their hair and eyes. When dealing with such strongly defined characters, it is simply a waste of time to picture minutely the influences to which their childhood was subjected. Mr. Churchill's heroes and heroines belong with hardly an exception to this dominant, self-sufficient class. Even as small children, they have a precocious self-assurance; they foreshadow, with surprising accuracy, the men and women they are destined to become. It is true that Mr. Churchill's portraiture of childhood is extremely well done; he allows himself in these portions to fall into a lighter vein, he comes nearer than anywhere else to genuine humour. Nevertheless, the impression he leaves, in one and all of his books, is that his characters have become what they are not because of environ-

ment, but in defiance of it—and for that reason the introductory chapters of each book are structurally superfluous.

The foregoing remarks, however, apply only so long as we are considering Mr. Churchill's books as studies of human character. But it must be remembered that a second and, in his eyes, an equally important function of his books is to picture the life of a period, the net results of national or social development. There can be no question that he has succeeded admirably in handling big backgrounds: few American novelists have achieved as he has that sense of wide spaces of earth and sky, the weariness of dragging miles, the monotony of passing years, the motley movements of humanity in the mass, the whole fundamental trick of making us feel the relative value of our own modest holdings, our individual interests, our brief hour, as contrasted with mankind and with eternity. It makes small difference whether he is describing a drunken broil in a Colonial tavern, an Indian massacre in Kentucky or a political riot in a New England State Legislature—in either case his trick of characterisation is as graphic and almost as indefatigable as that of the camera lens. You see face after face, figure behind figure, each drawn with fewer and swifter strokes as they become more blurred by distance, yet every one individualised and recognisable. And back of these, beyond the range of sight, you still feel the presence of a crowd, shoulder jostling shoulder, tongue answering tongue, full of the rough virility of conflict.

Taken as a whole, with the exception of his earliest and latest, *The Celebrity* and *A Modern Chronicle*, Mr. Churchill's books may not unjustly be defined as comprehensive panoramas of American history, each standing as a vivid summing up of some national or local crisis. Regarding the literal accuracy of historical novels in general and of Mr. Churchill's in particular, those critics may quibble to whom the letter seems more essential than the spirit. One cannot escape the conviction that the author of *Richard Carvel* errs too far on the side of accuracy—that if his facts were questioned, he would be painfully prompt in producing original documents. Indeed, there

are episodes in *Richard Carvel*, and in *The Crisis* and *The Crossing* as well, that narrowly escape the weariness of the historical monograph, and make one wish that the author had burned his library and relied upon the sheer force of his imagination. *Les Trois Mousquetaires* had a scant allowance of historical accuracy, but it had what was far more essential—a generous supply of real flesh and blood.

And yet, any fair estimate of Mr. Churchill must necessarily recognise that his favourite formula narrowly misses that of the so-called epic novel. He uses, as we have already seen, a double theme: first, the big, basic idea underlying some national or ethical crisis; and secondly, a specific human story, standing out vividly in the central focus with the larger, wider theme serving as background. Where his stories fail to achieve the epic magnitude is in lacking that essential symbolic relationship between the greater and the lesser theme. His central figures find their lives moulded and modified, as all lives must be, by the conditions and the events of their own epoch—but they are scarcely symbolic of that epoch; they do not leave the impression that they are the mouthpiece of their country and generation. Thus, *Richard Carvel* was, at best, an example of the Colonial aristocracy, but he was not in character or career such an embodiment of it that the term, a "Richard Carvel," would have any real significance. David Ritchie, in *The Crossing*, is part and parcel of that movement which began the great western migration that was destined to stop only at the Pacific; but there is nothing in his life which in any way symbolises a great awakening. He is of his time and generation because he has to be, rather than because he would not have had it otherwise if he could.

It has seemed worth while briefly to point out in a general way the extent to which Mr. Churchill parts company with the modern trend of technique in fiction. To note these differences is by no means equivalent to passing censure upon them. By a stricter system of construction, a sterner elimination of non-essentials, it is quite possible that Mr. Churchill's novels would have lost as much as they would have gained. They would at least have

lost one element which every reader of them must feel to a marked degree: namely, that sense of the unexpected and inexplicable; that infinitude of daily happenings, of accidents and coincidences, the meaning of which in the ultimate pattern of life must always baffle us.

II. HIS NOVELS

Aside from a short, satiric play, *The Title Mart*, Mr. Churchill's published works now include seven volumes. Of these, the earliest in point of actual composition was *Richard Carvel*, although its publication was anticipated by some months by *The Celebrity*, a clever farce of the Mistaken Identity type, which served its purpose as a sort of comic poster to attract public attention to his more ambitious work. Of the remaining six that have since come, at almost uniform intervals, from his pen, the earlier three, *Richard Carvel*, *The Crisis*, and *The Crossing*, are historical novels in the accepted sense. *Coniston* and *Mr. Crewe's Career*, while presumably resting on an equally solid foundation of local history, fall into the class of the American political novel, with its unsavoury accessories of bribery, lobbying and bossism—the type familiarly exemplified in Paul Leicester Ford's *The Honourable Peter Stirling* and Brand Whitlock's *The 13th District*. The last of the six, *A Modern Chronicle*, is a new departure for Mr. Churchill, being an ambitious study of American marriage and divorce and belonging, in theme, if not in magnitude, on the shelf with Professor Robert Herrick's much-discussed *Together*.

The statement was made earlier in this article that plot construction was Mr. Churchill's principal weakness; and the justness of this criticism may easily be seen by a brief examination of the separate stories. To begin with, *Richard Carvel* concerns itself with the life history of an orphan boy in the province of Maryland, reared by his stern old grandfather in strict Tory principles, but little by little imbibing revolutionary doctrines from associates of his own generation. An unscrupulous uncle scheming for the family inheritance has young Carvel waylaid, kidnapped and flung aboard a pirate craft to be later dropped over the rail at

a convenient time. The pirate boat, however, is scuttled by the famous naval hero, John Paul Jones, and Carvel is the sole survivor. Subsequently, fate lands him in London, penniless and without friends, where he spends some weary months in the debtors' prison, knowing all the while that the girl whom he loved back in America is also in London, courted by dukes and earls, and that his present predicament is known quite well to the girl's father, who is only too glad to have a persistent suitor out of harm's way. The rest of the story consists of some swift changes of fortune, some well-drawn pictures of fashionable English life in which Horace Walpole, Charles James Fox and other historic personages take part: a few stirring naval battles and finally peace between the two countries and Carvel happily married and settled on his ancestral acres. It is to be noticed that this plot is merely a string of episodes, governed for the most part by the intervention of chance. It is little more than a highly developed *picaresco* type with rather less cohesion than the average Dumas romance. Whatever literary quality it possesses is due not to plot but to individual portraiture and a pervading sense of atmosphere.

The specific story of David Ritchie in *The Crossing* has even less cohesion than *Richard Carvel*. Throughout the greater part of it, Ritchie is a mere lad and as drummer boy accompanies the expedition led by George Rogers Clark, from Kentucky northward, to the Wabash River and Vincennes. It is a chronicle of border warfare, of Indian treachery and ghastly massacres. It is scarcely fiction at all in the strict sense of the term, but rather a sort of pictorial history of the Clarke expedition, painted in vivid words. In the second half, the plot has more cohesion. Ritchie, like Carvel, is an orphan with a worthless uncle who instead of befriending him, flees to England at the outbreak of the war. The uncle's wife takes advantage of her husband's desertion to elope with her lover, leaving a small son to shift for himself. This son, Ritchie's cousin, later makes it his chief object in life to hunt down his mother and her companion and inflict

vengeance upon them; but it is long years before he finally, through Ritchie's intervention, finds her in New Orleans, dying of yellow fever and is reconciled with her before her death. This and the additional fact that Ritchie has found in New Orleans the young woman whom he is destined to marry constitute all that is worth epitomising in the way of a central plot. Now, it is the lot of a good many human beings, both in childhood and in later years, to drift along the stream of life, not shaping their own destinies, but allying them with the destinies of others; and it often happens that somewhere or other, in the course of such drifting, they meet a woman whom they wish to marry. It does not, however, usually occur to a novelist that this is the stuff that books are made of. Mr. Churchill's own explanation of *The Crossing* is that it expresses "the first instinctive reaching out of an infant nation which was one day to become a giant;" in his opinion, "No annals in the world's history are more wonderful than the story of the conquest of Kentucky and Tennessee by the pioneers;" he confesses that it was a difficult task to gather together in a novel the elements necessary to picture this movement; that the autobiography of David Ritchie is as near as he can get to its solution, and that he has "a great sense of its incompleteness." There is but one flaw in his self-criticism; the trouble with *The Crossing* is not that it lacks completeness, but that it fails to be a novel.

Passing over *The Crisis*, that story of the Civil War which is at best a less vigorous repetition of the qualities and the shortcomings of *Richard Carvel*, we come to *Coniston*. This is a book which deserves rather careful consideration, not merely because it shows us people no longer through the veil of romantic glamour, but face to face; but more especially because it is the one book he has yet written the plot of which will bear careful dissection. *Coniston* may not unfairly be called a prose epic of political corruption as it existed in New England a generation or more ago. It is quite unimportant from the critic's standpoint whether the particular State that the author had in mind happened to be Vermont or Connecticut or Rhode Island. What

is important is that we get a sense of life and of conflict; of impulses to do right clashing with the instincts of self-protection; of a grim political battle for the political survival of the fittest, and the entire State, its banks, its franchises, its governor, its legislature, all reposing in the pocket of one man, the undisputed party boss. This man, Jethro Bass, simple farmer by origin, taciturn, inscrutable, with his streak of sardonic humour, and his slight, unforgettable stammer, is easily the most important single figure that Mr. Churchill has drawn—one might venture to predict the most important figure that he ever will have drawn. Jethro Bass is not merely an individual, he is the concrete presentment of a type which, though well-nigh passed away, is destined to be remembered. It is not too much praise to say that in the annals of fiction a Jethro Bass deserves to stand for as definite a figure as a Pecksniff, a Micawber, or a Becky Sharp. A big, vital, political issue for a background, a unique and dominant figure for the central interest, are already two prime factors of an important novel. What binds the whole together and makes this particular volume in contrast to all his others a piece of good construction is that the individual tragedy of the story grows out of the selfsame source as the bigger issue; namely, Jethro Bass's utter unscrupulousness. Like Mr. Churchill's other books, *Coniston* gives us the entire childhood of its heroine; in fact, it goes further than that and shows us the youth, the marriage and death of the heroine's mother. But for the first time this method is structurally justifiable. The childhood of Cynthia Wetherell, under the guardianship of Jethro, is to be sure no more a study of character moulded by environment than was the childhood of David Ritchie in *The Crossing* or, as we shall presently see, the childhood of Honora Leffingwell in *A Modern Chronicle*. But it happens that in *Coniston* the focus of interest is not Cynthia Wetherell, but Jethro Bass; and her childhood is, in quite a masterful manner, a study of a man's slow transformation under the influence of affection and trust. Jethro Bass once hoped to marry Cynthia Wetherell's mother. At that time, he too

was young, with a choice of ways before him. He chose, then and there, to take the first step toward the political conquest of his town, the first step toward the bossism of the whole State; and the girl's clear, fearless eyes looking into his own read him aright and knew there could be no happiness for her where there could not also be honour. Afterwards, when Jethro befriends the dead woman's orphan daughter, and sees in her those same clear, fearless eyes, his one great wish is that she may always be spared the knowledge of his knavery, the source of his wealth, the secret of his power. To the reader, all the undercurrents of dishonest politics are exposed, naked and unashamed. Mr. Churchill has nowhere else approached in sheer narrative power the graphic vigour of the best scenes in this book; that, for instance, of the wonderful "Woodchuck Session" in which the Truro Franchise is jammed through the legislature by a bit of unparalleled trickery; and the equally remarkable interview with President Grant, in which Jethro saves the power almost wrested from him by forcing the appointment of his candidate for a second-class post-office. Scenes like these are enough on which to build a reputation. They belong to the memorable situations in the annals of fiction. And the climax to which the story inevitably works up is a fitting conclusion to an exceptionally good piece of constructive craftsmanship. It happens that the life happiness of Cynthia can be purchased by Jethro only at the price of his own political downfall; and this sacrifice he makes freely, gladly, secretly. To the world at large he is defeated and dethroned, a man who has outlived his usefulness; to Cynthia, he is not merely the source of happiness, but a man in whom her affection has worked a great and wonderful reformation. The climax of the book triumphantly achieves the double purpose of affecting a crisis equally momentous to the individuals of the central group and to the world at large that forms the story's background.

It would be an anticlimax after *Coniston* to examine in detail Mr. Crewe's *Career*, which treats of the same order of corruption in State politics, but deals with a later generation and in a spirit of

lighter comedy. Accordingly, there remains only Mr. Churchill's new volume, *A Modern Chronicle*. Here for the first time the author ventures to make woman, the American woman of to-day, his central point of interest. It is rather remarkable that no one has taken the trouble to point out that in all his earlier books the portrayal of women was one of Mr. Churchill's serious deficiencies. Even in his period of romanticism, his men stood out strongly like living portraits; but his women have for the most part been mere conventional sketches, either quite colourless like Dorothy Manners in *Richard Carvel* or impossible symbols of all the virtues at once like Cynthia Wetherell in *Coniston*. That is why it is such a surprising thing to find him giving us in Honora Leffingwell a woman who is really alive, a woman full of illogical moods and caprices, a woman who, take her from start to finish, is very nearly, although not quite, a consistent piece of characterisation. It is rather exasperating to see by how narrow a margin Mr. Churchill missed doing a big piece of work in *A Modern Chronicle*. That he did miss so doing is due mainly to that inherent fault of his, the unwillingness or inability to construct carefully. Honora Leffingwell's story seems too largely a matter of the whims of chance to be of great significance to the world at large. Her childhood and youth are sketched at rather tedious length with the net result that we know she almost, but not quite, made up her mind to marry Peter Erwin, the close companion of these early years. Subsequently, after a week's acquaintance, she consents to marry Howard Spence, portly, prosperous, not too young, typical modern business man, whose soul is in the money market and who, after marriage, does not realise that a wife needs an occasional word of appreciation. Honora naturally seeks attention elsewhere, and finds it in Trixton Brent, who is an adept at making love to other men's wives. What saves her from Trixton Brent she never knows. His failure is not his fault; it is simply a matter of temperament. But when she meets Hugh Chiltern, with his personal charm and his unspeakable reputation,

she ceases to have a will of her own. Being for the first time in his life seriously in love, he easily persuades her to break with her husband, go west into the exile of a divorce colony and after the needful delay marry him. But her second marriage for love proves as big a failure as her first marriage for ambition; and when Chiltern rides a horse that breaks his neck the reader gives a sigh of relief. Then Peter Erwin, her childhood friend, drifts into view again, and we leave her on the brink of a third matrimonial experiment. Just a succession of episodes, you see; the story of a woman who does not know her own mind. The disillusion and unrest of the first marriage is good workmanship; so also is the dragging weariness and the heartache of that year in the divorce colony. But the book lacks finality. There is no good reason for supposing that the third marriage, the marriage of sympathy and pity, will turn out one whit better than the other two.

III. HIS FUTURE

Regarding Mr. Churchill's place in American fiction, it is possible to speak with more confidence than in the case of most of his contemporaries. That he has a widespread popularity is a fact that cannot be disregarded, and this popularity instead of waning has remained a constant quantity. He builds his books solidly, as one builds a house upon the rock with the intention that it shall not soon be torn down. He has, moreover, the advantage of a careful style and a scrupulous regard for truth. There are some of us who are inclined to feel that he has been taken rather too seriously by the present generation, in much the same way that Mrs. Humphry Ward has been overrated by her contemporaries. Of the two writers, it seems a fairly safe prediction that Mr. Churchill has a rather better chance of maintaining his present level in the years to come. He is still young and his later work shows a real gain in the knowledge of what fiction as a serious literary form should mean. There is every reason to believe that his best and biggest work is yet to come.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE STORY OF ART IN AMERICA

BY ARTHUR HOEBER

PART IV—THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN TENDENCIES



THE times were to change for American art. As the country was opening up and communication with Europe becoming easier, as men, relieved in a measure from the more pressing demands incident to the early development of a new land, began to have leisure to travel and look about, there came, perhaps, a keener sense of appreciation of art in its best manifestations. The newer generation of painters developed higher ambitions. The old order was passing. Even Durand felt the spell. It is related that, in his declining years, after he was too old to practise his art, he sat one day in the studio of a younger painter and talked of the congenial surroundings this man was enjoying, comparing them to those of his own day, regretting he could not have done other and better work.

So there came upon the scene three landscape men to follow Durand, a trio who added to the glory of American art, for they were splendid men, original in their methods, of sterling strength and genuine poetic feeling, who were to revolutionise the art of their own country, for they broke away from the tightness of the old Hudson River school and, in the place of painful details, they were to give big generalities, to see nature in its larger aspect and to render their themes with breadth and better colour than had hitherto been known among their confrères. They were George Inness, who was born in 1824; Homer D. Martin, eleven years his junior, and Alexander H. Wyant, born still later, in 1839. Though born in Newburgh, New York, George Inness passed his youth in Newark, New Jersey. Save for a few lessons from Regis Gignoux, he was self-taught. Gignoux was a Frenchman who settled in America and became a member of the National Academy of Design in 1851. Inness was of frail physique, but a glutton for work. He rebelled against the

sort of painting that was being turned out by the men about him and, though he did not lack for patronage, some friends sent him to Europe in 1847, where he spent fifteen months in Rome. A sincere student always, studying nature conscientiously, drawing tree forms and rocks most minutely, in Italy he investigated the canvases of the old masters, afterward spending a year in Paris, so that on his return he developed a manner of his own which improved steadily with the years.

It is probable that George Inness would have been almost equally successful in any other profession, for he possessed not only a wonderful mind, but marvellous powers of concentration and application. Once intensely interested, he took no thought of time or surroundings and, working at some problem in his studio, the light failing, he would light the lamps or the gas, continuing on till all times of the night, pausing only when fatigue drove him to his bedchamber, meals, engagements, everything being quite ignored. A delightful talker, he was at home in many directions, discoursing equally well on literature, politics, science, religion and art. Invariably he had excellent reasons for all he did in a picture way and he imbibed the best from his European experiences, though he remained to the end thoroughly himself, accepting the methods of no men. Utterly indifferent to financial gains, it was by no means unusual with him, even after a patron had purchased a canvas, when the fit seized him to make radical changes to the end that the picture was entirely altered and the client would repudiate the bargain. Not infrequently his experiments would set him in a new channel of thought and, forgetting himself in his enthusiasm, he would use the canvas for a new composition, though the studio generally was full of canvases ready for just such sketches. Toward the end, when he had gathered about him a devoted clientèle, among them the distinguished col-

lectors Thomas B. Clarke and Richard Halstead, these gentlemen would take away their purchases in a cab while the paint was still wet on the canvas.

Toward the end of his career he lived in a studio building in West Fifty-fifth Street, "The Holbein," and his painter neighbours would gather in his workshop as the light failed and listen to his inspiring talks on art, as well as on other subjects. He claimed that the purpose of the painter is simply to reproduce in other minds the impression the scene has made on him; not to instruct, to edify, to appeal to the moral sense, but to awaken an emotion, and a single emotion. Detail there should be only enough to reproduce the impression, for when more than this there is only an array of external things, maybe cleverly simulated and looking real, but not making an artistic painting. With all manner of artistic "humbugry" he was absolutely impatient, and he never failed to express himself in terse, unqualified terms, not unaccompanied by profanity. Yet somehow, his profanity never seemed vulgar or shocking, being merely used to give a trifle more intensity to his expression. To the patronising would-be client, who intruded his advice and views unasked, he would uncork the vials of his wrath and frequently drive him out of his studio. He was a great metaphysician too, and one thought leading to another, he would not infrequently wander entirely away from the subject of his talk. Once this happened while he was giving an address on art to a Brooklyn club composed largely of business men whose desire for art information was, to say the least, superficial. Those of the artists present were enchanted with the discourse, though he wandered afield with his side issues. Presently he came to himself and, seeing his audience looked bored, he deliberately picked up his notes and abruptly left the desk with never an explanation. "A lot of d——d counter-jumpers," he murmured to a fellow-painter who joined him. "It's pearls before swine." Painting with enormous enthusiasm and great rapidity, his pictures grew under his marvellous brush like mushrooms—up to a certain point—and then came the slow stage when he

began his experimentings, as likely as not scraping out all he had done; or, when a new thought filtered through his mind, starting on a new tack and entirely losing interest in all that had preceded. Always he had dozens of canvases in various stages of completion lying about his studio.

Inness came to my studio one afternoon in the late eighties. I, too, was in the Holbein building, just across the street from him. I was at work on a landscape and I laid down my palette on his approach and asked him to give me a criticism. He talked as one inspired, pointing out my many weaknesses in a kindly way and finally, to emphasise his remarks, he picked up the palette and dashed in some colour. I sat fascinated watching him, and, profoundly interested as he always was when he took up a brush, he painted on regardless of my work, though to my great delight, for I saw in my mind's eye a beautiful Inness that, of course, I should leave exactly as he had finished it. But the course of his thoughts brought him to some other point at issue and he changed the entire scheme of his first painting as well as my own picture and went at something else which did not go at all, so he ended by scrubbing his brush over the entire canvas, leaving nothing of his own and quite defacing all I had previously accomplished! Yet it was a practical lesson I never forgot and a revelation to see his mode of attacking a canvas. I recall he spoke violently of the Frenchman Cazin, who was then beginning to attract the attention of the collector in New York. "Pretty," he said, "and sweet; too d——d saccharine entirely; one feels that Cazin's work has no entrails to it; it couldn't get up and fight anything." On another occasion, I had dropped in on him at the close of day. He had the gas on and was painting away as if it were sunlight. "Tell me," he asked, "where is that thing wrong, for I feel that I haven't got it." I felt such a hesitancy that I was quite unequal to his demand; it seemed impious for me to say anything and, to tell the truth, I didn't see where he could improve the work. Suddenly he grabbed his palette and dashed madly at the canvas. I might have been miles away for all his thought of my

presence. Everything was forgotten in the excitement of the moment. Completely changing the general scheme of the composition in a little while he had improved the canvas in a marvellous manner, and satisfied with the result, he flung down his brushes on a table and sank in his chair exhausted. He said nothing, seemed quite oblivious of me and I went quietly out of the room.

A thin, spare man of middle height, he wore the sparse beard, that of one whose face has never known a razor, and his hair was long and disorderly. Full of nervous energy, his talk was eloquent and illuminating, for the man probably never said a stupid or thoughtless thing in all his life. He took little part in the official doings of his fellow-artists. Medals, honours, financial success meant absolutely nothing to him. He was a painter by the grace of God and he worked for the sheer love of his trade. "The verdict of the world," he used to say, "will be passed on in due time and it will be a just one, even if it does not sustain the juries of award." His range was wide and he painted many things in many parts of the world, his choice of theme depending largely on impulse. Dramatic or lyric, the subject always found adequate treatment under his brush, though he was stronger in the former vein. It was an inspiration to be near him; a revelation to see him at work. One unconsciously partook of his contagious enthusiasm, and when the student left him he felt that anything was possible. With it all he had a splendid dignity and a simplicity that proclaimed him immediately the great man. The last years of his life he spent in a handsome old mansion and studio at Montclair, New Jersey. There he found delightful material which he invested with rare beauty and poetry, with beautiful colour and sentiment.

Essentially a poet and dreamer, Homer D. Martin, by temperament and charming simplicity of character, was never fitted for a moment to further in any commercial way his own interests, with the result that, save at the end of his life, he was oppressed by lack of means and the weariness of financial problems. A genuine artist, he realised that he had certain technical limitations, but he never for a

moment had any doubts of his ultimate place in art. Irregular in his life as in his work, though he was not a dissipated man, even he did not possess his genius, he was possessed by it. Convivial, a man's man, he was intensely loved and admired by the intellectual group of Bohemians with whom he consorted, his *mots* being quoted by many. Self-taught and a most uneven craftsman, Bohemian as I have said, he took no heed of the morrow. If to the jug of wine and the loaf of bread he could add a pipe of "baccy" with a crony beside him in the wilderness of some chop house, that apparently were paradise enough for him. Nor did the externals matter in the least to him. He gave little heed to dress or fashion, being more concerned with his kind and his paint. They tell a story of his visiting Whistler once in London. When the dandy James called up to him the next morning for breakfast, Martin leaned over the stair rail and asked, "Say, Jimmy, where do you keep the scissors you trim your cuffs with?" Though this is probably apocryphal, it is characteristic of the man to a degree. His wife, in her charming memoir of her husband, writes of their being in France and so short of money that, when they came to pay their bill—they had been living most economically—it amounted to the considerable sum of two thousand francs! The landlady, however, was most accommodating and told Mrs. Martin she could pay "When Madame pleases," adding, "we are neither of us robbers."

His pictures lingered on his hands, customers being few and he painted slowly. It not infrequently happened that at the annual sale of the Artist's Fund Society, when each painter contributed a canvas to cover his annual payment of one hundred dollars—the excess of this amount going to the contributor—his friends would make up that sum so that Martin should not be subjected to the ignominy of seeing his work sold for less than the one hundred dollars, since canvases of the rest of his associates invariably brought considerably more than that. Toward the end, however, things went better. Two years after his death a dealer with difficulty managed to interest a



AUTUMN OAKS. BY GEORGE INNESS

Metropolitan Museum of Art



VIEW ON THE SEINE. BY HOMER D. MARTIN

Metropolitan Museum of Art

prominent collector in his "Westchester Hills," selling him that canvas for \$1000. A few months later at auction, in the Evans sale, it brought \$4750, while subsequently a buyer gave \$5300 for it! Martin painted with great deliberation, in a halting, uncertain manner, being far from dexterous, but this apparent weakness really became an element of strength, since he was obliged to seek most seriously for all he secured. Despite the ever pressing need for money, there were periods when nothing could drive him to his easel. "I do not know where the impulse comes from, nor why it stays away," he once said to his wife. "All I do know is that when it goes I can do nothing but dawdle, and when it is present I can do nothing but paint." Mrs. Martin admitted that this was all very true and also—inconvenient. His early manner was based largely on that of the old Hudson River school, but with the arrival of the pictures by the Barbizon men, he began to change his style, and though he was in no sense an imitator,

these works of the Frenchmen came as an inspiration to him. Thereafter he was more generous in his use of pigment, saw his nature with greater breadth, and generally developed along healthy, artistic lines.

Wyant made a worthy third in this distinguished group and was the lyric poet of the trio. It has been said of him that he played on a single note, yet it was a note of ineffable sweetness and purity. The elements that made up his picture compositions were simple, almost naïve, and he was a lover of Nature in her most refined and delicate moods. He who was the most gentle of men, sought and found the gentle side of the world out-of-doors. A few trees, some distance, a bit of quiet foreground, and from these he evolved an idyllic picture most appealing. Born in the little Ohio town of Port Washington, his early art desires got him no farther than the painting of signs, which he did till he was twenty, when he moved to Cincinnati. There for the first time he saw some meritorious paintings and he was



BROAD, SILENT VALLEY. BY A. H. WYANT

Metropolitan Museum of Art

filled with the desire to make pictures. He even came East to consult with George Inness. He was always delicate in health, and as a means of improving his physical condition he joined a government exploring expedition to Arizona and New Mexico. Unfortunately, there were unusual hardships, with the added trial of the party being under the command of a brutal man and, instead of a change for the better, he received a stroke of paralysis, whereby he forever lost the use of his

right hand. Undaunted, however, he immediately set about learning to use his left, and happily his work suffered in no wise. While during his life his work brought only modest prices, he was never lacking patrons, and he did not know the grind of poverty combined with a lack of appreciation. Yet it was not really until after his death that the public generally awoke to a realisation of his greatness. Now the merest scraps of his painting bring large sums, while when an impor-

tant picture turns up in the auction rooms, collectors fight over it. Moreover, he is paid the doubtful compliment of imitation, many forgeries being offered by the unscrupulous dealers to unsuspecting patrons.

We may retrace our steps backward to some of the earlier figure men who were in the newer movement to a more or less degree. George A. P. Healey was born in Boston in 1808, went to Europe in 1836 and practically spent his entire life abroad, though he came back at intervals to execute commissions. They gave him a third class medal in Paris in 1840, and he lived to be eighty-seven years of age. In his time he painted portraits of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Seward, Washburne, Grant, Lord Lyons, Thiers, and a host of prominent people. On the advice of the painter Thomas Sully he had taken a studio, and at nineteen announced himself as a portrait painter, by which it will be seen that, like so many of these early men, he was practically self-taught. But he waited in vain for customers, and when quarter day arrived he calmly expected his landlord to throw him literally into the streets. His charm of manner—and he had it to a great degree, for the present

writer knew him personally and can speak authoritatively—captivated the landlord, who instead gave him a couple of commissions, which he did so satisfactorily that he secured more orders. He painted men entirely for a while and then managed to secure as his first woman sitter a lady of social distinction and great beauty, Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis. His successful portrait of her and her interest in his career brought him further commissions and his vogue was established. Prudent with his money, he soon managed to save enough to take him to Europe, for he desired to perfect himself in the schools there. Healey had a quick tongue and a ready wit, and though he had been born in this country, he always affected an Irish brogue, perhaps out of compliment to his father, a Celt, but whatever the reason, it was just enough to be most effective. On his departure for Europe, Healey met Morse, the artist, who, with pessimistic tactlessness, endeavoured to dampen his enthusiasm, informing him that as an artist he wouldn't make his salt. "Then, sir," said the young man, "I'll eat me food without salt." But he didn't have to, for he was successful from the very start. In Paris he was a



THE WAGES OF WAR. BY HENRY PETERS GRAY

Metropolitan Museum of Art

pupil of Baron Gros and an intimate of Couture. His fecundity was staggering, and besides his endless portraits, some of them of great excellence, he did a number of large figure compositions, notably "Franklin urging the claims of the American Colonies before Louis XVI," and "Webster replying to Hayne," the last bringing him a gold medal at the Exposition in Paris in 1855. The work now hangs in Faneuil Hall, in Boston. He

had much strength to his portraits, though in the mass of his commissions he was occasionally insipid and heavy, and his methods were purely those of the then existing French schools. Though he returned to his own land occasionally, as we have said, he was a prominent character in the American colony in Paris, having a fund of small talk, an inexhaustible stock of anecdotes of the distinguished people he had met and painted,



PORTRAIT OF MRS. R. M. HUNT AND SON. BY WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT

Courtesy Richard H. Hunt, Esq.

and he was possessed of no end of good humour and personal charm.

William Page, born in 1811, and Henry Peters Gray, his junior by eight years, were two notable figures in American art. Page was perhaps more interesting personally. At sixteen he was a prize winner in the Academy schools under Morse; then he had two years in a theological seminary at Amherst, after which he returned to portrait painting, and in 1849 he went to Italy, where in Rome he was a member of the art and literary colony, a charming circle then containing many distinguished men and women, and there he enjoyed

of his pictures, "The Birth of the American Flag," had an enormous popular success.

Though Emanuel Leutze was really a foreigner, born in Würtemberg in 1816, he was brought early to this country, going subsequently to obtain his art education in Düsseldorf. His "Washington Crossing the Delaware" is one of the best known canvases in this country and has been reproduced in many mediums. It has been said of him that he was a sort of Teutonic Paul Delaroche, but without the finer French taste. An absolutely pure product of the native soil, however,



WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE. BY E. LEUTZE

Metropolitan Museum of Art

an intimacy among others with the Brownings. He remained eleven years, when he came home to settle permanently. Page painted in many manners and he was a good draughtsman, but he had gone to Italy handicapped by many earlier tricks of painting of which he could not rid himself, and he did not go as far as otherwise he might, though he did secure rich, mellow colour and great refinement, and he was very personal in his rendering. Gray was somewhat akin to Page. He, too, spent much time in Italy and was rather classical in his style, drawing with authority and obtaining good colour. One

was George Fuller, who was born in Deerfield, Massachusetts, in 1822. At thirteen he was sent to earn his living, only to come back home and resume school, when he disclosed artistic tendencies. He went with a surveying expedition to the West and once more returned to resume school. Finally, in company with his brother, himself a miniature worker, he became a travelling portrait painter. On his wanderings he met Henry Kirke Brown, the sculptor, who invited him to study with him at his studio in Albany, and thither he went. In the years 1842 and 1843 Fuller had a studio in Boston, after which

he came to New York, remaining for ten years studying and working. Then he went abroad for a brief stay. The death of his father leaving him with the responsibility of the family, he went to the Deerfield farm, which he managed for fifteen years, painting only between whiles, but sending nothing to the exhibitions. He cultivated tobacco on the farm with reasonable success until, in 1875, the drop in the prices of that commodity forced him into bankruptcy. This

laboured, it is true, under a certain lack of technical training and yet, in a way, his naïveté of putting on his pigment became an element of strength, for his work was full of mystery and poetry, at the same time having not infrequently the intangibility of dreamland. Low in key, of quiet harmony and full of suggestion, it was the effort of a sensitive organisation and an unusual mind. A man of fine fibre and deep thought, a philosopher of delicate perception, Fuller was one of the



TWO MEN. BY EASTMAN JOHNSON

Metropolitan Museum of Art

seeming misfortune turned out to be a blessing in disguise, for he turned once more to his art, the winter after exhibiting a dozen pictures in Boston. Their success was instantaneous; they attracted enormous attention and sold for excellent prices, and for eight years his prosperity continued, when suddenly, after a brief illness, he died.

Few men were ever more original in their painting than George Fuller, and surely none was more sincere. He

most unusual personalities our American civilisation has produced. He was a poet who used paint instead of words to express the emotions that welled up within him, and though these beautiful thoughts were not infrequently clumsily uttered—for he used his tools awkwardly—one could never mistake their delicacy and beauty, halting as was frequently his artistic speech. He enveloped his landscapes and figures with a veil of vagueness; it all appeared as the abstract rather

than the concrete, and his successful works were invested with a rare distinction. Such a canvas as his "And She was a Witch" is very subtle, while the "Quadroon," the "Turkey Pasture" and the "Winifred Dysart" remain haunting memories of personal renderings of an unusual and singularly inspired painter, a sympathetic, unworldly, simple soul.

Another most important figure in American art was William Morris Hunt, who had a strong influence on his time and who may be said to have largely

coming one of the greatest of our architects. For a while at Harvard College, he chafed at the studies and the restraint, and he was taken by his mother to Europe, where he shortly began the study of art, first under the sculptor Barye in 1844, and subsequently with Couture, who had a strong influence on his work ever afterward. Hunt, however, after Jean François Millet and he had met, broke quite away from Couture, went to Barbizon and saw much of the painter of "The Angelus." From Millet he pur-



EDICT OF WILLIAM THE TESTY. BY GEORGE BOUGHTON

Metropolitan Museum of Art

moulded art taste in Boston if not elsewhere in the country. He surely had a large following in the modern Athens, where many students literally sat at his feet, and through his influence America may be said to have made its first acquaintance with the Barbizon painters, for he it was who brought many of their masterpieces over the ocean to Boston. Hunt came from a family of wealth and social standing, his father having been a member of Congress and his brothers all professional men, one, Richard M., be-

chased as many pictures as his means would permit, and these he brought back with him to America when he returned in 1855. His intimacy with Millet was beneficial and most enjoyable. Hunt himself was possessed of a charming personality. He was a brilliant talker, a delightful comrade, and he usually dominated the crowd in which he found himself. In his Boston studio, where he was established in 1862, he gathered about a choice coterie of students and fellow-artists, with whom his word was law. His art talks

to his students were quoted extensively and were published in book form. An uneven painter, he yet rose to commanding heights at times and on occasions he did portraits that approximated masterpieces, his Judge Shaw, now in Salem, coming under this head. The canvas is painted with unusual simplicity and breadth and in admirable character. Curiously enough, it was viewed with suspicion when it was originally shown in Boston, and his portrait of Francis Gardner, master of the Boston Latin School, is scarcely less distinguished. One of his famous achievements was a series of frescoes for the Capitol at Albany, which he painted directly on the stone and which unfortunately have almost disappeared through the ravages of time and the mistaken judgment in the technical processes.

The history of James A. MacNeil Whistler has been so thoroughly written that there remains little to add, but we may give, for the sake of historical sequence, a brief statement of facts. In truth, though American by birth and education, from the time he reached early manhood he saw nothing of his own land. He, too, however, had an extraordinary influence on the art of his own time and his followers were legion. He was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1834, was sent to West Point, remained at the Military Academy three years, and was discharged, as he humorously explained, because he thought silica a gas! Three months in the United States Coast Survey completely demonstrated his unfitness for that employment, and so he went to Europe, where he entered the studio of Gleyre, in Paris. There he remained two years, and this, in addition to the instruction he had received from the professors at West Point, constituted all his art training at the schools. From that time he was to make his own way. He settled in London, where later he became a prominent figure in the art and social life in that metropolis. Entirely out of touch with the Victorian school, he broke from all traditions and pursued his course regardless of criticism. So it was in that land of iron-bound convention he was subject to great ridicule, to enormous opposition, and for years he had the greatest difficulty in disposing of his work. Juries

rejected his pictures, critics flayed him and generally he was an artistic pariah. Fortunately, however, he had unbounded confidence in himself and he was possessed of a keen wit, so that he was more than a match for his enemies with his quick tongue and trenchant pen and he welcomed a combat with the relish of an Irishman at a Donnybrook fair. Also in these wordy issues he invariably came out victor. Yet undisturbed by all sorts of attacks he continued to paint according to the standards he had set for himself. Soon his etchings began to attract universal attention, and though they would not accept his painting, the English were forced to admit the beauty of his copper lines, which were the best since Rembrandt.

Later came the reaction regarding his paintings. There gathered about him a coterie of young painters who followed him blindly and hung on his utterances. There was a quarrel with the celebrated critic John Ruskin regarding one of his paintings, of some fireworks at Cremorne Gardens. Whistler brought a lawsuit against the writer, and though he obtained damages of a farthing only—equivalent to half a cent of our money—the *cause célèbre* was the talk of the town for many a day, and "Jimmy" Whistler wore that farthing on his watch chain forever afterward. With his white lock in the midst of a head of curly black hair, with his strange clothes, his absolute disregard of the proprieties, and his peculiar manner of painting, his name was on every one's tongue. He was as well known a figure going about the city in his cab as was the then Prince of Wales. Never more happy than when squabbling with a critic, or with the jury of the Academy, he contributed largely to the gaiety of heavy London. Yet he possessed enormous fascination, great personal charm, and his speech was always epigrammatic. Early he was under the influence of the French painter Courbet, several of his pictures in those days seeming to have been painted by Courbet himself; then there came a moment when he bowed to the Japanese, whose influence swayed him to the very end. That, however, did not prevent him from worshipping at the shrine of Velasquez. He was always, after he had for-

sworn Courbet, quite himself, intensely personal, full of charm and sentiment. His portrait of his mother remains one of the masterpieces of all times, and that of Carlyle is no less remarkable. He accomplished an enormous quantity of work during his busy and reasonably long life. The literature regarding the man is voluminous and his place to-day is secure.

Eastman Johnson was born ten years before Whistler—in 1824—and early began to paint portraits, but in 1849 he managed to go abroad to study, locating at Düsseldorf. His technical training was of the soundest and he remained ever a most capable craftsman. For five years he settled in The Hague, where they paid him the compliment of offering to make him Court Painter if he would make that place his home. In 1860, however, he was settled again in New York, and from then till his death, in 1906, he held a commanding position in the art world, painting portraits of the most important people socially and politically. Johnson never seemed to grow old in his art. He kept abreast of the times, was liberal in his views, and broad-minded in his attitude toward new schools. His portraits were not only remarkable likenesses, but were full of dignity and character, painted with simplicity and in excellent colour. In addition to his portraiture, he made *genre* pictures of the greatest interest and highest excellence. The first of these he did as early as 1867. It was called "The Old Kentucky Home" and gave an admirable picture of the South before the war. It contained a dozen figures and showed the old tumble-down slave quarters to the life. Later came "The Husking Bee" and the "Cranberry Pickers," the last a scene on the island of Nantucket, where for years Mr. Johnson had a summer residence and studio. And he identified himself more or less as the pictorial historian of the denizens of this island, famous characters of which he painted many times. No American painter before or since excelled him in work of this kind.

George Boughton was born in England in 1834, but was brought to this country at the age of three. Self-taught, he began as a painter of snow scenes, opening a studio in Albany when he was sixteen.

In 1859 he went to Paris to study and subsequently settled in London, where he made his permanent home and where he died in 1905. But though he identified himself with the British metropolis, he continued to exhibit regularly in America, was made a full member of the National Academy of Design, and his most successful works were of American themes of the early colonists and Knickerbocker life in New York. These were numerous engraved and he was highly successful, maintaining a fine establishment in London and having much social prestige. There they made him a member of the Royal Academy. Boughton, however, did not achieve artistic importance, for his limitations were many and always there was evident the lack of sound academic training. Yet he had the good fortune to be the first to make pictures of that picturesque new country period, and despite the fact that there was much of a sameness to all his Puritan maidens, character being quite lacking, he had a certain charm of personality, a wholesome sweetness and an originality that made a strong popular appeal, and his financial returns were considerable.

The movement that culminated in an exodus of the young American art students to Europe, in the late sixties and the early seventies, had for one of its advocates Walter Shirlaw, who was born in Scotland in 1837, but came to this country when he was three, becoming an American of Americans. He went to Munich, where he was one of the star students, and a picture sent home in 1877, "Sheep Shearing in the Bavarian Highlands," gave the greatest promise, which unfortunately was not altogether to be fulfilled, for this work marked his highest achievement. Mr. Shirlaw was for many years a teacher in the Art Students' League; he had a large following and took an influential part in the art life of New York, but the influence of the Munich School resulted in a bituminous scheme of colour, his work was marred by mannerisms, and he painted much according to a receipt. He died this winter while on a trip abroad. And so with him, we may close the account of the story of American art, since it is not the purpose to include living men in these papers. It is a

story of progress made in the face of many obstacles, under conditions largely antagonistic to the development of things æsthetic, in a land without traditions, removed so long from all the influences so necessary for the development of things artistic. The wonder indeed is that so much has been accomplished under such depressing circumstances, for even to-day the native painter has but the most modest encouragement. Our millionaires, and indeed men of lesser opulence, ignore native product. They do not hesitate to pay fabulous sums for indifferent examples by foreigners only too frequently spurious.

The story of the neglect of the living is not, of course, new to any country, but it is particularly exasperating here in America, where able, clever, well-endowed men are passed by while the foreign fad of the hour is eagerly sought. The old master craze of recent years has raised prices to absurd heights, and naturally has produced a race of skilful fabricators who have reaped fortunes, while

the native, save in isolated instances, has been obliged to struggle along with scant recognition. The men dead and gone, of whom these papers have treated, had not as much to complain of as have their successors, for at least, as a rule, they were patronised to a greater extent than are the men of to-day. Of course, the portrait painter invariably thrives, for the vanity of humanity will always find patrons for the likeness; but the men painting easel pictures, landscape and the *genre*, are still facing the most difficult of propositions. Yet there is hope, for the old order is changing. The fraudulent dealers are gradually "killing the goose that laid the golden eggs"; their cupidity is undoing them, and as scandal after scandal continues to find its way into the public prints it will perhaps not be long before, in the words of a remembered advertiser, it will be borne in that it is just as well for the collector to "buy of the maker." That way lies certainty, authenticity, and the writer makes bold to state—in the end, satisfaction.

THE END

A GHOST

To-day I entertained a ghost—
And yet he came in live man's guise
With ready hands to greet his host,
And living eyes,
I touched his hand and watched his smile,
I answered to the words he said,
And marvelled, knowing all the while,
The man was dead.

For I had known him quick indeed,
With life of tears and life of mirth,
A living heart to beat and bleed,
A thing of earth.
And even I had watched him die
Seeing these live things quitting him
As when a soul goes quietly
And eyes grow dim.

But this ghost looked with living eyes
And this ghost's hand was warm to-
touch.

Perchance had I not been so wise,
Knowing too much,
I had not guessed what horror springs
When these unliving walk again
Bereft of love and hate—such things
As make live men.

Theodosia Garrison.

THE EAGLE

Martial history has no figure more impressive than the soldier of the First Napoleon: the man with the hairy knapsack and the heart of steel whose tramp shook the Continent for so many years. The tale we herewith print is vividly typical of his fire and his furious adoration of "l'Empereur." It is from the pen of M. Georges d'Esparbès, who, as is said elsewhere in this issue, seems to be the incarnation of the Napoleonic spirit as it was in 1808, when all Europe crouched at the great Emperor's feet. M. d'Esparbès wrote, a few years ago, a collection of twenty-one Napoleonic tales which he grouped under the single title "La Légende de l'Aigle." These stories have been read far and wide in France, but, so far as we know, this is the first to be translated into English.



OLLOW the flag!"

With sabre-thrust and rifle-shot, with nails, fists, yells, the grenadiers of Marshal Lannes hewed their way through the streets of Essling.

Again the voice, breathlessly:

"Follow the Eagle! Follow the Eagle! Courage, lancers! Left face! There are four men on you, Massouille!"

The commander's horse leaped over three men and dashed on, but the whirlwind of the enemy was carrying away the flag.

"Look out for yourselves, children! This way, follow me! Captain, close up—! Courage! The bayonets! The bayonets!"

In a mass the grenadiers followed that voice as it rang out everywhere, borne on by the madly galloping steed:

"Massouille! Massouille!"

In the face of danger, the voice grew familiar:

"Where are you, my dear Massouille? Courage! Don't lose the flag! It is I, your commander! Don't falter; I will speak of your bravery to the Emperor!"

And the voice plunged into the fire and the sabres:

"I'm here! Ah, you Austrian dogs! Massouille! Good God! Look around! A side-cut with your sabre on that jaw. . . . Well done! And you soldiers! Fools! I'll cut the throat of the first man that falls behind him by a boot! Ha! Massouille! That rider on your left! Stick the flank of his horse! That's it! A fine stroke! Now, out of reach of the guns, this way, and with your Eagle! Are you coming?"

Massouille paid no heed.

Standing like a pilot at his post, he ap-

peared for a moment, horribly dishevelled, sweating blood, one foot on the piled up bodies, his sabre between his teeth, a pistol in one hand, stern, the Eagle in the air! He was indeed the hero of the charge, with clear eye and Gallic skin and piercing voice. A sabre had cut away his shirt and his heart beat against his bare chest like a mighty hammer.

"Massouille!" thundered the commander, "your place is not there! You have no right to expose your Eagle! I shall make my report to the Emperor. Are you coming?"

Massouille paid no heed.

Erect, on the barricade and surrounded by his guard, four men brandishing their lances, he waved his great flag to the bullets. All the streets shook. The town was on the point of falling. A battle was raging at each gate, and the moment had come for a headlong charge.

"Massouille! Massouille! *Monsieur* Massouille! Remember that you were a sergeant under me at Marengo! Come, think of your Eagle! But, Dieu, I believe he no longer has it—. Yes! Bravo! Come; you are too fast. Are you coming? Madman, are you coming?"

Massouille paid no heed.

Pale as a girl, half naked, the lust of battle in his soul and arms, he leaped forward and at every bound an Austrian fell. Then, at last, with the enemy behind him and before, in the midst of dead that he trampled on, surrounded by Austrians who shot at him from windows, he paused to fight the better. Man after man fell by his sabre, and his sharp staff descended on them. A shot, close at hand, took away his cap and grazed his forehead; like a ball of fire his tossing hair blazed about his head. Again he

was struck and from his white throat a stream of blood flowed to his waist. They sprang forward to save him.

"Massouille, do you want to kill yourself? It is foolhardy! To the right! Look out! Guard your left! But I've no grudge against you for it, my boy! Take care of the flag and I'll say nothing to the Emperor. In a minute, I'm coming——"

The commander spurred on his horse, but, as always happened; Massouille was separated from the grenadiers. The battle went on. The enemy were in retreat. The last stronghold had been taken.

"Massouille my friend!" shouted the old officer.

He was fighting in front of the ranks, splendid, raining his blows at random. A mass of clouds swirled down the street, and not seeing the flag, he cried out:

"The *Eagle*! Look for Massouille! We must have the flag!"

Already the Austrians were fleeing. Then there came a sound of drums! The men flung themselves forward and, for the tenth time, Massouille appeared. His flag-staff grasped in one hand, he slashed right and left for the sheer joy of killing. Above the final roar of guns they heard his voice—a howl that rang against the empty buildings and called the Emperor. As he stood there, like a wild beast over the ruins, barring the street, with his legs wide and the flag held at arm's length, he seemed by himself to have taken Essling.

They followed him to encamp for the night.

* * * * *

A half hour later they lost all trace of him. Vainly his comrades searched.

"Where is the flag?" they asked the wounded. No one answered. At nine o'clock Massouille was still missing.

But in the middle of the night, five men slipped out of one of the houses. Massouille was at their head. His face was sad. A great bandage was wound about his throat and one hand still grasped the famous flag, torn and riddled with holes—but *without the Eagle*.

Without the Eagle! The flag no longer bore the Eagle. A ball had carried it away without any one's noticing, and a great despair had seized upon the bearer.

"The commander was right. I ought to have been more careful."

He walked in front of his men.

"Attention! What is it, Müller, do you see it?"

"No, it is a comrade. . . . Noel, my old brigadier of the tenth."

"We must go slowly," said Massouille; "you have your pikes, lift there——"

The four men obeyed, and lifted, as if with shovels, a heap of bodies swimming in blood, and threw them aside.

"You did not recognise him, did you, Chassard?"

"Yes, it is Frontier."

"Search beneath them," said Massouille.

They crawled under the bodies, but found only the pavement.

The whole street was searched in this way. A hundred, two hundred dead, were turned over, but the Eagle was never there.

"Was it a sabre or a ball that took it off the staff, or what? No Eagle on my flag! It isn't possible." He groaned again and again: "What will the Emperor say? What shall I do now without the Eagle? *He* will see it to-morrow, and what will he say?"

The diggers dragged out three bodies.

"That's Grimard," said one.

"Judt! Leroucher!" said the other three. It needed a good eye to recognise them; they were pulp.

The three spectres fell back heavily.

"Search, search!" cried Massouille, transported by a terrible rage:

"I tell you it isn't possible! A flag lose its Eagle! What shall I do? I, Massouille, the Brave of the Brave, the Ten against One, if I haven't the Eagle. Because it was there this morning at the top of my staff!"

And always:

"What will *He* say? What will *He* say, the Father, the Breaker of Men?"

"We will find it for you," said Müller.

He stooped.

"A chief——"

In the moonlight the four lifted up a shapeless mass, streaming blood. It was the commander. He had been killed with the rest.

"Let him alone," said Massouille. "There'll be fighting to-morrow, that's

sure! Look here, if I don't find my Eagle, I'll kill myself. Ah! something glittered."

He threw himself on the ground with both hands out; but it was only the gold from a broken purse.

In silence the men divided the coins.

"My Eagle! My Eagle!"

He worked his pleasure on the enemy as he passed, kicking and hacking the bodies, and grinding his heel into their faces. Some, in agony, gave a vague cry and then fell back. Suddenly a monstrous thing shot forth from among the dead, enveloping them in wind and a strange whirring. A clamour shook the place, and the five men leaped to their feet.

"Carrion!" snarled Massouille. "Come, I'll show you a chase!"

He disappeared, sabre in hand. There was a sound of running feet as the four soldiers followed him, fleeing through the blood and the moonlight. Then in a moment, nothing remained in the village but silence, pestilence, night and the dead.

* * * * *

May 22d.

Ever since dawn, all the cannons, roaring together, pealed forth the hour of combat. The Emperor had doubled his troops. The first three divisions were in Aspern under Masséna and the fourth at Essling, protected by Lannes's sabre. Between the two villages was Bessières's cavalry. The Imperial Guard, held in leash, were growling like a pack of hounds.—Napoleon was watching over all.

The Austrian Archduke Charles recommenced the attack of the night before by trying to pierce the line between Essling and Aspern. One division of cuirassiers stole up on the enemy. Masséna yelled:

"Grenadiers, they are having fun down there without us!" The Guard, unmuzzled, fell on the enemy tooth and nail, and in a second the Archduke's troops melted away as snow in sunlight. It was then that Napoleon assumed the offensive. He called on Lannes; and, at parade step, the Marshal advanced magnificently across the plain. At the head of the troops marched Massouille's brigade.

The movement was executed in silence with a rhythmic step that seemed as if it must go on and on forever. It was as if Death itself approached in the midst of that undulating mass. They were about to attack the enemy when, in that perfect order, a rush and a cry separated the French troops. The front ranks crumpled. A storm, a torrent, a tornado tore the army in twain, struck the ranks and scattered confusion everywhere. Then a great clamour, hoarse and terrible, a strangled furious cry that froze the blood and marrow, raised the hair on end and set the heart thumping in the breast, arose from the *mêlée*. Something bounded and leaped into the midst of the men, and, traversing in haste the companies and battalions, quick, quick, quick, was approaching the front rank.

Then they saw Massouille.

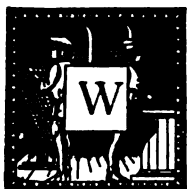
Terrible, driven, hurled, transported by a frightful glee, his fists clenched in the air, he waved toward Austria the flag of the previous day. And the strangled cries that froze the marrow, were the screams, the harsh screams of a great eagle, captured in the night by the five, no longer the massive gold of the Imperial Standard, but *alive* and bound by one foot to the flag.

As the standard-bearer ran, around him at the point of their lances, his four comrades kept the eagle on its way. At the sight an indescribable yell of joy arose from the French ranks, and in the midst of thundering acclamations the regiments reformed their line.

Then the Eagle of glory, maddened by the furious tumult, shook off its bonds and gave its battle-cry. With a grand sweep, excited by the stench of slaughter, it plunged into the midst of the enemy, dragging with it the torn flag and its brave bearer, the four lancers, the regiments themselves—and down there, in the plain, as though awakened at the moment of death, leaning on their bruised arms, the masses of the dying saw, as their eyes grew dim, that dream-eagle, which, from above its flag, with round eye and open beak, imperially gilded by the rising sun, already proclaimed, in its harsh screams, the triumph of the victors of Essling.

Georges d'Esparbès.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX



E have been somewhat surprised of late to find many of our correspondents appending to their interesting letters postscripts asking us not to publish their names. Surely these must be new subscribers; since for nearly fifteen years we have regarded everything sent to the Letter Box as being strictly confidential, except in the one or two instances where the writers were what a New York magazine calls "in the public eye." Even in their cases we have mentioned their names only in thanking them for some courteous attention. Therefore, we trust that no one will write any more postscripts which cast a reflection on our tact and editorial discretion.

I

There came to us some time ago a very curt note from an individual connected with the library of an inland college. He had received notice to the effect that his subscription had expired, and he wrote with unnecessary severity of tone to say that he would never, never, never again subscribe to *THE BOOKMAN*, because of its attitude toward Simple Spelling and Simple Spellers. Now this decision of his seems to be pretty harsh. It is depriving the publishers of the sum of two dollars and a half, and a thing like that makes us feel uncomfortable. But after all, we are sustained by a certain sense of justice. This gentleman says that he would not object to our dislike for Simple Spelling if only we would give some reason for it. He very justly remarks that we ought to point out why Simple Spelling is obnoxious, before we make it the subject of attack. Quite so, as Sherlock Holmes would say; but this is precisely what we have done. Thirteen years ago, or (to be explicit) in *THE BOOKMAN* for November, 1897, we set forth our arguments against Simple Spelling, in an article entitled "The Progress of Fonetik Refawrm"—an article whose arguments have not been answered from that time until now, nor do we imagine that they

will ever be answered conclusively. Or, if the champion of ischiorrhogic spelling wishes to see our beliefs set forth much better than we can set them forth, let him read *The Dial* for November 1, 1909. He will find there a most amusing and pungent article by Professor Paul Shorey under the heading "Spelling Reform in Extremis."

Let him take these two articles as representing our creed in the matter. Perhaps, even then, he will have nothing to do with us or with *THE BOOKMAN*; but at least he will not be able to say that we have not given good reasons for our consistent hostility to the cult of ignorance.

II

The ladies of a church in Lockwood, Missouri, wrote us some time ago that they were going to hold a bazaar, and asked us to contribute some copies of *THE BOOKMAN* to be sold at their News Stand. Unfortunately, we did not do so, for the reason that the letter failed to reach us in time. Otherwise, we should very gladly have complied with the request, and we mention it here by way of apology to the ladies. We trust that their bazaar was exceedingly successful.

III

From Carrollton, Illinois, there has come to us the following question:

For a number of years I was a Sub. of *THE BOOKMAN*—and we now have it in our Pub. Library. If it is not asking too much, I would like to know whom you consider the foremost American Authors of the present time. A limited number.

We are glad that the lady wants only a limited number, because only a limited number are in existence. According to our belief and standards, the United States now possesses no poet of the first order; only one essayist (Mr. Frank Moore Colby), and only two writers of fiction, who are, by the way, wide as the poles asunder in their methods and literary standards. These are Mr. William

Dean Howells and Mr. Jack London—the latter, however, only sometimes. We have no “foremost” dramatist, and the late Clyde Fitch was merely the best of a very feeble lot. We have two eminent historians—Mr. James Ford Rhodes and Professor William M. Sloane. This about finishes up the list of writers who may be regarded as in the first rank. When it comes to writers of the second rank, they are so many and so admirable that to publish their names would be practically to swamp THE BOOKMAN.

IV

Some one who evidently belongs to a Péace Conference Society writes us a letter suggestive of balm and honey. He says:

Why do you not make up your quarrel with the *New York Sun*? It pains me to read such rancorous thrusts first from one side and then the other. Why do you not put an end to this unworthy strife?

PAX.

The *Sun* and we are not engaged in anything so commonplace as a “quarrel.” We simply have a pleasant little feud which has now continued for a number of years, but which is not tremendously serious. On the whole, we think that we have shown up rather better than has the *Sun*, in that we have never been personal, but merely launch a shaft now and then at the *Sun* as a newspaper and at some of its remarks. On the other hand, the *Sun* has never observed the same courteous self-restraint. However, as we said, the whole thing is merely a sort of picturesque feud. Some day we are going to ask for a few days’ truce; and during those few days we intend to visit the enemy’s camp and exchange anecdotes with the chief villains. We haven’t the slightest doubt that they will receive us most cordially, ask us to take the best chair in the office, and to smoke the sort of cigar which they keep for their friends. After that we shall depart with military honours, ready to loose a broadside and to receive one in our turn. Really, without a little excitement of a professional nature, life would be insufferably dull.

V

A lady in Chicago asks us a question which is difficult to answer.

Will you tell me how a person must proceed to become a reviewer of new books? What are the requirements, etc., and steps necessary to be taken?

C. W. J.

We must confess that we do not know of any formulaic fashion by which a person must proceed to become a reviewer of new books. Our correspondent makes the process appear like a college examination. In truth, reviewers are selected from the number of those writers who are already known to editors; and a book is generally given out for review to some one who is very familiar with the subject concerning which the book has especially to do. Short reviews are usually written in the editorial office by some member of the staff. This subject is part of a larger one to which we referred a few months ago—that is, the subject of how any one ever happens to enter upon a literary career. Perhaps our correspondent will recollect that we are going to write a small book on this topic in the future, with concrete illustrations and examples drawn from our experience. Meanwhile, we can only say that it is mainly a matter of chance.

VI

Here is a very pleasant letter from Washington accompanying some valued additions to our picture Post-card Gallery. The writer says:

In the last BOOKMAN I read of your Post-card Collection and feel moved to contribute to the same. By so doing I hope to perform or fulfil a threefold mission: to give you the pleasure of adding to your collection of cards from “out of the world” places, to pay a debt of gratitude, and possibly to give you a little information.

The gratitude is due you for the grand rages into which you put me. When I am convinced that I am very old—that nothing moves me the way it used to—that nothing makes very much difference, all I have to do is to pick up THE BOOKMAN, and lo! I boil up for all the world like a college sophomore! Now, isn’t that proof that I’m still right young?

And aren't thanks due you for proving it? Hence these post-cards.

Now for the information for some one on THE BOOKMAN if not for you, for of course it is probable that *you* knew better all the time. In the comments on the plays given in the New Theatre, the writer criticises the management for changing the scene of *Strife* from Wales to southeastern Ohio, saying that the change renders the Welsh dialect out of place, apparently seeing no good reason for the change.

In the part of southeastern Ohio in which I live (in the summer time) there are some of the largest tin and steel mills in this country. A large number of the workmen are Welsh, and the Welsh language and dialects are commonly heard. It happens that since the first of last July these mills have been idle on account of a strike. Doesn't it seem that a labour-problem play might appeal more deeply to Americans if depicting American conditions?

I have a home on the top of one of these hills, and if ever you come as far West as Martin's Ferry, I shall be happy to show you the mills, or what is more beautiful, the hills and the river.

We salute our correspondent, and are pleased to act as a sort of tonic irritant. As for the criticism with regard to *Strife*, we refer it to Mr. Clayton Hamilton, who will, no doubt, read it with much interest.

VII

A typewritten letter from Winchendon, Massachusetts, reads in this way:

Will you kindly give me the address of a few publishers of vegetarian cook-books, and greatly oblige me?

We strive to please; but not being given to vegetarianism, it was an ungrateful task to supply this information to our correspondent. However, here are the titles of fifteen works on "vegetarian cookery." We are interested to see that Vegetarianism appears to have some mystic relation to Theosophy. Possibly by eating "novel dishes in vegetarian households," one might cultivate an astral body. There is too much salad about Vegetarianism, as we look at it. A salad is all very well in its place; but when you speak of fifty salads, or of dressing salads in a hundred different ways, it gives us a

slithery feeling. On the whole, if we had to go in for this sort of thing, we should pick out *The Corn Cook-Book* as being at once homely and appetising in its suggestions. We always did have a sneaking fondness for fried mush browned dry, with plenty of butter and a lake of golden syrup. But we are wasting time. Here is the list which we trust will prove satisfactory:

Mrs. E. P. Ewing, *Vegetables and Vegetable Cooking*: Fairbanks, Palmer and Company (Chicago, 1884).

M. De Loup, *American Salad Book*: McClure, Phillips and Company (New York, 1901).

Thomas J. Murrey, *Fifty Salads*: White, Stokes and Allen (New York, 1885).

A. G. Payne, *Vegetarian Cookery*: Cassell and Company, Ltd. (New York).

H. M. Poole, *Fruits: How to Use Them*: Fowler and Wells (New York, 1890).

Mary Pope, *Vegetarian Savouries*: The Theosophical Publishing Society (London, 1904).

Mary Pope, *Novel Dishes for Vegetarian Households*: The Theosophical Publishing Society (London, 1904).

F. A. George, *Vegetarian Cookery*: Edward Arnold (London).

E. O. Hiller, *The Corn Cook-Book*: The Rogerson Press (Chicago, 1907).

Georgiana Hill, *How to Cook Apples in One Hundred Different Ways*: George Routledge and Sons (New York and London).

Georgiana Hill, *How to Cook Potatoes in One Hundred Different Ways*: George Routledge and Sons (New York and London).

Georgiana Hill, *Salads: How to Dress Them in One Hundred Different Ways*: George Routledge and Sons (New York and London).

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, *Salad and Salad Making*: Fairbanks, Palmer and Company (Chicago, 1888).

R. M. Fletcher-Berry, *Fruit Recipes*: Doubleday, Page and Company (New York, 1907).

M. C. Cooke, *Edible and Poisonous Mushrooms*: E. and J. B. Young and Company (New York, 1894).

VIII

There are at once justice, a fine confidence, and a laudable desire for knowledge in the following letter:

The Editor of the Letter Box:

In my loyalty to *THE BOOKMAN* I became involved in a, to say the least, *warm* argument over the term "silk hat," consigned to the *Inferno* in the April issue. My opponent affirmed that the authority of a person who would condemn a word, and not provide a substitute, was *nil*; I retorted that an intelligent person was supposed to know the synonym for discarded words in the *Inferno*'s list. However, no one seems to be able to help me out in the case above cited. Even the dictionary is silent in this respect, and I am forced to ask your aid in upholding your authority and my confidence in that authority.

Why is "silk hat" in bad repute?

"Silk hat" is in bad repute because it is used chiefly by the Unenlightened. It is on a par with "opening wine." The proper synonym is "top hat." We shall be very glad to provide suitable and seemly substitutes for all the words and phrases that have been consigned to the *Inferno*.

IX

An investigator of literature asks us a question which is interesting.

DEAR LETTER BOX: Will you decide a controversy which has arisen between myself and a gentleman whom I have always regarded as an authority? I quoted the line:

"He that runs may read,"

and ascribed it to Tennyson. This gentleman denied that it was Tennyson's. Later I found it in Tennyson's poem entitled "The Flowers"; but on my showing him the passage he admitted, of course, that Tennyson had used the line, but he was certain that it was of older origin. Can you give me the facts?

C. W. J.

The gentleman was entirely right. The line first appeared in Cowper's *Tirocinium* (line 80). Whether Tennyson consciously or unconsciously conveyed it from Cowper, no one, of course, can say. But we should rather imagine it was done unconsciously, just as so many exquisite lines from the classics are to be found gleaming in the other Tennysonian poems.

X

We receive, from time to time, letters which we believe to have been written

quite sincerely and yet which we cannot publish because to do so would turn this department of the magazine into an advertising section. Thus, one subscriber tells us all about the possibilities of a gold mine in which he is interested; another is certain that he has discovered an infallible cure for consumption, and so on. There is something about these letters that moves us, because the writers are sure that their motives are wholly altruistic. They wish us to mention the mine, for instance, so that other people may become as fortunate as themselves. As to the consumption cure, its inventor writes to us with his own hand:

You can be instrumental in saving hundreds of lives. Won't you do it for those who do not know what should be done?

Now such an appeal gives us a real pang. It may possibly be that this gentleman actually has possession of the one and only thing that will certainly cure tuberculosis. But, on the other hand, it is more than likely that he is quite mistaken; and in any case, we cannot advertise either mines or medicines or anything else. We wish that these individuals would not make us feel so wretchedly responsible as to matters concerning which we know nothing at all.

XI

Quite at variance with the sour and saturnine Simple Speller who wrote us from the library of an inland college, is the following genial epistle from another library in Newport, Rhode Island. We publish it just because it is so cheery and altogether *gemüthlich*. It encloses three picture post-cards, which will duly be catalogued as belonging to our Gallery.

DEAR SENIOR EDITOR: Your pathetic lament concerning picture post-cards at the end of the Letter Box in the January number of *THE BOOKMAN* goes to my heart. I never realised that Senior Editors (or this particular Senior Editor) have feelings and passions like our laic ones, and that they like to be remembered and cheered by some "friendship's offering" even as we do.

So, though late, I send you three picture-cards from Newport to add to your collection

accompanied by my best wishes. At the same time I take occasion to wish *THE BOOKMAN* itself, also, many New Years. And permit me to say here ("in this connection"—perish the phrase!) that there is a personal quality in *THE BOOKMAN* which I do not feel in the other magazines, and which I particularly like. It seems more like a series of personal letters from an acquaintance or friend than like a "mere" periodical. (Do you get my idea?) Perish all the others, if necessary (except possibly the *Atlantic Monthly*), but spare me *THE BOOKMAN*!

Sincerely yours,
R. B.

XII

We intended to wait until next month before continuing our catalogue of the Letter Box Picture Gallery. But our works of art have been accumulating so rapidly as to make us fear lest we shall never catch up, even with the help of the boy whom we have employed. Therefore, we continue the catalogue in this number, from where we left off, up to No. 50.

THE LETTER-BOX PICTURE GALLERY

37. Y. M. C. A. Building in St. Paul, Minnesota. (The donor remarks that she doesn't know whether we really care for picture postals, or whether we are poking fun at those who send them. We really *do* care for them.)

38. Free Public Library, Danielson, Connecticut. (The gift of a new subscriber, who says: "While I have been delving in a dozen other magazines I might have been enjoying *THE BOOKMAN*. Why didn't you let a fellow know that your readers were having such delightful times?")

39. New Double Track Bridge at Clin-

ton, Iowa. (From a friend who signs himself "Billy," and writes from Omaha.)

40. A mystic post-card entitled "Is the Left One Right, or Is the Right One Left?" (Of course, it represents a man sitting between two girls.)

41. Don Gaspar de Portola, Discoverer of San Francisco Bay. (From Miss R. G. "with felicitations," and post-marked San Francisco.)

42. Ogden Monument, the Geographical Centre of the United States, Fort Riley, Kansas. (From "C. L.," Manhattan, Kansas.)

43. The Most Gorgeous Sunset in the World. (Sent to us anonymously from Salt Lake City, by some one who remarks: "You have nothing like this in New York." He is quite right.) He also sends us:

44. The North Geyser Basin, Yellowstone Park. (Inscribed "Let your enemies walk this plank and let it break." He means the plank over the geyser.)

45. An Aviation Meet. (Anonymously sent from Los Angeles by some one who says à propos of aviation and the city: "Being all angels here, we have finally grown our wings.")

46. Ancon Hill, Panama. (From "A Casual Digger" who rightly fleers at Soap O'Loughlin. Postmarked Cristobal, Panama.)

47. A Girl Caught in a Trap. (Sent anonymously from El Paso, Texas.) It is usually the man who is caught.

48. A Lion and Bull Fight in Ciudad Juarez, Mexico. (From a reader who approves of bull fighting, which he calls the "Sport of Kings.") He also sends us two more pictures as below:

49. A Mexican Bullfight: The Moment of Killing.

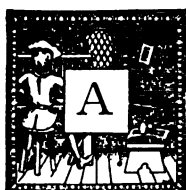
50. La Plaza Constitucion, Ciudad Juarez, Mexico.

POVERTY

It isn't just the pinch and pang
That tries our spirits so,
It's missing what the others have
And knowing that they know.
Albion Fellows Bacon.

THEATRICAL "STOCK" AND ITS DIVIDENDS

In this series we have already printed "The Illustrator and His Income," "The Librettist and His Profits," "The Earnings of the Dramatised Novel," "The Musician as a Money Maker," "The Author's Full Dinner-Pail," "The Ghost Walks," and "Top Notes and Bank Notes." To follow the present article we shall have one on the earnings of the people of the circus. This paper will be written by Mr. I. F. Marcossou, the author of "The Autobiography of a Clown," which was widely read both when it appeared in the columns of the "Saturday Evening Post" and subsequently in book form. Some one asked us the other day if this subject was not a rather undignified one for a literary magazine. It was not necessary to retort with the old "humani nihil alicui." We simply called attention to the fact, which many persons have apparently forgotten, that Charles Dickens did not disdain to write the "Life of Grimaldi."



NEWSPAPER item the other day stated that James Forbes had refused twenty-five thousand dollars for the entire rights of *The Chorus Lady* whenever it was released for "stock." Mr. Forbes besides having an author's interest is also part owner, and he knew that the enormous popularity of the play, as well as its peculiar adaptability for "stock" production, would make it an unusual money "winner" in the lower grade of houses. At first this offer would seem preposterous, but those who figure such things agree that Mr. Forbes showed rare business instinct in refusing. This suggests a cursory examination into theatrical "stock-houses" of the present day: what "stock" means, its varieties, its composition, the plays it utilises and the financial dividends for all concerned.

A recent number of the *Dramatic Mirror* records a total of about one hundred and twenty-five of these companies scattered over the country in large cities, small towns, and "tanks" of a few thousand population. Even this is probably an underestimate, as there are, in theatrical parlance, three well-defined groups: "travelling stock," "permanent stock," and "summer stock." The large increase in theatrical territory, the organisation of the business and the greater number of people and plays utilised, has given to each of these groups qualities peculiarly its own.

SOME SIDE LIGHTS ON "TRAVELLING STOCK"

The "travelling stock" company is an old friend of those who have not escaped from small towns. No place is beneath its contempt, and it will "play" anything from a "barn" to a "town hall." There is no way of estimating the number of these companies, for they are frequently in a state of "disband" and "reorganisation." The *Dramatic Mirror* lists, at present, about thirty, and this probably includes all of the first class. These generally travel over a "circuit" or "chain of theatres" controlled by one man or a "syndicate." These routes are very numerous and are the subject of both rivalry and co-operation; they vary in the number of theatres, though the "stands" are always near each other to avoid the railroad bills necessitated by "long jumps." Each theatre, if not occupied by some "regular" company, is played three days or a week, according to the population and its endurance. These "stocks," somewhat similar to small touring companies, differ from them by playing a new "bill" at every performance, generally twice a day, with "specialties." The offerings are of a wide range: one will do nothing but Shakespeare and "the classics," another the usual medley of *East Lynnes* and plays long worn out by the larger companies. But, as a rule, the productions are of a cheaply sensational type. A list quoted from a Western newspaper will serve as an illustration:

When Hearts Are Young.
 A Brother's Revenge.
 Her Great Awakening.
 A Gambler's Sweetheart.
 A Southern Rose.
 The Great White Trail.

Frequently there are "stars" in these companies—to Broadway and to fame unknown—who are such favourites that in a season over "their territory where they are known," they may, by exception, clear a profit of ten thousand dollars. Mrs. Spooner and her industrious daughter, for example, played New England, Pennsylvania and New Jersey for years till they could afford to graduate into Brooklyn and a theatre of their own. There are other "stars," like the trade journals we never hear of, who have an even larger circulation. The salaries paid to the average "travelling stock" is enough to live upon: even the "leads" seldom receive more than forty or fifty dollars a week—with travelling expenses and costumes provided. The plays used must contain small casts, and must be acted with "fake" and "profiled" scenery easily crated and carted about in "one car."

The royalty paid for these plays—if there is a royalty—is, at the highest, about ten dollars a performance. They are leased for "a season of thirty weeks at one performance a week"—and the three hundred dollars paid in advance. There is, however, little opportunity to keep track of their frequency. There is thievery here as in branches of all business and "pirating" has reached large proportions, due to impossibility of detection and prosecution, though not confined solely to this type of company. The manuscripts of these "pirated versions" are easily obtained from a publisher in Chicago whose exclusive business is to have stenographic reports made of each play with vague "stage business," which he publishes as a "reading version." Sometimes the titles are brazenly retained, more often they are changed. He has never been completely driven out of business, and his supply seldom equals the demand—especially in the Middle West and along the Canadian border. No matter how the plays are obtained, "travelling

stock" is a hard life at best—and its experiences carry on, in many ways, the jokes and traditions of "barn storming." Yet from its ranks have come stars like Rose Stahl, Margaret Anglin and many others. If the company obtains receipts of five or six hundred dollars a week it is fortunate. Odd things stimulate business: one manager last year, for instance, found a certain play did not "draw" till he advertised that the heroine, "only in that play," would wear a sheath-gown. Another manager could not understand how the business of *Why Girls Leave Home* suddenly "jumped" till he discovered the picture of his handsome leading man was posted after the title.

"PERMANENT STOCK": THE HOME AND HOPE OF PLAYS AND ACTORS

"Permanent stock" is a company located for an indefinite period in one theatre. Unlike the average "stock-house" of a past generation, it does not continually support stars, include stars, change its *répertoire* daily or produce new plays. Its season lasts about forty weeks, and the "bill" is changed every week, though in certain houses plays have been kept on for two and even six or eight weeks. As a rule it gives ten or twelve performances of each production. It is composed of actors especially adapted for such work, and it has been a training school and a retiring asylum for many of our prominent thespians. An actor once called it the "pawn shop of the profession"—but this is unfair. To be even acceptable one must be versatile, long suffering, and capable of "quick study." He will play *Hamlet* one week and *If I Were King* the next. It is one constant "grind," rehearsing a new play in the morning and acting another day and night. Yet some are so adept they are nearly letter perfect and never "fluff" their lines. Besides this, time must be found for study and dress-makers. A company which is most successful is one in which all its members have become "local favourites." No matter which part they play, they are always sure of a "hand" on their entrance in each "bill." Every attempt is made to build up a personal following, and the manager seeks to have the audience take

a personal interest in his company. In this way some give receptions on the stage every Thursday after the matinee; one instance comes to mind, of a company which even gave teas and strawberry ice, besides supplying a special nurse to look after the babies while the mothers were "out front." But, of course, many permanent companies are run on a very dignified scale and produce highly adequate performances considering the conditions under which they work. Sometimes the receipts will go over six thousand dollars—the John Craig Company in Boston, the Orpheum Players in Philadelphia, for example—but at best, the average company plays to two or three thousand, the prices varying from "ten, twenty and thirty," to one dollar for the best seat at night—the matinees are always cheaper. A company contains about twelve to fifteen people and the salaries depend, of course, upon the grade and locality. Leading men demand anywhere from one hundred to four hundred dollars a week: leading women somewhat less, and the other salaries taper down accordingly. These companies seldom entertain a "star"; "star engagements" are more especially the function of "summer stock," which though closely allied to the "permanent" in general outline and in plays used has marked features of its own.

THE VARIETIES OF "SUMMER STOCK"

These companies are especially organised for only the ten or twelve weeks during the hiatus in the regular season. Actors are glad to keep occupied, and consequently, except with certain favourites, take these engagements at reduced salaries. The *ensemble* is frequently very imposing—and plays are often offered with a better all round cast than the original Broadway Company. On occasions the original production is obtained, or the original "star." A "star engagement" is very similar to the old conditions, where the resident company supported the guest in his *répertoire*.

Forty years ago at a theatre like McVickers in Chicago, a season ran nearly forty-five weeks: July fourth being the recognised date of closing. During that time as many as eighty plays were in the

répertoire, all of which were used from time to time to support various stars. The salaries of the company of fourteen did not aggregate five hundred dollars, but it must be remembered one could live on the American plan at a good hotel for eight dollars a week. The average weekly business was about four thousand dollars. The star's salary was always half of the "Friday night benefit," and a share after the week's receipts were sixteen hundred dollars. This Friday night affair was the "big" theatrical night all over the country—so much so in fact that in the smaller stock companies they would play that night to eight hundred dollars, equaling the rest of the week's business. Macauley, of Louisville, tried to break up this habit of theatre patrons by raising the price on that night to one dollar and a half. This was one of the first times, save in the case of foreign stars, where the prices were higher than one dollar. Foreign stars caused the gradual raise.

To-day this system of visiting stars to summer stock companies is done even less than a few years ago. J. K. Hackett, Amelia Bingham and Virginia Harned, for example, were said to have received about one thousand dollars a week for a short season of *répertoire* at two performances a day. The prices are kept at summer level—never higher than one dollar in the evening and more frequently at fifty cents. Last summer a star played to over eight thousand dollars a week in one of his best-known parts. He admitted it himself. Again, too, stars are thus given an opportunity to "try out" new plays for the coming season.

The utilisation of "summer stock" for this purpose is often carried on by Broadway managers, who subsidise the stock company or conduct it themselves. One firm last year tried out several plays—nearly all of which succeeded in stock, but failed when produced in a regular fashion: *The Ringmaster*, *The Watchers*, *Mrs. Dakum* were in the list. One of the best examples was George Broadhurst's *The Dollar Mark*, which ran for eleven weeks to unusual business in stock but closed dismally in a few weeks at Wallack's. The reason for these failures is simple: it is almost impossible to judge the real value of a play with the hasty

producing and natural miscasting necessitated by stock limitations. Then again, stock audiences are notoriously enthusiastic, and managers that see a play "go" mistake the applause given the favourite actor for that given the play. Such "try-outs" are unfair, too, to the playwright, though the manager is relieved of a more expensive method of finding whether his play is worth anything or not. At times royalties are paid to the authors, but generally not: they are asked to "take their chances." If a play fails in stock on these "try-outs" it is generally "dead"—though one cannot tell what its value would have been on Broadway. New playwrights, however, welcome any chance at a production so that they can get managers to see it with a view of possible purchase, and it has been known to be fortunate; old established writers, too, will often "sneak" a play on "to get a line on it." Thus the summer stock is an organic part of theatrical life, and it is certainly a pleasant source of income not only to the actor but to the playwright who has a play in demand.

THE CAPRICE OF PLAYS IN STOCK

If the cause of a play's success on Broadway is a mystery, the caprice of what makes a play "go in stock" is equally bewildering. Any generalisation limps with exceptions, and the exceptions are often the biggest money makers. For practical reasons casts should not be large nor the production too "heavy"—and a play should have a happy ending. In some general fashion the greatest popular "hits" in the first-class houses have the best chance for stock success. "Stock-houses" like to give a play which as a regular production has appeared in the same town, for the collateral advantage of advertisement is thus cheaply obtained. Light comedies, however, of the *Mollusc* and *Cousin Kate* type are in little general demand, as such plays, no matter how delightful in composition, really owe their commercial success to the personality of the star. Farce, on the other hand—like *Charley's Aunt*—is a perennial favourite. *Seven Days* will make a fortune in stock alone. Tragedy has little following, but melodrama of the

better class, like *Secret Service*, is the most popular of all. A company with a well-established subscription will occasionally give a Shakespearian revival and save royalties. One of the largest houses recently revived a comic opera, *The Circus Girl*, and it ran nine weeks to nearly seventy thousand dollars. This is an exception, though in summer there are stock companies which only give comic operas. Plays with strong "heart interest" like *Madame X* have always a good chance, and the overworked tears of *Camille* and *East Lynne* will never cease to flow for lack of an audience. The naughty French farce, however, is, as a rule, avoided, like horror dramas, since managers depend greatly upon mothers and children for their *clientèle*. Ibsen or "advanced" plays are not understood. *You Never Can Tell* has not gone; *Mrs. Warren's Profession* has had one week, and *Cashel Byron* two. The subtleties and satires of Bernard Shaw are never appreciated, but *Zaza* and similar speckled ladies are still doing business, for vice is sentimentalised, and stock audiences, like all audiences, enjoy sympathetics and think them ethics. Broadway successes are often never started in stock. *The Cavalier*, produced by Julia Marlowe, for nearly a hundred nights in New York, has not gone because the leading male part is a villain. The large cast of *The Pit* made it unprofitable for stock managers.

But, on the other hand, a failure in New York may be a big success in stock. *Old Heidelberg*, even with Mansfield, did not have the vogue it still has in some territories. It is the *Rip Van Winkle* of Los Angeles, for instance, where it is revived frequently for long runs. *In the Bishop's Carriage* did not set the East on fire, but it brings in large weekly royalties. Without a metropolitan production Eugene Walter's political play, *The Undertow*, caught the stock managers, and he cleared ten thousand dollars in one season. The most interesting example of this stock caprice is George Middleton's dramatisation of *The House of a Thousand Candles*. This play, founded on Meredith Nicholson's well-known novel, failed dismally at Daly's Theatre, though headed by E. M. Holland. It was shelved

for six months as useless and then released for stock as an experiment. Its success was instantaneous, as its well-known title, its mixture of melodrama and mystery just suited stock audiences. In eighteen months it has had nearly one hundred stock weeks and is a good "repeater." Reversing the usual order, on its stock success, four road companies in addition have been playing it all season, and a sequel, *Rosalind at Red Gate*, has just been produced. This calls attention to the value of book-plays, especially in stock.

DRAMATISED NOVELS IN STOCK

It is not difficult to understand the great vogue of book-plays. The "big seller" will never die, for it is generally read by the very people who make up the stock audiences. The essential thing is that the title is known. Dramatisations are mostly bad, being little more than a mosaic of scenes, but stock audiences are not critical so long as they are not bored. Two types of book-plays especially interest them: the new book every one is reading and the old novel in the family bookcase. A prominent dramatist not long ago was even asked to make a version of the Book of Job. At present there is a wild scramble for all of Mrs. Wilson's novels. *St. Elmo* would have made a fortune for her heirs had it been protected. It played recently in Chicago to nine thousand dollars for the week. E. P. Roe will probably go through a similar process, as *He Fell in Love With His Wife* is being made into a play. *John Halifax* will make plenty of money, too, but unfortunately books of this type are not protected, as the copyright has expired. Consequently as soon as one version is a success every stock "hack" in the country pieces together a play around the title. In this way the goose kills itself. There are a half dozen versions of *St. Elmo*. The only manner in which this is somewhat prevented is by taking into partnership those who control "booking" over certain circuits. They then refuse to "book" rival versions. Foreign non-copyrighted books, like plays which have not been protected, are always produced with little or no royalty. Miss Gilder was unable to protect her version of *Quo Vadis*, though she

had the author's exclusive rights: every stock company in the country did its own version. There was also a stock version of *The Little Minister*, and *Under Two Flags* made money for a dozen different adapters. Mrs. Stowe made nothing from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, though the dramatist received a gold watch for his work. *Camille*, *East Lynne*, the dramatisation of Scott and Dickens, and a score of similar favourites can be obtained for the price of the printed versions. Among the book-plays which have made large money for the authors are *Janice Meredith*, *The Marriage of William Ashe*, *Trilby*, *Under the Red Robe*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Rupert of Hentzau*, *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, *The Man on the Box*. *The Clansman* for two weeks in "restricted territory" obtained one thousand dollars royalty. *The Christian* has been played and repeated all over the country, and the stock rights alone made a small fortune for Hall Caine. *Graustark*, after slumbering for nearly two years, is making a handsome profit in stock and on the road. *Beverly*, its sequel, is likewise successful. The list is large, but these few are sufficient to show the hold book-plays have in this class of house.

OTHER STOCK FAVOURITES

But some hasty survey, too, can indicate the number of other stock favourites. *Arizona*, *Alabama*, *On the Quiet*, and *In Missouri* have brought a steady yearly income to Augustus Thomas. Bronson Howard is said to have had ten thousand dollars a year from *The Henrietta*, *Shenandoah*, *Aristocracy*, and *The Banker's Daughter*. Belasco and the De Mille estate are still drawing good returns from *The Charity Ball* and its companion Lyceum pieces. The Daly estate, too, has valuable assets in *A Night Off* and other adaptations from the German made famous by Ada Rehan. The largest part of Pinero's income to-day still comes from his earlier farces like *The Hobby Horse*, *The Magistrate*, *Dandy Dick*, *Sweet Lavender*, and *The Amazons*, though his late problem plays, like *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *Letty*, have little stock appeal. Henry Arthur

Jones has a living alone from *The Silver King*, *The Liars*, *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, and *The Dancing Girl*. *Barbara Fritchie*, *The Climbers* and *Nathan Hale* were great favourites with stock audiences, though many of Fitch's later comedies were too light. Gillette's *Secret Service*, *Too Much Johnson* and *The Fair Rebel* are perennial. Sardou's beautiful home was bought mainly with the American royalties on *La Tosca*, *Fedora* and *Diplomacy*. English playwrights have profited by *Lady Huntworth's Experiment*, *Charley's Aunt*, *The Adventures of Lady Ursula*, *The Brixton Burglary* and many others. All stock audiences, too, are familiar with *The Three of Us*, *Captain Letterblair*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *Leah Kleschna*, *Mistress Nell*, *Madame Sans Gene*, *Mr. Potter of Texas*, *Sowing the Wind*, *The Masqueraders*, *Strongheart*, and *The Marriage of Kitty*. Many of these plays have been drawing royalties for twenty years and others have only started on a long career; the list is thus indefinite, but will serve to illustrate the value of a good play to a playwright.

STOCK ROYALTIES AND AGENTS

In the contract for the original production the author normally receives five per cent. on the first four thousand dollars gross receipts, seven and one-half per cent. on the next two, and ten per cent. on all over; thus, on a ten thousand dollar week he earns about seven hundred dollars. But when the play is released for "stock," the manager divides equally with the author, as he claims quite justly it is his production and initial expense which has made its stock value possible. Plays are leased on a flat royalty of so much a week, or an eight or ten per cent. of the gross with a guarantee. The royalties seldom exceed this guarantee. Some plays only cost twenty-five dollars a week, while the very big successes when first released obtain incredible sums. *The College Widow* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*, for example, brought at one time fifteen hundred dollars a week. Plays still running are released in "restricted

territory"; *The Lion and the Mouse* is at present getting one thousand dollars. In the case of a dramatisation it is the dramatist's half which must be subdivided in accordance with his arrangement with his publisher or author. Publishers frequently retain no interest in dramatic rights, others make a specialty of pushing books for the play returns. One playwright confessed to the writer that his share of royalties of a fairly successful dramatisation, which brought one hundred and fifty dollars a week royalty after all divisions and deductions were made, was exactly twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.

It has been found practical to lease plays through agents, who receive ten per cent. of all money which passes through their hands. Owing to the large territory covered, the enormous detail and great amount of intricate system involved, the author is practically helpless without agents. They keep the manuscripts and "parts" in condition, tend to the advertising, send out elaborate catalogues, which include many particulars of the cost, production and general idea of the stage "business." Records are kept of the receipts, and thus the managers are informed of the drawing capacity of the plays. Besides this, as agents have exclusive control of many plays, they are frequently able to rent to the company the *répertoire* for the entire season. An association of stock managers has likewise been formed which will guarantee a play fifteen or twenty weeks over the circuit it controls; for this it pays one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week, figuring that the number of weeks offsets the reduction in weekly royalty.

It is estimated that over five hundred thousand dollars a year is spent for royalties by the stock companies. It is thus easily seen the value they are to playwrights, to say nothing of the large number of actors they employ. But like all things which touch stage life, stock, too, has its strange caprices and uncertainties, and failure or success defies accurate forecast or analysis.

Geoffrey Monmouth.



THE HORSE DEALER. BY KONEWKA

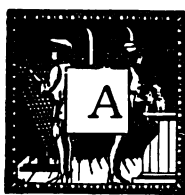


OLD FRITZ. BY FRÖLICH



THE BIRTHDAY. BY FRÖLICH

THE REVIVAL OF THE SILHOUETTE



So long ago as the time of Cræsus, Solon, and Pisistratos the vase-painters of early Greece knew more or less about silhouette-making. That is of making shadow-pictures, though they had no paper to snip them from, and, instead, obtained their effects by drawing the outline and filling it in with solid black.

Probably the works of these ancient potters, "Etruscan vases" they used to be called, suggested to later day artists the art of cutting representations in profile of figures and objects out of black paper to be pasted against a white ground, es-

pecially the art of cutting out representations of features in profile to produce an ingenious sort of profile.

Although these shadow pictures may be traced to antiquity, it remained for the age of Louis XV to give the art a name all to itself. The chroniclers have it that because Étienne de Silhouette, comptroller-general of such finances as the French king was able to scrape together, was a miserly economist, and so stingy that his name became a by-word for everything cheap, and for every money-saving imitation manufactured for economy's sake; therefore, applied to profile portraits, then the rage, because he himself had expressed a preference of



THE BIRD SELLER
BY MÜLLER



THE HUNTER. BY FELIX SCHMIDT



PLAYING CHILDREN
BY FRÖLICH

saving money through having his likeness thus made in preference to patronising the court painter, or because the wits of the day thought this would be a jolly way of poking fun at him under the safe cover of a compliment.

Howbeit *silhouette* became the name and silhouettes became the fashion for many a long year to come, just as they had entered into favour with Mme. de Pompadour, some years earlier. The fashion soon spread to other countries, first of all to Germany. Goethe was a lad of sixteen when Étienne de Silhouette shuffled off the mortal coil with which he

M. David, or to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Even the lovely Sarah Siddons was not satisfied with sitting alone for "The Tragic Muse," but coveted a silhouette portrait of herself, which a London cutter made to her heart's satisfaction.

The skill of these early workers would seem almost incredible, from the examples of their handiwork that have come down to us, but for the fact that there has arisen a school of modern silhouettists every bit as skilful and perhaps more truly artistic. Indeed, along with a revival of the Dance, of woman's turn to grind the scissors, and



"OUR FUTURE LIES UPON THE WATER." BY HANS DIETERS

was always accused by his contemporaries of binding up his money bags, as though there were ever any too many under any Louis that ever lived. Goethe, we know, entered with a zest upon the pastime of making these pictures, and soon had portraits of his whole family and the families of his friends skilfully set down in black and white, so adept did he become in the art, which he never quite gave up.

Indeed, the fashion for silhouettes soon took all Europe by storm, studios for cutting them were set up, and the great men of the day thought it not beneath their dignity to sit to one of these profile-cutters as they would have sat to

of many other things, we are on the eve of a revival of the silhouette. It is appearing on every hand again—in the magazines, in book illustration and in decorative art generally, while real artists (taking a hint from the gentlemen at Coney Island who set up to be clever in such matters) are doing really excellent likenesses as seriously as ever they were done in Monsieur Étienne's time, or in Herr Goethe's.

Probably Aubrey Beardsley would never have originated his style in drawing but for the early English silhouettists, Muybridge and the rest of them. With the modern German artists Paul Konewka,



A GERMAN SILHOUETTE CUT OUT OF BLACK PAPER



ABSORBED IN THOUGHT. BY HILDAGARD ASMUS



SILHOUETTE CUT FROM BLACK PAPER BY LOUISE DUTTENHOFER TO ILLUSTRATE SCHILLER

who died in 1871, at the age of thirty, stands as the link which binds the silhouettist of yesterday with to-day's masters of the art. His shadow-pictures illustrating *Faust* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* were exquisite achievements. Then he was followed by Diefenbach, whose silhouettes have never been surpassed for their marvellous quality of a sense of movement, making him really a master supreme in this *métier* of expression. He is still living, though he has laid down paper and scissors long since.

Perhaps it is to this German school of silhouettists that we must turn to find the best that we have in things of the sort. We find Otto Wiedernarm making wonderful transcriptions in silhouette of masterpieces of ancient and modern sculpture, not merely as an amusement, nor yet again to entertain others, but quite as much to show with all seriousness the message perfection in sculpture may have to tell from every viewpoint as recorded in the separate relation of line and mass to the whole. Then we have others, Frölich, with his exquisite grace, Felix



BISMARCK. BY HANS DIETERS



MAN AND DOG. BY W. ECKSTEIN

Schmidt, who exhibits the quality of humour embodied in mass and line (Konewka did that admirably before him), and silhouettists like Hildagard Asmus, who go in more for contemplative expression.

The silhouette has something to teach that no other form of art expression can so well teach to the developing intelligence and to the developing appreciation. The Japanese have known that, and their children have been taught, for more than a hundred years, to make silhouettes, in one way or another, as a mode of developing their sense of observation and a keener habit of accuracy. Recently American schools have followed the Japanese example, and now the silhouette, made by inking in the outline of the profile of an object, has been introduced into school drawing courses.

It is not too many years past for us to forget the silhouette portraits cut by William James Hubbard, who died in 1863, or the work of William Henry Brown of Charleston, whose long career began with a silhouette portrait of Lafayette on his last visit to America, and who crowned his success with silhouette portraits of



CUT FROM BLACK PAPER BY JOHANNA BECKMANN

Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Lincoln. When we remember that the indefatigable Augustin Edouart cut over fifty thousand of them during his interesting career we may realise what the camera has taken away from us—something, however, whose place it cannot exactly fill, so that,

with memories of the past brought up to us, and a knowledge of what the present is doing in silhouette-making, we shall, indeed, welcome the revival of the silhouette, beloved by our great-grandmothers, and by their grandmothers.

Gardner Teall.

SOME FIGURES IN THE NEW HUMOUR



THE BOOKMAN is going to press with an article about the work of some of the men who in the last six or eight years have been appealing to the sense of the comic of American newspaper readers,

information comes of a disaster to two well-known citizens of what may be called New Humourville. Ferdinand and Percy Hall Room have been discharged, and by Mr. Wanacooper himself.

To the hundred thousand people who read the announcement of the discharge of the Hall Room boys in the New York

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TAKEN SERIOUSLY AT LAST, THE HALL ROOM BOYS HAVE BEEN DISCHARGED FOR GOOD BY THEIR FORMER EMPLOYER, MR. WANACOOPER. THEY HAVE TRANSFERRED THEIR ACTIVITIES TO WALL STREET

than errand boys. All they are getting is six dollars a week, each. Don't see how they are going to live on that."

The new American newspaper humour has in it little of the imaginary. Far more so is it a chronicle of some phase of every-day life, exaggerated for emphasis, selected because it has a peculiar appeal to the artist who uses it, and offers a medium of expression to the characters he depicts most happily. Not that the artists are lacking in imagination. But the great majority of them rely far more on observation and adaptation. The men who invent the situations they draw for our entertainment appeal to us in an entirely different way from those who depict the humorous side of every-day events. Take for example Windsor McKay's best known production, "Little Nemo." There is much more of the extraordinary than the laughable in that series. The best of these drawings have been fairy tales that take one away to bewildering lands of romance. This artist's work, and there is vastly more art in his work than the humorous newspaper draughtsman usually attempts, has a distinctive feature that, to the minds of many, is most striking because it marks an accomplishment never before obtained



FRANKLIN P. ADAMS WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR "FOOLISH QUESTIONS"

in this form of newspaper illustration. Windsor McKay often forces both his idea and its execution to subserve his more pretentious endeavour to produce an attractive page composition. In other words, he makes one big picture out of a series of drawings, just as a writer blends the many chapters of his story into one complete book. He pleases the eye through his ability to draw the things his mind creates—yet even these may be

pictures of his childhood dreams, recalled through the character of "Little Nemo."

Ask the maker of funny pictures how or where he secures his ideas, and unless he tries to entertain you with a bit of impromptu fiction he will probably confess that he does not know from where they come, or that they come from anywhere. Those who, day in and day out, have to produce a piece of pictorial humour of the right size and shape to occupy the allotted space, have to be men in whom the sense of humour is abnormally developed. They work at humour just as other persons work at other daily tasks. Ask Goldberg why he thinks his "Foolish Questions" are foolish, and he will probably tell you, as he did the writer, that it is because he gets paid for them and that when he tried to stop them his public would not permit it. Another question which the followers of these "funny" men always carry close to the surface is: "Where did he get his first suggestion, how did he come to start such a series?" Unfortunately there are very few of these inspirations which have an origin worth mentioning, except when these men follow that perfectly justifiable plan already given, of endeavouring to entertain rather than relate actual facts. In the case of Goldberg, he well remembers just how he came by his "Foolish Ques-

EVENING

Place to Hold the Big Fight to Be Decided On To-Morrow

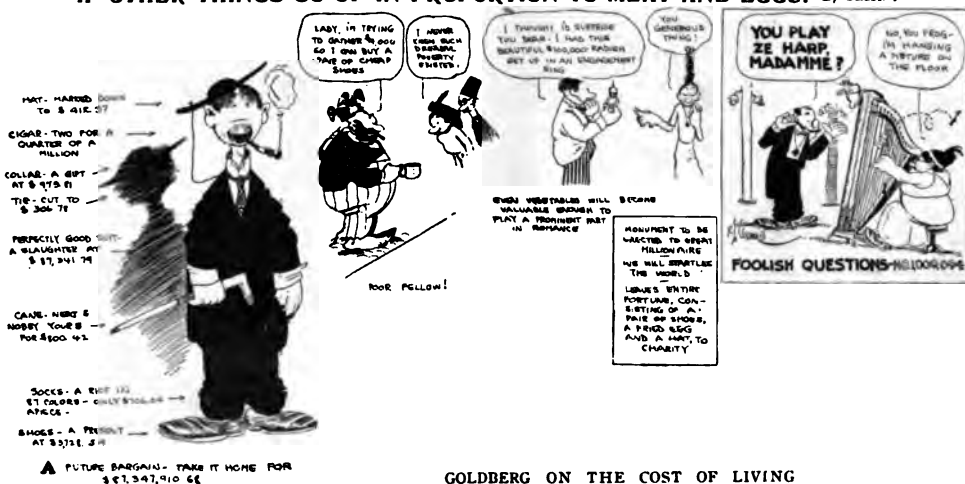
MAIL

Edited by J. J. Keefe

Football Rule Makers Will Not Stand for Rugby Game

SPORTS

IF OTHER THINGS GO UP IN PROPORTION TO MEAT AND EGGS.—By Goldberg.



GOLDBERG ON THE COST OF LIVING

The Monk Family Serenades Groucho on His Wedding Day

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Printed by F. Lee Young, Inc.



THE IDEA OF THE MONK FAMILY CAME FROM JAMES J. MONTAGUE

tions" series, for his feelings were hurt in getting it. He was grubbing 'round the office of the *Evening Mail* in slow, irregular circles, looking for an idea, and each time he passed the desk where Franklin P. Adams was at work on his column of "Always in Good Humour," he stopped to discover if Adams had any helping suggestions. On the last round Goldberg, who had taken to kicking each piece of furniture he passed, missed his aim when trying to place a kick on the corner of Adams's desk and landed on the writer's shin. The penitent artist at once asked his writhing victim if the kick had hurt him; and Adams at once replied that he was only laughing over a joke he expected to hear on the next day.

It would seem that many humorous

drawings have their origin in some hour of gloom. Gus Mager has made many laugh at the very human episodes in which he places his variations of the Monk family. It is significant, however, that the first of this clan to be pictured was "Groucho." The idea for it came to James J. Montague, who did not hand it over to Mager until he had first extracted enough inspiration from the cloud which hung over the artist to give him the dark plot of a light verse. Mager's Monks, apes in each sense, would still occupy a worthy place even if they lacked the extreme cleverness exhibited in their drawing. That bombast "Braggo," the bluffer "Coldfeeto," the small-souled "Tightwaddo," the foolish "Rhymo," the exasperating "Nervo," and, most interesting

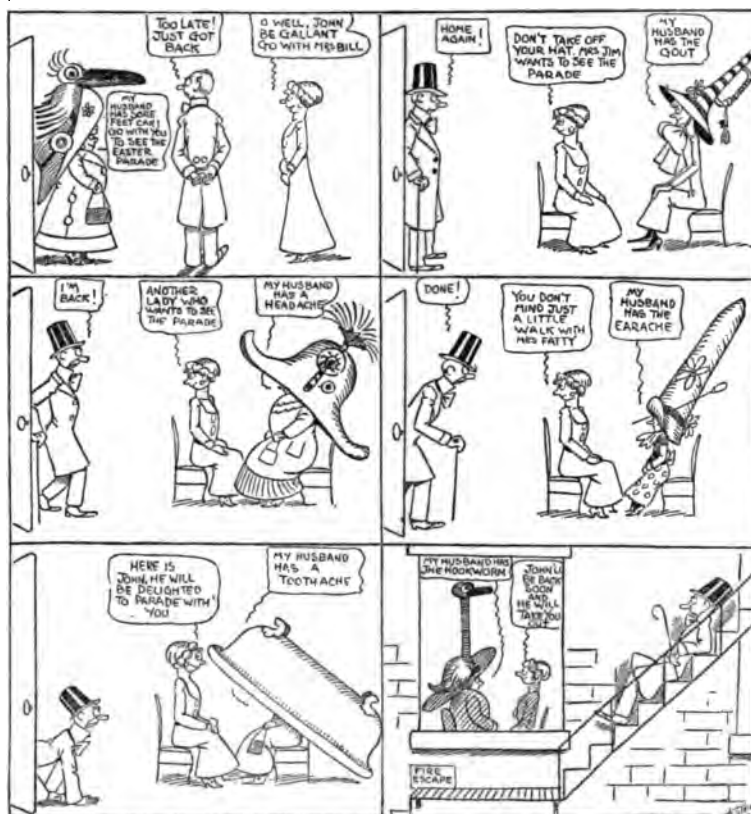
With Mutt in Germany. Jeff Buys a Full-Blooded Rat Dog---By "Bud" Fisher



THE CREATOR OF "MUTT" ASCRIBES THE CHARACTER TO THE FACT THAT HE USED TO BE "SORT OF A ONE HIMSELF"

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



A FRENCHMAN BY BIRTH, MAURICE KETTEN HAS CAUGHT THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN HUMOUR

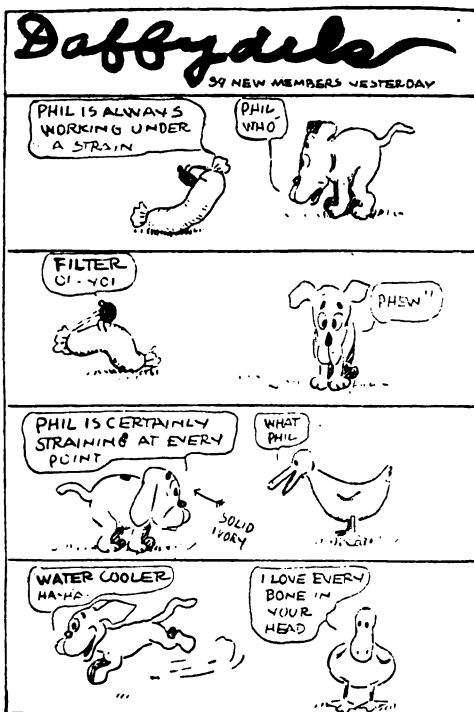
of the whole tribe, "Henpecko"—there is humour in every pose of these counterparts of certain people we all know. There is enough expression in the single line that marks "Henpecko's" mouth to make it equal to a paragraph of editorial text—the attitude of his body is worth a column. Though each of these sets of pictures makes a thrust at some weak spot in our armour of conceit, yet it is done in such a good-natured way that we grin while rubbing the injury.

Another series of humorous drawings that is helping Mr. Hearst to sell his papers is that one depicting the life and adventures of Mr. A. Mutt. This gentleman sprang into fame very quickly, probably from the fact that he is able to adapt himself to almost any social position with

the calm assurance which comes to only the most truly cosmopolitan. Assuming this conjecture to be the actual reason for the rise of Mr. Mutt, it may be that his originator, "Bud" Fisher, is not displaying an over amount of modesty when he answered the usual question as to how he caught up with the idea by replying: "O, I used to be a sort of a one myself." For all his indiscretion and failings we like "Mutt." His varied experiences are so entertaining. This is really artistic horse-play, though the pictures seldom fail to put "Mutt" in the same class with his name, proving his belittled compatriot, "Jeff," to be the cleverer man. The humour exhibited in the drawing fits so well with the text and with the evident frame of mind possessed by "Mutt" when find-

C. H. Wellington, another artist who occupies a drawing table in the *Journal's* "comic" room, found so much virtue in that brain-developing food, "Grape Nuts," that he had only to read the advertisement of it to secure the idea for his biggest hit. As Wellington will tell any inquisitive person: "You never can be sure how much good you will get out of reading advertisements. The Postum people cannot make any mistake when they declare 'There's a Reason,' for so far as I have been able to discover, there's a reason for everything, even if there are times when some one has to help you look for it." One peculiar feature of this series is that it reverses the scheme followed by most of the comic artists, as does Goldberg's "Foolish Questions," for the subject remains the same while the characters constantly change. The task of making the point clear usually rests so much with the relation some inanimate object holds to the central figure in the drawing that the production really requires good drawing, consequently giving Wellington an opportunity to do that which comes nearer being a true illustration than is ordinarily demanded of the comic draughtsman.

Hersfield's new series, "Desperate Desmond," is good enough to have been inspired by the posters of the East Side drama emporiums that border on the *Journal-American's* Bowery sweatshop for the production of humour. From the real ten-twenty-thirty thrills injected into this series it is easy to pick the tragic stars mired in the human goulash of



T. A. D. STANDS FOR THOMAS A. DORGAN

Grand Street. Harry Lewis, on the contrary, in his "What Can a Poor Woman Do," goes far afield for his material. Entering the happy home of the reasonably prosperous, he proceeds to make light of the ability of the young housewife to appreciate the importance of anything that has to do with finance or commerce, even in matters which relate to her wifely position. "The idea came to me," Lewis explained, "during a Sunday afternoon spent with a young married couple. While occupying a cramped po-

[illegible]

NOT A SWEDE, BUT A DANE

sition along one side of the living-room of their four rooms and bath portion of a gilded palace uptown, they entertained me with facts concerning the cost of milk and butter. During their conversation the wife discovered that butter and milk were both intimately related to that farm-yard decoration, the cow. Wishing to make the most of this information, she declared she was going to write to her uncle in Texas and ask him to send her a nice little cow. I rang for the fire escape while waiting for my hat."

For humour that needs no excuse, that

he found this on the paper in front of him: "Brighteyes—"Tad went swimming in the rain barrel last night." Fireclay—"Tad who?" Brighteyes—"Tadpole!" Next scene: Fireclay—"Tad had a great swim yesternight." Convenient Bystander—"What Tad?" Fireclay—"Thomas A. Dorgan!" Vulgar street brawl ensuing." And there is just about as much wit shown in the way this comic artist handles everything from a prize fight to a plate of beans; in fact, any one who can make us laugh at the antics of a sausage must be able to extract humour

Let George Do It! By George McManus



GEORGE HAS BECOME A TOPIC OF EVERY-DAY CONVERSATION

carries a laugh in every pen stroke, there is "Tad's" "Daffydils." It is almost like telling some unpleasant bit of scandal about the private life of your favourite poet to explain that T-a-d stands for Thomas A. Dorgan; and until he aspires to the office of alderman we would rather not think past his initials. For that matter, he is indebted to these same initials for his "Daffydils" idea. One day, so it is said, he was groping for a new thought; and as he groped he kept on writing his initials. Then, in disgust, he exclaimed, "Tad, that's about what you are, you think like a tadpole. Inside of an hour

from a waste basket and never dream anything but jokes.

In Maurice Ketten we have a comic artist who proves that humour is just about the same the world over, though, as he puts it: "Each country has its own idea about the ability of any other nation to appreciate a joke—and it's not complimentary. We (and Ketten says it proudly) firmly believe the English cannot receive a joke, though it carries a guarantee to pay return charges if not satisfactory. Of course, this is as wrong as the idea the French hold that a German cannot imbibe the humour of a story even

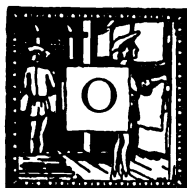
if a glass of beer is given with each one." Ketten was born in Paris and confesses there was a time when he aspired to paint masterpieces. After several years' study at the Beaux Arts, and several times having his pictures exhibited in the Salon, he opened a studio. Chance brought him the editor of one of the Paris dailies to sit for his portrait. "By the time the picture was finished," explained Ketten, "the editor and myself had become rather good friends; and then it was he asked me to do some work for his paper. It took me a little time to learn how to handle a pen, but when I saw it was going to give me the answer to the problem of living it was not such hard work. However, there was a time when that editor annoyed me greatly, for after he had pushed me into newspaper work so far it was hard to get out, he died, and without any apparent consideration of his obligation to me." If ever a man, foreign born, learned how to express humour, Ameri-

can style, as exemplified in his "Day of Rest" series, that man is Maurice Ketten.

George McManus is holding something in store for those who liked "The Newlyweds," and his later creation, "Let George do It." What's going to happen when Lovey asks papa to hold Snookums and that hitherto devoted parent replies, "Let George do it." The fact that in each of these series McManus has succeeded in creating a clever burlesque on conditions and traits with which we are all familiar, and giving us plenty of fun with it all, goes to show that he can pick a droll situation out of any hour of the day and make us good natured during those which are left. There are so many things we want to let George do—and that we should do ourselves, that the knowledge of George doing it for some one else helps to lighten the burden along the way—though we really would like to know the address of this obliging young man.

Amos Stote.

THE THINGS PEOPLE DO AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



IF all the stereotyped forms of unintelligent criticism to which the maker of fiction is subjected there is none more persistently misused than that which Ibsen has once for all formulated in the imperishable phrase of Assessor Brack, "People don't do such things!" Now, of course, these words may be taken in a number of different senses; that is precisely why the average uncritical reader so gladly falls back upon them. He is able to appear discriminating without being too specific. The phrase has the advantage of a shotgun over a rifle—it scatters so widely. It may mean, for instance, that the author has made one of his characters commit a deed which it is unimaginable that any human being, at any period of racial development, would have committed. Or, it may mean that the deed is one which

would not be at all surprising if done by an Eskimo, a Malaysian, or a fanatical Bedouin. Or again, it may mean simply that a certain class of people, a certain social strata would not be guilty of the specified act, even though the great mass of the general public would see in it nothing strange or reprehensible. In other words, as a criticism of the author himself it ranges all the way from asserting that he has a fundamental and colossal ignorance of human nature down to the insinuation that he is unfamiliar with the best social usages, or the even more trivial objection that he is unacquainted with current high-life slang, or with the latest fashion in Paris hats.

Now, it would be very foolish to deny that every novelist at one time or another blunders about the words and actions of his characters in all these varying degrees of seriousness. But the point which it seems worth while to insist upon rather

strenuously is that while we feel that a certain person would not act in a specified way our instinctive feeling would be one of the most difficult things in the world to prove. It may usually be assumed that the author knows a good deal more about his characters than we do; if questioned, he is more than likely to be ready armed with an example of the particular act under discussion out of actual life; and the real nature of his fault is not that he has made his characters act in a way to belie their real nature, but that he has not told us quite enough about those characters to make us fully understand just what their nature is.

The trouble with a great majority of people is that they insist upon idealising human nature. They will not recognise that the points of difference between the primordial savage of the stone age and the most cultured man or woman of to-day are not half so numerous or important as the points of kinship. It is pleasant, of course, to feel that we have quite outgrown the violence of primitive passions, that we never by any chance fall below the standards of *noblesse oblige*, that we always keep our voices well modulated and are consistently mindful of our table manners. For this reason, it is salutary to remind ourselves from time to time that if in one aspect man is a little lower than the angels, in another he is a little higher than the simians; that civilisation is at best a rather thin veneer, and that it does not take an excessive amount of storm and stress to make us forget our carefully learned parlour tricks. We have been taught to be courteous to women and to refrain from eating with our fingers; but a boatful of shipwrecked passengers, after a week of drifting without food, will not be likely to be squeamish about knives and forks, should a flying fish flop over the gunwale or punctiliously see to it that the ladies are served first.

It is, however, quite true that when people do the unconventional, unexpected thing it is in response to some outside impulse. The familiar law of motion, that a moving body changes its speed and direction only in accord with an external force and to a corresponding degree, applies equally well to changes in character. As a general principle, it is safe

to assume that almost anybody will do almost anything provided the external stress is of the necessary kind and degree. Young women of refinement and social standing are not supposed to go unattended to a bachelor apartment; but under a special combination of circumstances this thing has happened. Chivalry toward the weak is supposed to be a prerogative of the modern Anglo-Saxon; yet women and children have occasionally been trampled on during a fire panic. Brutal murders spring from ignorance and racial degeneracy, yet it has happened that a college professor was hanged.

What is true of the big tragedies of life, of crimes springing from jealousy and hatred and greed, is equally true of petty every-day habits of thought and action, the small social usages which seem, upon analysis, so idle and foolish and yet have come to be regarded as the hallmark of caste. It is a novelist's duty, so far as his knowledge goes, to make his characters representative of their class, their era, their special social set—but he has the far higher duty to make them true to themselves, to their special situation, to the stress of the passing hour. A gentleman does not keep his hat on in a room where there are ladies; but if a man's child is dying, or if he has just been wrongfully accused of theft, he does not cease to be a gentleman because for the first time in his life his head remains covered. Women of refinement will indignantly repudiate the suggestion that while adjusting their coiffure they may ever by any chance hold their hairpins between their lips; yet, under the stress of strong emotion they will absent-mindedly do this very thing—and not forfeit their title to be called ladies. That hen-minded condition of flurry which results in taking the longest and most difficult way out of danger, when a perfectly simple escape lies in plain sight, is supposed to be characteristic of youth and ignorance. But the present writer recalls vividly a humbling and instructive experience not very long ago: a sudden outbreak of fire in a seaside cottage in the early morning hours; a dozen startled neighbours, business men, college graduates, people of more than average intelligence, rushing scantily clad to the rescue, and although

the flames were fanned by a brisk wind and all the water of the Atlantic lay available at a distance of twenty-five feet, not one of those men so much as glanced toward the beach, but instead toiled up a flight of stairs, passed through several rooms to the kitchen and waited their turn in line to fill small pails from the trickle of a single faucet. This, if put into a novel, would inevitably evoke a chorus of denials that people ever did such things. And yet, it is typical of the idiotic things that people in actual life are all the time doing.

The moral of these remarks, if they carry any moral at all, is, not to refrain from criticism, but to criticise intelligently; not to say offhand that because the heroine is indiscreet or the hero something of a cad, that they are false to life, that people in such and such a grade of society don't do such things, to be instead a little more just to the author and to admit that you probably have not quite understood either the grade of society or the individual personality that he was trying to present. In fiction, as well as in life, actions speak louder than words; and if a novelist makes the serious blunder of telling you that his heroine was a woman of faultless manners, and then makes her chew gum in a trolley car, the sensible view to take is that she actually did chew gum, for the author probably saw her do it—and that his only mistake was one not of fact but of deduction. He simply failed to classify his character correctly.

Murder Point, by Coningsby William Dawson, is a good example of the sort of thing that people, even refined and cultured people, will do when they find themselves removed

beyond the pale of civilisation and out of touch with the old standards of honour, of justice, of elemental decency. In a word, *Murder Point* is a chronicle of the slow disintegration of a strong man under the prolonged strain of cold and darkness and utter loneliness on the furthest limits of the Hudson Bay territory. John Granger is an independent trader in the district of Keewatin, far up the Last Chance River; and because he is an independent trader incurs the hereditary enmity of the Hudson Bay Com-

pany, whose factors and agents habitually pass by his little store in silence and with averted heads. His nearest white neighbour is separated from him by a space of seventy miles, a formidable distance even in the summer time, and impassable during the floods of spring. John Granger knows that the men who preceded him at Murder Point have had grim histories, and that more than one has gone mad under the strain. But John Granger is made of sterner stuff. He cannot afford to go mad. There is a woman who is, or was, in the Klondike—a woman disguised as a man, toiling beside other men for a little harvest of gold. There has been a partnership of three, bound by a solemn agreement that when their joint earnings had reached the sum of fifty thousand dollars they would leave the north and seek the Guianas and the fabled El Dorado. Granger had never suspected, through the long year of hard toil and slow results, that one of his partners was a scoundrel and the other was a woman. It was to keep his hands clean from bloodshed that Granger fled from the Klondike, leaving the man he hated and the woman he loved, and buried himself alive in the gloom and desolation of Keewatin. And it is here that his winter exile is broken in upon by the very man he fled from, who comes to him on the edge of a storm, gaunt and fear-driven, with a team of almost exhausted dogs, and he himself at the end of his strength. The man has committed murder and inexorable Canadian justice is after him. Whom he has killed he will not say, but Granger intuitively knows that it was their other partner—the partner who was a woman. If the fugitive had named her Granger would have killed him then and there. But because he did not name her, Granger gave him the benefit of the doubt and helped him to escape from his pursuers. It is a long tale and one that fairly racks you with its sense of dreariness, of darkness, of haunting horror. It is worth reading as a study of the way in which an Englishman of birth and culture, with a fine inheritance awaiting him, an Oxford man with a record in athletics that had made him famous, could degenerate little by little till he sunk lower than the half-breed Indian girl he married and

well deserved the fate he met upon the gallows.

Man's exile on the frozen plains of the North not unnaturally suggests the reverse picture of the animal denizens of those same plains miserably captive in the midst of civilisation. *Kings in Exile*, by Charles G. D. Roberts, adds one more volume to this author's previous contributions of romanticised life histories of wild animals. The value of these stories as serious studies in natural history seems to the present writer as irrelevant a question as is the value of a Dumas novel considered as documentary history. It is, of course, easy to parody the stock phrase of popular criticism and declare that "animals don't do such things." But for the most part these stories are so carefully written that such a charge would be hard to prove. Even where Mr. Roberts attributes by implication to his animals thoughts and purposes that are a degree too human one feels that he is simply expressing concretely certain dumb and groping emotions which the poor brutes themselves could not have explained, but if resolved into action would have reached the same result that Mr. Roberts reaches. In such stories, for instance, as that of the captive bison in "Last Bull," or of the moose in "The Monarch of Park Barren," it is, of course, incredible that these animals should have evoked in their dull brains the panoramic memories of Western prairie and Northern mountain bounded woodland such as Mr. Roberts attributes to them. And yet any one who has taken the trouble to stand and watch for a few hours the big proud horned leaders of some pitiful remnant of a herd behind the wire-bound ranges of our zoological gardens must confess that the far-off dreams that lie behind their inscrutable gaze, their motionless and silent stolidity, has never been more eloquently, more adequately interpreted than through the medium of Mr. Roberts's idealisation.

For the sake of returning at one leap not merely to the centre of social life, but to that variety of it which is most insistently and fluffily feminine, it is profitable to take up next Mr. E. F. Benson's latest volume *The Fascinating Mrs. Hal-*

ton. Now, there is no English writer, not even Anthony Hope himself, more ex-

"The Fascinating Mrs. Halton" pert in turning out idle little Dolly Dialogues that begin nowhere and end in the same place—feminine studies of the tinsel jewelry type, all sparkle and glitter but without the sterling mark. A generation has passed since he created the Dodo type, a perfectly good type so far as it goes, and one of which no intelligent student of human nature would venture to say that the Dodo of real life does not do such things. But here, at last, in *The Fascinating Mrs. Halton*, the author has failed to carry conviction with it. His heroine, to be sure, finds herself in a serious dilemma. Returning after a year of widowhood upon the Continent, as the betrothed bride of another man, she discovers her favourite niece, Daisy, on the brink of accepting the proposal of a certain Lord Lindfield. Now, Mrs. Halton happens to know that the tragic death of Daisy's wayward and unhappy sister is mainly to be laid at Lord Lindfield's door. Daisy herself knows nothing of the matter, and even Lord Lindfield does not dream that there is any connection between a half-forgotten episode in Paris and the object of his present serious intentions. Now Mrs. Halton is represented to us as a woman of rather sterling qualities. Below a blithe and inconsequential surface, one feels that she is a woman who is distinctly worth while—and yet, in the face of this, what does the author ask us to believe her capable of doing? Why, here is the best way that this intelligent, warm-hearted, frank-natured woman can hit upon: she flings herself bodily at Lord Lindfield. She matches all of her maturer charms and finished arts against poor Daisy's youth and inexperience. With her own betrothed lover looking on and marvelling in patient and dumb trustfulness, she stoops to coquetries that are almost wanton in their boldness—and when finally Lord Lindfield falls into the snare and forgetful of Daisy offers himself, she assumes a sudden hauteur and becomes insulting in her attitude of disdainful and outraged dignity. Now it is obvious that Mr. Benson knew better; he felt that all this was preposterous—and the proof lies

in the fact that despite the absurdity of this false position his people all act like sensible human beings; they get together, talk things over and refuse to have their lives wrecked by a bit of melodrama. Yet even here it is unnecessary to say that people don't do such things. If Mrs. Halton had not done this particular thing, Mr. Benson would have had no story to write. The real explanation is that Mrs. Halton was just a plain, garden variety of fool, and Mr. Benson was either not clever enough or not honest enough to tell us so.

The Voice in the Rice, by Gouverneur Morris, is quite refreshing by contrast,

"The Voice in
the Rice" inasmuch as it is so triumphantly the sort of thing that people would

do, provided only we accept the rather preposterous initial conditions. Imagine a little colony established among the rice swamps off the Carolina coast. It is accessible only through a labyrinth of narrow waterways, concealed and partly choked by reedy jungles and seething with the ceaseless motions of countless venomous snakes. In this protected territory, unknown to the United States Government, there lives a colony directly descended from the first early immigrants and to this day refusing allegiance to our flag and maintaining a feudal simplicity of government, an Old-World distinction of rank and title, and an obsolete labour system of negro slaves. Into this world, separated from our own by a barrier of about two centuries, the hero is suddenly projected by the accident of a shipwreck. Being an exceptional specimen of manhood, he seems to be a desirable colonist, much too good to be put to death; while to let him go free and in possession of their secret is obviously an impossibility. Here we have the initial situation on which to base a delightful satire of social and political contrasts, and if Mr. Morris had had the patience to develop the possibilities in this direction he might have produced a volume of some real importance. Then again there is a creepy, uncanny element in the tale. The government of the colony has passed under the despotic control of one man, a human monstrosity, colossal, repellent, loath-

some. This man has from childhood inoculated himself little by little with the poison of moccasin snakes until now a certain number of bites per day are essential to him. Even this absurdity is carried off by Mr. Morris in a way that sends little creepy shudders down your back. And then, all of a sudden, he seems to become weary of this also and allows himself to spoil it by ending up in a grand fanfare of opéra-bouffes. The book belongs to the class of *tours-de-force*, but because of what we suspect to be sheer laziness it is a *tour-de-force manqué*.

Gwenda, by Mabel Barnes-Grundy, belongs to that class of epistolary fiction

peculiarly exasperating to the critic, because it is impossible to say with

"Gwenda"

certainly whether certain absurdities of thought and action, certain *gaucheries* of style are attributable to the supposed limitations of the heroine, or to the actual limitations of the author. Which ever view one chooses to take, there is no way of escaping from the very obvious fact that the style is something worse than mediocre, the philosophy of life an assemblage of platitudes, and the narrative sadly lacking in novelty or inspiration. Nevertheless, the odd thing about the book, and one which all the professional readers must also have felt—or it would never have got into print—is that in some unexplained manner it holds the attention. It is curiously like some commonplace tragedy in real life that is perhaps told to you by lips that lack the trick of good narrative, and that none the less wrings your heart because it is so real, and so inevitable and so physically near to you. Perhaps that is the real secret of the hold that *Gwenda* takes upon you—it seems physically so near! It is just the naïve diary, in the form of daily letters sent home to her aunt, of a bride who has all her life stagnated in simple rural surroundings, and is suddenly borne away by a handsome stranger, of whom she knows next to nothing, to preside over his ultra-fashionable balls and dinners and week-end parties. The note of discord sounds first, though faintly, at the outset of the honeymoon. It rises more and more distinctly, more insistently week by week. It is the same old ma-

terial which treated melodramatically gave to Ouida and the Duchess their favourite situation of a generation ago. It is because *Gwenda* is so unsophisticated and simple that it appeals where a touch of melodrama would have ruined it irretrievably.

The Girl from His Town, by Marie Van Vorst, is not a story of things which people do not do, but it

"The Girl from His Town" is a story of people who do things of which in real life they would inevitably

repent. The man from whose town the girl comes is a clean-cut and, what is more important, a clean-minded young fellow from the West, whose wise, bluff old father left him, when dying, not only a fortune but something a good deal better in the shape of high ideals of truth and honour. This young fellow goes to England to visit a man of some social importance, whom his father had reckoned among his most valued friends. But it happens that this Englishman is married to a woman who has made the social atmosphere of his household an open scandal. So the young man from the Western States finds himself surrounded and swooped down upon by a crowd of women who are no better than so many birds of prey. He is at first too young to understand. He almost gives himself and his millions into the hands of a shameless fortune hunter, and he is saved from his blunder chiefly through the influence of a notorious dancing girl, a favourite of the London music halls, who happens to be the same identical girl that years before served him soda water across the drug-store counter in the mining village of his birth. Now this girl of the music halls is not merely notorious, but justly so; there is no attempt to white-wash her record, or to pretend that the tales circulated about her are exaggerated. In real life, such marriages either do not take place or they result disastrously.

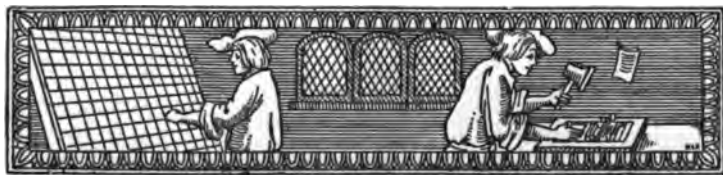
And for that matter, the more serious makers of fiction know that it is a wiser solution to make their Trilbys and their Ladies of the Camelias die a timely death. It is the gratuitous assumption that they live happily ever afterward that makes this tale of Dan Blair and the girl from his town so irritatingly inconclusive.

In the Service of the Princess, by Henry C. Rowland, is a rather curious

"In the Service of the Princess" concession to popular taste, when one remembers that it comes from the author of books of

such grim power as *The Shadow* and *The Mountains of Fear*. Now, when an artist deliberately attempts to do a type of work that lies quite outside of his chosen field—as, for instance, had Milton attempted a limerick or Michael Angelo indulged in flamboyant posters, the one important question is whether they justify themselves by doing a good job—because there is nothing inherent in the lower type of art that justifies a really big artist in being ashamed of having attempted it. The only shame would be in having turned out a slovenly piece of work. *In the Service of the Princess*, far from being slovenly, is refreshingly clever. Indeed, it would be worth reading if only for the sake of discovering how triumphantly the whole *Prisoner of Zenda* and *Beverly of Graustark* genus of the Summer Novel family is capable of being reduced to a working formula. The haughty foreign princess; the dauntless and invincible American hero; the seething unrest of the Balkan peninsula; the jealousy and blunders of a rival woman; the smiling treachery of intriguing Turks; the blind fatalism of the Asiatics—all these ingredients are shaken together with a deftness which shows that in small matters as well as big Mr. Rowland is a conscientious workman.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

ADMIRAL EVANS'S "AN ADMIRAL'S LOG"*

Nine years ago Rear-Admiral Evans, who had then just received the rank which he has since borne, published his very attractive volume entitled *A Sailor's Log*. The story that he told in it was of forty years of seafaring, and it was instinct with a vivacity and animation that justified the Admiral's popular title of "Fighting Bob." From the Civil War to the war with Spain, there was very little which this gallant tar had missed. He saw service under Farragut. He had cruised in Bering Sea at the time when Mr. Blaine was not quite sure whether a war between this country and Great Britain would be desirable or not. Moreover, he, in the little gunboat *Yorktown*, had held his own against the Chilians at Valparaíso, caring nothing for the odds against him and ready at any moment to blow the bottoms out of their torpedo-boats or to head a landing party to punish the ruffians who swarmed along the water-front. The book ended with the sea fight at Santiago. This new volume takes up the story at that point and carries it through to the Admiral's retirement from active service after the cruise of the fleet of battle-ships around Cape Horn, to Japan, the Philippines and then back to San Francisco.

The Admiral has lost none of his natural gifts as a story-teller. Much that he has to say is interesting just because it is so outspoken. Admiral Evans has a great deal to tell of what we are doing in the Philippines. He had an interview with the "Tiger Empress" of China not long after the Boxer siege. He entered Peking through the great East Gate which the Americans had captured and held. His terse account of what he saw deserves to be set beside the nervous, vivid pictures drawn by Mr. Putnam Weale. The Admiral says:

As we passed through the gate—the wall is sixty feet thick—what we saw was most re-

volting. Lepers were lying about, their swollen, suppurating sores exposed to view, begging of those who passed; others sick with various diseases were in evidence; and beggars without number whined at our elbows and begged for alms. Dogs by the dozen barked and snarled, ugly, mangy curs of all breeds, that looked as if they had never had enough to eat—such dogs as one sometimes sees in a fevered dream.

It is a good thing to read these impressions, side by side with the account written by Mr. Weale, who seems to have a particular animus against the British minister and who said very little in praise of any one. Admiral Evans declares that the fiercest fighting was done around the American and Japanese legations, and last of all in the English compound. There is a curious comment upon the new legation buildings erected since the siege, which it would be well for our State Department to consider. According to Admiral Evans, the new English legation is almost like a fortress.

A heavy loopholed wall has been built around the entire grounds, except in one place, where the old wall has been left intact. On this is inscribed in large black letters "Lest We Forget." *The new American legation is built out in the open, where the mob will have an easy time to capture it when the time comes!* The barracks for the company of the Ninth Infantry, which forms the legation guard, is close to the legation, and is without protection of any kind. The people of Peking have had their lesson—surely a very severe one—and foreigners will be safe there for a long time to come; but history has repeated itself so often in China that I think we may look for more trouble in the course of time.

From so outspoken a narrator as Admiral Evans it is interesting to know just what he saw and thought in the presence of the Empress. In the first place he describes her *entourage* as made up of persons with keen, tricky-looking eyes. "None of them, indeed, was the kind of man I would select for a post of trust, but . . . the fear of a deep well or of an opium pill may have been responsible for this." But what he has to say of the

*An Admiral's Log. By Robley D. Evans, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N. New York and London: D. Appleton and Company.

Empress herself—that woman of violent passions, though already in her seventies, is curious:

She was seated on her throne, beautifully dressed, calm, and dignified. On a chair to her left, but not on the throne, sat the young Emperor, a young man who seemed to me deficient in mental make-up.

The Empress suddenly demanded that the Admiral come near her so that she might talk with him. He was somewhat disconcerted, but went so near to her that he could have put his hand upon her.

Then I looked into the eyes of this woman who ruled over four hundred millions of people, holding their lives and the destiny of her country in the hollow of her hand. Beautiful, appealing brown eyes looked back at me out of a face that must, at one time, have been strikingly beautiful. Every line of it indicated firmness and strength; the mouth alone suggested cruelty, if occasion called for it.

Their talk was carried on through an interpreter.

As the conversation progressed, the dark-brown eyes blazed and I felt them looking straight into my brain as well as my heart. If I had wanted to do so, I felt that it would be impossible for me to attempt to deceive the woman who was watching me so earnestly. Officially, she knew no word of English; but several times she started to reply before my words had been translated, which convinced me that she understood well every word I was saying. The rapid changes of expression on her face also led me to this conclusion.

The Admiral has some account to give of the vandalism of the foreign troops after the taking of Peking; and his notes on life in Chefoo and Honolulu are well worth reading.

In fact there is only one thing in the book that mars a little our appreciation of it and that seems more or less unworthy of so independent and gallant a sailor as Admiral Evans. When Prince Henry of Prussia visited this country the Rear-Admiral was, by the Kaiser's request, assigned to be the officer "attached to the person of his Royal Highness." Now this was all very well, and the Rear-Admiral might have taken it as a high compliment; but it was hardly necessary for

him to plaster his pages with "His Royal Highness" and in fact to lose his head to a considerable extent. It was even worse when he met Prince Louis of Battenberg. We should not like to say that there is a touch of servility in what Admiral Evans writes, but it is certainly more than plain civility. He might have remembered that just before the outbreak of the Spanish war, Prince Henry at a public banquet had insulted the United States; and that a German squadron at Manila had behaved so vilely as almost to bring on a war with the nation which Admiral Evans has served throughout his life. All the same, there are many interesting bits, even in these parts of the book—about the blunder made at Harvard University in the diploma given to Prince Henry; about the interminable bores who fired off orations at the Prince on all occasions; about the cranks that beset him; and finally about the humorous features of the visit that were noted by the Prince himself.

As to the visit of "His Serene Highness," Prince Louis, we are glad to know that the Prince came out rather better than most persons think in his encounter with a New York dentist. It will be remembered that some friend recommended a dentist to the Prince while he was in New York for services requiring only a very short amount of time, and that the dentist sent in a bill for a thousand dollars. It has generally been thought that rather than create a scandal, Prince Louis paid this ridiculously extravagant amount. But apparently such was not the case. Admiral Evans says:

I advised the Prince to refuse to pay such an exorbitant sum and to turn the matter over to his Consul-General for settlement. A newspaper somehow heard of it, and when they were through with the gentleman, I think he was quite willing to accept a reasonable amount for his services. The advertising he received was not of the kind that dentists like.

We have indicated only a few of the attractive features of this book—attractive because what is told is told in a perfectly simple, natural way, and because it throws more than one significant sidelight on our recent history.

Richard W. Kemp.

II

CLAYTON HAMILTON'S "THE THEORY OF THE THEATRE"*

"Monsieur, the gist of your philosophy in two words!" demanded Madame De Staël at dinner of a celebrated philosopher. Mr. Clayton Hamilton, in *The Theory of the Theatre*, gives his in four, "A play is a story devised to be presented by actors on a stage before an audience." The rest of the book is devoted to explaining these terms. The interesting papers here collected might be better articulated and some few seem to have been admitted only because previously published, but the whole presents coherently a more substantial body of ideas on the subject than perhaps is elsewhere accessible. Any scientific exposition of the theatre must, of course, deal with well-known material in first establishing its premises, and must, in addition, cover ground well harrowed by that acute and scholarly critic, Mr. William Archer, and that suggestive one, Professor Brander Matthews; but Mr. Hamilton tells his facts more concretely and briskly than the former and with more valuable contemporary allusion than the latter. Many familiar things he puts more strikingly than before—as, for instance, when he calls the three steps in the evolution of the English theatre the drama of rhetoric, of conversation, and of illusion; and when he says that the catastrophe of modern tragedy is decreed not by fate or a man's own soul but by Mrs. Grundy.

Criticism of a play on literary grounds alone is, he announces, uncritical. Thus he disposes—but by implication only—of most of the criticism of Shakespeare and our other classics. In consideration of the vast amount of misunderstanding created about them by merely literary critics, one wishes he had been a little more emphatic on this point. On the part of the dramatist himself the problem is less a task of writing than of construction, and on the part of the audience they do not discern in a spoken sentence

style but only emotional content. Style is, however, the preservative which secures a play to posterity once the theatre for which it was written has become obsolete. Action motivated by emotion rather than by intellect is the material of the drama and its standard method is to exhibit characters not through their thoughts or their influence, but through their objective acts. Its conventions at any period have always been determined by the physical aspects of the playhouse.

The present tendency toward naturalism, for instance, exaggerates the importance of stage-management at the expense of acting, and he might well have added of play-writing also. The scene painter, the stage-director, the actor may all blind an audience to whether a play is good or bad. But always the general English-speaking public has made no effort to distinguish the intention of the playwright from the interpretation. Indeed, no other artist is so little appreciated.

One of the most thoughtful papers is on the necessity of economising the attention in the theatre. It is because one must keep the audience from distractions which turn out in the end to be minor issues that surprises are avoided in plays and that familiar and conventional types are selected for the lesser parts. For this reason, too, the greatest plays have been star plays—a statement which without questioning the principle one may dispute. The actor equally must not distract by mannerisms of walk, gesture, or voice; and the stage-manager must avoid any novel or startling device when anything else of importance is taking place on the stage, as no audience can listen and look at the same time.

The social drama is the modern type of tragedy. It is based on the pre-eminently modern clash of the two ideas that the majority is always right and always wrong. Therefore, it has been obliged to select as its protagonist a character considered dangerous to society, and the task of finding justifiable outcasts has almost necessarily restricted its hero and heroine to sexual offenders. But a dramatist should deal with the problem of revolt without distorting the invariable laws of life, and the spectator should remember

*The Theory of the Theatre. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

not to apply to life in general the ethical judgment the playwright is applying in particular to the people in his play. Both of these dangers, however, are always imminent in the problem play.

In tragedy and comedy the character dominates and controls the action, in melodrama and farce the action controls him. Because so much of life is casual rather than causal, it is discerningly stated, the theatre which represents life truly must always rely on melodrama as the most natural and effective type of its art. All we ask of melodrama is that it should tell us no lies, but we demand that tragedy give us some glimpse of eternal truth. While we may enjoy comedy or farce without believing it, we cannot fully enjoy a serious play without accepting the story. Mr. Hamilton does not go into the question that this dictum disposes of all the tragedies of Shakespeare, every one of the stories of which is unreasonable. If he did, he would probably retort that the eternal truth is there in spite of the story. Or he might as naturally reply that the audience has changed in this scientific age and is now demanding that a play get its emotion only by credible means.

But the illustration, answerable or not, serves to call attention to the fact that the author in trying to compare things so incomparable as our old plays and our new has fallen into the usual fault of stating the one case as well as possible and the other as badly, and of subjecting modern plays to tests which the old ones would not stand. A play is really bad only when the audience does not believe it, he says, and in a moment he asks us to believe the truth of *As You Like It*. If it is merely that this play sets before us an eternally true image of love, so does *The Music Master*, which he condemns as bad and false. In judging a modern play he says that when it is really about anything one should be able to state its theme in a single sentence. What, he asks, is *The Fighting Hope* about? One might ask in the same manner what is *As You Like It* or *King Lear* or *The School for Scandal* about? One can answer all these questions if he will make so large a statement that it includes everything

and nothing. Even *Macbeth*—the most favourable case of "theme" in Shakespeare—is as much about the corrosion of the mind by supernatural belief as of the soul by unlawful ambition. *The Fighting Hope* is about the same thing as *Cymbeline*—that love endureth all things and thinketh no evil—and the story does not tell itself with a tenth of the violation of fundamental human laws. Again, he says that only the more commonplace of Ibsen's plays have succeeded, but the term commonplace when applied to Shakespeare means that he can understand all men and sympathise with them: one wonders if this means that Ibsen—who, he says, consistently commands unavoidable catastrophes—could not. Again, is there not a confusion of literary with dramatic values when he holds up Shakespeare as a model of direct speakable verse, regardless of the fact that on the whole no dramatist has ever been less colloquial and more condensed and obscure?

Mr. Hamilton gets down to the most significant part of his initial proposition when he begins to treat of the audience. A play, he says, is unlike any other work of art in that it is written not for the individual but for the crowd, and has thus to consult the characteristics of the crowd. Reformers who are busy with dreams of uplifting the stage forget this and the fact that the crowd goes to the theatre merely to have its emotions played upon. It is always comparatively uncultivated, credulous, sensuous, emotional, and unthinking. Thus the dramatist has habitually dealt with situations incredible or unreasonable to the individual, has entertained only commonplace themes and such as appeal only to inherited emotions. The crowd, too, is partisan, and thus the dramatist must always depart from strict truth to life and throw the balance of right strongly to one side. Victor Hugo said a play should have more action than passion and more passion than characterisation if it would appeal to everybody in the house. (He might have added that it can never possess really adequate characterisation without overbalancing the other more necessary qualities.) Since the crowd is

thus by definition feminine-minded the great majority of modern plays have a woman for their principal part.

The book, however, is not only an acute analysis of the ingredients of stage appeal. In many cases the author seems to have felt the human need of making large and sentimental generalisations. Probably there is no art which allows a round statement less than the drama. Good plays almost as often fail as succeed; bad plays as often succeed as fail, and in them one warm pleasing element outweighs the gravest artistic faults. *The Benefit of the Doubt* is certainly in the same class with *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, yet it promptly failed, and for no extraneous reason, as was the case with another great play of the same period, *Michael and His Lost Angel*. *The Professor's Love Story* is about a middle-aged dreamer who was in love and thought he needed pills—no idea could be more untrue or narrated with more slipshod technique, yet few plays have been more charming. How then arrange all these contradictory facts into a theory?

It cannot be done unless you put—as Mr. Hamilton seems to balk at doing—the chief emphasis not on the art but on the audience. The co-operation of a heterogeneous audience must forever keep any exposition of the theory of drama from being strictly dependable and the drama itself from being an art of which anything can with assurance be predicated. It may be, as Professor Matthews holds, the greatest of the arts, but it is one which has eternally let itself go at loose ends. There is practically no great play in the language which is not somewhere in the rough, and many, like *The School for Scandal*, show that they were abruptly altered at rehearsal and the parts never smoothed together again. Mr. Moody's play, *The Great Divide*, had the very keystone of its important last act removed to the confusion of the whole structure, yet the play was still successful. Of the continuous history of what other art can such a statement be made? Obviously the art of the playwright, like the art of the actor, is in a category by itself—the unappraisable

quality of the latter is his personality, of the former his audience. A novelist, like a dramatist, may succeed without technique, but the drama seems to be the only art in which it is certain failure to be as artistic as the form allows. A picture or a book is called great only by those competent to judge; it does not matter how many others pass it by. This Mr. Hamilton asserts, but in admitting that a play must succeed with the many before it can succeed with the few, he will not acknowledge that an art proceeding by such a paradox cannot lend itself to a scientific synthesis. It is the audience then—or the manager or the actor judging for the audience—which is the final test of a play; and this audience must ever remain untrained in the very art of which it is supreme arbiter.

The answer to "what is a good play?" cannot thus be as authoritative as the answer to "what is a good novel or picture?" There seems, the ultimate purpose being considered, no other answer than this—a good play is one its audience cares about, since it is the only kind, be its technique good or bad, that achieves its purpose in appealing not to the critic but to the crowd. Consequently books on the theory or technique of the drama can never be decisive or tell us anything past dispute, and cannot permit themselves generalisations. They can be only suggestive and illuminating, and Mr. Hamilton's is both in definite and effective phrase.

Algernon Tassin.

III

A PLAIN LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE*

There may be several trustworthy biographies of Shakespeare. Nobody can assert that there are not, for nobody has time to read them all. During the past two years I have read in whole or in part some two score books about Shakespeare's life. None of them, except Halliwell-Phillips's *Outlines*, seemed to me fact-tight. From some of them important facts had leaked away. Most of

*The Life of William Shakespeare Expurgated. By William Leavitt Stoddard (M.A., Harvard). Boston: W. A. Butterfield, 1910.

them showed gaping seams through which floods of conjecture and of that murky fluid known as the "consensus of scholarly opinion" had poured in and dissolved the facts; so that it required a laborious experiment in critical chemistry to precipitate them again. In order to keep clear for my own uses what is known about Shakespeare of Stratford and what is only guessed or invented, I made a table of the facts with a list of books in which the facts could be found. If Mr. Stoddard's book had been printed then I should have been saved my labour.

Mr. Stoddard's ideal, admirably realised, is expressed in a note: "I have presented the life of Shakespeare unexpurgated in so far as I have included matter commonly omitted (as in the case of the Northumberland Manuscript), hitherto glossed over (as in the case of the Manningham story), or commonly relegated to a footnote (as in the case of the epitaph on Ben Jonson). But in the main I have presented the life of Shakespeare expurgated of all the tissue of surmises, doubts, likelihoods, and other text which tends to obscure the vision of one who is trying to select for himself the known facts and draw for himself his own conclusions." Mr. Stoddard's book is ninety-nine and one-half per cent. fact-pure. In eighty pages he gives all the documents and references to available books that contain the documents. After each record of Shakespeare or contemporary allusion to him, Mr. Stoddard notes whether, in his opinion, the record or allusion establishes, or goes toward establishing, a connection between Shakespeare of Stratford and the author of sundry famous plays and poems. In the two or three cases where Mr. Stoddard's private beliefs have led him to admit conjectures with which one may disagree, the conjectures are separated from the facts so that no one need be misled.

The book is so simple and honest that it is strange that no one has made such a book before. Yet it is just the simple and honest thing that is hard to do. The fact that this much-needed little book appears in the present year of grace is a sharp commentary on the general state of Shakespeare criticism. It leads one to

hope that the younger generation of critics is not to be choked by the fogs of scholastic superstition with which the facts about Shakespeare and other Elizabethans have been clouded. Mr. Stoddard is announced by his publisher to have been formerly a member of the Harvard English Department. Whether he could have stayed in the English Department and written so intelligent a book, or whether he could have written so intelligent a book and stayed in the English Department is a little question that might be developed in a pedagogical seminar on Certain Weaknesses in our Universities.

The spirit of Mr. Stoddard's work may be contrasted with the spirit of three men who represent gowned authority and whose work has been rewarded with a considerable measure of popular interest and faith. A dozen years ago I heard three professors of English at Harvard recommend to their students the *Life of Shakespeare* by Mr. Sidney Lee. Apparently they did not know then, and many people probably do not know now, that Mr. Lee's book is a hodge-podge of facts, guesses, inferences, misstatements, suppressions, all garbed in the approved diction of the schools and pretending to be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

A few years before Mr. Lee's book appeared, Professor Barrett Wendell published his *William Shakespeare*. I quote two passages from that book:

To whoever will sympathetically appreciate the motives which have made Englishmen what Englishmen have been, it [the career of Shakespeare] is not without its heroic side. We have had cant enough about snobbishness. A true-hearted Englishman always wants to die a gentleman if he can; and here, in the facts of Shakespeare's life, we have the record of an Englishman who, from a position which might easily have lapsed into peasantry, worked his way, in the end, to one of lasting local dignity. To put the matter perhaps extravagantly, what vulgar criticism would call grossly material success really involves a feat of creative imagination in certain aspects more wonderful than any other known to human experience; for while the creative artist is bound only to imitate the divine imagination

which controls the universe, the man who achieves practical success is bound so to share that divine imagination as for a while even to share, too, the prophetic foresight of divinity.

Hence the Sonnets and the part that William Shakespeare played in an attempt to enclose the common lands in Stratford. The facts of this heroic career may be found in Mr. Stoddard's little book.

Recently Professor Charles W. Wallace found in the Record Office a deposition made by a William Shakespeare of Stratford in a lawsuit that had nothing to do with matters literary or theatrical. In his account of the discovery published in *Harper's Magazine* for March, Professor Wallace announces, as if he were the Charles Frohman of the great dramatist, "I have the honour to present Shakespeare as a man among men." The implication is that heretofore Shakespeare has been a ghost or a hermit. Mr. Sidney Lee does not like that implication, for Mr. Lee has already had the honour to present Shakespeare as a man among men. But both Mr. Lee and Mr. Wallace have also presented to us Shakespeare as a myth among scholars. Semi-literary professors will probably go on till the end of the race making rhetoric about Shakespeare. But there seems to be an increasing number of persons who will value a book like Mr. Stoddard's in which the rhetoric is all carefully scraped off the life of Shakespeare and the facts lie exposed. Until one has read many biographies of Shakespeare one cannot conceive what scholarship and literary criticism can do with a fact. In their efforts to find Shakespeare as a "man among men" and also as the author of *Hamlet*, most biographers remind one of the argument of Smith, the Weaver, in the second part of *Henry VI*. Cade, the pretender, says that his father was of royal parentage but was stolen out of his golden cradle and became a bricklayer.

"Sir," says Smith, "he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not."

John Macy.

IV

MISS ROWLAND'S "THE RIGHT TO BELIEVE"*

This is a very clever and a very ingenious book. Its cleverness lies in its recognition of such typical classes of doubters as the college student, the professional thinker, the business man and the constitutional sceptic. Its ingenuity lies in its use of the argument of negative proof, the throwing of the burden of proof on the doubter: There are as many difficulties in science as there are in philosophy; if you don't like this world, try to suggest another better.

The right to believe starts with the right to doubt. We may be self-acknowledged "heathen" with no respect for authority or any conceivable thing. Once we believed in Santa Claus, but abandoned him; once we had primitive notions of science, but outgrew them without a pang. So now, to take up the postulates of practical reason, if we find a belief in God, freedom and immortality difficult and irrational, what possible compunction need we have in dropping the subject forever? Superficially we need have no compunction; actually we cannot escape the dilemma between belief and unbelief, for the life of action in the meantime is proceeding *as if* we believed one way or the other. Granting that we have lost religious faith because of honest doubt and perhaps positive disbelief, we cannot go from one unproved position to another: we must prove our disbelief as well.

With these introductory remarks the author has come to a veritable pragmatic test. Granted an indifference point, a state of comparative indecision, which is the best working hypothesis, belief or disbelief? The rational course is to choose the richer alternative with our eyes open. This openness implies that we place ourselves at the outset in a state of impartial doubt. Now take the first of the postulates, the existence of God. We must admit that He is, or that He is not, or, in other words, doubt His non-existence as well as the opposite. Here two types of doubters arise: the first says, I will not

*The Right to Believe. By Eleanor Harris Rowland. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1909. Price \$1.25 net.

believe in God if I cannot reach Him through sensation, and I will not believe in Him if I *can* reach Him through sensation; the second would be willing to accept God as he accepts an abstract law, if the formulation of the idea of God were clear enough to satisfy his reason. But he recognises that logical statement can be only in known and definable terms, and since the conception of God is confessedly too great for complete understanding, it is, therefore, outside the range of thought. These objections the author allows and claims that two points have been gained: we shall not look to the senses for evidence of God's existence, and we shall not look in the field of pure logic to prove a proposition confessedly outside its realm. What then is left? The sole answer is, Faith. We can *hope* for the existence of God, and thereby act as members of a universe created by Him. The will to believe gives the right to believe, and that is the conclusion of the whole matter.

This is the crux of this interesting book, and here, in criticism, it may be pointed out that the author appears to have fallen into the current drift, the drift of radical pragmatism. As in William James's *Will to Believe*, the dilemma between belief and disbelief is presented in the guise of a fit of giddiness, where the subject can save himself from falling only by a strong effort of the will. But it may be objected that such self-exertion is not the only test, for in so great stress upon the volitional the rational tends to be lost sight of. In its last issue the will to believe means that a proposition cannot be proved to the reason, but must be left to something else, to the test of action. To the pragmatist a thing is true because it works; he considers as false logic the converse proposition that a thing works because it is true. In the language of the schools that would put him among the objective realists, and sever the comfortable connection with the subjective idealists. Let us explain. To the realist the "workability" of an individual's hypothesis is no final test of fact, for the wish may be the father of the fact. Indeed, the mere will to believe leads to the suspicion that it is all make-believe. For example, take the

primary problem of this book, the existence of deity. Is it any satisfaction to be told that objective evidences of such existence are metaphysical surds, like the square roots of certain quantities? This is asking us to have no more trust in ordinary sense-experience than in the fourth dimension. In short, to the realist it looks as if the will "to believe what we hope" were not the whole thing. It savours too much of the so-called New Thought which was long ago disposed of by the good old philosopher Kant. He said he would like to believe in the existence of a silver dollar, but unfortunately, on looking, he failed to find it in his hand. And so now the thoughtful public seems to be turning from this extreme subjectivism to more objective tests; there are at present signs of a revulsion from these "Just So" stories of the pragmatists to the more solid exactitudes of the scientists. Now what do the latter say as to this problem of the existence of deity? Are there evidences of cosmic design? What is the meaning of evolution? Is it only a fine spun theory, a mere ejection of the subject, or as an hypothesis does it work because it is objectively true? Is it all a matter of faith, a formula that works because I will it to, or is it a matter of reason, containing in itself a discoverable pattern? Questions like these are in the air. They point away from the radical pragmatism implicit in this book; they point toward a more objective realism. In fine, this revulsion from the extreme individualism of the latter part of the nineteenth century presages in the beginning of the twentieth a return to nature and all that that implies.

I. Woodbridge Riley.

V

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S "A MODERN CHRONICLE"*

A Modern Chronicle, the name that Mr. Winston Churchill has chosen for his latest novel, is not an inspired one, but

**A Modern Chronicle*. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

it absolutely describes the story. I can hardly think that Mr. Churchill gave the book this name because, as has been insistently advertised, he runs to the letter C in his titles—*Carvel*, *The Crisis*, *The Celebrity*, *Conniston*, etc. It is only steamship lines that allow themselves these trade-mark names. The "ia" of the Cunarders and the "ic" of the White Star line are well known, but we must not be expected to see a Churchill novel in every volume of fiction having C conspicuously in its title.

Having made this perhaps captious criticism let me say at once that I have found *A Modern Chronicle* an absorbing story. It is not great, but it is interesting and shows infinite pains in the writing. It is not as near-great as *The House of Mirth*, of which it constantly reminded me.

Honora Leffingwell is of the Lily Bart type, but I do not find her as appealing as Mrs. Wharton's heroine. Lily Bart had more excuse for her conduct than had Honora. I could have wept over the sad fate of Lily, but the tragedies of Honora's life leave me cold. There was really no excuse for her goings on unless you set it down to temperament.

Everything went Honora's way, whilst everything went against Lily. Both of these girls had to live by their wits, at least if they accomplished what they set out to do, but things were much easier for Honora. When she was barely nineteen she had three proposals of marriage in one day, and all of them excellent. She did not take the best, perhaps, not knowing that the others were coming, but she took the first, and it turned out badly. Not only because her pink-shirted broker husband took her to the suburbs to live, but because he was too absorbed in business to keep pace with her temperament. The early chapters of this story make a terrible arraignment against suburban life. I would advise young brokers, particularly those of the pink-shirted class, to think twice before they take their brides to suburban homes. In the case of temperamental brides it is fatal.

Honora yearned for the attentions of her husband, but Howard Spence was one of those men who think that after they have paid a woman the compliment

of marrying her she should be contented and need no further assurance of their love. Honora was not the sort to be so easily satisfied. She told her husband quite plainly that if she had known that he was going to settle down in Rivington and "get fat and bald and wear dressing-gowns and be a bear" (not in a Wall Street sense) she never would have married him. Of course, he did not have to wear dressing-gowns and be a bear, but was it his fault that he got fat and bald?

Honora was quite frank with him. She told him flatly that she had supposed that he was going to live in New York and "conquer the world"; that he did neither, at least not yet, angered her. "If you stay here," she told him, "it will be alone," adding, "I think I'll get married again." Can you wonder that her husband exclaimed, "Great Lord, what are you talking about?" Then she went on to tell him what sort of a man she would take if she made another try at matrimony. He would be an ambitious man and she would not "be fooled again." She assured him that she did not propose being tied to his apron-string, if he had an apron-string, when she might be the making of some man, and she knew of three who would marry her in a minute.

"Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed the dumb-founded husband, "I never heard such talk in my life!"

Alas, the inconstancy of women! When her husband got ambitious, when he gave her a town house and a house at a fashionable watering-place, she was no better pleased with him than she had been in the honeymoon days at Rivington. She was always dissatisfied. Howard could not please her, so he gave up trying, and she took to having affairs with fast men, such as Trixy Brent, who took her on a motor ride alone and not only told her that he loved her more than he had ever loved a woman before, but protested his love with kisses. After this declaration she "found herself fighting in his arms." Who can wonder that he so misbehaved. Hadn't she given him every reason to think that his conduct would be forgiven? That she said she would never forgive him meant little. And yet she seemed to think herself a perfectly good and proper wife. Trixton Brent was a brute of a

man, as also was Hugh Chiltern, with whom she had her next and more serious affair. Chiltern looked like a Viking and his life had been as wild and free as one of those unconventional gentlemen of the North. Curious enough, Honora took him for a Sir Gallahad, which was a serious mistake. He was nothing of the sort. He was simply a man of strong will spoiled by having too much money and too much idle time. I am not going to tell the plot of this story. It would be unfair to the author and the reader, for it is a plot that must be unfolded as it runs along. I will say, however, that I think that Honora got more than she deserved by way of reward, and I cannot help feeling that Peter Erwin was a man of great courage. When I think of the way fate pursued poor Lily Bart and how Honora Leffingwell won out I am filled with sympathy for the former.

Mr. Churchill has indeed given us a modern chronicle, and there is nothing about the way divorces are obtained that he does not tell us. I think, however, that he is mistaken in the attitude of "society" toward the divorced. Even when the post-divorce husband stands waiting at the church, society is seldom shocked if the contracting parties belong to its inner circle.

Mr. Churchill has written a well-worked out story and one that many readers will consider his best; certainly it is the most modern of any that he has given us. It is very true to certain phases of life as lived in America to-day, unfortunately too true. And it is a warning to husbands not to neglect their wives for business, particularly when their wives are young and attractive.

Jeannette L. Gilder.

VI

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S "LADY MERTON, COLONIST"*

The call of the Land; of the wild mountains and forests, the lonely lakes, the far-stretching prairie, is the unex-

**Lady Merton, Colonist.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

pected appeal in Mrs. Ward's latest book. It is a strange sequel to the drawing-room environments of her preceding novels, and it witnesses to a broader outlook and deeper sympathies than some of us were prepared for from this Englishwoman. The poetry of the Canadian wilds has got into her blood and into her pen. The stir and strength of the new life, of the great and simple and essential things, have found a response in her, a response of which this book is the sign and expression. The people of the story are pleasant and interesting; but the effect on Mrs. Ward herself of the primeval country, an effect evident on each page, is the most interesting.

Some one has said that every real woman has a wild heart; a heart that the soft chains of civilised customs have smothered and controlled, it may be, but which, given the opportunity, will dominate her life and overthrow the careful building of the centuries in a moment, proving itself stronger in that instant than all the powerful guardians of man's conventional wisdom. It is this wildness of the heart that sweeps Lady Merton from her Old-World moorings into the trackless path of the pioneer. A woman charming and intelligent, whose culture and finish are delicately set against the grand spaces of the wilderness, she drops all the unnecessary paraphernalia that up to then had made the essentials of her life, and thrills to something more vivid, more enduring, more intimately human than she has yet known either within herself here or without, for all her wanderings in France and Italy and the perfect surroundings of her ancient house, haunted by the prejudices and enthusiasms of vanished ancestors, as well as by the carefully chosen circle of her acquaintances, chosen not so much by herself as by the exigencies of caste and breeding.

The story is that of a pleasant group of English people who are travelling through Canada in a special car, and who are brought face to face with the problems of a new country and with the men who are trying to solve them—there is not a single definitely drawn Canadian woman—and of Elizabeth's love for one of these men. The somewhat gruesome

details of Anderson's antecedents appear a little unnecessary, for it is as unlikely in Canada as anywhere else that a fine man should have a drink-crazed robber and murderer for his father; though doubtless the fact will not militate against him to the same extent there as in more convention-ridden countries. At any rate, the situation is the more sharply drawn and Elizabeth's test the more absolute. She is a brave and steadfast soul, and wins the reader early. She is more human than Mrs. Ward's heroines are apt to be, and if she is a bit too perfect for human nature's food out of a book, within one its digestion is stronger, and Lady Merton sustains this perfection lightly. The hero is attractive, with a savour of out-of-door spaciousness to him, and a faculty for doing the right thing in an unobtrusive but manly way that makes you take to him immediately. The other characters, most of them habitants of that world which calls itself great, are presented with all Mrs. Ward's customary polish and sureness. She knows them well, men and women, and introduces them with ease. They can hardly be called individuals, they are types, fashioned, father and son, in the same mould, fulfilling the same duties, thinking the same thoughts. They are England. Lady Merton is woman. And like her sisters through the centuries, the land of her lover is her land. That she recognised it before she met him is to be expected in a girl of the sensitiveness and responsiveness of Elizabeth; and her realisation of what life actually is begins then.

That Mrs. Ward writes well does not need telling. Her descriptions of the Canadian scenery are accomplished without redundancy or strain and succeed in arousing the reader's vision. One gets a picturesqueness and a sensation of enthusiasm—belonging not only to the men who, to quote one of the characters, "are making a great country out of a good one," but to the author herself. And if the view of Canada is an impressionistic one, this is, under the circumstances, almost necessary, nor is it to be deplored, since it gains in freshness what it may lose in precision; and we can get that elsewhere.

Hildegard Hawthorne.

VII

HAMLIN GARLAND'S "CAVANAGH"*

We have long come to look to Mr. Garland for truthful portrayals of the New West, not the romantic West of unbridled lawlessness and picturesque wildness, but the new Empire that is slowly carving itself out of the wilderness. And in such portrayals has Mr. Garland ever done his best work, that work which will long be remembered and will cling to his memory more than his excursions into other fields. For this son of the Middle West brings to his pictures of that part of our great country which he loves best an eye to see things as they are—not merely as they can be best used for fiction—and a brain which has seen the light of a great future for humanity.

In this, his latest novel, Mr. Garland places the scene of his story on that borderland where plain and mountain meet. Here meet also the Old West and the New West. The lawlessness of the Old West, whose most typical figure was the hard-riding, hard-shooting cowboy, and his master, the land-greedy cattle king, find here their last fastness to turn at bay on the New Order, whose outer symbols are the automobile and the telephone, and whose heart and soul are the feeling of Brotherhood, or the Rights of All, expressed in this book by the new Forest Service, by the new great principle of conservation of the national natural resources.

The theme at the heart of his book so absorbed the writer that he has not made the human story of it as interesting as he might have done. The slight feeling of dissatisfaction occasioned by this, holds good only of the first half of the book, however. Later on we get the swing of events of importance far beyond and above any personal interest in either hero or heroine, and that carries us on as it would were we there to watch these events ourselves. We are not half as much interested in the love affairs of Ross Cavanagh, the Forest Ranger, as we are in the thing he represents. And Mr. Garland has understood how to weave

*Cavanagh: Forest Ranger. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper and Brothers.

the dangers and tribulations that beset the young ranger into a pattern which is national in its bigness. He has not made his hero a man in whom we are merely humanly interested as a human being. This is a fault perhaps, if we are to regard this book merely as a novel. But he has made his hero so typical of conditions which he wishes us to know and understand that we do not need the other interest. Readers who seek merely the human story will fall short of their reckoning here, either from the higher or the lower standard; for as a novel purely, this story is weak. But as a picture of very important phases of our national life, very timely phases now, it is of great interest and of great value. And giving the story the form of a novel widens its scope of usefulness, as it will arouse to thought many who might otherwise not take the trouble to read it.

The extreme timeliness of the story is one cause for criticism, as it is probably the cause of the many printer's errors and a certain carelessness in the writing. The resignation of Mr. Gifford Pinchot—who has written an introduction to the book—is part of the story, and the acuteness of the "Pinchot Question" doubtless induced a haste in issuing the book, a haste which has not been of advantage to it.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VIII

VINCENT BROWN'S "THE SCREEN"*

This is one of the books which present a hard task to the conscientious reviewer. It is so evidently a serious well-meant effort to do more than merely entertain; it was so evidently the author's purpose to present a slice of life with impartial fidelity that one regrets having to say that the book just does *not* make good. It is irritating and hard to read. For, in spite of its sincerity of purpose, there is no sincerity of style. The writer flounders about in a laboured and studied endeavour to imitate two or three different models. Possibly it was not a conscious effort of imitation, but it does not seem

*The Screen. By Vincent Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

possible that any man could write like that of his own free will. And yet there is a human story back of it all, when we dig it out from a mass of tiresome padding which has undoubted interest. The setting also, although dangerous for any writer to attempt, would have been a part of the interest in the hands of a master.

It is the mark of the master poet that he can interest us in the most intimate details of certain sides of life, certain sets and circles of people, with their petty professional intrigues and bickerings, which ordinarily, in our own persons, we haven't the faintest interest in. We would never read about them in a newspaper, for instance, but we'll sit for hours drinking in what Zola or Dickens, or one or two others, have to say about them.

It certainly would take a Dickens or a Thackeray perhaps to awaken any interest in the general reading public for the intrigues and bickerings, the sectional quarrels of the inner circle of Church people in England. The question of the difference between High and Low Church, the importance of the matter of Disestablishment or episcopal supremacy; what the Erastian leanings are, or the Lambeth opinion as to the ceremonial use of incense . . . all these matters have very little interest for the general reading public, even for that portion of it which goes regularly to church. And yet there are chapters and chapters in Mr. Brown's book of the most intimate professional discussion of just such details, of initiate jokes that send those to whom they are spoken into fits of laughter—but which send the average reader over to the next chapter in a hurry. For the author has made the mistake of having all these discussions held by people who do not come into the story at all, so that we would not care for their opinion even on subjects in which we are interested. His peculiar technic has the effect of making it as difficult as possible for us to get interested in the human story, which, as aforesaid, is not without value. But there is so much preparing of every little move in the narrative, so much working up to an effect (and the effect seldom makes good when it does arrive), that the whole thing reads like a puzzle

"Find the story." Possibly that is the intention. There is a long list of novels by the same author on the inside cover of the book. He is, therefore, no novice. The peculiarities of his style are presumably intentional.

In this novel at least they are not com-

mendable. The story back of it all was worthy a better treatment. There are flashes of insight, moments of humour, and over all the certain something that shows conscientious effort—but it leaves us with the regret that it was not better done.

J. Marchand.

THE TATTLER

CONCERNING STAGE VIANDS

II



HE rule of the drama, then, seems to be that though all may occasionally hunger, only the comedian may eat. But the gilded épergne heaped high with untempting fruit as the chief furniture of the festive board still remains to be accounted for. The official reason is simplicity itself. Nothing is so apparent as fruit, especially when in high-piled charactry. Since even if the pile were to be ravaged, none of it would there be eaten (and all providers have from time immemorial objected to fruit being taken from the table!), why not have a permanent pile? Thus the épergne and its fruit are one and indivisible, now and forever—they are papier maché. It is naught but the money-saving device of the manager and the labour-saving device of the property boy to escape the nightly marketing. When the Standard Edibles Syndicate is able to get Congress to pass a law prohibiting papier maché on stage-tables, one may be confident that the Associated Order of Stage Mechanics will be powerful enough to get it rescinded. For in the matter of food the second fundamental law of the drama is the Property Boy.

The disquieting trend toward realism begun by Herne and other obsessed disturbers of his peace, he has at least been able to check by ingenious shifts of well-

NOTE—The first part of this paper appeared in the April issue.

nigh the longevity of papier maché. I recall a banquet table in a ducal hall whereon the perennial épergne which sufficed for our fathers was deemed by some objector in the audience inadequate to the growing demand for actuality. There must be some food capable of being toyed with if such silly people were to be silenced, and the manager thought a light salad of the escarolle pattern would be just the thing. This the property boy proceeded to mix as follows. Purchasing several yards of imperishable Bologna sausage, he minced a few slices at each performance and served them garnished with excelsior. These in individual plates with the communal and lordly épergne in the centre decked the table bountifully. The property boy surveyed the results of his ingenuity with satisfaction well merited; for the salad needed only dusting to be nightly serviceable, and when travelling the épergne and the sausage went together snugly packed in the excelsior. This banquet—although three of the characters on the stage upon being graciously summoned to supper by the duchess loudly proclaimed their hunger—sufficed unrenowned the season through. The star (not being a comedian) failed to be distressed by the languid appetite of her guests, but upon being reproached once more by some captious realist in the audience for the lack of verisimilitude, insisted that at least one of the actors eat of her generous fare. Whereupon the fertile property boy served the designated actor with three dried prunes, of which he afterward kept a bag in stock (which was simple enough, as it travelled also with

the salad), all ready for just such centres of culture where exacting critics might reside. "You can cut these up," he explained, "and they might be anything." It was true, for the beneficent prune has boundless powers of assimilation: upon the arrogant table of Camille it may become the mushroom and the truffle, or at the board of Louise it may simulate the humble goulash. But the property boy is not constantly engrossed in calculating how he may save his labour and his food allowance; he has his careless and his genial hours. I once beheld upon the stage three intrepid and clinking dragoons toss off a forbidden bumper to an exiled king. When the foremost, with a magnificent flourish, dashed down upon the floor his drained glass and the others followed suit, it was a spirited moment. But when he precipitately dashed himself from the room the effect was somewhat marred. The others held their ground, indeed, but they visibly contended with surprising emotions which they sought to contain. Long afterward the secret of their eccentric behaviour was made plain; by accident or sportiveness the property boy had flavoured their cold-tea with varnish.

Thus either from the nature of Art or the nature of the Property Boy, the theatrical appetite is destined to be thwarted. The question then arises, Why in this regard should not dramatists write with an eye upon the stage? Why should we not have in the theatre jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day? As the actor (unless intentionally comic) must ever like Jealousy mock the meat he feeds on, why give him food at all? "Each heart hath its sealed chamber," says a heroine, and why not the stage? Let the dining-room door be barred, for when we enter it we leave illusion behind. If food must be, let it be laid out in the next room. Or if the table be needed for the setting of the stage, let the actors fall to only as the curtain falls; or—for the *épergne* is always there to lend atmosphere—let the meal be terminated by a messenger boy before ever the soup or even the useful celery. For this or any other *coup de grace* before meat all lovers of illusion will be truly thankful. Anything is bet-

ter than the eternal listlessness of apparently healthy people in face of food.

"I do not believe," says Joseph Jefferson—who was by no means a lover of realism—"that the introduction of cabbage and potatoes in the banquet scene of *Macbeth* would make the play one bit more interesting." But the unfair illustration is not even pertinent. At the banquet in *Macbeth* no one is required to eat—it is interrupted before it really begins. The illusion is entirely preserved by the *épergne* as a coming event which throws its shadow before, and the guests depart ere its perfidy is disclosed. In his increasing dalliance with real life and common sense, let the modern playwright beware of banquets or even lunch baskets. They are but Barmecidal. Since no one may eat but the comedian—whose crammed cheeks do not provide an inextinguishable delight except in vaudeville—let him even reform food altogether, save that which can with reasonableness be nibbled. The food problem on the stage can only be settled by universal boycott.

Algernon Tassin.

MISS JOHNSTON AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE



NE does not look for the question of Woman Suffrage in the pages of *THE BOOKMAN*. Perhaps one takes it for that reason. But since the author of one or two "best sellers"

has entered the fray, does this not lift the question from the region of dry polemics into the realm of real Literature, and hence into the pages of *THE BOOKMAN*?

For in the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly* there is an impassioned article called "The Woman's War," by Mary Johnston. Evidently, to this most earnest spinster, the giving of the ballot is of such moment, so vastly vital, so portentous in its import, that the usual language of the essayist is too humble. Save for the first few admirable paragraphs the whole essay is couched in that uplifted verbosity that hitherto has been left to the sweet girl graduate. There thunders in it the bombast of the coloured preacher,

and the appeal to the Eternal Verities of the very young theologian, tempered by the moral earnestness of an exceedingly serious-minded Kindergärtnerin. When one thinks of the peculiar series of questions and of apparently aimless repetitions that run through it, one cannot but feel that here indeed is the very Froebilitation of the case for Woman Suffrage!

I understand that such methods are employed with success by aforesaid Kindergärtnerins upon their innocent charges. But for grown-ups one would think that so great and just a Cause would carry conviction stated in the simplest possible terms.

Here we have some poetry, a great deal of italics, many capitals, various "verities" and apostrophes and exhortations, "O my daughters!" "my friends," and the like, a great deal about (capitalised) Unborn Children, and Eternal Law, the sacred Temple of Life and so on, while various Biblical references tinged with a brand new Mysticism, and the most astounding phrases redolent of lately acquired scientific lore tends to put the whole question in a manner certain at once to attract and awe the youthful mind!

I wonder if any one can really explain (with some misgivings we presume the lady herself can) what is meant by "one great Sunday of the World when Altruism will wake to conscious unity with the Absolute"?

Let us cull a few more gems: "What is ancestor-worship? It is worship of what we were—we—we—who tread the worship of posterity."

"What has this to do with woman? Much, oh, much! What has woman to do with this? More than you think, my friend, more than you think!"

And this: "The future—the future! What will be the religion of the future? It will be—the Future."

One wonders did the author of *To Have and to Hold* ever serve apprenticeship as a Reader of Palms, or a Mysterious Veiled Prophetess?

Now let us see what lies under all this. Is there any new argument, any new contribution to this vexed question? I confess I see none. I understand Miss Johnston is a recent convert to the

"Cause." If so, it has not taken her long to bear all the earmarks. There is the usual admonition to the caricaturist not to laugh, for laughter has been sometimes misplaced in the past (sometimes it has, but sometimes it has not, and this the Suffragists forget), the usual excuses for having accomplished so little as a sex coupled with the usual prophecies of what will be accomplished in the future, the usual ingenuous belief in the efficacy of new and wonderful laws to be passed, the usual exhortation to take the spinster seriously, and above all, the usual, ever-recurring sex superiority.

For let us not be fooled by the apparent frankness with which Miss Johnston concedes the present inferiority of woman, the inherent superiority-if-you-but-give-her-a-chance is nevertheless part of her creed. After two paragraphs of humble pie comes this significant sentence, so inevitable it seems in all such discussions: "One generation of practical training, and as administrator she will be the equal of man; *two generations and she will be his superior.*"

This jaunty optimism is not far from Mrs. Catt's valiant promise, "Give us the vote and we shall run the city of New York for half what it costs you men."

But in nothing perhaps is she so completely the suffragist as in her selection of Woman as the symbolic "one great heartache" watching and waiting on her door-step for her erring dear ones to return. Oh! the tender, brooding, self-sacrificing, capable woman the suffragists do love to paint! How eloquent is that one description of the smug satisfaction, the blindness to their own faults, the placing of all the blame on the shoulders of the man.

I would that the capable housekeeper, the capable wife, the capable mother, were truly symbolic of modern womanhood! I should think the men would be terribly tired of the pen pictures of noble womanhood drawn of late. What laughs in their sleeves they must indulge in!

No, under all her meek acceptance of some of the faults of woman she is ready to "own up to," lies the usual aggressive "faith in woman." In a burst of eloquence she announces that she is a woman! It is to be regretted that this

taking the reader into her confidence could not have been *viva voce*, for one misses the incomparable thrill of emotion that would have been its accompaniment. Pursuant to that "faith," she finds woman law-abiding and as proof mentions her "extraordinary respect for her policeman—any policeman." But Miss Johnston neglects to say what a woman wants a policeman for. Is it not often merely a desire to lean on the strong arm of the law to gain her own way? It is pretty hard to persuade a woman that her way may be unlawful.

But without going any further to pick flaws in the details, the entire article is based upon two assumptions, each one of which is entirely false: One, that this movement to obtain the ballot for women is identical with and not to be separated from all other movements for woman's progress; the other, that the ballot really amounts to very much in the hands of the men. Of course, the Suffragists present a rather imposing argument when they strengthen their position by corraling every effort that ever was made to free women from ignorance and superstition and injustice.

However, all struggles look alike on the surface, deep down they may be very different. The Suffragists have battled for suffrage the past forty years in America—on the whole with rather conspicuous unsuccess. Some of them—fewer by far than is claimed—also incidentally battled for other real reforms, but never without the help and enthusiasm of convinced anti-suffragists. The women who really blazed the paths of education and reform in this country were either outspoken anti-suffragists or at best lukewarm suffragists who were too busy doing their work to bother about imaginary wrongs. This confusion of the suffrage movement with every move-

ment that made for advance goes merrily on, and few take the trouble to stop it. Not long ago I heard a college graduate declare that suffrage was justified alone by the fact that Massachusetts had taken sixty years to accomplish what Colorado did in one year. I wonder if a new suffrage State were to start now would some enthusiastic suffragist arise to say "it took New York over a hundred years to get flying machines—while the suffrage State took only one!" The analogy is perfect, as even in the actual race Massachusetts was a good deal ahead.

The concluding paragraph of Miss Johnston's article is about "that thing they call indirect influence."

I confess I never could quite understand it myself. To me a wife's influence or a mother's influence is about the directest "thing" I know—far more direct than the "thing" they call the ballot. Here is the end:

Women are fighting. But their arms are antiquated. If they had even an old smooth-bore musket or a Revolutionary flint-lock! but they haven't any weapon at all. . . . The arm the women want is the standard one of tested efficiency. It is called the Ballot.

It is precisely here that the weakness of the whole suffrage argument shows itself. The joke of it is that among the very biggest and sanest of our statesmen the "tested efficiency" of the ballot (she capitalises it, and I do not, but we are really speaking of the same thing) lies very much under suspicion, and the arm already possessed by women—that of creating and moulding public opinion—is slowly coming into its own. The ballot is not a weapon, it merely registers—none too sensitively—the way the battle has gone. The power to wage that battle lies largely with the women.

Annie Nathan Meyer.



MADE IN GERMANY*



THE woman with a "temperament" (the word is used here in the euphemistic sense which we have agreed to attach to it for obvious reasons) is beginning to be almost as much of a bore on the stage and in our fiction as the insipid heroine of the revolutionary romance became toward the end of her vogue. She is repeating herself with wearisome monotony in plays and novels innumerable, all of which resemble each other as closely as did the *variations sur un thème connu* that were the musical delight of our grandmothers. Strangely enough, this temperamental lady, who is as old as humanity itself, is seriously considered as an ultra-modern feminine development, a brand-new "problem," probably because, thanks to our newspapers, our books, and our plays, we talk and read and hear more about her than in the days when her ventures beyond the pale of social convention were ignored by common consent after they had happened. Then she was content to pay the price; now, grown more conventional, more timorous and sophisticated, less inclined to sacrifice, she would claim, not only justification, but absolution at the hands of society. She would have her cake and eat it, too, which is the lay interpretation of the "Higher Morality." Hence the whitewashing of Julias and the benefit of the doubt extended to other temperamental ladies of contemporary novel and stage, or touching death-scenes in the last act or the last chapter when the author has led them up a blind alley of life, and sees no other way out. Whereupon he craftily lays the blame upon "society." It is all as conventional as Hannah More, but we shall not recognise that yet for some time to come: this lady, like many of her predecessors that once were taken very seriously, will have to run her

*1. *Roses: Four One-Act Plays.* By Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Grace Frank. Charles Scribner's Sons.

2. *The Powder-Puff: A Ladies' Breviary.* From the German of Franz Blei. New York: Duffield and Company.

course. It is unlikely that this kind of novel and play does much harm; rather would it appear to be a sort of emotional safety-valve, a means of vicarious indulgence of imaginary "temperaments" for well-behaved, properly principled women who will under no circumstances ever dream of leaving Micawber. After all, the most satisfactory and comfortable way for a woman to "live her own life" (shibboleth of modernity!) is under the wing of an indulgent, prosperous husband.

The woman of temperament as fictional and dramatic material was discovered in France, whence she migrated to England, whose serious drama still lives on the *théâtre* of the younger Dumas. A first attempt to introduce her in this country was made some twenty years ago, and failed. To-day she is having her vogue. But it is in Germany that she has gone farthest, with a certain logical, philosophical brutality that balks at nothing. There she has frankly entered the domain of the eminent Austrian psychopathist whose name long since acquired an international literary connotation.

If Sudermann pointed the way with *Heimat*, *Sodom's Ende* and *Die Ehre*, Max Halbe may yet claim the credit of having opened the door to the later psycho-physiological movement in German fiction and drama with *Jugend*, which, in the light of subsequent developments, has come to assume an almost conservative aspect. Still, the first two of the four one-act plays by Sudermann, published under the collective and collectively appropriate title of *Roses*, are decidedly in the front rank of this modern tendency of the German stage. They are certainly amazingly frank under the cloak of the wondrous technical dexterity of this writer, who understands so well the part of the player in the impression to be produced, and therefore avoids over-emphasis in the written dialogue. *Roses* play their part in each of these four plays, the third of which, "The Last Visit," would appear to have the acting qualities of "Fritzchen," with its subtle

suggestion of fear of revenge for treachery in the woman's last visit to the house of the man who has been killed for her sake, though she comes with the pious plea of a last farewell. "The Far-away Princess"—a title suggestive of Maeterlinck—is a light bit of comedy with some romantic charm, but of no especial importance.

Franz Blei is a literary cosmopolite with a decided preference for foreign literatures. He writes in German, but one can hardly call him a German writer, whence, no doubt, the Gallic touch in the title and appearance of his book in English. Nor can one claim a large measure of originality for him. He has read extensively and produces what he has stored in his mind in a graceful, sparkling way. Occasionally he talks with all the annoying air of knowingness of an under-

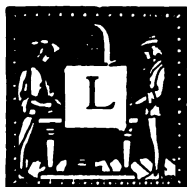
graduate who would give us to understand that he is a seasoned man of the world—rather! Again (but this is practically the same thing) he reminds us of the shallow cynicism of Mr. George Moore, of the paradoxical proclivities of Oscar Wilde, and, most of all, of the wicked pose of the *Yellow Book*. And, of course, he is thoroughly well grounded in modern French literature. *Das Ewig Weibliche* has no temperamental secrets for him; it has for no man at some time in his life, usually when he is very young. Herr Blei says many good things, however, and, if he be so persistently reminiscent, it is, no doubt, merely because German literature is sowing its wild oats only to-day, long after France and England had their fling. *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent*.

A. Schade van Westrum.

INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

IV—THE NOVELS OF THE SEA

BY GEORGE McPHERSON HUNTER*



LIKE Robert Louis Stevenson, I always feel lost away from the sea. My life has been spent on all kinds of ships on all the seas of the world, among the men of the sea while on land, and among the books of the sea both while on the water and on *terra firma*. I believe I have read almost all of the better known works of the sea writers, and have discussed them subsequently with sailors the seas over. An "inside view" of sea fiction reveals not a little of interest.

There is a common saying among American men who follow the life of the sea that, if they pursued the directions of most writers of sea fiction as to managing their craft, they would never get any farther away than the Statue of Liberty. It

*Mr. Hunter is the editor of the *Seaman's Magazine*.

is true that many of the class of authors in question know little of the true workings of a ship. They *slap on* a mass of "local colour" and *slip on* a mass of mechanical details. Most writers are like the London preacher who was invited to preach at a Seamen's Bethel and, of course, thought he had to talk "sailor" or his auditors would not understand him. In the development of his subject he worked a ship out of the English Channel into the Atlantic Ocean, then worked up a terrific storm with snowstorm, thunder and lightning, and other unheard of things. In the midst of the gale he pictured the captain on the bridge, the mate on the forecastle-head waiting to let go the anchor, which the mate subsequently did, and the ship safely riding out the storm. After the sermon he was asked by the chaplain if he had ever been at sea. Fortunately, his wit was better than his knowledge of the ocean. He saw

that somehow he had made a great error and replied, "Never, unless when preaching that sermon."

Of the better known sea writers, Frank T. Bullen is probably the least approved of by the seamen themselves. His *Cruise of the Cachelot*, seemingly a good whaling story, is agreed by every one who knows whaling to be greatly exaggerated. Bullen writes in the superlatives of sea life. His ships are all either hells or paradises. He admits no middle ground. Richard H. Dana has all the qualities that Bullen lacks. His *Two Years Before the Mast* is a masterpiece. It stands every test. Although Bullen, with all his faults, writes splendid prose, he cannot compare with Dana even in the matter of sea descriptions. For landmen, Dana is the best sea writer for this reason: He simplifies technicalities, explains them where necessary, and gives admirably faithful pen pictures of the men he has met in the forecastles. He never exaggerates and thoroughly understands the psychology of seamen. Bullen is a writer of unnatural and logic-lacking climaxes; Dana is not.

Kipling is the only writer who knows the so-called "tramp sailor." The others are merely guessers. Speaking of Kipling, one of this wonderful writer's favourite themes is to illustrate the affection of a captain for his ship and an engineer for his machinery. To landmen, this often seems impossible and yet seamen know it is absolutely true. It is one of the contentions of purists that one cannot love anything incapable of returning affection in kind, but it is no stretch of the truth or license of language to say that the sea is fairly peopled with skippers who love their craft with such devotion that they prefer death with them to life without them. Such was the case with the British Admiral Tryon, who refused to be rescued when, some few years ago off Africa, the battleships *Victoria* and *Camperdown* came into collision with such disastrous results to the former. Admiral Tryon's flagship. There are those who will assert that a good ship and a good master come into closest understanding and affection for each other when they have long sailed together. The master is jealous of the care of his ship

and that she shall have the very best treatment, while the ship apparently does her best to demonstrate that the kindly care is fully appreciated. Captain Marryat says that a ship will become sick and sullen and cranky under the hand of a new master after an old and kindly one has been removed from her. She misses the petting, and, according to the fashion of her sex, resents the deprivation. Captain Matheson, who died with his schooner, was a type of sailor who loves his ship and who will give his life for that love.

Every few months a story appears in one of the magazines that, under the microscopic eye of the seaman, proves to be utterly ridiculous. One of these stories, laid in the engine room of a ship, was printed several months ago and was so full of inaccuracies that it would have provoked hearty laughter on the part of any "insider" who might have read it.

Characterising some of the well-known writers concretely, I may say that, among the seamen, W. W. Jacobs is considered to be "the Dickens of the waterfront"; that Morgan Robertson, although not a great writer of the sea by any means, is regarded as one of the best writers of what we know as sea comedy; and that Jack London, in his story *The Sea Wolf*, has written the only true description of sealing life that has come to my attention. I spent a full year among the old British Columbia sealing fleets, and among the men in the fleets *The Sea Wolf* was looked on as a classic. Many writers believe a sailor is a sailor, or in other words, that all the sailors of the seven seas are alike. No greater mistake could be imagined. Each set is different. Take, for example, the Pacific Coast sailor. He is the *crème de la crème* of the sea, the most intelligent, best dressed, highest paid of them all. And yet some writers treat him just the way they would a sailor in a totally different sailing sphere. About thirty per cent. of the Pacific Coast sailors are Scandinavians. Inasmuch as a great proportion of the Northern Atlantic Coast sailors come from Nova Scotia and Northern New England, you may appreciate the difference that may exist in at least two sets of

seamen which, however, some fiction writers have been wont to treat as one. Their psychology is as different, really, as one may well believe.

I may best give you an "inside" look at sea fiction by quoting some of the more recent works that have come to my notice. Lawrence Mott's *To the Credit of the Sea* and Morley Roberts's *The Flying Cloud*, for example, are two stories that succeed in standing a searching analysis. The first is true in its people and incident and the second reveals a truly wonderful description of the sea and its life. Norman Duncan's story, *The Adventures of Billy Topsail*, should not be skipped by in haste, although it may be assigned to the juvenile shelves. The going to sea of the sealing fleet in the latter part of the book reminds one of Jack London's description of the going to sea of the San Francisco sealer in *The Sea Wolf*. It is splendid. Incidentally, both writers, in these stories, perhaps unknowingly, have shown the difference between sealing on the Pacific Coast and on the North Atlantic. The going to sea of a Pacific Coast sealer, as I have learned from personal observation, is a debauch of brutality, while the going out of a Newfoundland fleet is the going out of strong, clean men to the hard tasks that are before them. Too often, Pacific Coast sealers go out like beasts, but Newfoundlanders always, at least almost always, go out like men.

It is quite evident that Rufus R. Wilsen, who wrote *The Sea Rovers*, is not a seafaring man. The story is full of errors in ship knowledge and technicalities, which errors even the book's simple purpose of amusing the immature cannot excuse. For example, the statement regarding the work in the engineer's department that "the officers and men receive liberty for the entire time the ship remains in port," their place being taken by a "special shore force," which remains aboard until sailing day, is absurd nonsense. A consummation of the voyage devoutly wished for but not practicable by any means. "A special shore force" is engaged up to the sailing day, but the liberty is confined to one day for each officer, as much as conditions possibly

can give. The captain of an "ocean flyer" does not inspect the engine-room, as the author affirms, he has not the technical knowledge sufficient to make an intelligent inspection and he would spoil his clothes in the process. The chief engineer is on board for the purpose of attending to and inspecting the engine-room. The statement that it is impossible to get the command of an ocean liner "without having first been captain of a large sailing vessel" must cause a smile on the part of any one acquainted with the sea. No such regulation exists. Besides there are not sufficient sailing vessels to give prospective captains the opportunity to command them. The proportion of sailing vessels to steamers is about 1 in 30. The chapter on the man-of-wars-men begins with an erroneous statement, namely: New York City furnishes the largest number of recruits to the American Navy. Seventy-five per cent. of the enlisted men come from the West and South. Again, the term "Jackies" is repudiated by all seafaring men, especially naval men. "Jackies" is an appropriate term for "donkies" but not for seamen. And so it goes, and so one might go on indefinitely pointing out mistakes that even a cursory knowledge of the sea would have saved the author from committing. I have pointed out these errors because they are by no means confined to the particular book I have been discussing. You will find them elsewhere.

I have already referred to W. W. Jacobs's wonderful knack of describing the ways of the sailorman ashore and the great sailor town of London. His *Sailors' Knots* I can recommend freely and heartily both from an "inside" and "outside" view. A writer much less known, of whom sea things are to be expected, is Arthur Colton. Between the lines of his frankly frivolous story, *The Cruise of the Violetta*, one can see considerable possibilities for future sea fiction that will be entirely worth while. The limits imposed by space prevent me from going further into sea fiction. If I have succeeded in indicating what even a cursory "inside" glance reveals, I shall feel satisfied.



THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

VERSE

Broadway Publishing Company:

California Songs. By R. A. S. Wade.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Message of Song. By William Grey Maxwell.

Following the brief essay on the inspiring influence of song is a selection of illustrative poems from English and German poets.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

The Golden Press (Los Angeles, Cal.):

The White Flame. By Luke North.

A play in four acts. Revised author's edition of 240 numbered and signed copies. The play is based on the idea of reincarnation.

The John Lane Company:

Unmusical New York. A Brief Criticism of Triumphs, Failures and Abuses. By Hermann Klein.

Based on a lecture given by Mr. Klein at Bechstein Hall, London, in October, 1909, under the title of "The Truth About Music in America." With chapters on "New York as a Musical Centre"; "Amateurs and the Star System"; "Concerning New York Audiences"; "How Native Talent is Treated"; "Institutions and Their Exploiters"; "Autocrats of the Opera House"; "Genii of the Concert World"; "Music in the Churches"; "Musical Criticism"; "The Real and the Ideal."

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Manet and the French Impressionists. By Théodore Duret. Translated by J. E. Crawford Flitch, M.A.

A history of Manet and his followers in France: Pissarro, Claude Monet, Sisley, Renoir, Berthe Morisot, Cézanne, Guillaumin. The four etchings, the four wood engravings, and the thirty-two half-tone reproductions afford examples of some of the finest work of Manet and his school in France.

The Macmillan Company:

The Faith Healer. By William Vaughn Moody.

A play in three acts.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

William F. Fell Company (Philadelphia):

Horace Mann. Educator, Patriot and Re-

former. A Study in Leadership. By George Allen Hubbell, Ph.D.

An account of the life of Horace Mann—a New Englander, a student in Brown University, a student in a law school, member of the Legislature, secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, member of Congress, president of Antioch College.

The Priory Press (London):

Omar's Interpreter. By Morley Adams.

A new life of Edward FitzGerald, with an essay on the Letters by Canon Ainger.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Dean Swift. By Sophie Shilleto Smith.

A study of eighteenth century life. Swift's activities in the controversies of Church and State and in the sphere of letters brought him face to face with many of the great issues of the day and with the men that represented them. Hence a study of his life involves a study of some of the most vital interests of the time. The volume contains many anecdotes and stories, as well as pictures of the influential world with which Swift became associated.

The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. The Unmutilated and Correct Version. Compiled and Edited, with Notes, by John Bigelow.

Printed in the text as edited by Mr. John Bigelow for the Collected Edition of Franklin's Works. It is said to be the only text of this famous volume which is based on the original manuscript, and which is given without mutilation.

The Torch Press:

Memoirs of Gustave Koerner. 1809-1896. Two volumes. Edited by Thomas J. McCormack.

Being life-sketches written at the suggestion of his children.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Hygiene of the Soul: A Memoir of a Physician and Philosopher. By Gustav Pollak.

Dealing with the life and works of Ernest Baron von Feuchtersleben, an Austrian writer whose principal work, *The Hygiene of the Soul*, first published in 1838, has proved to be one of the most successful attempts to present in a popular form the question of the power of the will to influence the mind.

The Dolphin Press (Philadelphia, Pa.):

The Life of Saint Clare. Ascribed to Fr.

Thomas of Celano, of the Order of Friars Minor (A. D. 1255-1261). Translated and Edited from the Earliest MSS. by Fr. Paschal Robinson, of the same Order. With an Appendix Containing the Rule of Saint Clare.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Psychic Control Through Self-Knowledge. By Walter Winston Kenilworth.

The author emphasises the need of a practical creed that shall make the soul conscious of realities which heretofore have been believed. The knowledge of what constitutes the Immortal Self of each animate and inanimate being is set forth. The spiritual consciousness which corresponds with spiritual knowledge is shown to be intimately identified with a moral consciousness.

Mental and Spiritual Health. By A. T. Schofield, M.D.

Four addresses in which Dr. Schofield discusses the relation of health to true Christianity.

Henry Holt and Company:

Men versus The Man. A Correspondence between Robert Rives La Monte, Socialist, and H. L. Mencken, Individualist.

This series of actual letters between Mr. Robert Rives La Monte, Editor of *The Call*, and Mr. Henry Louis Mencken, of the *Baltimore Sun*, furnishes an interesting contribution to the discussion of Socialism and Individualism.

B. W. Huebsch:

The Poet of Galilee. By William Ellery Leonard, Ph.D.

A literary study of the authentic fragments of the discourses and sayings of Jesus as imbedded in the Synoptic Gospels; a psychological analysis and reconstruction of the imposing personality and genius of the great Galilean, rather than an abstract exegesis of his theology or ethic.

J. C. Jensen (Denver, Colo.):

A Square Look into Eternity. By J. C. Jensen.

Second revised edition.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Christian Unity in Effort. Something about the Religious Faiths, Creeds and Deeds of People of the United States and Elsewhere in their Relation to Christian Unity in Effort. By Frank J. Firth.

This work "represents a conviction that every man and woman should acquire by individual effort such simple religious knowledge and personal faith as is essential to a well-rounded life here and to a right preparation for what may be beyond; and that intelligent individual observation and thought will

make plain the need for organised 'Christian unity in effort.'"

The Macmillan Company:

The Duty of Altruism. By Ray Madding McConnell, Ph.D.

The problem which Mr. McConnell sets for himself is that of finding a rational means of converting an egotist into an altruist. He shows that theology, ethics and logic are wholly inadequate as a means of conversion; that while psychology, physiology and evolution explain how some men have come to be altruists, they cannot make altruism obligatory. Finally, believing that most men are naturally good, Mr. McConnell concludes that morality resides within the individual and not outside in the commands of God, humanity, the State or nature.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Great Assurance. By George A. Gordon, D.D.

In writing briefly of his deep convictions concerning Jesus Christ the author takes up these three questions: "On what grounds do we believe that Jesus is alive to-day? How may we gain access to the mind and soul of Jesus now? What are some of the benefits to the human spirit from admission to the mind of Jesus and association with Him?"

What Life Means to Me. By William T. Grenfell, M.D.

Dr. Grenfell sums up his personal definition of life as follows: "That is what life means to me—a place where a Father above deals differently with His different children, but with all in love; a place where true joys do not hang on material pegs, and where all the time the fact that God our Father is on His throne lines every cloud with gold."

Presbyterian Committee of Publication (Richmond, Va.):

The Evangelical Invasion of Brazil; or, a Half Century of Evangelical Missions in the Land of the Southern Cross. By Samuel R. Gammon, D.D.

Besides dealing with the question of missions, the book gives much information as to the social and political life of Brazil. The author has been for twenty years a missionary of the Southern Presbyterian Church in the Land of the Southern Cross.

G. P. Putnam's Sons (Cambridge University Press):

An Elementary Treatise on the Dynamics of a Particle and of Rigid Bodies. By S. L. Loney, M.A.

The author's purpose has been to furnish "an elementary class-book on those

parts of Dynamics of a Particle and Rigid Dynamics which are usually read by Students attending a course of lectures in Applied Mathematics for a Science or Engineering Degree, and by Junior Students for Mathematical Honours."

Function, Feeling and Conduct. An Attempt to Find a Natural Basis for Ethical Law. By Frederick Meakin.

Being a statement of the philosophy or general basis of morals as grounded in human nature.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Privilege and Democracy in America. By Frederic C. Howe, Ph.D.

A study of the growth and power of privilege to-day in America, its dangers and its cure.

The Sermons, Epistles and Apocalypses of Israel's Prophets. From the Beginning of the Assyrian Period to the End of the Maccabean Struggle. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D.

Volume III of "The Student's Old Testament." The subject-matter in this volume has been divided as follows: The Prophets of the Assyrian Period; Prophets of Judah's Decline; Prophets of the Babylonian Exile; Prophets of the Persian Period; Prophets of the Greek and Maccabean Period.

Modern Belief in Immortality. By Newman Smyth.

A discussion of the foundations for a belief in immortality and particularly of the new reasons for that belief, drawn from the scientific discovery and research of to-day, which have supplanted the older arguments.

Revelation and Inspiration. By James Orr, M.A., D.D.

A new volume in the series known as Studies in Theology. The aim of this series is to bring all the resources of modern learning to the interpretation of the Scriptures, and to place within the reach of all who are interested the broad conclusions arrived at by men of distinction in the world of Christian scholarship on the great problems of Faith and Destiny. When completed the series will consist of twelve volumes. Titles of volumes previously issued are: *A Critical Introduction to the New Testament; Philosophy and Religion; and Faith and Its Psychology.*

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

D. Appleton and Company:

A History of the People of the United States. From the Revolution to the Civil War. By John Bach McMaster.

Volume VII of Professor McMaster's

history. It brings the work up to 1852. The history will be complete in eight volumes.

The Century Company:

A Vagabond Journey Around the World. A Narrative of Personal Experience. By Harry A. Franck.

A story of a young university man's fifteen months' wanderings around the globe, without money save what he earned by the way. His account of these wanderings affords a vivid picture of native life in strange corners of the world. In regard to his journey Mr. Franck writes: "The chief object of investigation being the masses, I made no attempt during the journey to rise above the estate of the common labourer. My plan included no fixed itinerary. The details of route I left to chance and the exigencies of circumstances. Yet this random wandering brought me to as many famous spots as any victim of a 'personally conducted' tour could demand; and, in addition, to many corners unknown to the regular tourist."

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

China and the Far East. Clark University Lectures. Edited by George H. Blakeslee.

Being lectures delivered during the second decennial celebration of Clark University. Twenty-two addresses on China, Japan and Korea have been included.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

In Closed Territory. By Edgar Beecher Bronson.

Mr. Bronson's present book is based upon his recent experiences in South Africa, hunting big game in the "closed territory" south and west of Nairobi, recently covered by Colonel Roosevelt. Mr. Bronson was ten months on the trail and brought home with him a magnificent collection of skins and heads.

L. C. Page and Company:

Susan in Sicily. Her Adventures and Those of Her Friends During Their Travels and Sojourns in the Garden of the Mediterranean. By Josephine Tozier.

Told in a series of letters to her sister in America. The letters describe the Sicilian people, their customs, the Sicilian towns and landmarks, and many other interesting things. An account of the late earthquake is also given. The volume contains thirty-two full-page plates in duograde.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Mediterranean Cruise. Describing all Mediterranean Points Usually Visited in a Winter's Cruise in Europe, Asia and Africa. Compiled by Bruce Millard.

The volume aims not only to interest the casual reader, but to instruct the

traveller, whom it supplies with all the data requisite for a trip to the regions in and about the Mediterranean. Containing many illustrations chiefly from original photographs.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Germelshausen. Von Friedrich Gerstaecker. Edited with Notes, Exercises and Vocabulary by A. Busse, Ph.D.

A favourite text in elementary German classes in high schools and colleges.

Selections from Early German Literature. By Klara Hechtenberg Collitz, Ph.D.

A reader designed to acquaint students of German literature with the chief authors of the Old and Middle High German periods. The specimens cover the early pagan and Christian writings, the chief works of Early Middle High German, the popular, court and beast epics, and the Minnesingers. Each group of selections is preceded by a historical and explanatory paragraph.

Mary of Plymouth. A Story of the Pilgrim Settlement. By James Otis.

A supplementary reader giving the story of the Plymouth colony from the viewpoint of a child.

Ruth of Boston. A Story of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. By James Otis.

A supplementary reader which tells the story of the early days of Boston as seen through a little girl's eyes. For third-, fourth- and fifth-year pupils.

Stories of American Discoveries for Little Americans. By Rose Lucia.

A supplementary reader for the third grade. It gives fifty short stories about discoveries and explorations in the Western Hemisphere, from Columbus to Hudson.

Pepita Jiménez. By Juan Valera. With Notes and Vocabulary by C. V. Cusachs.

For the second and third year in the study of Spanish.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Idols of Education. Selected and Annotated by Charles Mills Gayley.

Being a plea for common sense in the management of our educational system.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Student's Edition of a Standard Dictionary of the English Language. Abridged from the Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary of the English Language by James C. Fernald, L.H.D., Francis A. March, LL.D., and Associate Editors.

Designed to give the orthography, pronunciation, meaning and etymology

of over 60,000 words and phrases in the speech and literature of the English-speaking peoples, with synonyms and antonyms. Containing also 1,225 pictorial illustrations, an appendix of proper names, foreign phrases, etc., etc. Thin paper edition.

Henry Holt and Company:

A College Course in Writing from Models. Arranged, with Introduction and Notes, by Frances Campbell Berkeley, A.M.

Selections in Exposition, Description and Narration.

Herein! First German Readings. Edited by Philip Schuyler Allen.

Pierrille. Par Jules Claretie. Edited, with Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary, by Hugh A. Smith and Casimir Zdanowicz.

For students beginning the study of French and suitable for reading in the first year of college classes and in the first or second year of high school.

La Mariposa Blanca. By D. José Selgas Y. Carrasco. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by Herbert Alden Kenyon.

A brief Spanish novel for use as a reader in schools and colleges.

Exercises in German Syntax and Composition. By Marian P. Whitney, Ph.D., and Lilian L. Stroebe, Ph.D.

For advanced students.

An Outline of Logic. By Boyd Henry Bode.

The aim is "to give a concrete discussion of ambiguity, to simplify the study of casual connections and to treat with greater detail than is usually done the type of inference called circumstantial evidence, the nature of proof, and the postulates of reasoning."

Composition in Narration. By Joseph Russell Taylor.

With chapters on "The Facts"; "What the Facts Mean"; "Telling the Truth"; "Description"; "Imagination."

Lichtenstein. Von Wilhelm Hauff. Abridged and Edited with Introduction and Notes by James Percival King.

Hauff's popular story as a text-book for the German student.

Theme-Book in English Composition. By Alfred M. Hitchcock.

Being subjects suggested for the practice of various forms of writing.

FICTION

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

By Inheritance. By Octave Thanet.

This story of American life to-day deals with the negro problem. Agatha Danforth, a wealthy young woman of Boston, has her own theories in regard

to the rights and the proper training of the negro. She is about to complete arrangements for the establishing of a school in the South when she receives word of the serious illness of a relative down in Memphis. She hastens to this city, and during her stay in the South she learns many things concerning the negro problem which greatly upset her pet theories. She comes to believe that higher education is not the immediate need of the negro.

The Carleton Case. By Ellery H. Clark.

A tale of mystery and crime. Jack Carleton's father, deeming his son unfit to take proper care of the fortune he had amassed during his life, at his death leaves everything to his own brother, a man who bears an estimable reputation in social, political and business circles. Henry Carleton, however, is the villain in disguise, and all but ruins the life of his nephew by his endeavour to prove him guilty of a miserable crime.

The Beauty. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

"The Beauty" of the story is Perdita Carey, a Southern girl who marries Cresswell Hepworth, a wealthy bachelor of nearly fifty. After the newness of the unaccustomed luxuriousness of the life she has entered upon wears off Perdita becomes dissatisfied. An artist cousin, who had always been her chum and with whom at times she fancied herself in love, comes into her life again. Her husband's one wish is to make her happy. He determines to go away for a few months and thus give her time to decide between himself and the artist. This state of affairs leaves Perdita still dissatisfied, and she feels that she must accomplish something. She creates a business establishment in order to teach women to beautify themselves through the proper attention to the colour scheme, etc., in the matter of dress. This is a shock to the people of her set, but it is while thus occupied that Perdita comes to know herself and to realise that her husband is the man she loves and needs and not Eugene Gresham, whose unworthiness she sees plainly when she discovers that it is her beauty he is in love with and knows that were she to become free he would be unwilling to marry her if she refused a money settlement from Cresswell Hepworth.

The Day of Souls. By Charles Tenney Jackson.

The scene is in old San Francisco, and the story deals largely with politics and political corruption, the hero being a leader among the "grafters," and with the Bohemian side of life in that city. John Arnold, who, from one bad deed to another, descends about as far down the ladder as a man very well can and

still retain the spark of manhood within, is the author's interesting subject. His downward path continues until a friend whom he had unintentionally misled in regard to a bet on a horse race commits suicide. His eyes are opened to the dreadful consequences of his deed and he begins to see the life he has led in a new light. With this awakening comes the desire and longing for a higher life. Then his struggle is begun, and the title the author has chosen, *The Day of Souls*, the name given by the Japanese to one of their feasts, in the preparation for which men are expected to strengthen and purify their thoughts, signifies the cleansing of John Arnold and his struggle upward with a woman's help.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Serpent's Trail, or Memoirs of Harold Bagote, Physician. By F. B. Cullens.

A tale of the South and of Cuba.

The Century Company:

The House of Mystery. An Episode in the Career of Rosalie Le Grange, Clairvoyant. By Will Irwin.

Doctor Blake first meets Annette Markham in a Pullman car. His interest is aroused by the mysterious manner of the girl and by her elusive personality, but when they meet again the physician falls in love with Annette. He discovers that her life is a tragedy and that she is controlled body and spirit by Madame Paula, a spiritualist. Dr. Blake, determined to find out the secret of this "house of mystery" and to rescue Annette from the influence of her aunt, engages a professed clairvoyant, Rosalie Le Grange, to help him out. She enters the home of Madame Paula as a servant and keeps Dr. Blake informed as to the doings of the household.

Mr. Carteret and Others. By David Gray.

A collection of six short stories: "Mr. Carteret and His Fellow-Americans Abroad"; "How Mr. Carteret Proposed"; "Mr. Carteret's Adventures with a Locket"; "The Case of the Evans-ton"; "The Matter of a Mashie"; and "The Medal of Honour Story."

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Country Sketches. By Emery West.

Containing six short stories.

Guilty? By John W. Arctander, LL.D.

The story of a great murder trial. The accused is a young Norwegian woman, wife of an old farmer living in the West. At his sudden death she is suspected of having poisoned him. She secures the services of a very able lawyer from the East, who not only establishes her innocence, but points out the guilty

act of her husband's brother, who had been her enemy and accuser.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Losing Game. By Will Payne.

John Pound and Emma Raymond, partners in running a number of bucket shops, succeed beyond their wildest hopes for a time. They marry and lead a congenial life until John meets another woman, with whom he falls in love. The result is that Emma is divorced and Eileen takes her place. The clever and far seeing Emma maintains an outward appearance of indifference, but works steadily to bring about John's failure and ruin in the bucket-shop business. It is not until she has thoroughly accomplished her purpose, however, that John Raymond realises that his former partner has been the cause of it all.

In Old Kentucky. By Edward Marshall and Charles T. Dazey.

A story of the bluegrass and the mountains. Founded on Charles T. Dazey's play.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Eleventh Hour. By David Potter.

Love and war run hand in hand in this new story by Mr. Potter. It is set in the time of the Mexican War, and the daring hero is Captain Grant, who serves his country well and at the same time looks after his own affairs, having fallen in love with a beautiful senorita and finding that he has a rival, in one of her own countrymen, who has to be reckoned with.

Harper and Brothers:

Jude the Obscure. By Thomas Hardy.

The third volume issued in the new Thin Paper Edition of the novels of Thomas Hardy.

Henry Holt and Company:

Quaker Idyls. By Sarah M. H. Gardner.

An enlarged edition, containing two new idyls: "A Homely Tragedy" and "An Unconscious Disciple of Thespis."

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Professional Aunt. By Mary C. E. Wemyss.

Dealing with the experiences of a charming young woman whose married sisters have made her a "professional aunt." It also portrays the ways of children, their moods and manners.

The Godparents. By Grace Sartwell Mason.

Jane Merriman and John Durand, when acting as godparents for William Gordon, had no thought of ever having to perform the duties involved. But about ten years later each is surprised

at being called upon to go to the rescue of Billy. Miss Merriman is on a steamer about to sail for Europe, but when John Durand rushes aboard she is forced to give up the trip, despite the desperate protest on the part of Angélique, her maid. They go at once to Pennsylvania and try in every way to win Billy so that they may send him away to school. The boy runs away, and it remains for them to go into the mountains and hunt for him. They find Billy camping out with his pet dog and a monkey. It is decided that they will take up camp life themselves and thus meet the boy on his own grounds. Durand and old Henry, who acts as guide for the party, make all preparations for camping out for a few weeks, and at the end of this time Billy is not only won over to their side, but a charming love affair has developed between his two young godparents.

Charles H. Kerr and Company (Chicago):

Prince Hagen. A Phantasy. By Upton Sinclair.

In the form of a story the author discusses capital and labour and shows what a great protection for the capitalist are the wage-worker's religious feelings, moral scruples and fear of the law.

The John Lane Company:

Indian Dust. Studies of the Orient. Including a Biographical Appreciation of Laurence Hope. By Otto Rothfeld, B.A., F.R.G.S.

A new edition. Ten short stories, some of which originally appeared in *The Times of India*.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Red House on Rowan Street. By Roman Doubleday.

Although Hugh Burton travels many miles for the sole purpose of interceding with the beautiful Leslie Underwood in behalf of his friend, Philip Overman, whom she had already refused to marry, he takes it upon himself to unravel the mystery which surrounds Dr. Underwood and his home, and in the meantime falls in love with Leslie.

The Snare of Circumstances. By Edith E. Buckley.

The report of the death of Peter Somhers, and the efforts for three years to solve the mystery surrounding it, form the basis of the story. Somhers's nephew, who inherits his wealth, is accused of the murder, and although eventually acquitted, public sentiment remains very much against the young man. It is not until Harry Bliss, a clever young reporter, is engaged by a strange man, Philander Summerfeld, to work upon the case with the promise of a \$20,000 fee if successful that the mys-

tery is cleared. Dual personality is the theme. In reality Peter Somhers is not the murdered, but the murderer. Subject to fits of anger amounting almost to insanity, he decides to hire some one to impersonate him and remain at Overlook while he travels in the hope of acquiring a normal condition of mind and body. Philander Summerfield is the man chosen for the purpose, but unfortunately he comes upon Somhers in one of these spasms of anger. In some way, for which Somhers is afterward unable to account, he finds that he has taken the life of the man who was so nearly like himself in appearance, who had acquired his manner and learned much about his affairs. He so arranges things, becoming himself, to all appearances, Philander Summerfield, that the natural supposition is that Peter Somhers has been murdered.

The Macmillan Company:

Lost Face. By Jack London.

Seven tales dealing with the struggle for existence in the wilds of Alaska. The title story is an account of how a captured Russian saved himself from torture at the hands of Alaskan savages.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Cardinal's Pawn. How Florence Set, How Venice Checked, and How the Game Fell Out. By K. L. Montgomery.

A tale of the Florence and Venice of the Renaissance. The Cardinal's pawn is a girl of wit and daring. In order to save her brother from death at the hands of a faithless wife, who wishes to be rid of him so that her social ambitions may be realised, the girl enters the Cardinal's game disguised as the brother she would save.

Hopalong Cassidy. By Clarence E. Mulford.

Hopalong Cassidy, who will be remembered as the daring hero of Mr. Mulford's *Bar 20*, now appears as the centre of interest in the author's new book on life in the cattle lands of the West. Hopalong takes an active part in the range war between the "Bar 20" and the "H 2" outfits. He falls in love with the daughter of the foreman of the rival ranch.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Messenger. By Katharine Holland Brown.

A story of how one woman who had suffered became through her splendid faith the bearer of hope and comfort to another. Reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine*.

The Lifted Bandage. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.

A story of the power and faith of spiritual insight. It tells of a man in

great grief over the death of a son whom he also believes to have been guilty of committing a murder and how the bandage of agnosticism is suddenly lifted from his eyes and he beholds a new light, which brings happiness into what he had thought to be a ruined life.

The Glory of His Country. By Frederick Landis.

Old Milton Shanks, a boyhood friend of Lincoln, is the chief character in this story of life in the small village of Happyville, in Indiana. The old man led an isolated life, shunned and despised by his neighbours because in the days of the Civil War he had joined the copperheads and thus earned for himself the name of traitor. He bears it all in silence until he is dying, when he tells his own story for the first time. His friends are surprised to hear that at the outbreak of the war Lincoln had called Shanks to Washington, and in response to the latter's expressed willingness to even die for his country, had asked him not to enlist, but to join the copperheads and to keep the Government informed of their doings. The old man reads to his friends a letter from Lincoln written just before his assassination. This clears him of the reputed treason and his friends are more than ready to ask his forgiveness.

The Torch Press:

The Passing of the Word. By Helen Henshaw.

Described as "a romance of college life." It deals mainly with the psychological development of the principal character, Marian Mansfield.

JUVENILE

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Owls of St. Ursula's. A Story for Girls. By Jane Brewster Reid.

The story tells of the pranks and escapades, the joys and disappointments of the five girls who occupy the owl-tower of St. Ursula's School.

Harper and Brothers:

A Holiday with the Birds. By Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody.

In the Story-Told Science Series. In the course of a children's story the authors tell of the birds' plumage, their song, nesting and their daily habits.

B. W. Huebsch:

Maida's Little Shop. By Inez Haynes Gilmore.

Maida has all that money can buy, but is still unhappy because she has never known what it is to enjoy good health. She conceives the idea that she would like to keep a shop, having seen a quaint little one, which took her fancy, while motoring in the country. Believing that

this will give her a new interest in life, the indulgent father purchases the little shop, and a sign bearing the word's "Maida's Shop" appears outside. Here Maida makes many friends among the boys and girls who patronise the shop, and the experiment proves a great success in that it changes the delicate, listless Maida into a strong and healthy little girl able to enjoy the pleasures of other children.

Newson and Company:

Panama and the Canal. By Alfred B. Hall and Clarence L. Chester.

A history of Panama and the Panama Canal set forth in a manner which will be interesting and intelligible to young readers.

MISCELLANEOUS

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Golden Treasury from Gifted Minds. Selected and Arranged by Stella Hadley Hickman.

A volume designed for use in Reading Circle work, Women's Literary Clubs, Mothers' Circles, or wherever Roll Call is given with a quotation from an author.

Through Library Windows. By F. C. Hubbard.

Being studies in Nature, Literature, Art and Experience.

Essays. By Edith Frank.

Containing twenty-six brief miscellaneous essays, such as "The Spirit of the Woods"; "Influence of Personality"; "The Narrow-Mindedness of the Public"; "Gentler Virtues."

Harper and Brothers:

How Americans Are Governed. In Nation, State and City. By Crittenden Marriott.

Written for young Americans. The plan is to picture the government as it is, instead of devoting much space to historical origins. Practical powers of the government are explained over tariff, coinage, railways, trusts, post-office, etc. The author also discusses the Interstate Commerce Commission, the question of rebates and the relations of trusts to the public. He gives attention to the legislative powers as regards war, public lands, persons, patents, copyrights, public service commissions, conservation of natural resources, etc.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Personal Power. Counsels to College Men. By William Jewett Tucker.

Containing a number of addresses which Dr. Tucker gave to the Dartmouth students on such themes as "The Estimation of Power"; "The Distribution of Personal Power"; "The Morally

Well-bred Man"; "Moral Maturity"; and "The Recovery of Personal Power." There is also a group of four addresses given at the opening of successive college years, 1905-1908: "The Training of the Gentleman"; "The Training of the Scholar"; "The Training of the Citizen"; and "The Training of the Altruist."

English Literature in Account with Religion. 1800-1900. By Edward Mortimer Chapman.

A study of the debt of English literature, through the past century and a half, to the religious impulse. "The path of literature leads primarily to that of religion," says Mr. Chapman; "they are brethren of one blood, interdependent and necessary to each other." In this relation Mr. Chapman illustrates from the literature he studies, taking up in order practically all the important English writers from Cowper to the present day.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

Philo-Judæus of Alexandria. By Norman Bentwich.

The author announces that his purpose in this book "is frankly to give a presentation of Philo from the Jewish standpoint." He maintains that "Philo is essentially and splendidly a Jew and that his thought is through and through Jewish."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of March and the 1st of April:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN FICTION

1. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
3. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Interrupted Friendship. Voynich. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Thief of Virtue. Phillpotts. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Human Cobweb. Weale. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

THE BOOK MART

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3. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Top of the Morning. Tompkins. (Baker-Taylor.) \$1.50.
5. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
6. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Medicine. Huckel. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
2. Nerves and Common Sense. Call. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.
3. Song of Our Syrian Guest. Knight. (Pilgrim Press.) 50 cents.
4. Daily Strength for Daily Needs. Tilton. (Little, Brown.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Old Glory Series. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop.) \$1.25.
3. Tom, Dick and Harriet. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Mr. Carteret. Gray. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Fascinating Mrs. Halton. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The German Element in America. Faust. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$7.50.
2. Loyalists of Massachusetts. Stark. (Clarke.) \$5.00.
3. Religion and Miracle. Gordon. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.30.
4. Vehicles of the Air. Lougheed. (Reilly & Britton.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. For the Stars and Stripes. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
2. Indoor Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) \$1.75.
3. On the School Team. Earl. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. The Red House on Rowan Street. Doubleday. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
3. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
4. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
5. Margarita's Soul. Bacon. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. John the Unafraid. Anonymous. (McClurg.) \$1.00.
2. Utility of all Kinds of Higher Schooling. Crane. (Crane.) \$1.00.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. Vehicles of the Air. Lougheed. (Reilly & Britton.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Donkey John of Toy Valley. Morley. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
2. The Boys' Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) \$2.00.
3. Winning His Shoulder Straps. Brainerd. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Flaw in the Sapphire. Snyder. (Metropolitan Press.) \$1.25.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
5. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
6. The Day of Souls. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50 cents.
2. Essays on Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Poets of Ohio. Venable. (Clarke.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lagerlof. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Kipling Stories and Poems. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Little Men. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.20.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
3. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
2. The Crossways. Martin. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Through the Wall. Moffatt. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. Essays on Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUENILES

1. Glenlock Girls. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. Longshore Boys. Stoddard. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. Four Corners Abroad. Blanchard. (Jacobs.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Day of Souls. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Glory of His Country. Landis. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
3. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Essays on Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Promise of American Life. Croly. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
4. Problem of Human Life. Eucken. (Scribner.) \$3.00.

JUENILES

1. Child's Garden of Verse. Stevenson. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Barbour Books. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
2. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
4. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. The Living Mummy. Pratt. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Passion Play. Moses. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. Essays on Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Melting Pot. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

JUENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Pinnocchio. Collodi. (Ginn.) \$1.00.
3. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Happy Hawkins. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Recollections of Lady Cardigan. (Lane.) \$3.50.
3. Vehicles of the Air. Lougheed. (Reilly & Britton.) \$2.50.
4. The Promise of American Life. Croly. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.

JUENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. Phoebe Dean. Lutz. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. The Diamond Master. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Clue. Wells. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Cash Intrigue. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Martin Eden. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Dan Merrithew. Perry. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
5. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. In After Days. Howells and others. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Essays on Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Messenger. Brown. (Scribner.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. A Holiday with the Birds. Marks and Moody. (Harper.) 75 cents.
2. Child's Guide to Biography. Stevenson. (Baker & Taylor.) \$1.25.
3. Handy Book for Girls. Paret. (Harper.) \$1.75.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

3. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
4. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) \$2.50.
2. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Religion and Miracle. Gordon. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know. Stack. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Bunnikins Bunnies in Camp. Davidson. (Houghton Mifflin.) 60 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Ann Veronica. Wells. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.50.
6. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. John the Unafraid. Anon. (McClurg.) \$1.00.
2. Astronomy with the Naked Eye. Serviss. (Harper.) \$1.40.
3. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
4. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. The Danger Trail. Curwood. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
2. The Man Outside. Martin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
2. A Wanderer in London. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
4. The Opera Goer's Guide. Melitz. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Sara Jane. Otis. (Estes.) \$1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Cardillac. Barr. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
4. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Pool of Flame. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Virginia's Attitude Toward Slavery. Munford. (Longmans.) \$2.00.
3. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
4. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
3. The Crossways. Martin. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
4. A Son of the Immortals. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
5. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
2. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
3. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.
4. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Historic Boyhood. Holland. (Jacobs.) \$1.50.
3. Ginger and Pickles. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
4. Sally Bishop. Thurston. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Interrupted Friendship. Voynich. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Life of Sheridan. Sichel. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$7.50.
3. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
4. Viva Mexico. Flandran. (Appleton.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
2. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (FitzGerald.) \$1.20.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Murder Point. Keewatin. (Doran.) \$1.50.
6. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Mosby's Rangers. Williamsons. (Sturgis & Walton.) \$2.50.
2. Pittsburg Survey. Butler. (Charities Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
3. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
4. Homans' Auto Educator. Homans. (Andel.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Scientific American Boy. Bond. (Munn.) \$2.00.
2. Winning His Shoulder Straps. Brainerd. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
3. U. S. Midshipman in China. Stirling. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.

4. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. The Crossways. Martin. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) \$2.50.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Greek Lands and Letters. Allinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.
4. Historical Essays. Rhodes. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.

JUVENILES

1. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. On the Trail of Washington. Hill. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. First at the Pole. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitz-Gerald.) \$1.20.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
5. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
2. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.

3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. The Red House on Rowan Street. Doubleday. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Danger Trail. Curwood. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Day in Court. Wellman. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. Scientific Nutrition. Brown. (Stokes.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. The Man Outside. Martin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. The Seventh Noon. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
5. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Francke. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
2. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.
3. The Person and Place of Jesus Christ. Forsyth. (Pilgrim Press.) \$1.50.
4. Day in Court. Wellman. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Games for Playground, Home and School. Bancroft. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Maida's Little Shop. Gilmore. (Huebsch.) \$1.25.
3. Dorothy Brown. Rhodes. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

THE BOOK MART

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Burt.) 60 cents.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. The Melting Pot. Zangwill. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. Pocket Edition of Meredith. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

JUENILES

1. The Rover Boys. Winfield. (Grossett & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Motor Boys. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. The Boys of Liberty. McKay. 25 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Ann Veronica. Wells. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
2. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
4. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Suitable Child. Duncan. (Revell.) 60c.
3. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Idols. Gayley. (Doubleday, Page.) 50c.
2. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) \$1.75.
3. The Shadow on the Dial. Bierce. (Robertson.) \$2.00.
4. Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) \$1.80.

JUENILES

1. Boy Pioneers. Beard. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Peeps at Many Lands. (Macmillan.) 75c.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. A Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (FitzGerald.) \$1.20.
6. A Son of the Immortals. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) \$1.80.
2. A Day in Court. Wellman. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
3. Rubaiyat of Bridge. Wells. (Harper.) \$1.00.

JUENILES

1. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
2. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
4. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (FitzGerald.) \$1.20.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Passers-By. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
2. The Habitant. Drummond. (Putnam.) \$1.25.
3. The Columbia River. Lyman. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
4. Hayes' Litho Booklets. (Hayes Litho. Co.) 25 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Lettie Lane Paper Families. Young. (Jacobs.) \$1.00.
2. When Mother Lets Us Cook. Johnson. (Moffatt, Yard.) 75 cents.
3. The "Oz" Books. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. White Magic. Phillips. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.
3. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
4. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Mussion.) \$1.25.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) \$1.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Fascinating Mrs. Halton. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

3. The American People. Low. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.25.
4. Cook Book. Farmer. (Little Brown.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Great Sea Horse. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) \$2.00.
2. Nursery Rhymes. Wiedersheim. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Ginger and Pickles. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinchart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Letter from a Father to His Son. Swain. (Yale Pub. Assn.) 35 cents.
2. Bird Guide. Reed. (Reed.) \$1.00.
3. From the Bottom Up. Irvine. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d " "	8
" " 3d " "	7
" " 4th " "	6
" " 5th " "	5
" " 6th " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing list, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.....	193
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....	145
3. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.....	120
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35	98
5. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20	90
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50	79

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH		EAST		SOUTH		WEST AND MIDDLE WEST	
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO		NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BAL- TIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASH- INGTON, AND WORCESTER		ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASH- VILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND		CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVE- LAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO	
NO. LISTS Tower of Ivory..... 9 The Kingdom of Slender Swords..... 8 The House of the Whispering Pines..... 5 White Magic..... 4 The Calling of Dan Matthews 4 The Fortune Hunter..... 4 The Rosary..... 4 Lord Loveland Discovers America..... 3 The Foreigner..... 3 The Furnace of Gold..... 3 Passers-By..... 2 A Girl of the Limberlost... 2 When a Man Marries..... 2 Ann Veronica..... 2		NO. LISTS The House of the Whispering Pines..... 8 Tower of Ivory..... 7 The Rosary..... 7 Lord Loveland Discovers America..... 5 The Kingdom of Slender Swords..... 5 Song of Songs..... 4 Tess of the Storm Country.. 3 Hopalong Cassidy..... 3 The Duke's Price..... 3 Interrupted Friendship..... 2 When a Man Marries..... 2 The Fortune Hunter..... 2 A Girl of the Limberlost.... 2 The Personal Conduct of Belinda..... 2 The Fascinating Mrs. Halton 2 The Red House on Rowan Street..... 2 The Danger Trail..... 2 The Crossways..... 2 White Magic..... 2		NO. LISTS The Kingdom of Slender Swords..... 5 When a Man Marries..... 4 White Magic..... 3 Tower of Ivory..... 3 Bella Donna..... 2		NO. LISTS The Kingdom of Slender Swords..... 8 Tower of Ivory..... 5 The Calling of Dan Matthews 5 The House of the Whispering Pines..... 4 The Fortune Hunter..... 4 Lord Loveland Discovers America..... 4 Tess of the Storm Country.. 3 Song of Songs..... 3 A Certain Rich Man..... 3 When a Man Marries..... 3 The Seventh Noon..... 2 The Day of Souls..... 2 The Duke's Price..... 2	

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH		EAST		SOUTH		WEST AND MIDDLE WEST	
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO		NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER		ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND		CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO	
Glenlock Girls A Holiday with the Birds Captain Chub The Road to Oz Betty Wales & Co.		The Flopsy Bunnies For the Stars and Stripes The Great Sea Horse Nursery Rhymes Old Glory Series		The Sarah Jane Anne of Avonlea Betty Wales & Co.		Donkey John of Toy Valley Kipling Stories Boy Pioneers Double Play Captain Chub	

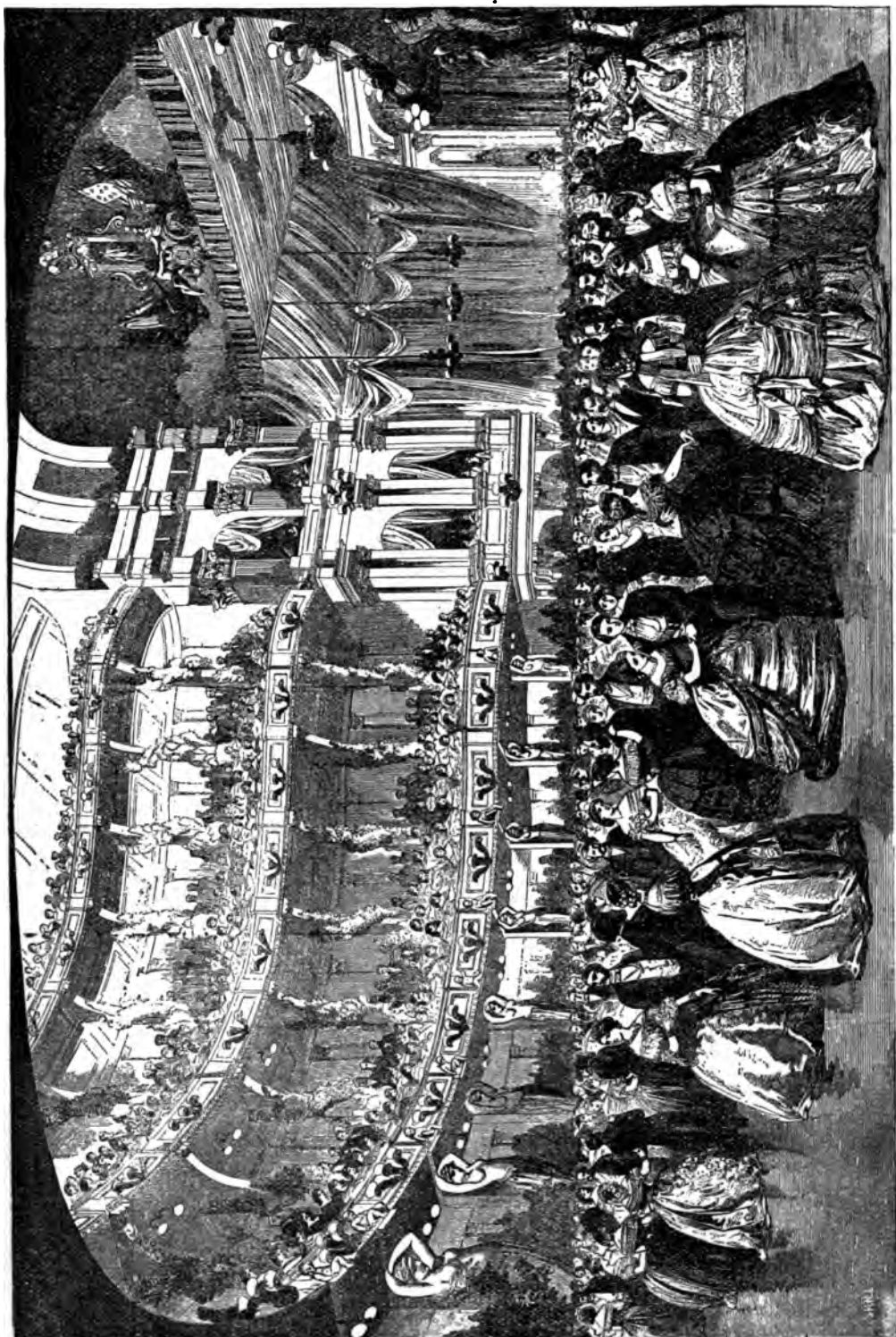
A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH		EAST		SOUTH		WEST AND MIDDLE WEST	
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO		NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER		ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND		CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO	
The Blue Bird The Spirit of America The Spell of Italy John the Unafraid A Wanderer in Paris		The Spirit of America Peace, Power and Plenty An Admiral's Log England and the English Life of Sheridan		The Human Way A Wanderer in Paris An Admiral's Log Why Worry? The Opera Goers' Guide		The Blue Bird Idols John the Unafraid Imagination in Business The Spirit of America	



LONDON "PUNCH" CONGRATULATES MARK TWAIN ON HIS OXFORD HONOURS



THE BALL TO THE PRINCE AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC

From a copy of the "London Illustrated News" of the period

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXXI

JUNE, 1910

No. 4

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Hardly had he been laid away beneath the sod before the voice of petty hostility became audible.

"Nil Nisi Bonum"

"Have you noticed," whispers Mr. Snigger, "how insistently his publishers are emphasising a recent decision by the courts about the ownership of letters written by celebrated persons? This decision vests the right of publication of such letters in the man himself when living, and in his heirs when deceased, and explicitly says that all others, even the people to whom the letters are written, are debarred from publishing them, except by consent of the executors. Why should the publishers be iterating and reiterating? I tell you, my dear sir, there are reasons. There are letters that he did not want published, and that his executors don't want published now; letters that would show him in a very different light. Did you ever hear, for example"—and Mr. Snigger goes on to give all the details of the probably apocryphal yarn. With it we have no serious concern. You will hear it very likely. You certainly will if Mr. Snigger buttonholes you. Before you give it credence, take down from the shelf the old, and (we hope) well-thumbed volume, and reread Thackeray's noble paper, written after the deaths of Irving and Macaulay, entitled "Nil Nisi Bonum."

The will of the late Samuel Langhorne Clemens was filed for probate in Redding, Connecticut, on May 3d. The home of the writer was valued at thirty thousand dollars, and his other property, exclusive of the literary assets, of which no estimate was

made, amounted to about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This, as Anthony Trollope said of his own literary earnings, is respectable, but not magnificent. Charles Dickens, for example, left at his death an estate valued at more than a hundred thousand pounds.

The death of King Edward VII has naturally called up a host of memories, some of which relate to his visit to this country in 1860 when he was Prince of Wales, and

In 1860

was only in his nineteenth year. He had first travelled in Canada, but on the invitation of President Buchanan he came to the United States *incognito* under the name of Lord Renfrew. It is most likely that the youth, who was then rather stout and phlegmatic, was most tremendously bored, for we were then at the acme of our national crudity. We had really nothing to show a foreigner—no fine buildings, no works of art, no parks, and not even any theatres that were of much consequence. Therefore, the unlucky Prince was escorted to jails and poor-houses and blind asylums, and in New York it was felt that he must have been very much impressed when he was taken for a drive to Greenwood Cemetery. Peter Cooper and some middle-aged merchants of the town got up a ball and reception for him in the old Academy of Music; and although the scaffoldings broke down and a number of people were pitched into the midst of things, the New York papers of the next morning rather guessed that his Royal Highness had never seen anything quite so magnificent before. Nobody had paid the slightest attention to his *incognito*, and probab'y

very few Americans at that time understood what an *incognito* really means. There were some awful moments for the Prince, as, for example, when he was taken to a home for orphans, the superintendent of which gathered his flock in a large hall and then grouped the Prince and his suite on the stage. No one knew exactly what was going to happen until the superintendent leaped on the scaffolding carrying in his hand a long blackboard pointer. "Now, children," said he, "this is Albert Ed'ard, Prince of Wales!" and with his blackboard pointer he was about to poke the Prince very much as he would have poked a woolly horse, or any other curiosity. Lord Grey, who was in charge of "Albert Ed'ard," hastily intervened and averted the indignity.

The Prince happened to be in Philadelphia on election day—the most momentous election day of our history—when Lincoln, Douglas, Breckinridge and Bell were splitting the old parties into slivers. Excitement ran very high from the moment when the polls were opened. As evening came on, the streets around the Continental Hotel afforded a scene which might have been most easily paralleled in Paris during the Reign of Terror. Men, women and children shrieked, yelled and howled. Wild horns were blown. Rude torches flamed and flared as far as the eye could see. A hundred brass bands tortured the ear, while guns and pistols were discharged a dozen times a minute. The Prince had never seen anything like this before. He lost his nerve, and rushing to Lord Grey he cried out: "This is a revolution! Let us get away as fast as possible." He was quieted to some extent; but he sat up until after midnight, and it was later still when he fell asleep. His astonishment was great when morning came and Philadelphia was more than ever the Quaker City—streets empty, and only a few shopmen going about on their ordinary vocations. The Prince had learned just a little concerning the nature of an American election.

In Washington the Prince and his attendants were entertained by President

Buchanan at the White House. He was not entirely easy to control. A great display of fireworks was arranged on the White House lawn, but a drizzling rain set in, which spoiled the effect completely. Had he been older and more tactful he would have watched the sputtering "pieces"; but at nineteen he was enough of a boy to refuse to go out upon the balcony at all. He really did enjoy going about with Miss Harriet Lane, the President's niece. With her he visited a boarding-school for young ladies, and there he was innocently diverted by rolling nine-pins with the pretty girls. There are many legends about what he did in Canada, but these legends are best left for Canadians to tell.

Mr. Alfred Austen, the English Poet Laureate, has written "The Truce of God" with the subtitle "The Truce of God" "A King's Bequest" on the occasion of King Edward's death. "The Truce of God" is quite harmless.

What darkness deep as wintry gloom
O'ershadows joyous spring?
In vain the vernal orchards bloom,
Vainly the woodlands sing.
'Round royal shroud
A mournful crowd
Is all now left of one but yesterday a King.

Thrones have there been of hateful fame,
Reared upon wanton war;
He we have lost still linked his name
With peace at home, afar.
For peace he wrought,
His constant thought
Being how to shield his realm against
strife's baleful star.

So let us now all seek to wrest.
From fateful feuds release
And, mindful of his wise bequest,
From factious clamours cease;
Treading the path he trod,
The sacred truths of God,
The path that points and leads to patriotic
peace.

We are waiting to hear from Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

There has just come to our attention a pamphlet containing the nominations for directors of the Harvard University Alumni Association. Some of the names are very familiar to us, but there are other names of which we have never heard. We have no doubt, however, that they belong to very estimable gentlemen, who move in the very best social circles of the Back Bay and march, no doubt, in the ranks of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery when that august body proceeds to the Parker House. That these gentlemen are highly appreciated in some quarters is evident from the glowing terms in which the pamphlet sets forth their "special qualifications." With one exception every candidate receives from two to five lines of eulogy. The exception is rather curtly dismissed with the words that his special qualifications are "efficient and valuable services as overseer during a previous term." The neglected one is "Theodore Roosevelt, of Oyster Bay, N. Y., Class of 1880." We think we have heard of him before.

We wonder how many of our readers are conscious of the comparatively little change in the personnel of the really successful novelists during the past ten, or at least the past six or seven, years. We wonder if the time is not near for a general appearance of new blood such as took place about the year 1900. The decade preceding that time was one of evolution. In the beginning we were clinging sedately to the old names and traditions. Then came the years of enthusiasms for single books, names and schools. First it was George Du Maurier's *Trilby*. That book sold widely, and, moreover, the sale of a single copy of *Trilby* had more significance than the sale of five copies of a book seven years later. Then followed Anthony Hope's *The Prisoner of Zenda*; and the Kailyard School, of which the late Ian Maclaren was the chief ornament; and then the furious vogue, half genuine and half affected, we think, of Rudyard Kipling. The country awoke to the call of fiction, fame and finance, a thousand—

nay, a hundred thousand pens leaped to action, and the deluge came.

Now that was a full ten years ago, and yet the names which then sprang into note have endured to an astonishing degree. While these paragraphs are being written we have not yet seen the lists that will go to make up the summary in the last page of this issue, yet we have no hesitation in predicting that Mr. Winston Churchill's *A Modern Chronicle* will be occupying the most conspicuous place. Ten years ago Mr. Churchill had just slipped into the first rank of popularity with *Richard Carvel*. Ten years ago Mr. Stewart Edward White first won the position in his individual field that he holds to-day. Ten years ago Mr. George Barr McCutcheon became a "best seller." Mr. Richard Harding Davis, of a slightly earlier promotion, and Mr. Booth Tarkington, have apparently deserted the novel for the play, but the chances are that they could have their places in the old field for the asking. John Fox Jr., Thomas Nelson Page, Jack London, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Gertrude Atherton, Owen Wister, Ellen Glasgow, Mrs. Burnett, Robert W. Chambers—these remain the undisputed leaders among our popular story-tellers. On the other hand, of the new men and women there are very few who promise more than an ephemeral popularity. From England we have had Mr. De Morgan and William J. Locke. Yet it is the latter's American success only that is of recent date. In the field of the American short story there have been countless innovations. With the novel, methods have in a measure changed, but not the men. It is time for the new school, and we await it curiously.

There are five elements in the spirit of America, according to Professor Henry Van Dyke. They are "Healthy Optimism" "the instinct of self-reliance, the love of fair play, the energetic will, the desire of order, the ambition of self-development." His lectures on these and on several "temperamental traits," such as our profoundly religious instinct, our sense of humour, and our love of nature, delivered on the Hyde Founda-

and at the University of Paris in 1908-9, have been recently published in English under the title of *The Spirit of America*, the French translation *Le Génie de l'Amérique* having already appeared. There follows a list of the following passage in the introduction:

France and America must know each other better. They must learn to look each into the other's mind to read each the other's heart. They must recognize each other less by their forces and more by their faiths, less by the factors of national weakness and more by the elements of national strength. Then, indeed, I hope and believe they will be good and faithful friends.

An lecturer they must have been admirable. Professor Van Dyke is always admirable on the platform, well-poised, genial, reassuring, full of crowd-sense, never too fast or too slow for the general wish. Those French audiences must surely have left his amiable presence with much better feelings toward America than they had before. But that object having been attained, there the matter should have ended, for while it is desirable that France should feel more pleasantly toward us, it is not desirable that we should feel more pleasantly toward ourselves. It is carrying coals to Newcastle. Of course the country does, as Hannibal Chollup said, like to be "cracked up"; but can any patriot honestly say he does not hear enough of it? Not that Professor Van Dyke is a coarse flatterer of the Chollup type. There is no buncombe in the *Spirit of America*, but only that more elusive kind of humbug which with a show of casting up the good and bad brings out the predetermined balance always in favour of his countrymen. It shows how easily the foreign critic may be dodged. If he condemns the country as young and raw, you point to the antiquity of its European antecedents. If he says its art and literature are meagre, you date the country's birth from the landing at Jamestown.

For example, as against Dickens, Mrs. Trollope and other jaundiced observers who twitted us on our youth, Professor

Van Dyke cites Crèvecoeur on our antiquity—

"What, then, is the American," he asks, "this new man? He is either a European or the descendant of a European, hence that strange mixture of blood which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have now wives of four different nations. . . . Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men whose labours and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigour and industry which began long since in the East. They will finish the great circle."

This is the language of compliment, of course. It is the saying of a very polite prophet, and even in prophecy one is inclined to like pleasant manners. Yet that is not the reason why it seems to Americans to come much nearer to the truth than Dr. Johnson's remarks, or Charles Dickens's *American Notes*, or Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans*. It is because the Frenchman has been clear-sighted enough to recognise that the Americans started out in life with an inheritance of civilised ideals, manners, aptitudes and powers, and that these did not all come from one stock, but were assembled from several storehouses. This fact, as I have said before, is fundamental to a right understanding of American character and history.

But if anybody says our literature has been of slow growth, let him remember how short a time it was between the savage whoops of the Pilgrim Fathers and the polished writings of Washington Irving.

If you ask me why a native literature has been so slow to begin in America, I answer, first, that it has not been slow at all. Compared with other races, the Americans have been rather less slow than the average in seeking literary self-expression in literary form and in producing books which have survived the generation which produced them.

How long was it, for example, before the Hebrews began to create a literature? A definite answer to this question would bring us

into trouble with the theologians. But at least we may say that from the beginning of the Hebrew Commonwealth to the time of the prophet Samuel there were three centuries and a half without literature.

How long did Rome exist before its literary activities began? Of course we do not know what books may have perished. But the first Romans who have kept a place in literature were Nævius and Ennius, who began to write more than five hundred years after the city was founded.

Compared with these long periods of silence, the two hundred years between the settlement of America and the appearance of Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper seems but a short time.

And Rome, when you come to think of it, started with a she-wolf, while we had only a Puritan.

The same publishers, the Macmillan Company, who issue Professor Van Dyke's *Spirit of America* have given us another book on America by an American of a totally different type. Mr. Herbert Croly in his *Promise of American Life* is not trying to ingratiate himself with any country or any class. He is merely trying to think out for himself the answers to the many questions of tendency that occur to us even while we drift. It is a most conscientious and thoughtful study of the American social and political characteristics, aims and tendencies, as compared with those of the past and with those of foreign countries. Many years were spent in its preparation and six years were passed in the actual writing. It covers a very wide range and the results of his labours are so tightly packed that it is not easy reading. Hence it will be slow in gaining the recognition it deserves. Many reviewers have been quite nonplussed by it, and not knowing what to say, have taken refuge in those smooth, non-committal formulas which are as applicable to one book as to another. The *Chicago Dial* reviewer found himself in this predicament; so did a commentator for the *North American Review*. Each had to hide his head in the sand. It is

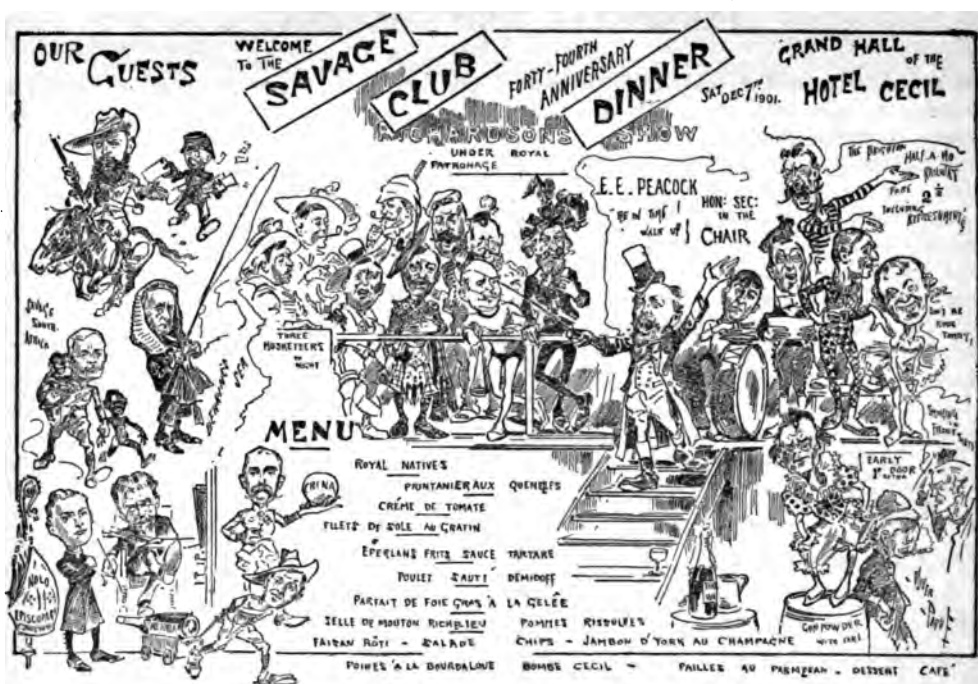
cruel to assign a book like this to these feathertops. It simply fells them to the earth. However, the *Promise of American Life* has already found its way to some of the persons for whom it was intended and by them it is generally recognised, despite its manifest faults and eccentricities, as the most remarkable book on this subject that has appeared since Bryce's *American Commonwealth*. If it lacks the foreigner's perspective, it displays an intimacy which the foreigner cannot attain, and it differs from its predecessors in that it has a direct application to the most important questions now under discussion. A critical discussion of the book must be left to the future reviewer, but whatever he may say as to the soundness of its arguments, he can hardly deny that it is an honest, independent and stimulating attempt to find in our chaotic, momentary concerns the forces or principles that give them a meaning.

The following anecdote which we heard the other day may or may not be new, but it is worth recording. A year or two before the appearance of *Trilby*, George Du Maurier, then known chiefly by reason of his work in *Punch*, went on a lecturing tour in the north of England. One evening he chaffed the English on the score of British contempt for all who were unlucky enough to be foreigners. After the lecture a young lady present was asked what she thought of Mr. Du Maurier. "Oh," she replied in naïve confirmation, "he is delightful, but what a pity he is a Frenchman."

We present the menu drawn by Starr Wood on the recent occasion when E. Phillips Oppenheim occupied the chair at the dinner of the Savage Club of London. The card depicts the Savages endeavouring to pull aboard their frail craft the captive Oppenheim, who is represented as an octopus with his many arms busy writing novels and playing golf, while fishes bearing the names of Mr. Oppenheim's many books are hovering around the net. In

George
Du Maurier

A Savage
Menu



• List Entertainers

BOND ANDERSON.
W. L. BARRETT.
A. H. BARRAND.
FRANK BARRERAY.
CHARLES BERTHAM.
F. MCNEESWRIGHT.
FRANKLIN CHIVS.
CHARLES COLLETTES.
W. H. DENNY.
G. FITZGIBBON, JUN.
C. ROBERT GORDON.
RICHARD GREEN.
BERNARD GRIBBS.
ROBERT GROOMS.
ROBB HARDWOOD.
WALTER HEDGECOCKS.
DALGETY HENDERSON.
A. M. JAMES.
JOHN W. JIMESY.
LOVETT KING.
ALFRED KINGSTON.
W. G. GORDON LEE.
J. H. HARRITT.
WILLIAM NICOL.
E. J. ODBY.
ARTHUR OSWALD.
W. B. PARKIN.
HENRY PERCY.
COURTNEY POWERS.
DOUGLAS POWELL.
HENRY PYATT.
JOHN RADWIPPE.
EDWARD RICHMOND.
A. R. ROSS.
TEMPERLEY SKEES.
WALTER SLAUGHTER.
HERBERT THORNDIKE.
W. H. VERNON.
OSWALD TONKS.



1. H.M. THE QUEEN

By The Chair

2. THE PRINCE & PRINCESS OF WALES & ROYAL FAMILY

By The Chair

3. H.M. FORCES

Responded to by

By The Chair

ADMIRAL A. STEWART VC, KCB

SIR R. THACKERAY VC, KCB

4. THE SAVAGE CLUB

Responded to by

By LORD MONKEWELL.

5. THE VISITORS

Responded to by

By A. GORDON SALAMON

6. THE CHAIRMAN

Responded to by

By LORD REAY

By CHARLES COLLETTES.

OLD MENUS OF THE SAVAGE CLUB

London's Literary Clubland the Savage, occupying a spacious home in Adelphi Terrace, holds a conspicuous place. Like *Punch*, the organisation started in a tavern bar. It was in the fifties; the tavern was the White Hart, in Catherine Street, Strand, and among the early members were the Broughs, the Mayhews, George Augustus Sala, Planché and Andrew Halladay. It was from the Savage that Artemus Ward went out to prove the credulity of the Londoner, and did so by

An interesting light on George Eliot is found in Oscar Browning's *Memories of Oscar Browning's* *Sixty Years*. Mr. Browning, it will be remembered, wrote a *Life of George Eliot*, which appeared in 1890. At the novelist's Sunday-at-homes at her London house the company was nearly always the same, consisting of Professor Beesley, Herbert Spencer and Madame Bodichon. George Eliot usually sat in an armchair on the



PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM IN THE CHAIR

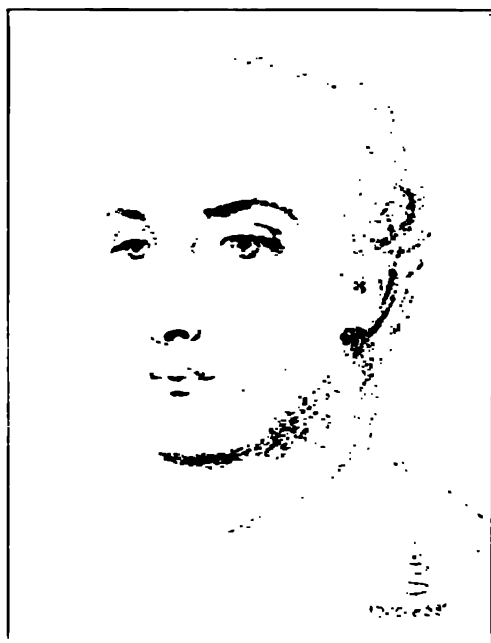
making an astonished waiter and the proprietor and the guests at a restaurant believe that he had eaten the oyster shells as well as the oysters he had ordered. Another famous Savage yarn is the story of how E. A. Sothorn attended the wedding of the late king. "Dundreary," finding the crowd between him and the doorway, bribed a policeman to put handcuffs on him and to drag him through the mass. The plan worked perfectly, except that the policeman forgot to take off the handcuffs, much to Sothorn's subsequent discomfort.

left-hand side of the fireplace, while George Lewes moved about and handed tea. The conversation was seldom general. George Eliot approached her duties as hostess and directress of the salon with a serious feeling of responsibility, and she always gave of her best. She usually conversed with only one person at a time; then that person moved on to make room for some one else.

Before the writing table in George Eliot's working room was a bust of the Melian Asclepius, a piece of sculpture

from the same island which produced the Melian Aphrodite. George Eliot told Mr. Browning that before she began to write she always read a portion of Homer in the original Greek to take her away from the spirit of the modern world. Once Mr. Browning was asked to decide the difficult question between the novelist and Lewes as to whether she ought to declare herself a positivist. Lewes urged this course strongly, but George Eliot objected on the ground that it would weaken her influence with many who read and loved her books.

In his memories of Tennyson Mr. Browning speaks of a time when the late Laureate had no admiration for Swinburne, and Tennyson on Swinburne professed disgust at what he considered to be the immoral character of the latter's work. Tennyson's own poem of "Lucretius" was written to show how an indelicate subject might be treated delicately, and as he was reading it to Mr. Browning he



OSCAR BROWNING AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-EIGHT

exclaimed: "What a mess little Swinburne would have made of this!"

While the subject of tipping is being discussed very widely nowadays, we think that most of our readers have forgotten the origin of the word. Frederick W. Hackwood recalls it in *Inns, Ales and Drinking Customs of Old England*, which has just come from the press of the Sturgis and Walton Company. The origin of the custom is said to be traceable to the practice in old coaching inns of having a money-box displayed on the sideboard of the chief guest room for customers to drop in their gratuities intended for the servants. This box was labelled "To Insure Promptitude," the initials of these three words being always painted in large capitals and forming the word TIP.

In his chapter on the mediæval inn, Mr. Hackwood recalls that a number of leading incidents in Goldsmith's comedy *She Stoops to Conquer* hinge on the mistaking Squire Hardcastle's country residence for a public inn. Young Marlow,



LAWRENCE DUDLEY, THE AUTHOR OF "THE ISLE OF WHISPERS"



ALFRED NOYES, THE AUTHOR OF "DRAKE"

on his way to pay a first visit to his affianced but unknown ladylove, Miss Hardcastle, is purposely and mischievously sent to the house by her clownish half-brother, Tony Lumpkin, under the impression it is an inn, dubbed for the nonce "The Buck's Head." Now, as young Marlow is exceedingly bashful in the presence of ladies, but by no means so with chambermaids, the fun of the play arises when Miss Hardcastle, made aware of her lover's mistake as to the identity of the house, pretends to be a chambermaid, and thus "stoops to conquer."

The inns described by Fielding and Smollett, Mr. Hackwood tells us, passed away very soon after these writers. With the advent of fast coaches, landlords and landladies became more exclusive and despised vulgar company. The traveller on foot was received coldly. Mr. Hackwood speaks of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* as "that reliable mirror of eighteenth century life." Mr. Henry James has dubbed it "the spoiled child of

our literature," and we are inclined to agree with Mr. James. That, however, has nothing whatever to do with the subject. It is enough to point out that in the story we find all the characters who have occasion to travel abroad resorting to inns for rest and refreshment as a matter of course. On one occasion the good vicar does not hesitate to enter an ale house of a troupe of strolling players; while on another he and a brother of the cloth adjourned to an inn, as the most natural thing in the world, to discuss orthodoxy and other high matters over a social drink.

A book which, while nothing very astonishing in itself, should have a good and permanent sale and is entitled to a place in the average ready-reference library, is *Stories of Authors*, by Professor Edwin Watts Chubb, of the Ohio University. In his preface



MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS, THE AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF TREBOUL"

Professor Chubb says that he likes Macaulay none the less because his cocksureness and loquacity came dangerously near to making him a bore; nor is his enjoyment of Tennyson's verse in the least spoiled by the fact that the late Laureate acted like a yokel when the newly married Müllers entertained him at breakfast. In this spirit he has turned to the compiling of his book, acknowledging freely his indebtedness to the sources from which he has drawn his material. Some indication of what the volume is may be had from a glance at the table of contents. "Byron as Swimmer and Feaster," "Burns Falls in Love," "Shelley as a Freshman," "Leigh Hunt's Business Ability," "Kipling in India." These are some of the chapter headings. To us the best part of the book deals with the American authors. For example, here is an anecdote about Eugene Field and Carl Schurz which we do not remember having read in Slason Thompson's *Life of Field*:

When Carl Schurz was making his senatorial campaign in Missouri, Field was sent with the party to report the meetings. Field, although greatly admiring Schurz, took great



EDWIN WATTS CHUBB

delight in misreporting Schurz, whose only comment would be: "Field, why will you lie so outrageously?" One evening when a group of German serenaders had assembled in front of the hotel to do honour to Schurz, Field rushed out, and pretending to be Schurz, addressed them in broken English. At another time, at a political meeting, Field suddenly stepped out to the front and began:

"Ladies and Shentlemen: I haf such a pad colt dot et vas not bossible for me to make you a speedg to-night, but I haf die bleasure to introduce to you my brilliant chour-nalistic friendt Euchene Fieft, who will spoke you in my blace."

Professor Chubb tells a good deal about Thoreau's house in the woods by Walden Pond. This house, when finished, was ten feet wide and 15 feet long. The exact cost was twenty-eight dollars twelve and one-half cents. In *Walden*, Thoreau gave an account of what his food cost him during the eight months from July 4, 1845, to March 1, 1846. Here is the list:

Rice	\$1.73½
Molasses	1.73
Rye meal	1.04¾



ELIZABETH DEJEANS, THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEART OF DESIRE"



JUDGE BEN LINDSEY, AUTHOR OF "THE BEAST"

Indian meal99¾
Pork22
Flour88
Sugar80
Lard65
Apples25
Dried apple.....	.22
Sweet potatoes10
One pumpkin06
One watermelon02
Salt03

In the chapter "George Eliot Becomes a Writer of Fiction," Professor Chubb quotes from George Eliot's "Journal" about her earnings from her best-known novels. For *Adam Bede* her publishers offered her £800 for the copyright for four years; later they added £400, and still later Blackwoods, finding a ready sale for their numerous editions, proposed to pay £800 above the original price. And for the appearance of *Romola* in the *Cornhill Magazine*, Mr. George Smith offered £10,000, but £7,000 was accepted. For *Middlemarch*, which

appeared in separate publication, that is, independent of a magazine, she received a still larger amount.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is the subject of an article by M. Firmin Roz in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The author places her among the greatest English women novelists, classing her with the Brontës and George Eliot. He finds that she expresses all the best that exists in English society to-day; that there are few novels more thoroughly English, few more lifelike representations of the English aristocracy than are contained in *Lady Rose's Daughter*.

On the other hand, Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale, in his *Essays on Modern Novelists*, is by no means so gracious to the Englishwoman. He has no patience with the roar of approval that greets the publication of every new novel from her active pen, and thinks that it is high time somebody spoke his mind out. He finds Mrs. Ward totally lacking in the



WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



THE LATE PROFESSOR MORGAN

one almost fundamental quality of the great novelist—a keen sense of humour. Her books, he says, are devoid of charm, and are marked by a monotonous sameness. There are no “supreme moments,” no “great dramatic situations.” Professor Phelps finds the only explanation of the enormous vogue of her novels, in view of their mediocrity, in the fact that she is absolutely respectable and safe.

The death of Professor Morris Hicky Morgan, Professor of Classical Philology at Harvard, has removed from American university life a very interesting figure. Professor Morgan was not well known except by those who pursued the study of the classics. He was not intimately known except to the few friends of his own choosing. It must be said that if he had had to select any classical motto as his own, it would have been the well-known line of Horace—

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo,

for this pretty fairly represents Professor Morgan's attitude toward the generality. Once upon a time he was asked: “Why don't you attend the meetings of the American Philological Association oftener?” And he is said to have answered: “Because when I do, I have to meet so many persons who wear black trousers.” Nevertheless, though he was known by many for his “superb disdain” rather than for his really sound and suggestive scholarship, his was an admirable influence. He did his best to discourage superficial work, and especially what used to be called “the literary method of studying the classics.” This was not to

say that the classics should not best be studied according to the standards of literature, or that their chief value is not a literary one. It was rather a well-deserved thrust at those who smattered Greek and Latin without really knowing them and without knowing anything about the literatures which have sprung from them. The American Book Company has just gathered together some of Professor Morgan's talks and lectures, and has published them under the title of *Addresses and Essays*. There are two papers in this book which ought to be read by every one who is interested in education. The first concerns the classical student, and the second the classical teacher of to-day. In the second, Professor Morgan has well hit off the superficial “literary method.” He gives it in a sentence: “Some one reads a little Greek, and then everybody else present says ‘That is *fine!*’” We fancy that this has an application which extends much further than the classics. It might be pondered by literary societies and Browning clubs all over the English-speaking world. In foreign countries they do things more thoroughly.

In response to a number of requests we have arranged for a paper on Kate Douglas Wiggin in the **A Small Tintype** Representative American Story Tellers Series. In connection with this announcement we reproduce the accompanying portrait of Mrs. Riggs taken in childhood. The picture, which has never before been reproduced, might be that of the psychological and literary mother of Rebecca.

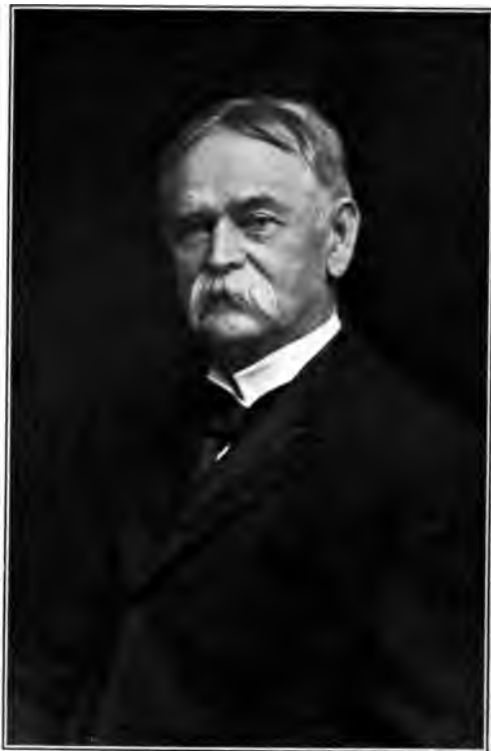
There is no indiscretion in publishing the fact that “John Steventon,” the



KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN IN CHILDHOOD

author of *The Hermit of Capri*, recently published by the Messrs. Harper, is John S. Tarkington, the father of Newton Booth Tarkington. At first no announcement was made of the relationship by the publishers, but if there ever was any secret in the matter, it was a secret *de Polichinelle*. There has been prevalent, however, an impression that *The Hermit of Capri* represents "John Steventon's" first literary work. In reality he has been a contributor to the magazines for many years.

In view of the widespread attention which Robert Herrick's forthcoming volume, *A Life for a Life*—his first novel since the appearance of his much discussed *Together*—is bound to attract, it is interest-



JOHN STEVENTON



DAVID POTTER, U. S. N.

* David Potter, whose novel "The Eleventh Hour" has just been published, belongs to what may be called the Princeton school of fiction, which includes James Barnes, '91; Jesse Lynch Williams, '92; Booth Tarkington, '93; and Burton E. Stevenson, '94. Mr. Potter was graduated with the class of 1896. At the university he was Class Historian and the editor of the "Nassau Literary Magazine."

ing to know something of what this exceptionally reticent author thinks about his art in general and of his latest work in particular. It is quite true, as he wrote, not many months ago, that he has done as little lecturing and public talking as he could about novel writing—"after all," he added, "it is the performance that counts, absolutely the only thing that really counts, so I shall go on performing in my own way, experimenting and working out the line of growth that is destined for me." That this line of growth has undergone a radical change is not only apparent in Mr. Herrick's later works, but is also frankly acknowledged by him. For his earlier methods, he lays the responsibility upon Harvard College, where he was educated, and upon the atmosphere of Cambridge, in which he lived until he was twenty-six.

There I acquired my first ideals of literature. Flaubert and De Maupassant were in the air; and when I first began to write, I was dominated by the French ideal of art, re-



ROBERT HERRICK

enforced possibly by certain Gallic traits in my own temperament—not an uncommon thing in the New England stock. Gradually, during the last ten years, as I have written my novels, I have come to repudiate quite fully those French ideals, at least so far as the novel form is concerned. The restricted scope of the *Madame Bovary* type of art seems to me not at all characteristic of our race, and I now regard the French influence upon American novelists—largely at second hand—as distinctly deplorable.

This change of belief Mr. Herrick rightly believes begins to be apparent in *The Memoirs of an American Citizen*, and becomes still more obvious in *To-*

gether. The distinctive quality of the novel as a literary form is in his opinion its epic and panoramic possibilities and, “the form becomes puerile in the hands of American and English imitators of the French school.” It is interesting to know in regard to *Together* that “what the ignorant reviewer calls the formlessness of that crowded canvas is a more or less deliberate attempt to return to the larger, more fluid form of the novel as developed by the great English and Russian writers.

It is always interesting and often enlightening to learn what novelists and more especially those classed among the realists have to say upon the vexed question of realism *vs.* romanticism. The

late Frank Norris once wrote in a burst of confidence, "I am free to confess that I believe—if I have any beliefs at all as to literature—that naturalism is really romanticism, and that *MacTeague* is after all a romantic story. Mr. Herrick, in somewhat different phrasing, expresses an analogous belief when he says: "I have at last come to feel that there is, philosophically speaking, no such thing as true realism in art." And as for so-called romance, "That of our day seems to me beneath contempt, an insincere imitation of a spirit that was once beautiful and vital, but is no longer ours." And he goes on to formulate in a tentative way a new basis of technique for the modern novel:

Is there not something neither realistic nor romantic—accepting these terms, which are as vague as they are necessary—something which is based upon the facts and phenomena of life as realised by intelligent, full-grown men and women, and yet which look beyond the mere facts and phenomena to the deeper lines of permanent truth and permanent spirit? Something which would use phenomena as the changing symbols of life—and use them accurately—but which would have vitality and beauty and permanency of value? I think so—and I believe this is the literary art for interpretation of American life.

Mr. Herrick thinks that his meaning has been made clear in his new novel, *A Life for a Life*. While in the heat of composition, he could still say of it, "Just how far I can escape from the necessity of place and circumstance, just how far I can make characters convincing and moving without realistic detail I do not know yet—but I shall go far in this new book in the attempt. It will be concerned with the most actual, pressing life of to-day, man's life, men's lives, as lived this last twenty years. But it will have the least possible element of circumstance and journalistic detail."

It becomes an interesting question to learn to what extent Mr. Herrick's readers will agree with him regarding his elimination of place and circumstance in *A Life for a Life*. To be sure, he mentions nowhere in the volume the specific name of his stage setting. It is always

merely the City, the "vast resounding gleaming City," the "great City of men." And yet in such a paragraph as that which follows—a paragraph typical of the book's tone and atmosphere, the author might in vain have given his City any name in the *Gazetteer*, there could be but one name present in the minds of his readers, just as there must have been but one spot on earth present in Mr. Herrick's thoughts as he wrote.

He found himself somehow upon a lofty bridge, swung by spidery threads of steel, above an immense void. Men and women in rough garments, with pale, set faces, with bent heads—not in groups of ones and twos and threes, but in a solid mass—flowed outward from the City, like the tide beneath the bridge, drawn outward to the sea. Beneath was a void, above, where the shadowy strands faded into the dark, a void; beyond, the City, and behind, the City. And steadily, incessantly, here on the great causeway, this tide of human atoms—a black tide flowing outward! It was the tide of labour, ebbing now, the day's work done, seeking repose, to be sucked back, on the morrow, into the City.

And as for Mr. Herrick's success in avoiding realistic details, the following characteristic passage gives some food for thought:

When the shriek sounded, all became confusion in the lighted loft. . . . This loft was crossed with a network of gears and belting that ran to machines clamped upon the benches before the windows. Each one of these machines was a bundle of long, sharp, steel needles fixed to an iron arm. The savage teeth were still, for the power had been shut off. Soft white fabrics were spread on the long table in the centre of the room, and bundles of cloth lay upon the floor. In spite of the confusion, Hugh perceived at once a girl lying on a pile of these cut pieces, her arms and legs twitching convulsively. The shrieks had softened to one moaning cry:

"Don't let 'em cut it off! Don't let 'em cut it off!"

"What's the matter?" Hugh demanded of a large, apathetic girl, who was staring at the moaning figure.

"She's got sewed up," the girl replied, jerking her head toward the figure on the floor.

"In the machine?"

"Yep; they go awful fast. If you don't look out, you're caught. She's green at it, and it took her hand and arm. So!"

She demonstrated the accident upon her own plump, sleeveless arm. . . . "Awful, ain't it? I hope they'll dope her quick."

The *Atlantic Monthly* has been for years past the only American magazine on which we could surely count for criticism of the American newspaper. **The "Atlantic's" Muckrake**

A long series of these critical articles, every one of which was worth reading, reached a climax in a slashing paper in the March number by Professor E. A. Ross, the fighting sociologist. Nothing happened in April, but in the May issue a mild-mannered newspaper man comes back at the critics in what seems to us a rather lame reply. Professor Ross had argued for endowment. Having cited many instances to prove that newspapers suppressed or coloured the news and that the private interests of their proprietors were opposed to the interests of the public, he declared that what is needed is "a broad new avenue to the public mind." He admits that under present conditions a really useful, honest and intelligent newspaper would not pay as well as the other kind.

The editor who turns away bad advertising or defies his big patrons cannot lay his copy on the subscriber's doorstep for as little money as the editor who purveys publicity for all it is worth.

* * * * *

To conclude that the people are not able to recognise and pay for the truth about current happenings simply puts the dissemination of news in a class with other momentous social services. Because people fail to recognise and pay for good books, endowed libraries stud the land. Because they fail to recognise and pay for good instruction, education is provided free or at part cost. Just as the moment came when it was seen that private schools, loan libraries, commercial parks, baths, gymnasias, athletic grounds and playgrounds would not answer, so the moment is here for recognising that the commercial news-medium does not adequately meet the needs of democratic citizenship.

So he advocates an endowed newspaper whose control should be perpetuated—

by letting vacancies on the governing board be filled in turn by the local bar association, the medical association, the ministers' union, the degree-granting faculties, the federated teachers, the central labor union, the chamber of commerce, the associated charities, the public libraries, the non-partisan citizens' associations, the improvement leagues and the social settlements.

We confess we do not see why wisdom should flow from this combination of central bodies, unions, associations, and other civic bundles. But the main point seems to be that by this method or by drawing lots or by choosing the seventh son of a seventh son, or by strawberry marks, albinism, thumb-prints, facial angles or other simple signs, as wise men might be chosen as most of those at present in control, and this no thoughtful newspaper reader is likely to deny. And there would be this advantage, that although the endowed editors might in common with mankind generally find it hard to tell the truth, they would at least have no pecuniary object to gain by not telling it. That is the conclusion at which Professor Ross directly drives and toward which all these articles in the *Atlantic* have been tending. They have illustrated the decline of newspapers in political influence. They have shown how corporate interests have swallowed up the individuality of editors and they have traced the influence of the business office in the letters of correspondents, and in every column of the news. They have asked the newspaper man if he could at present be honest, and he has written at length, anonymously, of course, to prove that he could not. They have taken note of the honourable exception among newspapers, but as the jewel in the toad's head. They have piled up instance on instance of lying, hypocrisy, cowardice, brutality, corruption, treachery, and feebleness of mind. Altogether this series of articles, as we look back upon them, have expressed adequately the emotions in which an increasing class of newspaper readers privately indulge.

The answer of the practical newspaper man in the May number is, like that of the saloon-keeper, that the public is getting what it wants. And "reforms will have to be made from the inside, if they are to be of any use at all"—

These are times when everybody is reforming everybody else; but a newspaper reformed by its readers or by a self-elected committee of college professors is something which my imagination fails to grasp.

* * * * *

There is much to reform and it is hard to see how to go about it. The condition is a moral one, and any improvement, to be effective, must be achieved, not by means of public agitation, or even by legislation, but through the better instincts of those responsible for what is published in the newspapers.

Mr. Howells is surprised that New York fashionable society as described by Mr. Ralph Pulitzer in *The Charmed Circle* 1910 so closely resembles that same society as described by George William Curtis in 1852. From this he concludes not that Mr. Pulitzer is true to the literary tradition, but that New York fashionable society remains the same.

It is astonishing how exactly history repeats itself in the facts of the ball of 1910 from the ball of 1852. The motives, the *personnel*, almost the *matériel*, the incidents, are the same. I should think it would amuse Mr. Pulitzer, imitating nature from his actual observation, to find how essentially the same his study is with that of Curtis imitating nature fifty-seven years ago. There is more of nature in bulk, not in variety, to be imitated now, but as Mr. Pulitzer studies it in the glass of fashion, her mean, foolish, selfish face is unchanged. . . . It seems as if we had really gone from bad to worse, not qualitatively—we couldn't—but quantitatively. There is more money, there are more men, more women, but otherwise our proud world is the proud world of 1853.

There is no reason, he says, to doubt Mr. Pulitzer. He has a "neater and lighter touch" than Curtis, and "his book is more compact, more directly and distinctly a study, and it is less alloyed with

the hopes of society reform which could be more reasonably indulged fifty-six years ago." Its portrayal is more exact. "It takes, with all the un pitying sincerity of a kodak, the likeness or our best society."

For the most part it is "satire with no pity in it," but there's here and there a touch of compassion, which moves the more because of its rarity. When the author notes that here and there a pretty dear finds herself left out with no one to take her out to supper at the ball, his few words wring the heart. "These poor victims of their sex cannot, like the men, form tables of their own. All that each can do is to disappear as swiftly and as secretly as possible, hurrying home in humiliation for the present and despair for the future."

"Do such cruel things really happen in our best society?" we palpitated, in an anguish of sympathy.

"Such things and worse," our other self responded, "as when in the german the fair débutante sees the leader advancing toward her with a splendid and costly favour, only to have him veer abruptly off to bestow it on some fat elderling who is going to give the next ball."

As a respectable member of the lower middle class we are far removed from the haunts described by Mr. Howells—

Where proud beauty hides its eyes on the shoulders of haughty commercial or financial youth, and moneyed age dips its nose in whatever symbolises the Gascon wine in the paternal library.

But we do know something of American literary habits. It is usual for the "keen observer" of New York to devour the writings of all the "keen observers" who have gone before. They seem never to miss a line of their predecessors. For two generations New York's "best society" has been a literary heirloom. It is not necessary to go to nature for it; indeed, nature might delay the pen and blunt the point of paragraphs. There may be the "kodak likeness" which Mr. Howells observes, but if so, it is an accident. The essential and remarkable likeness is the family likeness between the writers on New York—book-bitten,

phrase-haunted folk, aflame for clear-cut literary types and neat moral lessons. We do not in the least know how New York's "best society" begets itself, whether viviparously or from golden eggs, but we do know that one successful American literary brain hatches a dozen others. We know that George William Curtis begat Charles Dudley Warner and others, who in turn begat Mrs. Burton Harrison and many more, and that out of these dams and sires we have the New York satirist of to-day and shall have the novelist of to-morrow. That is the really important thing, for it shows why New York's types must go straight on no matter what happens to her people. No writer who knows his business would think of "going to nature" for them now, any more than for a sentimental wolf, a pirate, a cowboy, or a Ruritania. Everybody knows the iron rules of New York satire and fiction. How could that "commercial or financial youth" be other than "haughty"? Fancy a "well-groomed, well-tailored" man who was not a "worldling," or a fashionable person who was not soulless, frivolous and all of a piece. They are under the law of literary saliency and it is written in the Book of Naughty Patterns that they shall not stray from type. It seems unreasonable to call nature to account for what is so plainly the result of American literary inbreeding during many years.

In our last issue we spoke of Mr. James Ryder Randall, the author of "Maryland, my Maryland"; but several readers have asked us for further comment. Mr. Randall's poems have been collected and issued by the Tandy-Thomas Company of this city. The only one among them that has any real interest either literary or historical is the one that we best know, and very few persons can repeat the words even of that. As with most patriotic songs it is the music rather than the words that give life to the composition. Mr. Randall was lucky in hitting upon that fine old German student melody, *O Tannenbaum*, but even this was

borrowed from an earlier mediæval song which begins:

Lauriger Horatius
Quam dixisti verum.

Mr. Randall's words are sometimes good and sometimes rather crude. The beginning:

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland, my Maryland!

is spirited and fine, but somehow this level is not attained by such lines as

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
* * * * *

But lo, there surges forth a shriek, etc.

and the last stanza:

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

It is interesting to remember that the song which is essentially Southern—"Dixie"—and that which is essentially Northern—"Yankee Doodle"—never really had any serious words to them. Southerners have probably forgotten that "Dixie" was written by an Ohio man, the well-known "minstrel," Dan Emmett, about 1858. It was first sung in New York. "Yankee Doodle" was inherited by New England from the British soldiers, with whom it had been a traditional marching song since the time of Oliver Cromwell. The South was not very fortunate in possessing war songs. "Dixie," "Maryland, my Maryland!" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag" were about all it had. On the other hand, the North retained "The Star-Spangled Banner," though it had been written by a Southerner. Oliver Wendell Holmes composed a new stanza to fit the circumstances of the Civil War, but more popular always were "Yankee Doodle," and "John Brown's Body," and "Marching Through Georgia," and

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." A Confederate officer who had been taken prisoner by an Ohio brigade, listened one evening to the rendering of these spirited songs by the Union troops around their camp fires. When he had heard them all he remarked rather sadly: "I think that you are going to win in the end, because you have such songs as these to inspire you."

In our April issue we printed a little paper about the resemblance in idea of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story "The Dancing Men" to a puzzle which appeared in an early number of the *St. Nicholas Magazine*. We called the paper "A Case of Coincidence." Writing to us from Paris, Miss Carolyn Wells takes issue with the author of the article, and wields the cudgels vigorously in defence of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and authors in general who may or may not be misunderstood. Miss Wells gives her letter the heading "A Case of Impertinence."

I am surprised that THE BOOKMAN should print (without comment) the article in the April number called "A Case of Coincidence." And I am even more surprised that I should write concerning it.

But while this is not a defence, for none is needed, I want to protest against that most objectionable attitude of reader to author, where the former, gleefully alert, clutches at any chance to cry, "Now I've caught you!" and rejoices in the author's supposed discomfiture. As a matter of fact, in ten cases out of nine, he hasn't caught the author at all, or, if so, in the most trivial pen lapse.

In the case in point, any reader must comprehend that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle either knew of the similarity between the Dancing Men and the Restless Imps, or he did not.

The latter is proved by his own assertion, but had the former been true, any reader of common sense would know that either Sir Arthur had made arrangement to use the idea, if such were necessary, or had adopted or adapted it with a clear conscience, owing to his perfect cognisance of the ethics of literary etiquette. To assume for a moment that a man who has invented hundreds of original plots for stories would need to ap-

propriate, stealthily and with criminal intent, an idea from a child's magazine, is ludicrous.

Moreover, the coincidence is an exceedingly probable one. All students or makers of cryptograms know that they are often founded on combinations of vertical, horizontal and diagonal lines. What more natural than that these combinations should suggest to more than one mind the elements of the human figure. As to the "curt tone" of Sir Arthur's reply to the "courteous" letter of *warning* (!), if readers knew the number of letters of *warning*, criticism, flattery, advice and request that such eminent authors as Sir A. Conan Doyle receive, they would wonder that they are answered at all. The insufficient postage was of course due to a British postcard being inadvertently used, and for the complainant to "counter" on an American one-cent postcard was witty indeed.

To force an intrusion by post where one could not gain personal admittance is impertinent, for to pilfer a busy man's moments is quite as bad as taking his petty cash.

An author is under no more obligation to curious humanity than any other man, and if he takes time to read and answer his unsolicited correspondence, it is only because he is of a kind and obliging nature not yet exhausted. The apotheosis of this sort of thing is probably found in the words of the gentleman from Indianapolis, also in the April BOOKMAN:

"I have dogged the footsteps of celebrities; I have written odes to them, thus assuring myself of indelibly, ineffaceably linking my name with theirs, and assuming no little share of their popularity. I have written things over the grave of General Lew Wallace, and only deplore his early death, which deprived me of a chance unparalleled, perhaps never possible again, to share with him his popularity and *Ben Hur*."

An author has no more time to give away to strangers than any other working-man, and it is therefore in a spirit of righteous indignation that I object to the eminent surgeon's objection to the curtness of the message he received. His apparent doubt of its truth is uninteresting.

Also, as an anatomist, he should surely see that the Restless Imps and the Dancing Men, though similar, are not identical.

Americans will not be slow in discovering Mr. Allen Upward's *The New Word*.

No doubt many of them have read it already in the English edition. In the

A Necessary Book

author's "Note" for the American edition, which has just appeared, he says the first publisher to whom he showed the manuscript exclaimed, "These things are in the air; unless you bring out the book quickly half the things it says will no longer be new." This, according to Mr. Upward, has come to pass in the few years that have gone by since the publication of the book in Switzerland.

Since then a series of scientific workers, such as Curié, Thomson and Ostwald, have been making discoveries, as it were, in confirmation of the argument: and it is right that I should put that forward as a ground for confidence in what of the prophecy yet remains unfulfilled.

Neither he nor the publisher need have worried about timeliness. It is the sort of book that is new at any time, whether the ideas are in the air or not. To be sure, the fun does not begin till after the first fifty pages, and a number of readers will fall by the wayside, but there is no danger of any lack of appreciation. There is danger rather of an Upward cult. Already a number of gushing papers have been printed betraying the initiate view and pride of secret possession which betoken the cult. Soon there will be little coteries of interpreters such as Mrs. Wharton so admirably hits off in her story of "The Legend" in the *March Scribner's*. That, of course, will be annoying and we wish there were some way of heading off the various papers on Mr. Upward's "Message" that are bound to appear, but after all it does not greatly matter, for many sensible folk will like the book before they know it is a "Message" and will go on liking it after it has ceased to be one. The author's purpose is simple enough. In the first half of the book he has set himself the needful task of exposing the learned and scientific nonsense of the present day. He applies to the modern text-book the same method that the text-book writer would apply to the mediæval schoolmen, but with this difference: he insists on a clear meaning of words and on the unwrapping of the

thought from every high-sounding Greek and Latin derivative. His hobby is plain English. His pet aversion is that "large and increasing class of words which I can best characterise by naming them Babu."

The English in India, whether to make the task of government easier, or in the belief that our civilisation must be better for the Hindus than their own, have set up schools to train the natives in our ways, and, to begin with, in our speech. There is a large class of natives called Babus who learn very readily up to a certain point, that is to say, they spell our words correctly, and they have some notion of what the words mean; but English has not replaced their native speech, and hence it fits them like a borrowed garment, and they are betrayed into awkward and laughable mistakes in using it, which have given rise to the term Babu English.

Now that is just the process from which a great part of Europe, and especially England itself, has been suffering for many hundred years. Our speech bewrays us to be the freedmen of Rome. Our schools are Roman schools set up by missionaries from the Mediterranean in whose mind it was the very aim and end of education to tame the young barbarian of the North into an obedient provincial of the great Roman Raj. . . . The folk-words come to us as the wrappings of our earliest thoughts and feelings, and form, as it were, the mind's natural skin. The book words follow after the brain has begun to harden, and are more like clothing which the mind puts on.

* * * * *

Unhappily, the priests of science have shown themselves not less prone than other priest-hoods to impose on the mind of man by means of bad language. To the mediæval plague of dog-Latin there has succeeded in these latter days the plague of Babu Greek.

The apologists for this vice of science tell us it is merely a kind of shorthand. I am sorry I do not find that it is really quicker to write *dolichocephal* than longhead, or *ichthyosaurus* than eel.

But in any case the number of readers who carry at their tongue's end all the words found in the extant remains of Hellenic literature is very small. So that whatever trouble the specialist may save himself by writing *chaemosprosopic* for broad-faced, he causes to his readers, who have to turn the shorthand into longhand as they go along.

In this spirit, and calling himself an ontologist, he approaches one after another the sciences and branches of learning:

My gallery is a gallery of judges; by which I mean that I speak in the hearing of those with whom I am called on to quarrel, whose minds are so much fixed on their own study as to be unable to think freely about that or any other. The ontologist claims all the provinces of knowledge as his fatherland, and he is treated as a trespasser on each. On every frontier the specialist with his fixed bayonet keeps watch and ward, as though he dreaded to give or to receive.

Everywhere men are debating idealism, materialism and other like concerns, but are quite unable to explain their meanings. He consults the dictionaries in vain, for their definitions move in circles, or, as he says, in recurring decimals. Thus, he consults Dr. Latham's dictionary for an explanation of idealism. It is defined in terms of mind and thought. He looks up these terms, and by putting the explanations together gets "an equation the like of which perhaps is not in human language—"

"Mind = thoughts.

"Thought = image formed in the mind."

Therefore, Mind = images formed in the images formed in the images formed in the images, and so on—a recurring decimal.

Then there is the Religion of Humanity—

The Religion of Humanity is being preached among us to-day by many well-meaning men and women, who unfortunately have never stopped to ask themselves what they mean by the words Religion and Humanity.

No one, I think, now remembers the meaning of the word religion; and I shall have to look for it hereafter. Humanity, of course, is Babu for Man.

It used to be written man, and old-fashioned writers had some rather plain things to say about it. "All men are liars." "There is none doeth good; no, not one." "The heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." "It repented the Lord that He had made man." No one would dare to say such things as that about Humanity. For

Humanity no words can be too good. The difference is as great as that between a little girl being scolded by her teacher in the school-room when there is no one by, and the same little girl being praised by the teacher in the parlour when visitors are present.

The reason for the change is not far to seek. Those well-meaning men and women have found out that the language of the theologians is bad language; that the word God has become an Andronican word to them; and so, being too honest to go on using a word they do not understand, they have crossed it out, and looked for another word to write in its place. And obeying a natural law of the mind which the theologians call anthropomorphism, they have written the word Man. . . . All the Andronican words of the theologians have come back again, only this time they are written about Man instead of about God.

Then there is the materialistic explanation of the Universe, by which the Universe, under a Latin and Greek disguise, is pulling itself up by its bootstraps. He notes the common practice of teaching children materialism in one set of books and Christianity in another and trusting to luck. He happens on a text-book called the *Chemical Theory for Beginners* which had passed through the hands of a boy named Cameron—

It is perfectly respectable. It is a book that might have been written by a bishop. Its contents are taught to the sons of bishops in the most conservative schools in England. They are taught alongside of the Catechism of the Church of England. And yet they are not one whit less materialistic than what we have been reading. . . . The schoolmasters have dealt with young Cameron according to their lights. They have treated his mind as if it were a badger's pit. You put in the badger, and you put in the dog, and you wait to see which comes out first. They have thrown in the Catechism and they have thrown in the Chemical Theory, and now they are waiting to see whether Cameron will turn out a Christian or an Atheist.

His naïve analysis of this beginner's book in chemistry is very entertaining. Perhaps it is blasphemous to call a molecule a "crumb" and to insist that kinetic means nothing more than "going." But

in his hands the Kinetic Molecular Theory, which he translates as the Going Crumb View, assumes an unwontedly interesting form. Another text-book, the *Story of Creation*, yields equally queer results. The following discussion of the hitherto rather formidable subject of Potential Energy illustrates the application of his method:

"Energy is of two kinds, active and passive, or in the terms of science, kinetic and potential." I am bound to say that here I disliked my author's terms less than those of science. Kinetic sounds like Greek, and potential sounds like Latin, and I do not see why science should mix up two Mediterranean languages in order to express such simple meanings as going and still.

At this point, I am glad to say, my teacher passed from words to things, and gave me some examples of the mysterious unpushing Push. They are a stone lying on the roof of a house, or on a mountain; a clock wound up but not going; a bed of coal, and a barrel of gunpowder. "This (he goes on) becomes kinetic when the stone falls, the clock goes, the coal burns, or the gunpowder explodes."

I shall take the first of these examples, because it is the simplest, and because I have met with it elsewhere. Of the others, I will only remark in passing, first, that there can be no such thing as a clock wound up but not going—the hands may not be going, but assuredly the spring is being worn out in its effort to move the hands; secondly, that there is no more energy, going or otherwise, in a bed of coal than in a feather bed, or a flower bed, or any other kind of bed—indeed, the flower bed grows the tree that turns into the coal; and thirdly, that there is a far more mysterious energy in a barrel of beer than in a barrel of gunpowder; for the gunpowder can only blow a man to pieces, whereas the barrel of beer can make him see double; and so we make that "passage from chemistry to consciousness" which the author pretended in his preface we could not make.

I first met the stone lying on the roof of a house in a little book on the *Conservation of Energy*, in which it was credited with Energy of Position. I had never understood what that could be, and I understood it no better when it was called Potential Energy. I understood that such a stone had weight; but that was mere Force, or Pulling strength. What was this Latin energy; and how did

the stone get it; and how was a stone lying on the roof of a house or on a mountain different from any other stone?

The answer seemed to be that the stone could fall when its Latin Energy would become Greek. In other words, if you took away the house or the mountain, the stone would fall, not by its own weight, but because it was being pushed downwards, just as if I should pick up a stone and throw it down. . . . Newton would have been surprised, I fancy, to learn that his famous apple fell because of its energy. But perhaps apples on trees have not got Energy of Position; only apples on the roof of a house. . . .

Yet I think it evident that to the trained mind there is something peculiar and fascinating about stones lying on the roof of a house; they have a charm that other stones have not. The magic attribute is called by my authorities "advantage over a Force," namely, the Force of Gravity. But then it seems to the untrained mind that all the tiles of the roof, and the house itself, for that matter, have the same advantage. . . .

It seems to be a scientific case of demon-possession. The demon of Latin Energy enters into some stones but not others. It prefers stones on the roof of a house if it can get them, but if not, it will take stones on mountains, just as the demons in the Gospel, when they were cast out of the man, entered the swine. It is remarkable that those demons behaved very much like Energetic ones, for they drove the swine violently down a steep place into the sea.

I hope it is not irreverent to say that I do not believe in this Gadarene Energy. . . .

The learned men have noticed that if you drop a glass test tube on your laboratory floor it is more likely to break than if it had been on the floor all along. They have been struck by this interesting fact, which even children have noticed in connection with their toys; and they have wanted to account for it. And finding they could not account for it, they have done what science in a difficulty always does, they have lulled their minds to sleep with spells from the Greek lexicon. Hence all this demonology and witchcraft. . . .

Here is the riddle they have got to read. Once upon a time a demon used to enter into the stone while it was falling through the air, and the name of that demon was Momentum, which is to say, being interpreted, Rush. In these days that demon of the air has been

exorcised, but only to make room for a far more subtle fiend, the Demon of the House-Roof. This demon does not wait till the stone begins to fall; no, he was there all the time lurking inside it, while it was lying there so quietly and peacefully among the Christian tiles. Then *how* did this demon get into the stone?

There stands the riddle, and the learned men think that they have read it, as they think they have read other riddles, by muttering something that sounds uncommonly like *hic, hæc, hoc*.

In the last half of the book the practical-minded reader will be quite at sea,

finding little in it except eccentricity and moonshine. It can be read only by those whom Professor William James has classified as "tender-minded." To the hard-headed or the "tough-minded" who will not stand any nonsense it will be evident that the author has gone mad.

A propos of the above-quoted passage in Mr. Allen Upward's *New Word* as to the practice in certain English church schools of teaching the school-boy atheism in a scientific text-book while drilling him in the Cate-

**An Insular
Twist**



ALLEN UPWARD

chism, the horror of the London *Saturday Review* over the agnostic teachings of the French schools is worth noting. The school authorities have not only struck out the word God from the French classics which the children read in school, but have placed in their hands elementary ethical manuals from which religious teaching is deliberately excluded. These manuals say in plain words that certain things are matters of scientific knowledge and certain other things matters of faith, that schools are concerned with the former and not with the latter, that men are free to have what religion they choose and to have no religion. These ideas are set forth insistently with the utmost simplicity and clearness. Here are some typical passages:

[From Bayet's *Leçons de Morale* used in the primary course.] The morality taught in this manual is lay and positive, that is to say, independent of every religious confession and every system of metaphysics dealing with the unknowable. . . . We do not know scientifically whether after death there is another life in which the good are rewarded and the bad punished, or whether, on the contrary, there is no other life. We do not know scientifically whether there is a God or whether, on the contrary, there is no God. . . . All religions speak of God and of what happens after death: they tell us therefore of unknowable things, of things that we are free to believe, but that we cannot know scientifically. That is why we have the right to choose from all the religions the one we like best, and if none of them pleases, we have the right to have no religion. . . .

[From Payot's *La Morale à l'Ecole*.] No one belief concerning God, the origin of the world, the origin and destiny of man, is accepted by all thinking men; on these questions we can only offer suppositions. . . . Let each be free to believe or not believe. . . .

[From Aulard et Debidour, *L'Histoire de France*. (Higher Course).] After his [Christ's] death his disciples described his resurrection, represented him as born of a

virgin and not only as the son of God, but as God himself.

The *Saturday Review* remarks:

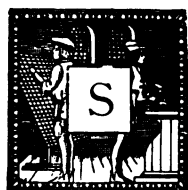
We do not admire the superficial Christianity which finds favour in some of our Board schools; but its teachings are certainly far more positive and definite than those which are inculcated in the manuals which we have quoted. It is certainly a mistake to assert in the face of these facts that only one form of Christianity is assailed in the schools throughout France when we find every one of those fundamental doctrines which are generally regarded as forming part of "simple Bible teaching" treated as equally opposed to the teaching of reason and morality.

It will be seen that the passages quoted as "assailing" Christianity in all its forms merely point out to children the distinction between knowledge and faith and the recognition by the modern state of the principle of religious freedom. It will be seen also that the doctrines which form part of "simple Bible teaching" are not "treated as equally opposed to the teaching of reason and morality." The passages simply say that it is not the province of a lay school to treat them at all. It is very hard for an American to guess the workings of the British journalistic intellect on this subject of religious teaching in the schools, for in this country we have had no such training in evasion and hypocrisy as the long discussions of the two Education Bills have afforded to the British mind. But probably the chief reproach against the French Government is that it does not deal with the matter in the spirit of British compromise and contrive to teach religion and unteach it at the same time and not let its right hand know what its left hand doeth, and thus prepare the young for membership in Carlyle's famous association—the "Society for the Amalgamation of Hell and Heaven," in the British Isles—and perhaps ultimately for a career in British journalism.



ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

MARK TWAIN'S BIOGRAPHER



SOME thirty years ago there was a schoolboy in Xenia, Illinois, who passed many leisure hours poring over certain well-thumbed volumes and studying certain striking prints. The volumes dealt with the doings of Tom Sawyer and Colonel Sellers and the Poet Lariat in his travels through foreign lands. The prints chronicled incessantly and passionately the misdoings of Tweed and the subordinates in his notorious Ring. As Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine has expressed it in later years, "I was literally brought up on the pictures of Thomas Nast and the stories of Mark Twain." He has lived to become the official biographer of both these men.

In the course of a very active business and journalistic life Mr. Paine found his way to New York about fifteen years ago from the West, and settled down to the life of a literary freelance. In collaboration with William Allen White he had previously written a book of verse and had published a novel or two. After he had been in New York for a little time he became associated with Orson Lowell, Frank Verbeck, and Irving Bacheller in the publication of *Youth and Home*, a paper which lasted through four consecutive issues. When it died Mr. Paine wrote the story of the venture in a novel called *The Breadline*. Remembering his early enthusiasms, he sent one copy of the book to Mr. Nast and one to Mr. Clemens.

The latter's acknowledgment was a characteristic letter. Mr. Nast looked Mr. Paine up in The Players Club, of which both men (for that matter, all three men) were members, and after several pleasant evenings offered the suggestion that Mr. Paine write his—Mr. Nast's—biography.

In the course of this work Mr. Paine came across certain letters which Mark Twain had written the caricaturist; letters which were of considerable value. The writer's consent to their use was necessary before they could be incorporated in the Nast biography, and this consent was freely and generously given. When *Thomas Nast, His Period and His Pictures* appeared, one of its most appreciative readers was Mark Twain, who, through the late David Munro, editor of the *North American Review*, sent the author a very gratifying message and asked that he be invited to a little dinner that was to be given to Mr. Clemens at

The Players Club. That dinner was the beginning of an association that was exceedingly intimate during the last five years of Mark Twain's life. At the table Mr. Paine happened to speak to Mr. Charles Harvey Genung of his life-long admiration of the humourist. Mr. Genung said:

"You are the man to do his biography." At first Mr. Paine did not take the suggestion seriously, replying:

"No doubt that's all been arranged for long ago."

Two days later, however, Mr. Paine was at Mr. Clemens's house at 21 Fifth Avenue, discussing biographies in general, and Mark Twain's in particular. He was there an hour, perhaps, and when he came away the arrangement was completed for beginning the work. The greater part of Mr. Paine's time during the subsequent years has been devoted to the collection and arrangement of the ma-



MARK TWAIN AND ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE AT STORMFIELD

terial. No trouble or expense has been spared. For example, a year or two ago Mr. Paine made a long pilgrimage, following step by step the Innocents Abroad. How well he is equipped as Mark Twain's

biographer is indicated by a remark made to the present writer a few days ago by a magazine editor. Said the latter: "Albert Bigelow Paine has the biggest Boswellian opportunity of modern times." *Firmin Dredd.*

OF DEATH

Why should I fear that ultimate thing—
The Great Release of clown and king?

Why should I dread to take my way
Through the same shadowed path as they?

But can it be a shadowy road
Whereon both Youth and Genius strode?

Can it be dark, since Shakespeare trod
Its unknown length, to meet our God;

Since Shelley, with his valiant youth,
Fared forth to learn the final Truth;

Since Milton in his blindness went
With wisdom and a high content;

And Angelo lit with white flame
The pathway when God called his name;

And Dante, seeking Beatrice,
Marched fearless down the deep abyss?

Where Homer went, and Socrates,
Browning and Keats, and such as these,

Lincoln, and Sappho with her song
That echoes still for the vast throng;

Nero and strong Napoleon,
And calm, courageous Washington;

Great Alexander, Plutarch—names
That swept the world with deathless flames—

I need not fear that I shall fall
When the Lord God's great Voice shall call;

For I shall find the roadway bright
When I go forth some quiet night;

Bright with their stars' reflected glow.
Brighter, since Christ too dared to go!
Charles Hanson Towne.

MARK TWAIN—AN APPRECIATION



WHEN it is a matter not of chance but of choice, it is interesting to note what book a great writer turns to in his last hours—what Eminence of that vast company to which he belongs he, about to die, salutes.

Tennyson breathed his last with Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* in his hand, open at the place of that spritely dirge beginning with the stanza:

Fear not thou the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Homer hast gone and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

It was this, we feel sure, rather than the drama itself, which especially engaged his dying eyes—this lyric, with its strangely playful solemnity and with a touch of quaintness that he, the Master of lyrics, had somehow missed and therefore wistfully regarded, accepting its novel illumination of his final vision. The lighter play of fancy commends itself to the old in their waning days, however seriously they may have taken themselves at their full strength; it gives vivacity and grace, even gaiety, to the lengthening shadows. Isaac, the name Sara gave the child of her barren years, means laughter.

Now Mark Twain, for forty years, personally and in letters, the chief provoker of the world's laughter, when he was about to die, turned to Carlyle's *French Revolution*, not by way of reaction, but straightforwardly following the course of a passion that had ruled his life. He loved to regard men and women in the open, in action prompted by strong impulses. The characters which most strongly appealed to him were developed in this large atmosphere, and Carlyle was a master in the portrayal of such characters—the inside as well as the outside of them. Doubtless, too, Mark admired the master's vivid and picturesque description and narration as well as the complexity of expression which was so foreign to his own.

But my object in alluding to the books selected by authors for reading in their last hours is to call attention to another instance which seems very significant. All my mature readers will easily recall the stories written for boys and girls by Juliana Horatio Ewing, some thirty years ago, showing a rarely delicate sense of humour and pathos. This author, in the face of death, turned to Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* for delight and satisfaction. That is enough, it seems to me, to define Mark Twain's place in our modern humanism. The spiritual kinship which determined this selection is an infallible test, in the case of such a woman and at such a time, as to a certain essential quality in this man's work that is of everlasting value. *Huckleberry Finn* appealed to Mrs. Ewing's sensibility as *Tom Sawyer* and *Life on the Mississippi* would have done, because it was a creative illumination of frank, genuine, red-blooded boyhood. It was a quality as native as Nature, spontaneous, expansive, with Nature's excesses; but it was humanly embodied, mightily self-conscious, imperatively demanding attention, after the haughty manner of buoyant youth. We are reminded of Rabelais's Gargantua entering Paris for his university course, on a mare as big as six elephants, the whisking of whose tail laid low a whole forest.

The effectiveness of this quality of Mark Twain's imagination does not always depend upon external grandeurs and striking surprises. He wrote out of a living experience—that of a boyhood nourished in open spaces and stimulated by rough adventure, and of a manhood which, in all its contacts and world-wide wanderings, kept alive that boyhood. But he had also mental adventure, not subtly or complexly, yet widely, speculative.

There was the same directness and openness here as in his regard of external things. He relished the autobiographies of men who, like Benvenuto Cellini and Montaigne, frankly and boldly disclosed their most intimate dispositions and tempers, and he undertook one himself on so expansive a scheme that it

could never have been completed, since the longer he lived the less were the chances of any conclusion of the ever-widening vista.

The art which premeditatively determines the scope of its venture so that one sees at every step the curvature of its rounding up—in a word the literary art—was foreign to Mark Twain's nature. Some stories are self-limited and wind up themselves. Mark sometimes told such stories, but generally we note no conscious organisation of the material he has in hand, no literary method. Whatever art of expression was developed in his maturer work was an art which Nature made, not the result of syntactic discipline. In his *Joan of Arc*—the ripest fruit of his genius—the historic sequence gave him a constructive plan not apparent in work of his that was wholly inventive. He could not have written a play depending wholly upon invention, meeting the requirements of the art, to save his life, but he would have contributed to one made by an expert playwright out of his material just those features which would be indispensable to a great popular success.

He always wanted room—the whole open sky—for his action. The requirements of literary and of the specially dramatic art, as generally understood, because of the concentration demanded, imposed a constraint he could not tolerate. But he was master of the eccentric drama, with limitless expansion and projection.

In his early career he drove hard and with Icarian boldness. So gigantic were some of his practical journalistic jokes when he was connected with the Virginia City *Enterprise* that he fled temporarily from the scene of his exploits to escape their reaction upon himself. There was much in his *Innocents Abroad* which appealed to only a crude taste; but the book promised richer vintages of humour, and it won for him a world-wide popularity, which stimulated him to greater earnestness in a more natural use of experiences which were real, with however much of grotesquery and extravagance he invested them. It may seem strange to use such a word as "earnestness" in connection with a humourist's writings, but it is pertinent in this case, as it would not be in the case

of Charles Lamb. Mark Twain was not a humourist in the sense that Lamb was—the two were at antipodes. Mark inherited from nobody, but, if not as purposeful, he was as masterful as Rabelais, Cervantes, and Swift were. He was not learned or literary as those men, and had not their kind of conscious purpose, but there was a strain of earnestness in all his work—a Western strain. Walt Whitman got one year's big whiff of the West and it transformed him, made him vastly panoramic and megaphonic. Mark Twain, like Lincoln, was a native of the West and, like him, though in so different a vein, was gigantically in earnest. What stern stuff was in him was shown in the wreck of his personal fortunes, like that shown in Lincoln when the fortunes of the nation were at stake.

Lincoln passed away before Mark Twain became famous. He found his greatest relaxation and relief from the stress of grave responsibilities during the war in the writings of professional humourists like Artemus Ward and Petroleum Nasby. Did he miss something in not having Mark Twain's humour? For the purposes served by those other writers, possibly not. Mark, with all his drollery, might have borne down too heavily upon him at such a time, however much he might have enjoyed him at another. The two men had too much in common, in their natural mood and strain.

If in the main course of his writings—those which have had the widest appreciation—he so far retained boyhood himself, and embodied it in his characters, regardless of age or sex, for Colonel Sellers was a boy in one way and Joan of Arc in another—yet his was not a case of arrested development. He did a man's work manfully. The mature attitude toward life became apparent in his own maturity—a deepened spiritual sensibility; and a considerable proportion of his work is the outcome of this ripper growth.

In his maturer work, Mark Twain showed a finer and gentler touch, grotesquery yielding to grace. This was apparent in his personality as well as in his work. Misfortune, though repaired, did its work in him.



MARK TWAIN AT OXFORD

His griefs, which were irreparable, subdued his spirit. His loneliness after the death of his wife was inconsolable, but the absent sweetness dwelt in his nature to the end. What the loneliness meant for him I could see, on a well-remembered occasion, when, at a luncheon given to a friend and his wife on their departure for Europe, Mark "toasted" them, expressing the hope that if either should be drowned in shipwreck that fate might be shared by the other!

It is not likely that the future estimate of Mark Twain's work will very greatly differ from that put upon it now by his most thoughtful readers; but we hope that those of his books most prized by this class of readers, the products of his maturer genius—I do not thereby mean his latest, but those in which his earnestness counts most for human meaning and value—may come to have their just place in the general popular esteem.

Henry M. Alden.

MARK TWAIN IN SAN FRANCISCO



IF Mark Twain had not been forced to leave Virginia City, Nevada, "between two days," as they say out there, and had not fled to California, he might have lived and died an obscure newspaper man. It was in the ambition-inspiring atmosphere of San Francisco, the heady air that has stimulated so many young writers, that lifted Samuel L. Clemens out of himself and gave him visions of literary greatness. Previous to his advent in San Francisco young Clemens was lounging about the office of the Virginia City *Enterprise*, of which he pretended to be local editor, and before that he was loafing about the Nevada mines. Once he had an opportunity to make a "strike" and become a rich man, but he let the chance slip through his unthrifty fingers by failing to register his claim.

Joseph T. Goodman, managing editor and proprietor of the *Enterprise*, used to receive through the mails from Aurora an occasional item of news signed "S. L. Clemens." There was generally a smile or two in these items and sometimes a laugh. As nothing went with the miners so well as humour, Mr. Goodman wrote to this unknown nobody of a writer, offering him a small salary to come over to Virginia City and work on his paper as a reporter. Clemens came. At the first sight of the lanky, awkward young

man, Goodman repented of his bargain. The new reporter was the picture of indolence, and when he spoke he expressed himself in an intolerable drawl that made the busy editor wonder whether he was ever going to finish his sentence. But Goodman set him to work.

Young Clemens looked askance at the manifold duties outlined for him. When sent out to write up a big murder story he turned in a ten-line account of the tragic affair and then calmly sat down in a corner, put his feet upon the desk, closed his eyes, and began to evolve a funny sketch. Now while the editor valued humour in its own place and proportion, this kind of thing exasperated him. But by and by Clemens came to have things pretty much his own way in the office, for his quaint little sketches found high favour among the readers of the paper.

A lively session of the Legislature was promised, and so off to Carson the funny man was sent. There he made such sport of the sedate law-makers that it was a rare morning when one or more of them did not rise to a question of privilege and denounce the *Enterprise* and its correspondent. Incidentally this advertising swelled the receipts of the newspaper. To a weekly letter bristling with personalities and summing up all the shortcomings of the legislators for the previous six days, the audacious lampooner signed the name of "Mark Twain" for the first

time. But the pseudonym did not hide his identity. The victims of his pointed pen recognised his language at a glance and they were constantly clamouring against the "mendacious correspondent."

Clemens prodded everybody with that pen of his. One Laird, whilom editor of the *Virginia Union*, he jabbed so fiercely that the incensed victim challenged him to a duel. Clemens chose pistols, though he could not have hit the broad side of a barn, so poor a marksman was he. While he was practising at a target, which he missed every time, a friend of Laird's happened along near the sandy hollow where the amateur duellist and his second were standing. At that moment a shot rang out and a bird fell to the feet of Laird's friend, two hundred feet away. Clemens's second had shot the bird, but the intruder, not observing this, went back to Laird, told what he had seen and attributed the wonderful shot to the editor's antagonist. Forthwith an apology was sent to Clemens. But under a new law, making it a grave offence to send or accept a challenge to fight a duel, warrants were issued for both principals in the affair. They left town very suddenly, Clemens taking the trail over the Sierras into California and going to San Francisco.

William E. Barnes, then managing editor of the *Morning Call*, of which I was afterward city editor, once told me how the slim, awkward, hawk-eyed, tousle-haired Twain appeared one day in his office and asked to be given a trial as a reporter, his first attempt at newspaper work in San Francisco. The refugee from Nevada justice told a hard-luck story about being out of money and out of work in a strange city. Mr. Barnes lent him five dollars, gave him a few assignments and after a while installed him as city editor. But the routine of the local room was too irksome for this restless spirit. Hearing of fortunes that were being made in pocket mining in Calaveras County, he left the *Call* office and went up there to try his luck. For about three months he "prospected" for gold, but found none. Penniless and discouraged he returned to San Francisco, where he wrote little sketches for the *Golden Era* and the newspapers.

But always he remembered his old Nevada friend "Joe" Goodman of the *Enterprise*, and sometimes he sent him little skits on the people and things he saw during his wanderings. He met Goodman occasionally in after years in California and elsewhere, and for forty years personal letters were exchanged by them. It was to this same Goodman that the humourist wrote not long before his death: "I want to see you before we get too old to swear at each other."

Among other sketches written soon after his return to San Francisco from the mines was "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras," which had wide acceptance among Californians at the time and was afterward copied in many of the Eastern papers. *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras* was the title of a little volume of sketches sent out by a San Francisco publisher not long afterward, and this was Mark Twain's first book.

The humourist was hailed in Bohemian circles in San Francisco as a man who could write funny things in a decidedly original way. The town laughed over his stories. It mattered not that Sam Seabough, who edited a San Joaquin County paper, declared that Mark Twain had stolen the "Jumping Frog" from him. Mark's was a funnier frog, and his readers didn't care whether he had stolen it or not.

Naturally he fell in with Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard and other young men who were writing things for the *Golden Era*, and for the newspapers. Many a night they made of it at old-time Bohemian cafés. Of money Mark Twain made but little in those days, as the prices paid to writers were small, but of friends he made many, and these afterward meant gold to him. He was sent down to Hawaii by the editor of the *Sacramento Union* to write some solid stuff about the sugar plantations. From Honolulu he sent the *Union* the account of the burning of the *Hornet*, a clipper ship of the old Cape Horn Line, which piece of news, gleaned from the survivors of the lost vessel, turned out to be a big scoop. This occasion was really the only one on which Mark Twain distinguished himself as a newsgatherer, and some of the old-timers

in California are still wondering how he did it.

After staying six months in the South Seas he returned to San Francisco. He prepared a lecture, giving a most extravagant account of what he had seen among the islands. When Bret Harte and some others of his friends were told of his platform intention, they agreed to go in a body to the old Mechanics' Hall, where Twain was to deliver himself, and form a big claue that would insure the success of the affair. Mark wrote his own handbills, which set the town agog with anticipation. One particularly inviting phrase printed at the bottom of the announcement was that "The Trouble Will Begin at 8 P. M."

The hall was crowded and the claue was uproarious when Clemens appeared upon the platform. The lecture was delivered with manifest effort, in a slow, deliberate drawling manner, and the lecturer paid no heed whatever to the inconsiderate demands of "Faster, faster! We can't stay here all night!" and other urgent calls. Although Harte tried to steer the claquers, they insisted upon applauding and laughing in the wrong places, which may or may not have been intended as a joke on Twain. But at last the audience, which began to "catch on" to the unique style of the man and to appreciate his quaintly whimsical utterances, overwhelmed the claue and had things its own way. An old-timer who attended the lecture says of the effect of Twain upon his first audience: "His slow drawl, the anxious and perturbed expression of his visage, the apparently painful effort with which he framed his sentences and above all the surprise that spread over his face when the audience roared with delight or rapturously applauded the finer passages were unlike anything of the kind they had ever known. The lecture was a great success."

In the winter of 1866 Twain went to work on the *Alta California*, a daily paper of which Noah Brooks was then managing editor. In the spring of the following year he received a circular describing a proposed excursion voyage from New York to Genoa and other ports on the Mediterranean. The pro-

moters announced that "the very beautiful and substantial side-wheel steamer *Quaker City* has been chartered for the occasion," and they set forth the pleasures of the tour in such alluring language that it fired the imagination of the young newspaper man. But the fare for the round-trip was \$1250 and he had no money. So he did something unheard of up to that time in San Francisco newspaper offices. He went to Editor Brooks, showed him the circular and said:

"If you will pay my expenses I will make this voyage and send you letters from the various ports along the way."

Mr. Brooks shook his head.

"Oh, we can't afford to do that, Mr. Clemens," he replied. "We should like the letters, but they would cost too much."

Twain went to the proprietors of the paper and they shook their heads too.

"Think of it!" said one of them. "Why, there's the fare across the continent, the hotel bills, the passage money on the steamer, and all. It's impossible."

"But, gentlemen," persisted Twain, "the plan is very simple. All you've got to do is to stay at home and pay the expenses. I do all the travelling."

The proprietors admitted this point, but they remained unconvinced as to the expediency of the project. At last John McComb, an editorial writer on the paper, got into the argument. He was a friend of Clemens and he thought the proposed trip would be a great enterprise for the paper. He made a strong plea on behalf of the young writer, and so, with many misgivings as to the outcome, the *Alta* folk submitted and Clemens started on his long journey, sailing from New York on June 8th of that year.

It was a long time before he was heard of again, but just as the *Alta* folk were giving him up they received a letter written by the humourist en route and mailed at the Azores. Then from Tangiers, from Marseilles, from Genoa, from Venice, from Florence, the letters came flooding in. In all there were over 100,000 words of the story of Twain's travels. Editor Brooks laughed when he read of the Italian guide's discomfiture over Twain's lack of knowledge of what "the great Cristoforo Colombo" had done

We implore the Indignant Subscriber to bear with us yet a little while. We are really only just today getting things fairly going. Please acknowledge receipt of today's edition. It is unusually full & complete.

The Publisher
F.B. Aldrich, Esq.



Farmington Avenue,
Hartford.

Dec. 31/74.



MARK TWAIN IN 1874. DRAWN BY HIMSELF

for the world, and he laughed again when he came to the description of "the tomb of Adam."

"I read them all through," said the editor, "and liked them. There was a big pigeonhole full of them, and I used to take a letter out each week, and prepare it for publication in the Sunday edition."

These letters, the first pretentious literary effort of Mark Twain, cost the *Alta* about two cents a word, and yet the proprietors were never weary of talking of the "tremendous outlay." Twain's correspondence helped the circulation of the paper considerably, but not to the extent that its managers had hoped. So they thought to make further profit by publishing the letters in a cheap, paper-covered edition. While they were preparing the book for the press they learned that Twain had arranged with an Eastern publisher for the bringing out of the letters in a volume to be called *The Innocents Abroad*. They sent such a fierce telegraphic protest to the author, who was then in the East, that he hurried back to San Francisco to plead his rights

in the matter. The *Alta* men declared that under the terms of the original agreement they had purchased the manuscript outright and that no one could publish it without their permission, which they would certainly withhold.

Clemens consulted a lawyer and found that as nothing was said about book publication when the agreement was made and that as the letters were not copyrighted, he was at perfect liberty to publish them. When this phase of the argument was presented to the *Alta* folk they were reluctantly persuaded to let the author have his book, and it was soon afterward published. By the end of its first year nearly one hundred thousand copies of *The Innocents Abroad* were sold. Of these many thousands were bought on the Coast, the old miners who had been following Twain in the papers and who had laughed themselves hoarse over the "Jumping Frog," all wanted copies of the new book, and they helped its sale wonderfully.

Meanwhile Bret Harte had begun his *Overland Monthly* and had hired Mark Twain to write for him. Twain's con-

tributions were counted upon as a great card, but lo, when the first article came, a little sketch called "By Rail Through France," it was as flat as a matzo. Harte was so disappointed with it that he would have thrown it into the waste-basket but for the gentle objection of his assistant, who reminded him that people would be glad to read anything signed by Mark Twain.

"But there isn't a gleam of humour in it," objected Harte.

"Well, why not print it as serious stuff then?" suggested the assistant.

So it was printed. But Harte was right. The public did not care for the article nor for any of the next three or four that followed. They were all serious in tone, and to the *Overland* readers Mark Twain serious was not Mark Twain at all. At last Harte received from the humourist a quaintly written sketch called "A Mediæval Romance," which he liked immensely, declaring that it suggested elements of greatness. That he was altogether right in this appraisal was afterward shown by the success of *A Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, a book that had its genesis in the *Overland* article.

By this time San Francisco had seen the last of Mark Twain as a common

frequenter of its thoroughfares and as a resident writer. The wide acceptance of *The Innocents Abroad* and of *Roughing It*, which soon followed, made him seek the larger life of the East, where he was to live, lecture and write for the rest of his days. But I maintain that it was to San Francisco more than to any other place in which he lived that he owed his success. In the essentially romantic atmosphere of that unique city, surrounded by men of literary taste who encouraged him to higher and still higher effort, he made his real literary beginning. For what he wrote in Nevada, though clever enough in its way, did not lift him above the ruck of reportorial humourists, and indeed far more humorous work has been done in the Nevada towns by such newspaper men as Sam Davis, Arthur McEwen and others.

To be sure, genius was innate in Mark Twain, and genius is hard to stifle. But suppose he had remained in Virginia City, and his hopes of a larger literary life, if he had any during his stay there, had faded with the fortunes of the town. His name by this time, probably, would be as inconsequent and as negligible as those of the old abandoned mines about which the sage brush flutters and the gray coyotes prowl.

Bailey Millard.

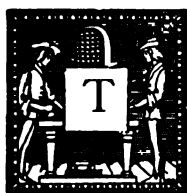




"POET LARIAT."

BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY

II—MARK TWAIN'S "THE INNOCENTS ABROAD"



HERE has long been prevalent a curious and generally accepted story about the origin of Mark Twain's *The Innocents Abroad*. It is to the effect that Samuel Langhorne Clemens, in Elmira, was very much in love with the lady who afterward became his wife, but lacked the money to enable him to marry with any degree of security and self-respect. One day an advertisement of the great Mediterranean excursion in the steamship *Quaker City* caught his eye. "If I could find the money to take that trip," he remarked, "I could write a book about it that would bring me in enough to settle down in comfort." The words were overheard by the father of the young lady of his affections, who in a fine sporting spirit promptly offered to back the young writer in the venture that gave Mark Twain his first real foothold on the ladder of fame. As a matter of fact, while *The Innocents Abroad* was linked with Samuel Clemens's romance, it was in a different way. When he returned from the trip in August, 1868, with the manuscript of the book he made his quarters in Elmira for an especial reason. On the *Quaker City* he had met a young man by the name of Charles Langdon, and one day in the bay of Smyrna had seen a miniature of the boy's sister, Olivia Langdon, then a

girl of twenty-two. With that picture he fell in love; an affection that was quickly transferred to the original when he met her in New York. The home of the Langdons was in Elmira, and he frequently visited there. When he received from the printers the proof sheets of *The Innocents Abroad* he took them with him, and he and Olivia Langdon read them together. The book appeared in July, 1869, and on his wedding day, February 2, 1870, Clemens received from his publishers a cheque for more than four thousand dollars, which represented the royalties of the three preceding months. The father-in-law story is by far the prettier one, but in reality *The Innocents Abroad* is owed to the proprietors of the *Alta-California*, who were persuaded to advance the money for Mark Twain's passage on the *Quaker City* on the understanding that he was to contribute frequent letters to the paper.

The Innocents Abroad might be defined as a guide-book written with a drawl. It was the story of an ocean picnic such as had never been planned before, and which from its novelty excited huge interest throughout the country. In the America of 1867 to have crossed the Atlantic made one something of a personage, and the *grand tour*, in all it implied, was almost an unheard-of event. The very unfamiliarity of the subject



"FIVE MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS."—AMERICA.

gave the writer an immense free play—an advantage of which Mark Twain made the most. No matter how graphic and vivid the description it is the episode of sheer invention—the what might have happened—that retains its hold on the reader's memory. For example, the *Quaker City*, sailing away from New York harbour, makes its first stop at the island of Fayal in the Azores. The appearance of the Portuguese boatmen, the dresses of the women, the snow-white houses nestling in a sea of green vegetation—all are put down faithfully and conscientiously. But of vastly more importance is his discovery of the Portuguese *reis* (it takes one thousand reis to make a dollar, and all financial estimates are made in reis) and the possibilities of

the discovery. Over it Mark Twain's whimsical imagination runs riot. He invents a dinner of ten on shore—good wine, good cigars, passable anecdotes, and then the obsequious landlord presenting his bill. "Ten dinners at 600 reis, twenty-five cigars at 100 reis, eleven bottles of wine at 1,200 reis; *total twenty-one thousand seven hundred reis*. Of course, to the innocent travellers this seemed like ruin and desolation, the most gigantic swindle of all the ages. Of course, it meant to them alarm, discouragement, indignation and a final resolve to die in the last ditch, until the bill, translated into American currency, assumed the mildest and most benevolent proportions. Pure fiction from beginning to end, it was entirely legitimate.



"THIRTY MINUTES FOR DINNER!"—FRANCE.



ST. MARK, BY THE OLD MASTERS.



ST. MATTHEW, BY THE OLD MASTERS.



ST. JEROME, BY THE OLD MASTERS.

It was one of the things that might have happened.

Far more extravagant is his alleged discovery in Rome among the rubbish of the ruined Coliseum, of the only playbill of that establishment now extant. There was, he tells us, a suggestive smell of mint drops about it still, a corner of it had evidently been chewed, and on the margin, in choice Latin, these words were written in a delicate female hand: "Meet

me at the Tarplian Rock to-morrow evening, dear, at sharp seven. Mother will be absent on a visit to her friends in the Sabine Hills. Claudia." The playbill that follows is riotous of the West. It suggests the close mental kinship of Mark Twain and Eugene Field.

ROMAN COLISEUM

UNPARALLELED ATTRACTION!

NEW PROPERTIES! NEW LIONS! NEW GLADIATORS!
Engagement of the renowned

MARCUS MARCELLUS VALERIAN!

FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY!

The management beg leave to offer to the public an entertainment surpassing in magnificence anything that has heretofore been attempted on any stage. No expense has been spared to make the opening season one which shall be worthy the generous patronage which the management feel sure will crown their efforts. The management beg leave to state that they have succeeded in securing the services of a

GALAXY OF TALENT!

such as has not been beheld in Rome before.

The performance will commence this evening with a

GRAND BROADSWORD COMBAT!

between two young and promising amateurs and a celebrated Parthian gladiator who has just arrived a prisoner from the Camp of Verus.

This will be followed by a grand moral

BATTLE-AX ENGAGEMENT!

between the renowned Valerian (with one hand tied behind him) and two gigantic savages from Britain.

After which the renowned Valerian (if he survive) will fight with the broadsword,

LEFT HANDED!

against six Sophomores and a Freshman from the Gladiatorial College!

A long series of brilliant engagements will follow, in which the finest talent of the Empire will take part.

After which the celebrated Infant Prodigy known as

"THE YOUNG ACHILLES"

will engage four tiger whelps in combat, armed with no other weapon than his little spear!

The whole to conclude with a chaste and elegant

GENERAL SLAUGHTER!

In which thirteen African Lions and twenty-two Barbarian Prisoners will war with each other until all are exterminated.

BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN

Dress Circle One Dollar; Children and Servants half price.

An efficient police force will be on hand to preserve order and keep the wild beasts from leaping the railings and discommoding the audience.

Doors open at 7: performance begins at 8.
POSITIVELY NO FREE LIST.

Diodorus Job Press.

But when Mark Twain had a mind to be serious there are apparent keen observation, clear perception and a remarkable freshness of the point of view. He is in the Holy Land and is impressed by its smallness. "One of the most astonishing things that have yet fallen under our observation," he writes, "is the exceedingly small portion of the earth from which sprang the now flourishing plant of Christianity. The longest journey of our Saviour was from Capernaum to Jerusalem—about one hundred to one hundred and twenty miles. The next longest was from Capernaum to Sidon—about sixty or seventy miles. Instead of being wide apart—as American appreciation of distances would naturally suggest

—the places are nearly all in full view and within cannon shot of Capernaum. Leaving out two or three short journeys of the Saviour, He spent His life, preached His gospels, and performed His miracles within a compass no larger than an ordinary county in the United States."

Or take Mark Twain's vivid contrast of the third Napoleon and Abdul-Aziz, the Turkish Sultan who was then visiting Paris. The scene was the Arc de l'Etoile, where the two sovereigns were to review twenty-five thousand troops. The writer describes the distant music, the flying colours, the long line of artillery, the splendidly uniformed cavalry, the cheering thousands of spectators.

But the two central figures claimed all my attention. Was ever such a contrast set up before a multitude till then? Napoleon, in military uniform—a long-bodied, short-legged man, fiercely moustached, old, wrinkled, with eyes half closed, and *such* a deep, crafty, scheming expression about them!—Napoleon, bowing ever so gently to the loud plaudits, and watching everything and everybody with his cat-eyes from under his depressed hat-brim, as if to discover any sign that those cheers were not heartfelt and cordial.

Abdul Aziz, absolute lord of the Ottoman Empire—clad in dark green European clothes, almost without ornament or insignia of rank; a red Turkish fez on his head—a short, stout, dark man, black-bearded, black-eyed, stupid, unprepossessing—a man whose whole appearance somehow suggested that if he only had



ABDUL AZIZ.



NAPOLÉON III.



THE ORACLE.

a cleaver in his hand and a white apron on, one would not be at all surprised to hear him say: "A mutton-roast to-day, or will you have a nice porterhouse steak?"

Napoleon III., the representative of the highest modern civilisation, progress and refinement; Abdul-Aziz, the representative of a people by nature and training filthy, brutish, ignorant, unprogressive, superstitious—and a government whose Three Graces are Tyranny, Rapacity, Blood. Here in brilliant Paris, under this majestic Arch of Triumph, the First Century greets the Nineteenth!

Frankly designed for the rough, boisterous sense of humour of the mining camps of California is Mark Twain's description of the Genoa guide who showed him the letter supposed to have been written by Christopher Columbus. Very few passages of *The Innocents Abroad* have been so widely quoted and yet, to the mind of the present writer it shows Mark Twain at his very worst.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation. He said:

"Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:

"What I tell you, genteelmen. Is it not

so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

We looked indifferent—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest:

"Ah—Ferguson—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo; ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah—did he write it himself, or—or how?"

"He write it himself! Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said:

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo——"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He said:

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it was beautiful—and sprang back and struck an attitude.

"Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eyeglass—procured for such occasions:

"Ah—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo—the great Christopher Colombo."

"Well, what did he do?"

"Discover America!—discover America! Oh, ze devil!"

"Discover America. No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo—pleasant name—is—is he dead?"

"Oh, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"
 "I do not know!—I cannot tell."
 "Smallpox, think?"
 "I do not know, gentlemen!—I do not know what he die of!"
 "Measles, likely?"
 "May be—may be—I do not know—I think he die of somethings."
 "Parents living?"
 "Im-posseeble!"
 "Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"
 "Santa Maria!—zis ze bust!—zis ze pedestal!"
 "Ah, I see, I see—happy combination—very happy combination, indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

It was forty years ago last winter that the first edition of *The Innocents Abroad* came from the press, and since then there has never been a year in which it was not a vital book. The sales soon amounted to fifty thousand copies, and had increased to nearly one hundred thousand at the end of three years. To-day it is finding more readers than any other individual book in its field. *The Innocents Abroad* is a "Best Seller of Yesterday" in name only. In reality it is a "best Seller of To-day."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

MARK TWAIN IN CLUBLAND



FOR several months "Mark," as his intimates were allowed to call him, lived at The Players in one of the two best rooms which had been occupied at the opening of the club by Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, and I, then the managing editor of *The North American Review*, went there one morning to ask him whether he would write an article for us on the origin of the most famous of his stories, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog*. We were fellow-members, and I had already known him several years.

He pointed amiably to a chair, in which I sat while he paced the floor and puffed at a slow-burning pipe, using it much as an artist uses a brush or his hand in swings and curves when he describes the tremendous things he intends to do with an almost untouched canvas. He talked more slowly than usual—I never heard him talk fast—and at intervals stopped altogether, now resting midway, then striding from wall to wall, shaking his head at what he disagreed with or nodding it in concurrence.

All the typographical dashes in the printer's case would be insufficient if I

used them to indicate the long-drawn pauses between his words and sentences. Every syllable was given its full value, distinctly and sonorously. To me his voice was beautiful. It was not a laughing voice, or a light-hearted voice, but deep and earnest like that of one of the graver musical instruments, rich and solemn, and in emotion vibrant and swelling with its own passionate feeling.

"I didn't write that story as fiction," he said, after a delay, tirelessly but slowly moving his head from side to side; "I didn't write it as fiction," he repeated in the way he had of repeating everything he desired you to understand he stood by, and that there could be no mistake about, "I wrote it—"

To and fro again and a sweep of his arm. A pause in the middle of the room.

"I wrote it as—not as fiction, not as fancy, not out of imagination—I wrote it as a matter, a matter of h-i-s-t-o-r-y. I can remember now at this very minute, I can remember now, right here, just how that story happened, every incident in it."

Here there was another pause, as if the curtain had been drawn on an interlude in a play. He never under any circumstances was precipitous, or to be driven. Nobody could ever hasten him out of his

excogitations. His face was serious, reflective and reminiscent. That was its prevalent expression. I knew him for nearly thirty years, and cannot remember hearing him laugh in all that time, even when he must have been amused and others were laughing around him—Howells, for instance, bubbling with the freshest, merriest, sincerest and most contagious laugh in the world, Howells, who, though so different in many ways, was one of the dearest and most congenial of his friends, Howells and Aldrich, both of whom he especially delighted in. A smile, an engaging, communicative, penetrative smile, which wrapped one in its own liquid and suffusing satisfaction, was his nearest approach to risibility, save perhaps a shrug or a scarcely audible chuckle.

I could see that some unexpected thing was coming, while I listened to those clear but halting sentences, which dropped from him like pebbles breaking the silence of a lonely pool. His face, that aquiline, almost accipitral face, was as grave as if life and death had been in the balance.

"Well," he drawled, "what do you suppose happened last night? Don't be in a hurry. It's no good being in a hurry."

I did not venture a guess, and he emitted a cloud from the reviving pipe as if to symbolise the impenetrability of his mystery. Again he paced the room before he explained himself.

"A fellow sitting next to me at dinner last night said to me, 'How old do you suppose that story of yours about the Jumping Frog is, Mark?' I stopped to think, quite in earnest, and I said, recalling all the circumstances, 'That story is just about forty-five years old. It happened in Calaveras County in the spring of 1840.' 'No, it isn't,' said he, 'no, it isn't. It's more than that; it's two thousand years old.' And since then that fellow has shown me a book, a Greek text-book, and there it is, there it is, my Jumping Frog, in Bœotia t-w-o t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d years ago."

Two thousand years never seemed so long to me, nor could they have sounded longer to anybody than they did in his enunciation of them, which seemed to

make visible and tangible all the mystery, all the remoteness and all the awe of that chilling stretch of time. His way of uttering them and his application of them often gave the simplest words which he habitually used a pictorial vividness, a richness of suggestion, a fulness of meaning with which genius alone could endue them.

The mystery of the Bœotian was soon solved. He had been translated into the Greek text-book by Professor Henry Sidgwick, Mr. Balfour's brother-in-law, and History was restored to the pedestal on which she had tottered. I got the article I wanted, and a very good price was paid for it. Mark was not an easy contributor to manage. He knew his own value, and had no unbusiness-like indifference to the substantial recognition of it by editors and publishers. He would have his pound of flesh, and insisted on it as strongly as he insisted that no changes should be made in what he wrote, though occasionally elisions would have saved him from the criticisms of fastidious readers, especially from the criticisms of women. I believe the only critic he ever listened to with patience, and respected and obeyed, was his wife.

How mistaken were the people who not knowing him imagined that everywhere and on all occasions his attitude and point of view were those of the jester! I never knew a more earnest man than he was, or one whose aroused indignation was so overwhelming. When anger moved him you could see his lean figure contract and his eyes ominously screw themselves into their sockets. Every fibre in him quivered, and for the moment his voice became acid and sibilant and out of tune—almost a whine. Then he would let himself out in a break, like that of a dam unable to hold the flood, in language as candid and unshrinking as the vernacular of the Elizabethans. Epithet would be piled on epithet, one following another with cumulative vigour, distinctness and the disclosing and illuminative effect of explosives. And not a word missed its mark, not a word seemed superfluous or exchangeable for any other word; each fitted the use he made of it as a cartridge fits a rifle or a revolver; each told. When

he disliked anybody or any thing, whether it was the Czar, General Funston, Leopold of Belgium, apologists for Shelley, or the Reverend Mr. Sabin, whose refusal to bury an actor led to the glory of "the little church round the corner," he would not compromise or extenuate what offended him for months or years afterwards, if at all. It took years to soften the bitterness which while fresh was implacable. Nor were his animosities petty or spiteful or unreasonable. Hypocrisy, deceit, sanctimoniousness and cruelty were among the cardinal sins for him. You might think he had forgotten particular instances of them, but he would surprise you by springing them back on your memory, in moods and circumstances to which they had no relation, in biting phrases which showed how they still rankled.

His attitude toward the ordinary foibles of humanity was parentally indulgent and benevolent. He admired women and met them with all the grace and complaisance of an ancient courtier, and he loved children and all things simple, beautiful and true. His affability exposed him to flocks of bores, and out of sheer courtesy he would endure them and hide his impatience while they flattered themselves that they were impressing him and establishing an intimacy, the legend of which should be boasted of while they lived and cherished by all their descendants when they were gone. He would smile on them and wag his head and murmur in a sort of purr acquiescence in their talk, and when he at last released himself by some ingenious strategy or through the intervention of a friend, who had been watching his unmistakable and comically pitiful signs of weariness, they would fly off to repeat what he hadn't said or jumble what he had, and thereafter ever speak of him as "Mark." It was a lesson in saintly fortitude to observe him and hear the unfathomable sigh which came out on his escape from them.

Usually there was no end to his patience, but I remember his losing it at a little dinner given at The Players, when by some mischance he was seated next to an impossible person, a guest, not a member of the club, who may be called

Bounder. Bounder gave him no rest, but Clemens stood the strain for a long time without a protest, and merely swayed his head in the leisurely half-drowsy, ponderous way an elephant has. That was another little peculiarity of his. Some of us could see that his restraint could not last much longer, however, and presently he beckoned the host, much to that gentleman's bewilderment, into the ante-room.

"David," he said when he got him there, "David—do you love me, David?" His voice quavered with pathos; it was a voice that always had more pathos in it than mirth: it shook with the melancholy of trees in the wind and pleaded. As I have already intimated, it was seldom he revealed any consciousness of his own humour. "Do you love me, David?"

David was the late Mr. David Alexander Munro, a close and a dear friend of his and of all of us. "Love you? Of course I do, old boy. What's the matter?"

"Then for the love of heaven if you love me save me from Bounder, save me from Bounder, save me from Bounder!" repeated thrice like the tragic wail of a soul doomed and immured in the nethermost depths of despair.

Difficult explanations had to be made, and another than he sacrificed for the rest of the evening to the confident and voluble Mr. Bounder.

He always conveyed to me the sense of music, not lively music *con vivace*, but the slower movements like the *andante* of a symphony. There were exquisite cadences in his voice, and his gestures harmonised with them. He did not sparkle as Aldrich sparkled; he glowed. Have you seen Vesuvius when quiescent, throbbing in the dark, its ruddy fire diminishing one moment and the next burning scarlet like the end of a Gargantuan cigar? In that one could find by a stretch of fancy a resemblance to his passages from coolness to heat. He was more like a frigate than a torpedo boat, and he deliberated before he touched his guns.

He confessed to me once that at gatherings when speech-making was expected, he preferred to do his part after

others had done theirs, for what was said before made opportunities for him later on. An instance of this occurred at a breakfast in London given during his last visit to England. Augustine Birrell, the Irish Secretary, preceded him, and referring to the demands made on him in what is probably the most irritating and laborious of all parliamentary offices, declared, "I am sure I don't know how I got here."

That gave Clemens the chance he had waited for, and he lost no time in making the most of it. No other American who ever visited London received half the applause bestowed on him, not Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Holmes, General Grant or even Mr. Choate.

"Mr. Birrell," he began very slowly and with a more expansive smile than usual, "Mr. Birrell has just said he doesn't know how he got here." Then he bent over the Irish Secretary, and looked into his wine glasses. "Doesn't know how he got here"—very significantly. Mr. Birrell was puzzled behind his spectacles, and everybody was on the *qui vive* just as

the speaker liked to have them; it was a part of his game.

"Well, he hasn't—had—anything—," a prolonged pause. "Anything—more—to—drink—since he came, and we'll at least see that he gets home all right."

The inflection breathed encouragement; it said by implication what many more words could not have said better, that Mr. Birrell was in the hands of a self-sacrificing friend who would look out for him. It surely was not the sort of humour they were used to, but bishops in their frocks, deans, cabinet ministers and judges—they, as well as the rest of us, yielded to it in uncontrollable laughter, while the speaker demurely shook his head as if he were compassionating the frailty of humanity. Nor was this the sort of humour, accepted though it was as the essence of him, by which he should be measured. Sunshine in water is not a gauge of its depths. Only those who knew him well discovered his profundity, and how impassioned and militant (a little quixotic, too) he could be in good causes.

William H. Rideing.

MARK TWAIN A CENTURY HENCE



ABOUT twenty-five years ago, Mr. C. H. Pearson, the Minister of Education in the Australian colony of Victoria, wrote a very suggestive paper on the Roman satirist Juvenal. It seemed to him that of all ancient authors, Juvenal is the most distinctly modern. His pictures are like those of Hogarth; he has been often imitated by modern writers, such as Boileau and Samuel Johnson. The notes of a modern style which belong to Juvenal are straightforwardness, the love of sharp contrasts, and the trick of disguising moral earnestness in irreligious language. Mr. Pearson makes a definite comparison. He says:

It is, however, in the exaggerations of his style and its apparent profanities that Juvenal

is more English than Italian and more American than English. . . . American wit abounds in sharp contrasts, as, for instance, when Mr. James Russell Lowell declares that if he happens to see a slaughterer on his way home from his day's work, "forthwith my imagination puts a cocked hat upon his head and epaulets upon his shoulders and sets him up as a candidate for the Presidency." So again with Juvenal's suggestion that there may once have been chastity in the world but that it was before Jupiter got his beard. What is this but a classical anticipation of

"They didn't know everything down in Judee"?

Because Juvenal had the Puritan fibre and lived in a world of his own, where morality was the only real existence, he could afford to jest with his own creed in a spirit of confident faith.

According to this Englishman, Ameri-



MILLIONAIRES LAYING PLANS.

From "Roughing It"

can humour goes back to Juvenal and its essence is sharp contrast and irreverence. It is odd that the pedigree should not have been traced further. It certainly leads us to Aristophanes, who was full of the irreverent and the unexpected. The Semitic Greek, Lucian, is only another instance of this same sort of humour, which was thousands of years old before America had been discovered by Columbus.

So far as Juvenal and Lucian represent it, one may rather call it wit than humour. Wit has the advantage of humour in that its manifestations are

very brief. They snap like firecrackers and flash at once upon the intelligence, nor are they usually local or ephemeral. This is another reason why witty sayings live long. Humour is much more at the mercy of time and circumstance. The sense of humour in one generation is not tickled in just the same way as is the sense of humour in another generation. Humour needs ample room and verge in which to produce its best effects. It recalls the slowly broadening smile which it evokes, and which in the case of the very choicest humour is given oftener and more freely than to mere wit. After you



THE SOUTH PASS.

From "Roughing It"



CROSSING THE FLATTE.

From "Roughing It"

have heard a witty saying once, it does not interest you a second time, although you can pass it on to some one else, so that it thus survives from generation to generation. But humour pleases both at the first hearing and the second and the third. It grows on you. You chuckle over it many and many a time, and if it is of the highest sort, you may say of it with Horace—

decies repetita placebit.

Indeed, Horace himself affords an admirable illustration of true humour, though he can be witty, too. It is because of his humour, however, that he is more read and quoted in this twentieth century than even in his lifetime and directly afterward. Contrast Horace, who is full of humour, with the brilliant Spaniard, Martial, who scintillates with wit. The works of both have come down in their completeness to the present day. The difference between them is not, therefore, a difference between what is read and what is not read. It lies rather in the

attitude with which the world regards them. Martial has been translated into every modern tongue, and in a multitude of cases the translation is fully as witty and sparkling as the original. But admiration for his wit gives us no feeling of admiration or even of liking for the author of these epigrams. He is extremely clever, but he makes no personal appeal to us. On the contrary, while enjoying his wit either in the original or in the translation, one almost despises the writer for his sycophancy and the prostitution of his gifts in the service of indecency.

I believe that the supremacy of humour over wit lies in this very matter of the personal appeal. Just because humour is personal it touches your heart far more surely than wit, which gratifies your intellect alone. No one has ever made an adequate translation of Horace into any other language than his own. The thing is quite impossible, because there is in him such a wonderful combination of neat, effective phrasing, of geniality, of a



THE FAMILY BEDOTRAD.

From "Roughing It"



SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS

OF
HOLM

willingness to class himself with others, whom he laughs at and whom he laughs with. Persius, the disciple of Horace, expressed this very well when he said that "the rogue touches every fault of his friend, who laughs as he does it, and when once admitted, he plays around our very heart-strings." In other words, the true humourist has a sense of humour which makes him see his own defects and smile at his own absurdities, not thinking himself to be any nearer perfection than is

one Greek—Aristophanes. There are only two Romans—Plautus and Horace. There are only a few Englishmen—Addison and Steele and Charles Lamb and Dickens, and to a certain extent, Thackeray, whose love of humour, at least, was very great. In our own country there are Washington Irving and James Russell Lowell, some of whose lines and phrases will live so long as the language itself endures, and there is Bret Harte also. But even a few decades have wrought havoc



MARK TWAIN SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG

his neighbour. The keynote of humour then is tolerance, a sense of proportion, and a mellowness, all of which taken together make you love the humourist and feel personally drawn to him. But this is exactly why humourists are very rare, and why humour can be enjoyed only by those who have leisure to savour it and experience its full effect like that of a rare old wine.

How many genuine humourists stand out as permanent and living figures in the gallery of literary fame? There is only

with the Americans who were supposed to be replete with humour. Who to-day remembers anything that was written by Seba Smith, whose *Major Jack Downing Letters* once set the whole country in a roar? His subjects were ephemeral, being in the main political, and so his books were forgotten even before his death in 1858. Then again, there were the chronicles of Mrs. Partington, written in the forties by B. P. Shillaber. They were supposed to contain the essence of pure humour. They were quoted and read

from one end of the United States to the other, and their author's reputation endured until 1860; yet Mr. Shillaber outlived that reputation by more than thirty years; and when he died in 1890, both he and his humorous creations had been equally forgotten.

Even briefer was the vogue of "John Phoenix" (Lieutenant George H. Derby), who died in 1861. He amused every one by his humorous cuts and whimsical fancies. A new edition of his squibs was brought out only seven years ago, though I never heard that any one went so far as to purchase a copy. Read it if you can. This is possible through mental effort, but to laugh at it or with it is allowed neither to gods nor men. It is dead. The life has all departed from it. It was a humour fit for one generation only, and destined to become a bore to those of the generation that succeeded. And so too the political jests of "Petroleum V. Nasby" (which used to convulse President Lincoln) endured for just five years; and their author, Mr. Locke, wisely ceased to write any more alleged humour from 1865 until his death in 1888. A still shorter shrift was given to Mr. J. M. Bailey, who, as "The Danbury News Man," made much fun in the early seventies, but died forgotten in 1894. Very much the same thing has been true of other "funny men" of our newspapers. There was a day when hundreds of thousands of readers looked eagerly for the fourth column of the *New York Times*, and laughed consumedly over what they read there; but Mr. Alden himself very wisely withdrew as soon as he perceived that his humour was becoming hackneyed.

There are two other American humourists over whom one pauses for a while. The first was Josh Billings, whose quaint sayings, quaintly spelled, had seven years of life. If some one would transmute them into the accepted orthography, it is likely that they would still find readers; for in reality, they were not humorous except in form. They contained a great deal of the true philosophy of life, and were short and pithy and to the point. We believe that Josh Billings is suffering only from a temporary eclipse; and that some day Mr. Henry Wheeler Shaw will

arise out of the ashes of the *Farmers' Allminax* and take his rightful place among Americans who have uttered deep truths that deserve to be read and not forgotten. Josh Billings was, indeed, a sort of minor Emerson. He had not the reading and the range of Emerson, but he had much of Emerson's soundness and wholesomeness and pithiness of diction.

Then there was the once famous and still remembered "Artemus Ward" (Charles F. Browne). His books were read by millions. They were reprinted in Great Britain. Some passages in them seemed to be pregnant with the raciest humour. For a decade or more he was not only the leading humourist of America, but was regarded as having qualities that marked him out for immortality. Yet to-day his jests and narratives are like flat champagne. The life has all gone out of them. They were not of the sort of humour which endures, and so they have taken their place with the productions of Mr. Robert J. Burdette and Edgar Wilson Nye, who, as "Bill Nye," outlived his temporary fame, and Orpheus C. Kerr (R. H. Newell), who died in the flesh only nine years ago, but who as a humourist vanished from the knowledge of his countrymen in the sixties. Is it worth one's while to mention Hans Breitmann (C. G. Leland), or even John Hay and "Ik Marvel" (D. G. Mitchell), or Max Adeler? A plea might be made for "Mr. Dooley" (F. P. Dunne), yet even this sprightly philosopher seems to be sinking out of sight, though even at so recent a period as five years ago he held a high place (as the title of one of his books says) "in the hearts of his countrymen."

The moral of these reminiscences is that while humour of a sort is always abundant, the humour which lives throughout the ages is very rare indeed—rarer than the noblest poetry, the most profound essays, the most brilliant wit, and the dramatic expression of poignant tragedy. We are to-day noting the death of one who for more than thirty years has been regarded as a humourist of the highest order, occupying indeed a unique position, since his humour seems even to have stood the searching test of translation into other languages. Mark Twain was

as well known in England and Australia and the other British colonies as in his own country. The greatest university of the English-speaking race honoured him with a degree—the first ever given by Oxford to a humourist as such. In translation he has been read in Germany and France and other foreign countries. During his lifetime a sort of legend has

evant, eccentric, void of either wit or humour—were poured forth by him as though he really felt himself inspired, so that he could not perpetrate a piece of drivel or by any chance be guilty of a *sottise*. However, we must remember that Mr. Clemens lived long and wrote much. Only the very greatest of authors can expect to have their works endure,



BUST OF MARK TWAIN BY THERESA FEODOROWNA RIES

sprung up regarding him as there has concerning Miguel Cervantes. Men who are usually sane have tried to see in Mark Twain's jokes and off-hand comic skits a deep philosophy, just as they have tried to find in *Don Quixote* a melancholy idealism. During the last years of his life he seems to have taken this adulation seriously; for his later writings—irrel-

especially if most of them be works of humour. In some few books will be found the *fine fleur*, the cream, the golden nugget by which we are to judge the writer. In his other books there may be grains of gold, but not enough to make them precious, and this especially is true of Mark Twain. His humour was only in part the humour of Juvenal and Aris-

tophanes. It was quite as irreverent and often quite as full of sharply unexpected contrasts. But it had a quality of its own which you can find nowhere else.

Going over the entire list of the many volumes to which this author set his name, there are only four or five at the most that are likely to last for a great length of time. I am certain that not more than three of them will be read a century from now. Perhaps it may be

for perhaps two decades. All the rest of Mr. Clemens's books may perhaps be sold by subscription agents among his "complete works" for a certain time, but they will not be read. *A Tramp Abroad* marks the beginning of a first decline. *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* makes one feel sorry for its author. *Joan of Arc* is distinctly dull; and *The Autobiography of Mark Twain*, which has been dragging its slow way along for



MARK TWAIN OF A MORNING

well to name the books under their respective categories, and then to give the reason for their comparative longevity. Therefore, I should say that the first two books—*The Jumping Frog* (1867) and *The Innocents Abroad* (1869) are never likely to go out of print or out of favour. *Roughing It* (1872) will be valued both for its humour and for its history throughout many years. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876) and *Huckleberry Finn* (1885) will remain

many months, is formless and in places without any meaning whatsoever. His best friends have regretted that he ever began to write it. It is to be hoped that his heirs and executors will suppress it.

We must, therefore, judge Mark Twain as a humourist by the very best of all he wrote rather than by the more dubious productions in which we fail to see at every moment the winning qualities and the characteristic form of this very interesting American. As one would not

judge of Tennyson by his dramas, nor Thackeray by his journalistic chit-chat, nor Sir Walter Scott by those romances which he wrote after his fecundity had been exhausted, so we must not judge Mark Twain by the dozen or more specimens which belong to the later period, when he was ill at ease and growing old. Let us rather go back with a sort of joy to what he wrote when he did so with spontaneity, when his fun was as natural to him as breathing, and when his humour was all American humour—not like that of Juvenal or Hierocles—acrid, or devoid of anything individual—but brimming over with exactly the same rich irresponsibility which belonged to Steele and Lamb and Irving. It may seem odd to group a son of the New World and of the great West with those earlier classic figures who have been mentioned here; yet upon analysis it will be discovered that the humour of Mark Twain is at least first cousin to that which produced Sir Roger de Coverley and Rip Van Winkle and The Stout Gentleman. In other words, there is really no such thing as American humour, but rather all humour is of the same vintage. Its essence lies, first in the projection of an attractive personality; second, in the assumption by that personality of a sort of appealing ignorance; and finally, a genuine understanding of things as they really are.

Now when Mark Twain wrote *The Jumping Frog* and a little later his greatest book, *The Innocents Abroad*, he was (perhaps unconsciously) creating for a million readers a human being who never had any real existence, but who was so delicately depicted and with so many little touches of verisimilitude as to make him more real than his own creator. He was a visitant from the West, professing to know nothing, pleased, just as a child is pleased, with everything that is unknown to him; and, like a child, opening his eyes wonderingly and with intense enjoyment upon a new world. His innocence is like the innocence of Partridge in Fielding's great romance; yet there are twinkles and glints of shrewdness which make one feel that here is a child who will some day put away childish things. But in the meantime, you enjoy his *naïveté* and are glad that he is not yet quite

"grown up." When he tells a story he tells it as though unconscious of its humour. His *insouciance* and gravity form such a delightful background for the intensely comic and beautifully irrational actions that are narrated! Hear Mark Twain tell of his old friend Smiley, who owned the Jumping Frog:

He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see."

The richness of this and of what follows might well have tempted, as it did, translators over all the world. One would hardly think it possible for a Frenchman to Gallicise such a piece of native humour; yet in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for July 15, 1872, *The Jumping Frog* appears in French as *La Grenouille Sautouse Du Comté De Cala-*

veras. It must be said that even without the dialect the humour holds its own. As a matter of curiosity, let us reproduce just a bit of this daring experiment.

Il attrapa un jour une grenouille et l'emporta chez lui, disant qu'il prétendait faire son éducation; vous me croirez si vous voulez, mais pendant trois mois il n'a rien fait que lui apprendre à sauter dans une cour retirée de sa maison. Et je vous répons qu'il avait réussi. Il lui donnait un petit coup par derrière, et l'instant d'après vous voyiez la grenouille tourner en l'air comme un beignet au-dessus de la poêle, faire un culbute, quelquefois deux, lorsqu'elle était bein partie, et retomber sur ses pattes comme un chat. Il l'avait dressée dans l'art de gober des mouches, et l'y exerçait continuellement, si bien qu'une mouche, du plus

to present to us. Here indeed he resembles Horace because he is *vafer*, and because when admitted to our confidence he plays around our heart-strings. It is not his companions alone upon whom he throws the warm glow of his humour. If he tells us of the Poet Lariat and the Oracle and Blücher and Dan, so almost with the confidence of a babe does he tell us of himself, of the mistakes that he made and of the ridiculous things that he did. Thus he will narrate the conspiracy against the captain of the ship for the poor tea that was served out. Mark takes a cup of it and boldly goes up to the captain and asks him whether he expects people accustomed to good living to live upon such slops as *that*. And the captain



STORMFIELD, MARK TWAIN'S REDDING HOME

loin qu'elle apparaissait, était une mouche perdue. Smiley avait coutume de dire que tout ce qui manquait à une grenouille, c'était l'éducation, qu'avec l'éducation elle pouvait faire presque tout, et je le crois. Tenez, je l'ai vu poser Daniel Webster là sur ce plancher—Daniel Webster était le nom de la grenouille—et lui chanter:—Des mouches! Daniel, des mouches!

This is almost as good as the original. It shows that its humour is not local and limited, but that it contains the element of the Universal, for has not some one said that the judgment of foreign nations is practically the judgment of posterity?

But in *The Innocents Abroad* there is larger scope and sway for this born genius. He is as *naïf* and innocent and ignorant as the friend of the apocryphal Smiley; but he has a myriad of subjects

blandly tastes the liquid and quietly remarks that it isn't particularly good tea, but that he considers it a very fair specimen of coffee! Thus Mark recounts his first supper in France:

We stopped at the first café we came to, and entered. An old woman seated us at a table and waited for orders. The doctor said:

"Avez vous du vin?"

The dame looked perplexed. The doctor said again, with elaborate distinctness of articulation:

"Avez-vous du—vin?"

The dame looked more perplexed than before. I said:

"Doctor, there is a flaw in your pronunciation somewhere. Let me try her. Madame, avez-vous du vin? It isn't any use, doctor—take the witness."

"Madame, avez-vous du vin—ou fromage—

pain—pickled pigs' feet—beurre—des oeufs—du boeuf—horse-radish, sour-cROUT, hog and hominy—anything, *anything* in the world that can stay a Christian stomach!"

She said:

"Bless you, why didn't you speak English before?—I don't know anything about your plagued French!"

world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:

"See, gentlemen!—Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah—Ferguson—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"



MARK TWAIN ON THE DECK OF THE "BERMUDIAN"

Thus, again, the assumption of ignorance—a dense, dull, idiotic ignorance in the presence of all the foreign guides, every one of whom was invariably called Ferguson. Here is a passage concerning one of them that is worth transcribing by way of reminiscence:

He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the

"Name?—he got no name!—Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No!" 'Gyptian mummy!"

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No!" *not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of **Egypta** before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy—mummy. How calm he is—how self-possessed. Is, ah—is he dead?"

"Oh, *sacré bleu*, been dead three thousan' year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely:

"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this! Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us*!—thunder and lightning, I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice, *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or by George we'll brain you!"

We make it exceedingly interesting for this Frenchman. However, he has paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavoured to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

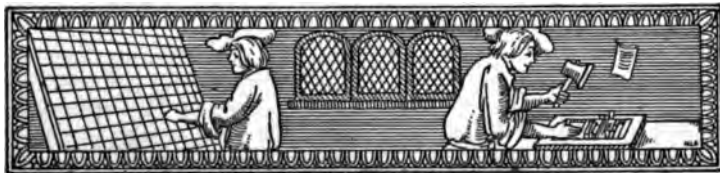
The Innocents Abroad was published forty-one years ago, and yet one could go on quoting from it indefinitely with an absolute certainty that every quotation would hit the mark and evoke Homeric laughter just as it did when the pages were fresh from the press. Dan buying gloves from a girl in Gibraltar; Mark Twain's first experience with a Turkish bath; Mark Twain weeping at the grave of Adam—these and a score of episodes are already classic, and they will remain so. This is true of *The Innocents Abroad*. It is not true of any other volume to which the author set his name. In *Roughing It*, perhaps the account of Buck Fanshawe's funeral may hold its own, though the dialect will possibly in time be obsolete and cease to have the peculiar effectiveness which it has even to-day; though it will be a long time before we forget the courtly question asked

by Scotty Briggs the gambler of the new minister from the East:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel mill?"

This is essentially Juvenalian. Again, most persons would have said that in *The Gilded Age*, Mark Twain had created an absolutely new character in fiction when he drew Colonel Sellers; yet somehow Colonel Sellers is remembered to-day only by people who belong to Bookland. Therefore, if Mark Twain's reputation stands—and it certainly will stand—it will be upon *The Jumping Frog* and *The Innocents Abroad*. It is only short-sighted persons who talk of Mark Twain's profound "philosophy of life." He had no philosophy of life, any more than Fielding had or Steele or Harte. But like them he had an instinct for pure humour, which was most effective when it was most unconscious. There was the irreverence of Juvenal and his unexpectedness; but more than all else was that wonderful gift of projecting an absolutely humorous and winning character. Addison has given us Sir Roger, and Dickens has given us a whole portrait gallery; but Mark Twain created just one personage with whom we laugh or wonder or are indignant, and this personage is Mark Twain himself—Mark Twain, be it understood, and not Mr. Samuel L. Clemens. A century hence, or two centuries hence, the dross will be separated from the gold, and men and women will still take infinite delight in Smiley and Dan'l Webster, but most of all in the man who was essentially American, right-minded, telling truths in the spirit of one who jests, and giving to those who choose his earliest books a pure and wholesome and natural enjoyment.

Harry Thurston Peck.



THE STORY OF MARK TWAIN'S DEBTS



N anecdote is recorded of Mark Twain and General Grant, who, in company with William D. Howells, once sat together at luncheon. It was a modest luncheon, spread in the General's private office in the purlieu of Wall Street, in the days when war and statesmanship had been laid aside, and the hero of battles and civic life was endeavouring to retrieve his scattered fortunes by a trial of business.

"Why don't you write your memoirs?" asked Mark Twain, mindful of how much there was to record, and how eager would be the readers of such a work.

But the General, with characteristic modesty, demurred, and the point was not pressed. This was several years before the failure of the firm of Ward and Grant, which swept away the General's private fortune, leaving him an old man, broken in health, and filled with anxieties about the provision for his family after he should be gone.

When the evil days at last came, some memory of the suggestion dropped by his friend, the humourist—who could be immensely serious, too, when need be—may have led to the task that, in added contention with pain and suffering, constituted the last battle that the General should fight.

Whatever the influence moving General Grant to the final decision to compose his memoirs, it transpired, to his great fortune, that Mark Twain again called, and found that the work he had long ago suggested was at last in progress; but also that the inexperienced writer, modestly underestimating the commercial value of his forthcoming work, was about to sign away the putative profits. Fifty thousand dollars offered for his copyright seemed a generous sum to the unliterary General Grant, and it took the vehement persuasion of one who was himself a publisher to convince him that his prospective publishers would not hesitate at quadrupling that sum rather than lose the chance of publishing the book.

When the conjecture was proven true, the General with characteristic gener-

osity, withdrew the contract from his prospective publishers and placed it in the hands of the firm that Mark Twain headed. All provisions were amply fulfilled; for when Mark Twain paid his last visit to the stricken author at the place of sojourn on Mount McGregor, he brought to the now speechless sufferer the smile of happiness and satisfaction by saying, "General, there is in the bank now royalties on advanced sales aggregating nearly three hundred thousand dollars. It is at Mrs. Grant's order."

The anecdote is given at this length because, taken in connection with subsequent events dealing with General Grant's benefactor, it points a forceful illustration of the irony of fortune. There came a day when the very instrument by which Mark Twain was enabled to provide a peaceful close to the life of a brave warrior, and to guarantee affluence for his family, delivered himself a stroke that dissipated his own fortune at a time when age is supposed to have absorbed the vigour for a new grapple with destinies.

In 1884 the publishing firm of C. L. Webster and Company was organised to publish the works of Mark Twain. Of this firm Mark Twain was president; but he took little active part in the management of its affairs. Able to conceive in broad outlines successful policies, he was singularly deficient in the power to handle the details of their execution. On April 18, 1894, the firm whose business enterprises had always figured in large sums through the immense popularity of the author-publisher's own works, the *Memoirs of General Grant* and the *Life of Pope Leo*, made an assignment for the benefit of its creditors. The bankrupt firm acknowledged liabilities approximating eighty thousand dollars. What in the ordinary view of commercial affairs would have furnished but one item in the list of failures which record the misfortunes of ninety per cent. of the men who engage in business, became in this instance a noticeable case through the eminence of the chief actor.

What might he have done?

The law could lay claim upon his personal assets. To surrender these possessions proved no act of self-sacrifice, considering his wife's fortune, upon

which the law had no claim. His wife, however, joined him in the act of renunciation, and they stood together penniless. Beyond this point there could be no legal, and, to many minds, no moral responsibility for the debts of his firm. One can speculate upon the force of the temptation to take advantage of the position. Mark Twain was sixty years old, and ill at that. Having sacrificed all he possessed to meet the demands of creditors, he might justly claim the benefit of what remained to him of capacity for wealth-producing labour. His own words in reply to a slander which insinuated that he had set to work again for his own benefit are splendid for inspiration and honesty:

"The law recognises no mortgage on a man's brain, and a merchant who has given up all he has may take advantage of the laws of insolvency and start free again for himself; but I am not a business man, and honour is a harder master than the law. It cannot compromise for less than a hundred cents on a dollar."

There is perhaps something in the constitution of our social life that makes the matter of business failure in our land less difficult to bear than in foreign countries. Large fortunes spring up in an incredibly short period of time, and by the same incalculable means vanish away again. People view these mutations of fortune with a tolerant eye; the bankrupt does not fear the frown of acquaintances nor the disapproval of friends. The trial is made easier for a proud man. The great parallel case to the one here under examination is that of Sir Walter Scott, who lost his all through the failure of his printers, the Ballantynes, and between January, 1826, and January, 1828, earned for his creditors nearly forty thousand pounds. In the early stages of this trial he suffered acutely from the attitude of his friends, and he records in his diary how some would smile as if to say, "Think nothing about it, my lad; it is quite out of our thoughts;" how others adopted an affected gravity "such as one sees and despises at a funeral," while the best bred "just shook hands and went on."

How the world treated Mark Twain we learn from his speech at the banquet given by the Lotus Club on his return from his arduous journey round the

world: "There were ninety-six creditors in all, and not by a finger's weight did ninety-five out of the ninety-six add to the burden of that time."

"Don't you worry, and don't you hurry," was what they said." With the courage of a man buffeted, but not beaten, he gathered himself up for "one more last try for fortune and fair fame." In the latter part of 1895 he started out on a tour of the English-speaking countries of the world to give lectures and readings from his own works.

There were misgivings, of course, as to the success of his venture. Here was a field not absolutely untried, but not hitherto cultivated to the point of assured success. In 1873 he had made a lecture tour in England, and in 1885 had given platform readings in company with George W. Cable. But age had sapped the zest for public appearance, and he was sceptical of his power to move people with interest in his books. Moreover, there was a further thing to be considered, a possible impediment to success among the English colonies which he proposed to visit. His popularity with Englishmen had never been great, owing to the liberties he had taken with that nation's people in *Innocents Abroad*.

The latter apprehension was the more remote, however, for, starting from New York, he had a continent to traverse before embarking for the shores that held for him an uncertain welcome. To test his ability to interest an audience, to "try it on the dog," as they say in theatrical parlance, he subjected himself to the severest test possible, crossed to Randall's Island and read before an audience of boys. Unsophisticated by the lecturer's reputation as a humourist, the boys proved to be the organs of sincerest testimony to the permanence of the old power to amuse, and the first public appearance in Cleveland, Ohio, was undertaken with fewer misgivings.

No theatrical fly-by-night company, touring the country with "one-night stands," worked harder than this intrepid "old struggler," who made his way toward the Pacific by pausing each night for an appearance before an audience.

The quoted expression "old struggler" would slip in, for nowhere does it seem

so appropriate. It calls us back once more to Sir Walter Scott, who got it from an old woman in Ireland. The anecdote is worth repeating, if only for the sake of the sage's reflections. Sir Walter was travelling with his daughter and was besought by an old woman to buy gooseberries. The petition was declined, but the travellers were later seen to respond to the request of a poor beggar, whereupon the old woman said they might as well give her an alms, as she, too, was an "old struggler." Sir Walter said the words ought to become a classical expression for those who take arms against a sea of troubles, instead of yielding to the waves.

From Vancouver, Mark Twain sailed for Sidney and gave readings before the English-speaking communities of Australia; then continued on to Tasmania, New Zealand, Ceylon, India and South Africa.

His fears as to his welcome among Englishmen were proven to be groundless. In Australia, great as was his success as a lecturer, his personal success outweighed even that, and the market on his books was exhausted. We cannot follow him on this trip of mingled arduous labour and personal satisfaction. The humorous reactions of his homely vision upon the quaint, the bizarre, the pretentious, aspects of life in remote parts of the world may be read in his own record of this journey, *Following the Equator*. There are few things to record of this great effort to pay his debts.

In India he was taken ill, but the disease was not severe. In June, 1897, when he had circled the globe and had settled for a time in London, cablegrams came from that city announcing his mental and physical collapse. The English-speaking world was stricken with sympathy, and the New York *Herald* at once began a subscription fund for his relief. The report was contradicted at once, but admiration for the author's strenuous effort seemed to grow, and the *Herald* fund was assuming generous proportions when the following characteristic message declining to accept the relief came from the proposed beneficiary:

I was glad when you instituted that movement, for I was tired of the fact and worry of

debt, but I recognise that it is not permissible for a man whose case is not hopeless to shift his burdens to other men's shoulders.

In November of the same year a report was circulated that he was out of debt, but from Vienna, whither he had gone to live, came a laconic cablegram nailing the too optimistic impeachment:

Lie. Wrote no such letters. Still deeply in debt.

Nearly half of the original indebtedness remained to be paid, and here, with scarcely an opposing voice in judgment, he might have waived the claim upon himself for his firm's responsibilities, but he avowed that he would pay dollar for dollar.

The time of accomplishment was not long in coming. When the undertaking was begun, it was with the resolution to clear up the debt in three years. Allowing for the unexpected, it was feared that it would take four, then at the age of sixty-four a new start in life would be open to the author, who might point to a considerable occupancy of space on library shelves and regard a life work accomplished. It took but two years and a half to pay the debt. He began the effort in the latter part of 1895 and finished it in the early part of 1898.

His return to America and his home in 1900 was, in the unromantic procedure of our self-conscious days, of the nature of a triumph. He was formally welcomed by the Lotus Club, and, of course, as delicately as might be, he was praised for his honesty. His reply to compliment was a generous recognition of social virtue, which renders easier such an effort as he had made. Said he:

Your president has referred to certain burdens which I was weighted with. I am glad he did, as it gives me an opportunity which I wanted. To speak of those debts—you all knew what he meant when he referred to it, and to the poor bankrupt firm of C. L. Webster and Company. No one has said a word about those creditors. There were ninety-six creditors in all, and not by a finger's weight did ninety-five out of the ninety-six add to the burden of that time. They treated me well; they treated me handsomely. I never knew I owed them anything; not a sign came from them.

Frederick A. King.

“CHANTECLER”



THE uproar of an annual fair which has been carried on around Rostand's animal play is gradually dying away. The tattle and gossip of the gapers has had abundant satisfaction. The cultivated public of both continents, which follows with eager interest the phenomena of the intellectual life of the time, has already ascertained, to the profound gratification of its thirst for knowledge, how much the feathered raiment of the representatives of the birds weighs, what a goose, hen, and toad costume costs, what are the exact measurements of the enlarged stage requirements for the poultry yard and kitchen garden, who was present at the first performances, and what the receipts have been. Now the time should have arrived for the consideration of the work itself, for raising it above the plane of the news of the day, the contiguity of railroad accidents, inundations, etc., and placing it on that of literary work, inquiring into its permanent value, and testing what position is to be allotted to it in the progress of Edmond Rostand's development, and in the fiction of France and of the world. We need not ask ourselves somewhat pedantically how posterity will judge *Chantecler*. That may be left without anxiety to the care of posterity, which perhaps will have other things to do than to disturb itself about the play. The desire to anticipate its verdict, under all circumstances, reveals a laughable self-conceit on the part of the present generation.

Rostand, however, is probably entitled to be measured by a different standard from that of the anecdotal report. Victor Hugo would have had reason to complain if, in *Hernani*, the red vest of Théophile Gautier, and the battle cry of the romantic authors "À la porte les genoux" had been the principal points emphasised and, without intending to compare Rostand with the author of the *Légende des Siècles*, it will be felt as a duty toward him also to note in his work something besides the froth of the first performance, the art of the stage management, decora-

tion, and costumes of the theatre, and the splendours of the representation.

Verse-writing Young France disowns Rostand with the savagery of the Iroquois, not to say Apaches. It will allow nothing of value in him, neither his invention nor his language; neither the construction of his plays nor his verse. This unrestricted, sweeping verdict of condemnation, which strikes the *Romanesques*, as well as the *Princesse Loiraine*, and the ode of greeting to the Empress of Russia ("Oh, oh, c'est une Impératrice!") *Cyrano de Bergerac*, as well as *L'Aiglon*, betrays such absence of reason that we can attribute it only to the meanest motives, to envy and jealousy. The vehemence of the attacks is enough to prove that Rostand is a personage. The furious enmity expressed in the replies to the general inquiry of a "young" journal is not aroused by an ordinary conceited rhymester. Whoever does not feel himself a rival and does not suffer from his unparalleled success, willingly recognises Rostand as an extraordinary master of the joyous art. If the venom-swollen foes hiss that his verses have too many feet, are often rhymed prose and bombastic commonplaces, his images are grotesquely false, dragged in by the head and shoulders, that he clumsily imitates the elegant juggling verse of Théodore de Banville, these spiteful grunblings do not touch the kernel of the matter. Much of his verse could cheerfully be abandoned; the more essential and rarer gift—that he handles dramatic suggestion wonderfully—cannot be denied him. No living playwright of any nation equals him in the power with which he creates illusion. He is a magician who conjures up figures of intense life and bewitching charm. When the pentagram is effaced, the magic circle opened, we doubtless see that we have beheld only the phantoms of a wizard, no beings of flesh and blood, animated, warm, and filled with genuine feelings and thoughts. Then we fare like the students in Auerbach's cellar, who discover, to their amazement, that they have used their knives on one another's noses, when they thought they were cut-

ting ripe grapes from the vines. What does that matter? So long as Rostand holds aloft the magic wand, we are under his spell, and yield ourselves unresistingly captive to the overpowering spirit of Cyrano, and the melancholy poesy of the young eaglet's fate. The art of conjuring up the semblance of life to complete illusion, it is true, does not alone make the great dramatic poet, whose exclusive privilege it is to give his characters a genuineness and reality which withstand all examinations, tests, and moods. But the ability to produce mirages of convincing illusion ought not to be reproachfully characterised as juggler's skill, and he on whom the cradle fairies have bestowed this gift, may with reason, demand the meed of admiration due to every valuable and highly regarded natural talent.

An evil blow was dealt to Rostand when the attempt was originally made to stamp *Chantecler* as a classic creation of lofty character. It is a light play of a mirthful dramatist's caprice, and only seems to stand higher than a Montmartre jest of former days at the Chat Noir, or as a sportive performance at a minor theatre, because it has been produced with the greatest display of properties and an immense clatter. People praise the novelty of the idea of bringing animals upon the stage and making them think, feel, act, and talk like human beings. This is by no means a personal invention of Rostand. Even the superficial scholar knows at least the dog and its "av, av" in the *Wasps*, the hoopoe with its "epopopopopopopopopoi io io io" and the other feathered folk in the *Birds*, the chorus of frogs and their "Brekekekex" in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes. At the utmost the novel feature is that Rostand does not leave to his animals the animal character like the brilliant Athenian who, in addition to their sensible human speech, always put their natural animal sounds in their beaks or their mouths, that he did not, like Aristophanes, use them exclusively for droll effects but, with impressive weight, thoroughly humanised them, attributed to them earnestness, thoughtfulness, nobility of character, moral grandeur, heroism, and did not desire to cause amusement by their

fate, their deeds, and sufferings, but to awaken sympathy, to touch, and to thrill. But if he did not bring the animals on the stage to produce comical effects by their strange use, if he made them thoroughly human beings, then the question arises, For what purpose is this elaborate disguise? Why don the animal mask? And it will not be easy for the poet to give a reason for this affectation.

Anthropomorphism, which attributes human nature to everything that creeps and flies, and even to inanimate objects, is the most ancient form of observation and thought in man. At the awakening of his intelligence he does not yet know the arrogance which afterward makes him consider all that does not belong to the human race as infinitely far beneath him, and, like St. Francis of Assisi, he sees in the four-footed animals, the birds, and the fishes, his brothers, who are akin to him in everything mental, if not in physical appearance. This is the totem phase of human thought, in which families and tribes boast of having descended from a certain animal and surround it with a reverence that prevents them from hunting, killing, and eating it. Even literatures commence with totemism. The oldest poetic inventions of all races are animal fables and fairy tales, which either describe exclusively animals endowed with human thoughts, or in which animals appear on equal terms with human beings. Later literary poesy imitates this honest childishness, partly from an atavistic pleasure in ancient things, which, consciously or unconsciously, also lies at the foundation of all romance, partly because the reaching backward to the forms and views of a remote past is helpful to certain secondary objects. The animal fables of Æsop and Phædrus, which La Fontaine revived with inimitable success, and Gellert, Lichtwer, and Lessing have admirably imitated, pursue with their intended archaic simplicity, purely æsthetic objects. They make as bearers of the moral in action animals endowed with human reason and human speech, in order to conjure up the atmosphere of the fairy tale, and to animate the background of the consciousness with shadowy images of the legendary Golden Age, in which a single spirit pervaded the entire universe

and men and animals lived in fraternal relations. The mediæval animal epic of *Reineke the Fox*, which received its final form in France, and was restored by Goethe to the living literature of the German nation, strives toward other goals. Here the satirical writers exercise their ridicule upon animals because they cannot do so on the persons at whom it is aimed without exposing themselves to the greatest dangers. The "*Roman du Renart*" is the outcry of the tortured and suppressed dignity of human nature, which found vent in grim humour when the feudal order of society was still too firmly established to be forcibly torn asunder or even shaken.

But what an author intends, in our day, by an animal masquerade, is not very clear. People beyond the age of childhood have outgrown the delight in the deeds and sufferings of fabled animals, and in order to stimulate it in some degree, the magic of an exotic setting must at least appear as in Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book*. But the purpose of satire is still less necessary to be zoologically concealed. We no longer need to beat the donkey when we mean the miller. We call the cat a cat, and Rollet a scoundrel; we need not call Rollet a cat. What Rostand had to say and to complain of he could do openly. Besides, it is not sufficiently profound, unutterable, Eleusinian in its mystery, to justify the use of symbols.

It is understood that all the birds and animals of *Chantecler* are symbols. If we take the trouble to interpret them, we are almost ashamed of the commonplaceness, the shallowness of the meaning found within.

The cock is Rostand's idea of a man and a citizen. He is the faithful father of a family, who protects his relatives against every peril with wise caution and, if necessary, with heroic courage. He is the inspired bard, who thinks himself the creator of the glories of the world when he feels them strongly, sings of them, and makes them understood by less open, less susceptible natures. He is imbued by his lofty mission. He merges himself in it, does not allow himself to be disturbed by the mockery of those incapable of comprehension, the hostility of the envious,

the hatred of the incompetent. And even when, in the conflict with stern reality, he is compelled to wake to the perception that he is not so necessary to the world as he has persuaded himself, he does not, therefore, renounce his office of priest and seer. He continues to write poetry, no longer in the belief that he will work Orphic wonders with his verse, but still with the intention of elevating himself, giving to the world a deeper meaning, to his own life a higher consecration. In these general outlines special small details are interwoven. The poet is the voice of the world which, in him, awakes to the consciousness of itself. From him sings the day, the spring, the gold of the sunshine, the blue of the sky, the green of field and forest, the glowing tints of the flowers, the caressing tenderness of the soft breath of the breeze, the impulse to love of all living creatures. But his principal power he draws from his native soil. When he has a strong, firm foothold upon the earth of his native land, he feels as if secret virtues rose from it, penetrating and filling him, supernaturally increasing the strength of his whole nature and all his faculties.

This sounds very beautiful and is excellently adapted to please the well-meaning, who consider idealism and patriotism as signs of civil respectability. Only Chantecler's idealism is of the cheap sort that exhausts itself in high-sounding phrases, and his patriotism only believes itself genuine when it is completed by hatred of foreigners. He makes sharp speeches against everything that is not indigenous, and has not ridicule and contempt enough to bestow upon everything alien, which, in his opinion, is necessarily absurd and reprehensible. He believes he is Antæus, and is really a Kotzebue provincial with beak, spurs, and comb. He believes himself an original Gallic, glorious French cock, and yet has noticeably much Chinese about him.

Other symbols are the Hen Pheasant, the Blackbird, the Guinea Fowl, the Peacock, the Night Birds. They have about as much profundity of intelligence as the bard, patriot, and man of worth symbol of Chantecler. The Hen Pheasant is the excitable, emancipated, brilliant woman of the world, who disregards custom and

morality, revels in artful dilettantism, lives only for her capricious selfishness, breaks up families, unsettles and disrupts society, subjugates and humbles man to a weak slave, alienates him from his duty, emasculates talent, blows out the divine flame of genius. She is Delilah, who enfeebles Samson and delivers him to his foes. She is the banker's wife in *Sodom's End*, who renders the artist incapable of work. She is the duchess in Bataille's *Naked Woman*, who seduces the artist from his profession and his wife. And she does not omit to present herself as an Oriental, since the modern dictum of Parisian playwrights and theatre-goers requires that the temptress who destroys chastity, morality, and all honourable traditions should be of Eastern origin. Rostand is certainly no anti-Semite. But, from an irresistible inclination toward the opinion of the majority, that is, toward the ruling platitude, he has subtly introduced into the adventuress with the brilliant plumage a little anti-Semitism. The Guinea Fowl is a feminine snob, whose sole ambition is to bring together in her drawing-room everything that is fashionable and discussed in the newspapers at a given moment—the most decadent poet, the artist who is the most prominent Secessionist, the shrillest musician, the most famous citizen of the world. The Peacock is the æsthete, who impresses shallow pates by his self-assurance in paradoxical judgments, by the defiant absurdities of his æsthetics, by the incomprehensibility of his affected, distorted language, obtains a community for the crack-brained and ridiculous, and creates a mood against the sound and natural. The Night Birds, Toads, Capons, are the petty competitors in art and literature, who regard every successful work of a more gifted aspirant as a personal insult, will not pardon successful talent its triumphs, and try to avenge themselves by slander, abuse, and aspersion. The Blackbird is the grumbler and dullard, who tears down, not from envy of a colleague, but from assumed importance, self-conceit, the vanity of pretension to culture! He holds himself convulsively in a perpetual pose of superiority, plays the surfeited man, the dainty person, the arrogant one for whom

nothing is good enough, who has always seen something better, who at all times alleges that he perceives the process of manufacture, who never allows himself to be shown anything, believes in no genuine feeling, laughs at enthusiasm as silly stupidity, and is convinced of being intellectual when he is turning over utterly worn-out chestnuts.

Rostand has toilsomely put forth all these symbols in order to express in one main action and an inserted episode two complex ideas. The action, the adventure of the cock who abandons home and family in order to follow the Hen Pheasant, the brilliant foreign temptress, forgets in his sensual intoxication his duty, his faith in himself, his mission, loses his ability, but opportunely comes to his senses and finds his way back to his accurately measured sphere of work. This act teaches:

Stay in the country and support yourself honestly, always do your duty worthily, make no side steps, devoutly shun sin in glistening plumage, join yourself heart and hand to your native country, defend your highest possessions, your ideals. Here we have the complete collection of the best tested rules of life of good citizens, an edifying catechism of officially gauged praiseworthy sentiments, the safest life guide since the *Easter Egg*, of the good canon Christoph Schmid which, in my boyhood days, was the most highly recommended story-book for juvenile readers. *Chantecler*, in its fiction and its excellent moral, would be well suited for a breviary of Philistine correctness, if only the doubtful relation of the cock to the numerous hens did not exist. The inserted episode of the conspiracy of the owls against the cock, and the great reception at the home of the society lady Guinea Fowl, is a satire upon the literary and social world, which would be delicious if it did not appear with so boastful and important an air. To require unprecedented efforts of the management, put two continents on the tiptoe of excitement, proclaim by all the heralds an eternal climax of universal fiction, in order to show by some inoffensive, though very pretty epigrams, the folly of an æsthetic dandy, a few decadent, word-distorting simpletons, and a feminine Barnum with a taste for drawing-room

sensations, is really an error against all the laws of measure and proportion. And this combination of the Brood of Night against the proclaimers of the sun—how solemn, how tragical! With what emphasis the poet takes sides with the light against the gloom! With what heroic courage he defends the sun against the powers of darkness! He is again fighting the ancient battle of day with midnight, celebrated in the oldest song. *Chantecler* is the last outcome of the Ormuzd and Ahriman myth, which here, like all primeval myths, ends in the nursery. In *Chantecler* a strange telegony on the part of the author may be noted. His cock repeats the traits of his earlier creations, the successful figures of Cyrano and Flambeau, in whom, on the other hand, the cock was already created.

The bird is a Gascon, he himself says: "I was born in the neighbourhood of Pau, as the son of a noble hen." He is a little swaggerer, a little boaster: "Musketeer and chamberlain." He has the daring spirit of the old graybeards of Napoleon's army, but also the chivalry, the greatness of heart, the scorn of death of these bold giants. And behind the transparent features of his romantic heroes, we behold in *Chantecler* also the face of Rostand himself, who always speaks in person from the beak of the glorious cock, when he utters his bold polemics against the screech owls and toads, the blackbird and capons. We have long known how "irritable is the race of hards and seers." Yet, in the case of Rostand, so much bitterness must surprise us, since he really has no cause to complain of lack of appreciation and unsatisfactory success. No matter how strongly he might feel the malice of his enemies, he did not need to avenge

himself upon them with the production of *Chantecler*. He has already long ago taken vengeance upon them. His revenge bears the name of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and it is infinitely more crushing than all the Joe Millerisms and parodistical rhymes of *Chantecler*.

There is much clever invention in the animal play, and many of his verses read pleasantly. On the stage they miss fire. That is, the piece is lacking in the large lines the stage demands. Abstractions do not become more living when they are embodied in animal form. It is a convenient way of giving creative practical proof of the poet's power. If human beings are placed on the stage, they must be individualised; if, on the contrary, animals are used, the labour of bestowing on them a personal physiognomy is spared, the author can be satisfied with a shadowy, vague universality, and the superficial spectator, who perhaps permits his attention to be diverted by the costumes and other entertaining external matters, does not perceive that he has before him no living beings, but merely a series of words bedecked with beaks and plumage.

Chantecler is no work of art, scarcely a trick of art. It entertains by a Philistinism of sentiment which is rather enhanced than veiled by the exaggerated romantic poesy of the decorations, and too often clouded by errors in taste, such as the numerous inadequate images and travelling uncle jests. A number of pretty conceits and pleasing verses cannot save it. It will disappear when the curiosity of the multitude, aroused by extravagant advertising, is satisfied. *Cyrano* and *L'Aiglon* have no rival in *Chantecler*.

Max Nordau.



SAWDUST AND GOLD DUST

THE EARNINGS OF THE CIRCUS PEOPLE



WHEN you sit on a hard circus seat and watch a man leap from the top of the tent to a small runway more than a hundred feet below, land on his chest with a terrific jolt and then slide to his feet, it is quite natural for you and all the people around you to exclaim, "I wouldn't do that for a million dollars a week." Yet the daring leaper, who by this time is smilingly making his way out amid thunders of applause, does it for much less. To be quite exact, he risks his young neck twice a day, six days in the week, for eighty dollars a working day, and he regards it as excellent compensation for his somewhat precarious method of earning a livelihood. Danger and compensation, you must remember, are not exactly compatible terms. If the earnings of circus performers were as high as some of the somersaults they make there would be much more gold dust in the sawdust. Yet the assay of this white substance which forms the stage of the tented world has been sufficiently rich to make a few millionaires and to keep a small army of men and women in more or less affluent circumstances since first the glory of pink tights and glittering spangles burst upon an admiring and enchanted world.

About no class of wage-earners hovers so much glamour as over the people of the circus. To the small boy they live, breathe and work in a rarefied atmosphere of splendour which, from the free and easy manner of the calling and its environment, knows no care and no tomorrow and is simply a dazzle of delight. Yet, like poets, the dashing bareback rider must be fed. Even the bird-like

"queens of the air" descend to draw down a thick yellow pay envelope every Saturday afternoon, and often they come to the treasurer fresh from ring triumphs. Just as the circus itself, which many people unknowingly regard as a temporary and makeshift amusement enterprise, here to-day and gone to-morrow, is in reality a definite, highly organised business institution representing a tremendous investment (even the pink lemonade and peanuts are capitalised), so are circus salaries regulated by the inexorable law of demand and supply and sane and unemotional standards of efficiency.

What do circus people earn? Before trying to answer this question it might be wise, perhaps, to see just how the circus began and observe the financial conditions that invested the start. Like most great undertakings, the beginnings were obscure and modest. The first tented circus in this country was in 1826 and was owned by Nathan Howes. The tent was fifty feet in diameter; all the properties were carried in one wagon; the performers, who numbered less than half a dozen, rode on the backs of the horses from town to town. The menagerie consisted of a lion, a bear and monkey (there was no elephant in the United States then) and the band consisted of a hurdy-gurdy, a violin and a base drum. The daily expenses of this circus were \$35, which is in interesting contrast with the outlay of \$7,500, which is required to-day to keep the wheels of a circus like the Ringlings or the Barnum and Bailey show moving for twenty-four hours. The highest circus salary paid then was \$15 a week, and it went to the rider, who was then, and who continued for many years, as the highest priced and the leading performer of the circus. The salaries of the

In this series there have already appeared "The Illustrator and his Income," by Amos Stote (September, 1908); "The Librettist and his Profits," by George Middleton (October, 1908); "The Earnings of the Dramatised Novel," by George Middleton (November, 1908); "The Author's Full Dinner Pail," by Arthur Bartlett Maurice (December, 1908); "The Musician as a Money Maker," by Lewis M. Isaacs (January, 1909); "The Hack and his Pittance," by John Wolcott (February, 1909); "The Ghost Walks: the Actor and his Earnings," by Algernon Tassin (April, 1909); "Top Notes and Bank Notes," by George Middleton (May, 1909); and "Theatrical Stock and Its Dividends," by Geoffrey Monmouth (May, 1910).

other performers in those struggling days ranged from \$8 to \$10 a week.

At that time the menageries were separate and distinct features of the circus, and to see both animals and performance required the payment of two admissions. As the circuses grew the menageries became very important adjuncts. One reason why the animal tent was kept apart from the big tent was to draw a Sunday crowd. It was heralded as a "dignified and refined Sabbath-day diversion"; was billed as an educational and scientific feature, and it drew the pious minded.

Since the menagerie played such a big part in the early circuses, it followed that the animal trainer rivalled the rider in importance and emolument. The tamers then introduced spectacular stunts that would rank well with modern thrillers. It was about that time that the practice began of thrusting the head down into the cavernous jaws of a lion. The first man who did this, however, received only \$50 a week for it. Many of the early trainers received what was considered big money for those days, for some of the salaries were as high as \$200 a week.

The most notable of the lion tamers of that era was Van Amburg, who amassed a small fortune and was able to graduate from the lion's den into the dignity of being a circus proprietor. He earned, on some occasions, as high as \$400 a week. He had an interesting career, which is a part of our circus history. He first appeared in New York at the old Richmond Hill Theatre, and later at the famous Bowery Theatre, which in its time was a noted place. The Bowery then was a great amusement highway and the approach to the present Great White Way. It was the Broadway of other days. Van Amburg was called "The Lion Lord" and "The Forest Monarch" (it was long before Rooseveltian marksmanship), and well did he deserve these titles, for he was one of the most fearless of men. He was the greatest trainer of his day, and he appeared before many of the crowned heads of Europe. Once, after he had appeared before the Queen of England, he was asked by the Duke of Wellington:

"Do you ever know fear while surrounded by your pupils?"

"No, your Grace," was the reply. "If I ever do, it will be my last appearance among them."

It was Van Amburg who brought the Biblical parable down to modern times in vivid fashion, for it was he who first made the lion and the lamb literally lie down together. It was in the cage of his own circus. Later he introduced a child into the den, thus completing the picture of the triumph of faith and innocence over the savage beast. Van Amburg was one of the first, if not the first, circus man to court personal publicity. He was the most accomplished press agent of his day, and cut out the dazzling print-lined path that P. T. Barnum was later to tread in such spectacular fashion.

Van Amburg was one of the many early circus performers who, on account of their high salaries, were able to embark into the business themselves. Another was the famous John Robinson, one of the fathers of the modern circus, who began as rider and built up the first of the "monster shows." But it was his adopted son, James Robinson, who became the first of the really high-priced performers. It is generally conceded that James Robinson was the greatest bareback rider that this country has ever seen. He was the first man to turn a complete somersault with a galloping horse under him. He received as much as \$750 a week, and for a time he held the field to himself. Robinson developed early and became such a card with the Robinson circus that a rival outfit once actually kidnapped him. Another star equestrian of that period was the original Frank Melville, whose name and talent were carried on to the present time by a son. He was the first man to carry a boy on the top of his head while racing around the ring on the back of a horse. He was paid from \$500 to \$600 a week.

Although the animal tamer was a good rival, the rider for many years received the biggest salary of the circus. There was only one exception, and that was Dan Rice, the clown, and of him there will be more later on. The average riders then received from \$75 to \$200 a week. There were not so many riders in each circus and the owners could afford to pay liberal salaries. The circus rider, with

the clown, were the cornerstones of the whole tented project. Around them were evolved all the varied activities of the circus arena.

Next in importance and salary in the old days were the leapers. You may recall out of your boyhood circus going that the event that always followed the grand entrance in the circus was the leaping over elephants and horses. This was a favourite act thirty and forty years ago, and some of the most skilled acrobats of the country were engaged in it. One of the greatest was Dick Sands. A rival was, George Kelly. Each got about \$300 a week. Perhaps the greatest of them all was Levi North, who was one of the first to do a double somersault over a row of elephants and camels. Like Van Amburg, he later became a circus proprietor. The most ordinary leapers got \$100 a week, for their act was necessary to the success of the circus. People were always excited over them. Sometimes there were competitions between the leapers for prizes. On one occasion North turned thirty-seven somersaults in succession, defeating the English champion. Other great leapers were Batchelder and Doris, who later owned their own show.

Among the performers that were part of the organisation of the circuses of the fifties and well through the sixties were the posturers, who did bending acts, and who got about \$50 a week; the contortionists, who got about the same salary; the acrobats and the aerialists, who had not yet contracted the "family" habit and were most engaged as individuals and who averaged \$100 a week; the "cannon-ball men" (forerunners of Sandow), who juggled with iron weights and who got \$40 a week; and wire walkers, who have always been a favourite, and whose pay ranged from \$50 to \$200 a week, depending upon the thrill that they could produce.

It is well to remember at this point that all the circuses up to the seventies were "wagon shows"; that is, they travelled from town to town in wagons and the performers in most cases slept in the vans. The distances between towns were seldom over twenty miles; the march was made at night lighted by torches, and the procession was weird and picturesque. The

parade in those days was formed as soon as the show reached the outskirts of the town, and many a glittering entry was made on empty stomachs in man and beast.

Then it was that the great circus giants were getting the experience that would spread the glory of the tented show to every nook and corner of the land. P. T. Barnum, W. W. Cole, W. C. Coup, "Yankee" Robinson, George L. Bailey, John Robinson, Dan Costello, the Mabies, were all either in the business or getting ready for it. At that time Adam Forepaugh was a butcher in Philadelphia and James A. Bailey, destined to be the last wearer of the Barnum mantle, was posting bills for a two-wagon show. James L. Hutchinson, who was to be his partner, had just run away to join a circus that had come to his town down in Ohio. The oldest of the Ringlings, to-day the masters of the whole circus world, had scarcely been born. When Mr. Coup came into prominence, just before the Civil War, the day of the performer-proprietor had waned and the era of ownership by practical business men began and has continued ever since. Then, too, began the fierce and costly competition which had much to do with the advance of certain circus salaries, especially to those who could create thrills and play with danger. Those old-time circus owners were game in every sense. One experience of Mr. Coup will serve to illustrate this. After a long partnership with Mr. Barnum, he built the New York Aquarium, at Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway. It was the dream of his life, and he lavished half a million dollars on it. He spent \$5,000 trying to get the three-tailed Japanese fish, the Kingio, and it was typical of the way he did things. The manner of his losing this enterprise was characteristic. He had a partner who was a German and who wanted to open the Aquarium on Sunday. Mr. Coup objected, because he said that the Americans did not like to patronise Sunday amusements, but the German was stubborn. One Monday morning Mr. Coup said to him:

"See here, we can never get together on this Sunday business. I'll tell you what I will do. I will flip a penny to see

which one of us takes that job lot of elephants and camels that we own and walks out of the place, leaving the other in full possession of the Aquarium."

The coin was tossed and Mr. Coup lost, and with it his fortune. With the nucleus of elephants and camels, however, he built up a new circus and made a million dollars. He dissipated the greater part of this, however, in various road enterprises, and had comparatively little when he died. But he left a real impress, for it was he who built, with Barnum, the famous Hippodrome on the present site of Madison Square Garden, and he was the first man to haul a circus by railroad.

THE GREAT CLOWN ERA

Although the rider and the leaper were circus stars practically from the start and earned big salaries, they were forced at all times to yield to the clown in interest and importance. Every man's first memory of the circus is bound up in some way with the clown, and although many changes have come to the big shows, he alone of all the people of the tented world has maintained the integrity of his art and his make-up. In him are combined the heart and humour of the circus, and it is not surprising, therefore, that as the circus developed, the clown had big part. The period of thirty years ago has been acclaimed as the golden age of our clowning. The clowns then were "talking and singing clowns," and they kept up a running fire of quip and jest with the spectators. Many were accomplished riders and acrobats, and the leaders were men who might have achieved successes in the theatres had they so chosen.

The greatest of all clowns, and one of the most picturesque of all circus personages, was Dan Rice, who had the distinction of having received the highest wage ever received by a white-faced comedian in this country. He is said to have been, with the possible exception of James Robinson, the most daring man that ever appeared in the tented arena. It was not so much that he did hazardous feats, but he could face howling mobs single handed and hurl them back by his courage and iron nerve. Curiously enough, he began his career with a trained pig; later he took up riding with

the Robinson show. He would have won fame as a bareback rider alone. He was one of the most versatile of men, for he was a good singer, a master mimic, a born minstrel and a resourceful comedian. He worked for most of the great showmen of his time and then started his own enterprise, which was a river show. It travelled by boat up and down the Mississippi River. Out of this experience he got the title of "The River God." Then he had a One-Horse Show, the star being a famous blind horse, Excelsior. In the heyday of his clowning he had an historic interview with Adam Forepaugh. The circus proprietor sent for him one day and said:

"Dan, I'll give you a thousand dollars a week all this season if you will let whiskey alone."

"Thanks, Mr. Forepaugh, but I prefer the whiskey," was the clown's reply.

Despite this repulse, Mr. Forepaugh did pay him \$27,000 for one season's work, and he received from \$500 to \$700 a week from other showmen. He probably made more money than any circus performer of his time and almost any other time in this country. But he loved liquor too well. He made and unmade half a dozen fortunes. At one time he owned the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. Yet he died almost in poverty in a little hall bedroom in New York. Thus passed pitifully the man who had made millions laugh and who might have been a circus czar had he been practical and temperate.

Rice had many eminent contemporaries. First among them was George L. Fox, who was called "The Grimaldi of America." Grimaldi was the great English clown. Fox was the original Humpty Dumpty and got from \$400 to \$600 a week. He played Humpty Dumpty in New York for two thousand nights, and among those who came to applaud him was Edwin Booth. Among his colleagues of that day were Joe Pentland, Peter Conklin, Billy Wallet, Billie Burke, father of the charming actress of the same name, John Lalow, Whimsical Walker, John Gossin, Al Miaco, Dan Gardner and many more. Many of these clowns, especially Miaco, were Shakesperian jesters. The average man who goes to the circus

now probably does not realise that in those days the clowns often took the part and costume of the jester of gentle Will's day. They hurled real jests at the crowds; some of them were accomplished Shakesperian scholars, and most of them took their profession seriously. In fact the clown salaries then were much larger than to-day. The average good-talking clown thirty years ago got \$75 a week, which is a high price for the best clowns to-day.

The clowns then, as now, were always full of surprises. Al Miaco once told me 'that twenty years ago his white-faced colleagues knew more English literature than most college professors. Once while travelling with the Ringling circus, I happened on Miaco one sunny morning after the parade. He was lying on the ground under a tent flap. I noticed that he was reading a book, and on investigation I found it to be a volume of Byron. He knew hundreds of the lines by heart. Yet two hours later, I saw him cavorting around in the sawdust making a spectacle of himself. My old friend, Jules Turnour, head clown of the Ringling show, goes back to the golden era. He is one of the most serious and dignified of men; his whole outlook on life is clean and chastened. Like many of his craft, he has been thrifty and has a competency for his old age.

Of course, there are no more thousand dollar clown salaries. They died with Dan Rice and incidentally there perished with him a large part of American clowning genius. The circuses have grown so large, that instead of having one or two clowns, as was the case with the old circuses, there must be fifty or sixty. As a result the general clown salary has declined. No clown salary to-day exceeds \$100. Marceline, the New York Hippodrome clown, is not really a clown. He is what the European circus owners call an "august." He, by the way, receives \$10,000 a year, but his case is an exceptional one. He could not get one-fourth of that with a tented circus. As the circuses grew, the talking business was cut out, because it was impossible to reach the crowds, so varied were the circus programme, and so vast the distances. Hence the clown went back to pantomime

and the group acts, scenes and tricks that tell a definite story.

FREAKS AND FAKES

But all the earnings of the circus do not come from the "big tent." For many years the time-honoured "side show" has contributed its share and likewise a picturesque interest. In fact, some of the circus fortunes were made from a clever exploitation of freaks and fakes. Barnum, who always said that the people liked to be humbugged, was past-master of fake manipulation. He made deception a real first aid to circus profits.

Although the side show will last as long as the circus itself. I regret to say, that some of the traditional features are losing interest. The fat lady, for instance, is ceasing to interest the public. In the old days no show was complete without her. Thirty years ago, there was a famous rivalry between two famous fat women. They were Kate Keathley and Hannah Battersby. Each weighed four hundred pounds, and each got a dollar a week for every pound they carried. Once they got into such heated conversation, that it led to a fight, but there was so much body space between the combatants, that they could not reach each other with their arms. Besides, the exertions threatened them with heart seizure, and their managers were loath to lose such a profitable asset. Most freaks make equally freakish marriages, and it followed that Hannah married a living skeleton, who weighed sixty-five pounds. The alliance was happy and for years they occupied adjoining platforms in the Barnum side show. The average fat woman got only \$75 or \$100 a week.

One of the highest priced side-show freaks was Millie Christine, the "two-headed nightingale," who got \$1,000 a week. The celebrated Siamese Twins were really museum freaks, and were said to have received \$2,500 a week.

To return to the women of the side show for a moment: the bearded lady used to have great vogue, and sometimes get as much as \$100 a week. A famous side-show story relates to one of this variety. A giant once took a friend home with him. He had forgotten his latchkey, and had to pound on the door. Finally

a window was raised upstairs, and a whiskered face was poked out cautiously. The stranger began to swear at it, when he was stopped by the giant, who said: "Don't swear at that person. She's my wife. I married the bearded lady."

Curiously enough, some of the largest returns have been made on fakes. There were forty fake "Jojo's" He was the original dog-faced boy. All that was needed to make a rival was a fine wig that spread over the head and shoulders. Krao, the first of the "Missing Links," was simply a hairy child, whose father was paid \$50 a week, and who acted as nurse and attendant. The proverbial "Wild Men of Borneo" were usually back country negroes who got \$25 a week and board and lodging. One of the most successful of these wild men was a Russian hairy man, who allowed his skin to be dyed yellow. Then he was chained to a post and ate ravenously at the huge chunks of raw meat that were thrown at him.

The two extremes of size have always been great side-show attractions. The highest priced giant ever brought over here was Chang, the Chinaman, imported by Barnum. He got \$500 a week. The celebrated Dahomey giant, advertised so extensively by Coup, was simply a huge North Carolina negro. Hassan, the Turkish giant, got \$400 a week. Joe Dortel was a giant and a strong man, and he got \$400 a week from Forepaugh. Once he went for a ride in Cincinnati and he was so heavy that the bottom of the carriage broke down. He had the presence of mind to land on his feet, and thus walked along, practically carrying the carriage. The shock of this jolt, however, injured his heart and he died soon after. There were two rival giants in the Coup show who had a bitter enmity. They were Captain Benheim, a Frenchman, and Colonel Goshin, an Arab. Goshin, although long advertised as an Arab, was really a Kentucky negro. It took an exceptional giant, however, to get more than \$100 a week, and this rule still holds. It is a curious fact that giants are always short lived. Dwarfs live much longer.

When you come to midgets you touch some of the side-show stars. Tom Thumb

got \$1,000 a week for a long time, and so did his wife. Admiral Dot, who was a famous midget, got \$700. Chemaha, the Chinese dwarf, received \$250 a week. The interest in these little people is as keen to-day as ever before. Little Coretta, the midget of the Ringling show this year, gets \$350, and her diminutive contemporary, Weeny, who is with the Barnum and Bailey circus, gets about the same. The ordinary museum or small show midget gets only from \$50 to \$75 a week.

Such side-show staples as the ossified man, the living skeleton, the armless man, the tattooed man, the man with the rubber skin, and the snake charmer have declined in price during the past ten years, and their wages range from \$30 to \$50 a week.

Their place has been taken by real freaks. One of the most successful attractions to-day is Francisco Lentino, the three-legged boy, who gets \$350 a week from the Ringlings. A two-headed boy could get nearly a thousand dollars a week. The big demand among circus men is for this kind of attraction.

Despite the inevitable jealousies (for the artistic temperament is not lacking even among freaks), there has always been a rude democracy among the inhabitants of the side-show tent. There was a notable example of this once when W. C. Coup gave a dinner to his freaks at the close of a very successful season. Never did a more varied company sit down to a banquet board. At one end sat an eight-foot giant and at the other was a thirty-six-inch midget. They were a living lecture in anthropology. The jests were really funny, as one will show. As the armless man helped himself to potatoes by the adroit use of his toes, the living skeleton, who had a sense of humour, yelled: "Hands off," and everybody joined in the laughter.

"JUMBO" AS AN ASSET

Human beings are not the only successful money-makers in the circus business. The animals are strong rivals. One of them in particular was the greatest and most profitable asset that any American circus ever had. This was Jumbo, the elephant. Jumbo contributes a chapter of circus history well worth

telling, for it was with him that Barnum made his greatest circus strike, and for many years that prince of showmen guarded the mighty pachyderm almost as he would have cherished a child of his bosom. On one occasion Barnum refused a certified cheque for \$100,000 for him. This was probably the highest price ever offered for a beast of the jungle. A few race horses have brought more, but only in very rare instances.

Jumbo was obtained by a piece of characteristic Barnum enterprise. He had been for a long time the pet of the London Zoo, but the wily showman, who had coveted him, sent a trusted emissary over, who paid \$10,000 for him. When the time came for his removal to the steamer, the elephant laid down and refused to budge. Whether this was natural or forced, the result was a great uproar throughout England. Jumbo's hold on the affection of the British children was such that a great hue and cry was raised against his exile to a strange land. The newspapers started subscriptions, and more than fifteen thousand pounds were raised. But as Barnum had the bill of sale carefully preserved, he remained obdurate, and this mighty protest was the best advertising he could possibly get. The English papers sizzled with indignation and the cables to the American journals were filled with the news. Barnum made every bit of capital out of the episode, and by the time Jumbo reached our shores he was the most famous institution of the hour. He was probably more extensively exploited than any other animal. Mr. Barnum often said that Jumbo was worth a million dollars to him.

Jumbo naturally recalls the famous episode of the white elephant war. For years there had been a bitter rivalry between Barnum and Forepaugh. The former determined to get an attraction that no one could possibly duplicate, so he announced with a great flourish, just before the season of 1884 began, that he had secured a sacred white elephant from the King of Siam. Hardly had the season opened than the news came forth that Forepaugh had a white elephant, "The Light of Asia," which was billed as the only "original and genuine" article of

this kind. The feeling developed between the two shows on account of the white elephant war was intense. Fortunes were spent on advertising. There were many rumours concerning the beasts. One was that the Barnum elephant was simply a leprous beast with a blaze of cream colour down the trunk. Another was that the Forepaugh prize was chalk whitened. Both animals were shown with great care partly covered with black velvet hangings, and the keepers kept careful watch on the persons who touched them. Years later it developed that Barnum had really bought a white elephant in Siam, but that he had been poisoned by native priests, who repented of the bargain. Meanwhile he had ordered all his advertising paper and he was determined to use it. Despite the great sums spent in the exploitation of the white elephants, they proved valuable and paying assets to the circuses. Both were fakes.

It is only fair to the unsightly hippopotamus to say in this connection, that he was perhaps the first of the great animal money-makers. Long before Jumbo was dreamed of, a hippo was exhibited by George K. Bailey, who invented the tank on wheels now used so generally in the circuses. The beast was advertised as "the blood-sweating Behemoth of Holy Writ," and he made several men rich.

THE PAY FOR BIG ACTS

Most people have a very natural curiosity about the compensation for the "thrillers" in the circus. As I remarked earlier in this article, the pay is not always in proportion with the danger. The first of the so-called "modern sensational acts" perhaps was the feat performed by Zuella, who began the "death-defying" practice by riding an old-fashioned high bicycle on a rope. She got \$700 a week from Barnum and other circus men. Zazel, the woman who was shot out of the mouth of a cannon, got \$500 a week. Juan Caicedo, the greatest of all slack-wire performers, got \$400 a week. Little Allright, the greatest Japanese acrobat to be seen here, got \$500 a week.

The tendency in the present day circus is to get some really hair-raising act, and as a result of this ambition, men and women toy with death more than ever before.

The "loop the loop" performance was originated by a bicyclist, Chiro, who was also a Barnum importation and first shown in this country at Madison Square Garden. He turned a somersault on a bicycle and got \$750 a week for it. The natural development from this act was the "dive to death" in an automobile, which was also a Barnum importation. The first somersaulting automobile apparatus brought to this country cost \$20,000, and the lady rider who smiled so sweetly on the audience from mid air got \$500. This feat became so scientifically simple and danger proof, that it got quite common, and women were known to ride in the "death car" for \$75 a week.

The latest producer of shivers up and down the spinal cord is Desperado, who dives from the top of the tent onto a runway, landing on his chest. He gets \$500 a week. His feat is practically the limit of daring and danger.

One of the best of the common sense acts of the present day circus is the "strong man" act by the Saxon Brothers, who get \$800 a week from the Ringlings fifty-two weeks of the year. This means that the circus proprietors must find them a winter engagement.

In connection with modern high-priced circus acts, it is worth while mentioning the fact that Lockhart's elephants received \$1,000 a week, fifty-two weeks of the year. There were only four elephants in the act, but they had appeared before all the kings and queens of the Continent, and were a very remarkable quartet.

Now for a word about circus "families." When you read the programmes, you see that most of the acrobatic feats are performed by families. It may be the Lorch family or the Blitz family. They represent a distinct institution. In few cases are more than two of the members of these families really related. They are organised just as a man forms a theatrical company. The foundation (literally) is called the understander, for in ground feats he stands at the bottom and holds up all the rest. Likewise, he is the walking delegate and business agent, for he hires boys when they are eight or nine years of age, takes them on as apprentices and makes great acrobats of them. These boys all take the family name, and in this

way a family is built up. Some of these families get as much as \$1,000 a week. The average weekly pay of a good acrobatic family now ranges from \$300 to \$700. Aerialists build up families, the same way, and the groups of eight or nine men and women who do a thrilling trapeze act get from \$600 to \$800 a week. When you consider that there are often eight members in the family, this only means about \$100 a week for each performer. Yet they are content with this income, and many save money on it. Individual acrobats, tumblers and wire walkers get from \$50 to \$200 a week.

The salaries of riders to-day are really not as large as they were in the older days. A good and fearless bareback rider can get \$150 a week now, but, as in the case of acrobats and aerialists, there are many equestrian families. Some of them are real families, however, and descendants of the old kings of the ring. It is an interesting fact, that when the circus germ once gets into the system of a family, it always stays there with the same tenacity that grease paint sticks to the actor's face or printer's ink to the writer's fingers. In all the big circuses to-day you will find men and women bearing names that were on some of the first circus bills.

The average circus performer of the present day is thriftier than you would imagine, and much more temperate too. In the first place, the habit of life out in the clean open air makes for robust health. Besides, the women of the circus have no time for frivolity. Their life is work, travel and sleep. What do the circus people do in winter? Most of the star performers get engagements in vaudeville halls, where there is always a big demand for the kind of work they do, and thus they have a salary all the year around.

THE FORTUNES OF THE CIRCUS KINGS

It remains only to tell briefly just how the circus kings have fared with fortune. The richest of all showmen was P. T. Barnum, whose estate was worth more than \$3,000,000. He had good investments in real estate in Bridgeport and in New York, in addition to his circus interests. The right to use his name in connection with "The Greatest Show on Earth"

alone was worth a small fortune. His partner, James A. Bailey, left more than a million dollars; likewise, James L. Hutchinson, who completed the famous trio, whose names have flashed from bill boards the world over. Adam Forepaugh died very rich. W. W. Cole, who was a great circus man in his day, and who is now a resident of New York, is a millionaire. The Sells Brothers (Louis, Al, Peter and Ephraim) built up a fortune of several millions and left their families with big estates. These successes are in contrast with the poverty-stricken end of some of the circus leaders of other days, notably Dan Costello and "Yankee" Robinson.

But the wonder chapter in modern cir-

cus annals is the record of the Ringlings. Thirty years ago these five brothers (Al, Charles, John, Otto and Alfred T.) were "trouping" with a few horses, a few dens of animals and providing the music themselves. To-day, they own the three greatest circuses, the one which bears their name, the Barnum and Bailey show and the Sells-Forepaugh circus, and dominate the business. These three circuses represent a total investment of approximately \$8,000,000. They have brought the commercial and artistic organisation of the circus up to its highest and cleanest efficiency. And, incidentally, they have proved that a goodly quantity of gold dust can cling to the sawdust.

Isaac F. Marcossou.

EUROPEAN DRAMATISTS ON THE AMERICAN STAGE



HE superficial traveller, after a Cook's tour of a hundred days through Europe, comes home with an affected preference for unsalted butter and compartment cars, and tells his neighbours how much better life is lived abroad. He prides himself upon remarking that New York is an ugly city, and he regrets that his fellow-countrymen are merely commercial in their interests and have no sense of art. And if, perchance, he has attended a performance at the Théâtre Français or visited one or another of the State theatres in Germany and Austria, he will endeavour to impress the stay-at-homes by denouncing the American stage.

Among the stay-at-homes themselves it is fashionable to complain of the theatre in America and to compare it unfavourably with the theatre in England, France, and Germany. Their attitude, being that of the uninformed, is identical with that of the superficial traveller. For to the mind of the uninformed that familiar line of Thomas Campbell's is usually pertinent—'tis distance lends enchantment to the view. The constitutionally unobservant look at most matters

through a telescope. They pride themselves naively on the clarity with which they see things far away; and they fail to notice that the telescope narrowly circumscribes the circle of their vision and renders totally invisible all objects that are near. The majority of the people who condemn the theatre in America are either uninformed or constitutionally unobservant. Their view of the matter may be studied in the columns of many popular publications, whose writers aim to agree with the mind of the majority. In these columns you will frequently find it said that the theatre in America is merely commercial in its aims and undertakings, that neither managers nor producers show any regard for what is glorious in art, that great plays are seldom produced and usually fail, that our stage is un-American, and that its interest is provincial. The implied corollary may be expressed in the language of the superficial traveller—"Ah, but you should see the plays they act abroad!"

The charge that our stage is un-American may be answered by statistics. For several seasons, a majority of the plays that have been presented in New York have been written by American authors and have dealt with American life. But

the counter-charge that our theatre is provincial in its interest is equally without foundation. As a matter of fact, the American theatre at the present day is the most cosmopolitan in the world. While maintaining our annual majority of American offerings, we habitually import the best plays of nearly every European nation. The pieces to be reviewed in the present article were all produced in New York within a period of six weeks; and they were drawn from four different languages and represent pretty nearly the best dramatic authorship of no less than six different European nations. Almost never is it possible in London to see so many important plays from so many foreign countries set forth for comparative study side by side; and far less is it possible to enjoy such a cosmopolitan experience of dramatic art in either Paris or Berlin. The French have never been particularly hospitable to other plays than their own; and although the Germans produce a somewhat larger proportion of foreign plays, they still restrict their attention almost entirely to their native dramatists. The comparative student of contemporary dramaturgy would do better to spend a year in New York than in any of the European capitals. It is true that he might see a higher general standard of acting in France, a higher general standard of production in Germany; but he could not derive so broad and general a view of the current drama of the world.

During the course of a year, a much larger number of really important plays are produced in New York than are produced in London; and among these there is a far steadier proportion of successes. In America we succeed with Ibsen: even in *The Master Builder*, Mme. Nazimova made money for many weeks. That masterpiece of the contemporary British drama, *Mid-Channel*, although it failed in London, has enjoyed a long and profitable season in New York. It is hardly necessary to recall that we were the first to recognise the actual value in the theatre of the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw, and that his subsequent success in England and in Germany is a mere echo of his recognition in America.

The constant cry that the American manager is merely commercial in his un-

dertakings and does not care for what is best in art is also manifestly unfair. Of the eminent plays to be reviewed in the present paper, that one which is the most beautiful of all was presented by the New Theatre—an institution avowedly uncommercial; but nearly all the others were produced by the commercial managers, who might perhaps have made more money with less worthy and more popular attractions. The Messrs. Shubert are confessedly engaged in the theatre business for the purpose of making money; but it is unfair to accuse them of an utter disregard for art when they produce in quick succession plays by Ibsen, Bernstein, and Brieux. Mr. Charles Frohman, who is also a commercial manager, having shown us the contemporary British drama at its best in *Mid-Channel*, proceeds to show us the mid-Victorian drama at its best in *Caste*. Mr. and Mrs. Fiske, having made money in a long season with an American play, proceeded to spend it on a short season of Ibsen, Hauptmann, and Schnitzler. Whatever may be the defects of the commercial organisation of the theatre in America—and it would be unfair to deny that these are many and grave—it is also unfair to shut our eyes to the fact that many of our managers show a very high regard for art in the plays that they select for presentation and often sacrifice large sums of money for the sake of doing something that is intrinsically fine.

It is by no means my present purpose to argue that the American theatre-goer has nothing to complain of; neither is it my desire to spread the eagle and wave aloft the Stars and Stripes; but it must be emphatically stated that, from the point of view of art, the American theatre is at present in a far more healthy state than ever before in its history, and that, at least in its aims and undertakings, it may be compared not unfavourably with the contemporary theatre of England, France, and Germany. And perhaps the one thing that it stands most in need of at the present time is unprejudiced appreciation and regard.

In the Venetian Index appended to *The Stones of Venice*, Ruskin, after devoting half a hundred pages of critical analysis to Tintoretto's decorations in the

Scuola di San Rocco, dismisses the last and greatest of them with the following single sentence:

62. *The Crucifixion*. I must leave this picture to work its will on the spectator; for it is beyond all analysis, and above all praise.

It is in much the same mood that the critic comes away from any adequate presentation of a play by Maurice Maeterlinck. "Sister Beatrice" Critical comment can only—like Shelley's dome of many-coloured glass—stain the white radiance of that beauty which he has looked on face to face. Silence would be a more befitting tribute to this poet of the sentence of silence; or if not that, at least some genuflection of the spirit in the presence of the master-soul.

For surely M. Maeterlinck is the master-soul of this present age of ours. In *The Blue Bird*, which the New Theatre has promised for production in the fall, the little boy who is the hero discovers the secret of seeing the souls of things, and wanders through the present, past, and future, seeing all things not as they seem to actual eyes, but as they really are in their essential nature. This is the secret of M. Maeterlinck as a poet: he sees the souls of things. He removes veil after veil of the enveloping actual, to reveal at last the palpitant and vivid real. His characters are not people, but the souls of people; his fables do not represent life, but the soul of life. As Angelico was a painter of angels, so is M. Maeterlinck a painter of the human spirit. Because his mind quintessentialises all that it contemplates, his artistic productions exhibit a sublimated simplicity. Language with him has become again the speech of little children. It is so simple that the ear feels tender toward it. His sayings are like little birds that flutter home to fold their wings within our hearts. To enter the sanctuary of his mind is to withdraw from the sound and fury of the actual world into a vasty silence that seems evermore eloquent with echoes; it is to be reminded of all the beauty that we have ever known and all the latent spirituality that we seemed to have forgotten; it is to bathe in Dante's Eunoë—the river of remembrance; it is

to attain that mood when happiness and sadness are as one—the mood of Botticelli's *Primavera*, whereon whoever looks must smile through tears.

To the New Theatre we have been indebted for the great gift of *Sister Beatrice*. The essential note of this exquisite and gentle work might be indicated in Italian by the single word *pietà*—a word which means both "piety" and "pity"; for its tenderness is at once piteous and pious, and its theme is the ineffable compassion of the mother-mind of God.

Sister Beatrice is tremulously young. She has lived for four years in a convent—ever since she was a child—and the abbess has told her nothing of the world. She knows only that the Prince Bellidor, who played with her in her father's garden when he was but a little boy, has hands that tremble when he looks upon her and eyes more gentle than those of a child at prayer. In the dark before the dawn, Sister Beatrice kneels before the statue of the Virgin and asks if it would be a sin for her to go away with the Prince Bellidor into the unknown world, with love that answers to his longing. The Virgin makes no sign. Out of a wonderful clear night of stars the Prince Bellidor comes to Sister Beatrice, clothes her in pearls and cloth of gold, and lures her forth to his caparisoned and champ-ing steeds. Piteously again the maiden appeals to the Holy Mother for some sign to guide her; but the statue remains silent as before. Upon the grating which surrounds the pedestal, Sister Beatrice hangs her conventual garments. Then she goes away with her lover into the dawn.

As the day breaks, the statue of the Virgin miraculously comes to life, descends from the pedestal, and dons the garments of the departed Sister. The Holy Mother sings a little song which says, "There is no sin that lives when love hath prayed; there is no soul that dies when love hath wept." When the poor come to the convent for their customary alms, the Virgin apportions among them certain vestments which glow suddenly resplendent as she handles them with the gladness of divinity. The abbess and her attendant nuns, coming processional to

morning prayer, discover with consternation that the statue has disappeared from its place, and, finding the supposed Beatrice wearing beneath her cloak of grey the rich robes of the Virgin, recoil in horror from the apparent sacrilege. Acting in accordance with the advice of their priest, they hail the sister to the adjoining chapel to strip her of the holy vestments. But suddenly, amid a delirious chant of alleluias, a cloud of light foams forth from the chapel, through which is sprinkled upward a blinding dazzle of innumerable sparks; the nuns are scattered forth

regard the reappearance of the statue as a further miracle, and listen with unbelieving ears to the account which Sister Beatrice rehearses of the horror of her life of sin. They consider her confession as the death-raving of a holy mind; and when she dies, they feel that they have witnessed the passing of a saint.

Whistler might have called this miracle play a harmony of blue and silver. It has somehow the colour of the sky before the dawn, in that moment when the deep blue grows aware and waiting and the morning-star trembles with imagining of day.



"SISTER BEATRICE." ACT II

"The abbess and . . . nuns, coming processional to morning prayer . . . and finding the supposed Beatrice wearing beneath her cloak of grey the rich robes of the Virgin, recoil in horror from the apparent sacrilege."

amazed; the rods in their hands have bloomed into wands and garlands; and out of a shower of flowers the Virgin reappears to them divine. They feel this as a sign that Sister Beatrice is sainted.

For over twenty years the Holy Virgin fulfils the daily duties of the nun. Meanwhile, out in the rude world, the vanished Sister has sunk from sin to sin until she has reached the deep despair of degradation. She crawls back to the convent to die; and upon her return the Virgin resumes the rigidity of silence. The nuns

It was in this mood that the scenic investiture was conceived by that subtle and exquisite artist, Mr. Hamilton Bell. Nothing more tenderly pictorial has ever been revealed upon the American stage than the glimpse out of the doorway in the first act, when Bellidor appeared to Beatrice. Through a tracery of half-imagined trees we looked afar to a sky of blue awakening to grey and palpitant with a single throbbing star. A grey old man was leading a dark steed with gleaming harness. And Bellidor himself, black-

haired and glittering with armour, came trailing from his shoulders a flowing cloak in which the blue of the sky had caught and tangled all the silver of the stars. Throughout the present season, Mr. Hamilton Bell has revealed repeatedly his very remarkable talents as an interpretative artist; but this fine moment of collaboration with Maurice Maeterlinck must be regarded as his masterpiece. Scarcely less worthy of commendation was the stage-direction of Mr. George Foster Platt, which was beautifully and subtly simple. The only adverse criti-

gladness in the second act. In this bright and glowing second act, the Virgin should appear, as M. Maeterlinck himself explains, "*comme enivrée de son propre miracle*." The production, therefore, lacked the needed note of contrast and variety. But it was, on the whole, so beautiful and fitting that it seems ungrateful to object to it at all. *Sister Beatrice* is in itself sufficient to make us glad that the New Theatre came into existence. This one production was great enough to cover a multitude of sins. For it is good to feel ourselves alive in a world



"PILLARS OF SOCIETY." ACT I.

"The outcome of the play is predestined logically from the moment when Lona enters to let in the fresh air upon the stuffy and self-sufficient household of Karsten Bernick."

cism which may be urged against an otherwise admirable production is an objection to the obliteration which was made of the lapse of time between the first act and the second. M. Maeterlinck intended that the second act should be played in the bright light of early morning, as a contrast to the dark of night which shrouds the first act and the third. Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, whose reading of the part of Sister Beatrice in the first act was perfect in its lyric loveliness, also missed the intended note of

that looks so lovely to the clear eyes of the great Belgian poet, whose work—to quote that ineffable simile of Rossetti's—is like a hand laid softly on the soul.

As a curtain-raiser for *Sister Beatrice*, the New Theatre presented a little more than one-half of the fourth act of Ibsen's "*Brand*" *Brand*. Professor Herford has informed us that this fragment "has repeatedly been played in Christiania"; but on the basis of the American production no justifiable

reason for its presentation is apparent. *Brand*, of course, is not a play. It constitutes the first section of an epic in dialogue, which is completed with *Peer Gynt*. Brand is an idealised embodiment of the positive quality of the Norwegian character, and Peer Gynt is an idealised embodiment of its negative quality. Peer Gynt has no will, and drifts through life along the line of least resistance. Brand is the human will incarnate. His phi-

murdered boy; but when a vagrant gypsy-woman enters with a ragged baby in her arms, Brand forces his wife to give away the full complement of her treasures, and breaks her spirit so that she too finally succumbs. One of the many meanings of this fourth act is to represent the cruelty of the idealist, who for the sake of a lofty aim on which his mind is fixed will sacrifice the sensibilities of those who are nearest and dearest to him



"LITTLE EYOLF." ACT I

"The Rat-wife exercises her allurements upon Little Eyolf, and troubles everybody with a vague foreboding"

losophy is "All or nothing," and his motto is "No compromise." He undertakes a great work in a particular locality, and when it becomes apparent that the climate of the place will prove fatal to his little boy, he chooses to sacrifice his child rather than to sacrifice his work, and by declining to move elsewhere condemns his son to die. After the death of the child, Brand refuses to permit his wife to ponder with sorrow on their sacrifice. She treasures the baby-clothes of her little

—a cruelty of which the world might learn from the wives of many of its greatest men. But amputated from its context, this fragment seems empty of all larger meaning. It appears merely as an episode of maundering sentimentality about a dead and buried child, followed by an episode of inexplicable and, therefore, unforgivable brutality. And since the passage was abominably acted, the presentation of it was entirely unfair to the great poet of the Nor

The work of the greatest modern dramatist was shown to far better advantage in two really remarkable productions from his social series—"Pillars of Society" and "Little Eyolf." Mrs. Fiske's presentation of *Pillars of Society* and Mme. Nazimova's presentation of *Little Eyolf*. The former of these dramas appeared in 1877, and is the first but one of Ibsen's social plays; and the latter appeared in 1894, and is the last but two of the en-

with exciting action and enthralling suspense; it is objective and concrete. In *Little Eyolf*, on the other hand, he has grown subjective and abstract; he no longer composes a play of plot and of people, but develops a drama of human relations and of states of mind. The earlier piece happens on the stage; the later happens within the souls of the participants. *Little Eyolf* reveals a deeper and a fuller mind, but the *Pillars* shows a more practical adjustment of ideas to



"BEETHOVEN." ACT II.

"The deaf Beethoven strives to conduct a quartette in the rendering of his latest composition and is overwhelmed with tragic despair upon perceiving that he cannot hear a note."

tire series. Because of the long lapse of time between these two masterly compositions, it was very interesting to study them side by side. The later work seemed by far the more profound, but the earlier piece seemed much the more serviceable for the theatre. When Ibsen wrote the *Pillars* he had not yet cast off the tradition of "the well-made play" which he had inherited from his predecessors in France. The piece has the most intricate plot of all his social dramas; it is vivid

the exigencies of the actual theatre. In the later acts of *Little Eyolf*, the New York audience seemed frequently to wonder what the talk was all about; the stage remained too static, the suggestions of the lines were too elusive. But the *Pillars* was quite evidently clear to the auditors at every moment, and they were never troubled by a sense of missing something.

The majority of the newspaper reviewers, having looked up the period of

the *Pillars*, dismissed it as old-fashioned and out of date. As a matter of fact, it is, for the average American audience, the most effective of all of Ibsen's social dramas, with the possible exception of *An Enemy of the People*, which has not yet been presented regularly in New York. In form it is the sort of play that we are used to, and it discusses a subject peculiarly pertinent to Americans to-day. The reputations of many of our Pillars of Society are built upon the sand, and of late we have grown amazingly aware of many of our social masks and lies. Several of the reviewers took exception to the "happy ending" of this play and objected to it as illogical; but on the score of truth—which is the touchstone of all criticism—it may merely be argued that this ending is accomplished within a startlingly brief period of time. The outcome of the play is predestined logically from the moment when Lona enters to let in the fresh air upon the stuffy and self-sufficient household of Karsten Bernick. In actual life it might have taken Lona a month or a year to accomplish the regeneration of the liar whom in her large way she loves; but the convention of compression in time is the one convention of the drama that has always been respected from the days of Æschylus to 1910; and if the ultimate end of the dramatist be logically acceptable, it is uncritical to complain of any brevity of time within which he may choose to compress the outcome. This play is not untrue; and though at a glance it may seem to be parochial, it shows itself, upon a clearer view, to be both cosmopolitan and human in its content and intention.

Little Eyolf, which reveals how a husband who has married for expediency and his wife who has married for sexual desire, arrive through bereavement and spiritual anguish at a larger love which makes them brotherly toward humanity at large, is a more intensive and poetic work, and is, therefore, more baffling to the average theatre-goer, who sees life only on the surface. But it is a supreme representation of the subtle degrees by which human beings may mount from their desires and their ambitions, their longings and their loves, to that Love which is superior to the law of change

and which is the soul of all human activity at its highest. It is a great work, and should be seen and studied by all who care for what is noblest in art.

The fame of Gerhart Hauptmann has echoed round the world, and by many who have never even "Hannele" and studied his work he is "Lonely Lives" regarded as a great poet and a great dramatist.

A few years ago it was considered unfashionable to be bored by *The Sunken Bell*. I am conscious, therefore, of ranking myself with the minority when I express my belief that he is neither a great dramatist nor a great poet. He seems to me endowed with a great ambition to create, which has lured him restlessly to attempt one after another of the recognised types of dramatic composition and even to venture into fields of art that have lain hitherto untilled; but in every mode he seems to me to have failed of utter and absolute achievement. That he has revealed a great creative impulse I am willing to admit; but I cannot feel that he has proved himself a great creative artist.

Hauptmann's dream-drama of *Hannele's* assumption into heaven, which has been highly praised by his admirers, has lately been revived by Mrs. Fiske. *Hannele*, a girl of fourteen, who has been driven to suicidal despair by the cruelty of her step-father and has cast herself into a pond, is fished out by a wood-cutter and carried by a schoolmaster named Gottwald to a wretched almshouse in the mountains. As she lies in bed and drifts through the delirium of approaching death, she dreams childishly that she is ascending to the heaven of which she has been told in church. The nurse at her bedside seems to her imagination to be the figure of her dead mother; she hears the choiring of white-robed angels and sees the sinister visage of the black angel of death; and the schoolmaster, Gottwald, appears to her as the Saviour and leads her up a golden stairway to the sky. When her delirium is ended, the doctor and the nurse pronounce her dead.

This curious composition is certainly not a play, and we need consider it, therefore, only as a poem. So considered, its very subject appears basically unimpor-

tant. What passes through the delirious mind of a German peasant aged fourteen, who has been educated only in the symbolism of a very primitive religion, can hardly enfold any meanings of profound philosophic and poetic import. Granted that such a child had such a dream, what does it matter to the world? To dwell upon the naïve details of her delirium is merely sentimental. Furthermore, the play is very crude in form. The realistic opening in the almshouse is fumbling and uncertain in art, and is discordant with the reverie that follows; and in the dream passages, the author fails to lift us sufficiently aloft upon the wings of poetry to make us oblivious to the humour of the crystal coffin and the rose-wreathed angels and the golden stairway.

Hauptmann's earlier play, called *Lonely Lives* [*Einsame Menschen*], which was shown in two special performances at the Hackett Theatre given by the American Dramatic Guild, is a much bigger work than *Hannele*. It tells the now familiar story of an idealist husband living with a merely domestic wife in the midst of a conventional family and a narrow-minded circle of friends, who experiences a large and unexpected spiritual companionship with an enlightened woman of lofty mind, but who—although his relations with this woman remain, in the conventional phrase, purely platonic—so disrupts the atmosphere of his environment and wrecks the peace of mind of his family and friends by the maintenance of this idealistic friendship that he is driven finally, in despair of being rightly and simply understood, to kill himself. The characters of this drama are very true to life and many of the dialogues are vivid and illuminative; but the play is extremely crude in structure. The author cannot even easily succeed in getting his people on and off the stage in a plausible manner; he shows no technical mastery of his craft. The piece is an earnest and sincere representation of life; but it is faulty and fumbling as a work of art. It is wise, but it is not crafty; and it indicates that although Hauptmann, twenty years ago, had something to say, he had not learned to say it firmly in the terms of the dramatic art.

Arthur Schnitzler is the cleverest dramatist writing in Austria to-day. His powers were fully re-

"The Green Cockatoo"

vealed to American playgoers a couple of seasons ago by the production of

his *Liebele* under the title of *The Reckoning*. His dominant quality is a sinister and somewhat cynical worldly-wisdom, incisive, experienced, discomforting. The Fiskes have recently presented his one-act *grotesquerie* entitled *The Green Cockatoo*. It is merely a theatric *tour de force*. The Green Cockatoo is a *cabaret* of revolutionary Paris conducted by a former theatrical manager. It is frequented by slumming parties of aristocrats who come to be thrilled by rehearsals of imagined crimes repeated by professional actors who enact the parts of thugs and murderers. Henri, the star actor, so convincingly narrates his murder of a duke who has seduced his wife, that even the proprietor supposes the narrative to be actual and reveals to Henri a knowledge that the latter's wife has really been unfaithful. Thereupon the duke enters, alive and smiling, and is stabbed by Henri, just as a crowd surges in from the street with the tidings that the Bastille has fallen and reminds the audience that a great drama has really been occurring while the *pagliacci* were playing their petty parts within the *cabaret*. In this fantasy, Schnitzler deliberately violates the accepted axiom that a dramatist must never mystify his audience, for he allows the spectator no opportunity for deciding whether the long initial narrative of Henri is actual or feigned. The net result of this scene in the theatre leads us to respect the ancient rule rather than the clever Austrian's violation of it; for it is impossible for the auditors to feel anything while they are wondering what it is that they should feel. But the little piece is spirited, and is brilliant in detail.

On the American stage, we have already seen a sufficient number of the works of M. Henri Bernstein to be convinced that he is not a dramatist of the highest order. He is a master-mechanic; but his temperament is cold and hard. He

"The Whirlwind"

does not really care about life, and he fails to make his audience really care about his characters. What he lacks is the milk of human-kindness. His plays awaken no response of sympathy; we watch them merely with that aloof and utterly unhuman interest with which we watch the engines of a ship. Admirable mechanism, to be sure; but in the theatre we prefer to be reminded of humanity.

La Rafale, which has lately been presented under the title of *The Whirlwind*, is an early work of M. Bernstein's; and, seen after a trio of his later productions, it curiously—as the phrase is—gives him away. It demonstrates that he is a playwright with a single formula, to which he forcibly conforms whatever theme he chooses to discuss. His pattern is ready-made; all that he has to do to make a new play is to cut another piece of narrative in conformity with the old measurements. *The Whirlwind*, like its successors, opens with an entirely obvious and thoroughly careful act of exposition, in which all of the essential points of the plot are pounded in at least three times. Then follows the usual long act between two characters, in which one breaks the other down and forces forth a terrible confession—an act which seems once or twice about to end, but is resumed at the next moment on a higher level of excitement. The first act is in the manner of Scribe, and the second act is in the manner of Sardou—except for the expedient of the sudden unexpected afterthought, which is M. Bernstein's own invention. The third act offers nothing that is noteworthy.

The story that is made to fit this formula is, in this instance, unsavoury and inhuman. A countess has a lover who exhibits a weakness for gambling away large amounts of money. To get him out of his financial difficulties, the countess tries to borrow a large sum from her father. The father turns upon her and forces her to confess her illicit relation with the gambler. Reduced to despair, she sells herself to a degenerate cousin who desires her; but before she can save her lover with the money she has gained by this sacrifice, the latter has committed suicide. Critical comment on this story reduces itself to the brief question—

“Who cares?” The piece is merely a fabrication; it does not create the illusion of life. For life, even at its worst, has something kindly in it—something to which the heart of the observer may go out with tenderness or tears.

If M. Bernstein is the contemporary Scribe—*le Scribe de nos jours*—it is no less true that M. Eugène Brieux is the legitimate successor of the most profound and searching dramatist of the nineteenth century in France, the great Émile Augier. M. Brieux has nearly always taken as his subject some social proposition of profound importance to the French nation of to-day, has built up a definite body of belief about this proposition, and has striven to inculcate this belief by means of his dramatic art. His work is always as solid as it is sound. The deftness of his dramaturgy is no less remarkable than the maturity of his philosophic mind. His plots are well-articulated, his characters are vivid and real, and his dialogue is aglow with humanity and agleam with humour. In every sense he is a great dramatist—probably the greatest of all that brilliant company who are writing for the stage in France to-day. But since his themes are indigenous to French society, his plays are rarely appreciated beyond the borders of his own country. His work, like that of his illustrious predecessor, can hardly be successfully exported. It is necessary to know France in order to appreciate Augier and M. Brieux; and of the intimate details of the French social system the people of other nations have remained curiously ignorant. We of America find it difficult to feel a sympathetic interest in a daily round of life that is basically difficult from our own; we seem unable to imagine other people. Because of this, M. Brieux will never make money in America, whereas his shallower contemporaries, like M. Bernstein, will reap a fortune in our theatres.

For this reason, those who care for what is best in art are all the more indebted to the zeal of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving and the active interest of the Messrs. Shubert for their thoroughly worthy presentation of *The Three*

Daughters of M. Dupont. The theme of this great play is the hopelessness of life for women in middle-class provincial French society, restricted as they are at present by a social system which ties them tightly and prevents them from experiencing a natural and free development of personality and character. Of the three daughters of M. Dupont, one has followed the lure of free love, and has experienced degradation and despair; the second has been forced by her family into a life of frustrate and embittered celibacy; and the third has been married mechanically by a contract of convenience between her parents and those of a man she does not love, and suffers the disillusionment of a wedded life that is not real and is, therefore, insufferable. Since the courses followed by the three daughters of M. Dupont are the only three courses open to the average young girl in a French provincial town, and since all three paths lead to disaster, what is the young girl to do? M. Brioux indicates that the only possible alleviation of this dilemma lies in a reform of the conditions of matrimony—an abolition of the *mariage de convenance* arranged selfishly by the parents of the contracting parties, and a substitution of the marriage of love arranged directly by the two people who want to wed each other. This being the theme and the teaching of the play, it is easy to understand why it could not succeed in America. Since M. Brioux was advocating a system of matrimony which is the only system that we ourselves approve of, his teaching seemed superfluous to the average American auditor; and the auditor found himself incapable of imagining clearly the existence of that other tragic system which the author was analysing and combatting. But the piece is a great arraignment of a social evil which has not yet been eradicated from the constitution of provincial life in France. It is, furthermore, a great comedy of character, written with a rich humour and the gusto of reality. It is a play that will be read and studied long after the noisy melodramas of M. Bernstein lie buried beneath the snows of yester-year.

M. René Fauchois is an actor about thirty years of age who has made two or

three attempts at the poetic drama. His verse is obviously imitated from that of

"Beethoven"

M. Rostand: it shows the same leaning toward rhetorical *tirades* and pointed couplets. It is not without eloquence, though the eloquence is elaborate, and it is not devoid of wit and fancy: what it lacks is that deftness and daintiness of touch which distinguish the verse of the author of *Chantecler*. *Beethoven* is rather interesting to read in the original; but its merits as a composition are merely verbal and are of a nature that precludes translation. There is a wit of rhyme which demands the preciosity of the Alexandrine and cannot be rendered in our dignified unrhymed pentameter. As a piece to be performed, *Beethoven* is immitigably dull. It sets forth a succession of unrelated scenes culled from various periods in the life of the great composer, and hardly any of these scenes are dramatic. There is one effective moment at the end of the second act when the deaf Beethoven strives to conduct a quartet in the rendering of his latest composition and is overwhelmed with tragic despair upon perceiving that he cannot hear a note that is being played; but for the most part the piece is but a dreary succession of merely narrative episodes. M. Adolphe Brisson, the brilliant dramatic critic of *Le Temps*, summed up the situation in a single clever sentence—"There is something in the old rules after all." A play should have a plot; it should show a beginning, a middle, and an end; it should cast emphasis on action rather than on words; it should exhibit at all points a struggle of human wills; it should have unity:—but why go on? *Beethoven* was endowed with none of these time-honoured characteristics. As a consequence, it bored the audience.

Mr. Charles Frohman has done a really fine thing in reviving T. W. Robertson's comedy of *Caste* forty-three years after its first appearance. Playgoers of to-day may study it in

"Caste"

comparison with contemporary comedy, and may learn at a glance exactly what has been gained and what has been lost in a half century of evolution. It becomes

evident, for instance, that in mid-Victorian times more emphasis was cast upon the actor and less upon the play itself than is the case at present. *Caste* is essentially an assemblage of acting parts. Everyone of its seven figures affords what actors call a "fat" opportunity for the performer; and the story is halted at this moment and that to allow each figure in turn to take the centre of the stage and display his histrionic specialty. The story is amiably rambling; there is no firmness of structure nor tightness of composition in the fabric as a whole. Furthermore the play is not a first hand representation of life; it is a thing of the theatre and smells of the footlights. During the last half-century, our dramatists have effected

a return to nature. The best of them now set before us criticisms of life rather than conversations of comedians. The technique of dramatic composition has also been immeasurably improved. But in one thing at least our playwrights of the present day seem to be surpassed by Robertson and his contemporaries—namely, a skilled efficiency in devising acting parts which any one can play easily and in which no one can fail to make an effect upon the audience. *The Liars* is a much better play than *Caste*, but it contains no character part so rich as Eccles. The difference is that our grandfathers went to the theatre to see actors and acting; nowadays we are learning to go to the theatre to see life.

Clayton Hamilton.

THE TRICK OF COMPROMISE. AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



NE of the commonest of truisms which critical comment has directed against fiction of the realistic type is that it aims to accomplish an impossibility; that real life, the actualities of human existence as they occur, day by day, cannot be transferred without modification to the printed page in such a way as to produce anything even remotely approaching a well-constructed story. In realism, as in any other school of fiction, they argue, it is not the more or less literal transcript of actual events that makes a novel—it is that part of the book which the novelist quite independently of his creed must supply out of himself, the part which is truly creative. Now, of course, all this is quite right and reasonable, so far as it goes. It is a fact that no novelist has ever attempted to copy nature with the slavish fidelity of a machine. It is not a violent hyperbole to speak of an author's photographic accuracy of description, for no one is misled into thinking he has emulated the slavish exactness of a

sensitised plate. And no matter how natural and colloquial a written dialogue may be, it still remains something very far removed from the stenographic report of an actual conversation; and it is not only true that no writer copies life precisely as it is, but no writer even wishes to do so. The complex strands of life, the actual work-a-day life that we are all living, are slowly forming, perhaps, a vast and wonderful pattern—but it is a pattern which only the mind of Omniscience could embrace. In the petty sections of life which we call novels, even in those which are most ambitious, we must be content with a pattern on a greatly reduced scale, if we are to see that pattern at all. And accordingly, in a novel the strands composing a group of lives must be constantly turned back upon themselves and interwoven closely with one another, instead of stretching away as they do so often in the great loom of actuality across the strands of countless alien lives, continuing beyond our ken their task of pattern weaving but becoming to us merely so many more unfinished ends of broken thread.

These facts seem so obvious that it is rather surprising there should ever be any misunderstanding about them. The question really has nothing to do with any particular school of fiction; the difficulties which it raises are shared alike by realism and romance. In all the fiction ever written, there has come a point at which the writer has deliberately taken liberties with actuality—a point at which he has felt the compelling need of compromise. All fiction, even the best of it, is a series of compromises, ranging all the way from the keystone of the plot structure to the brogue of an Irish servant girl. The purpose of fiction is not to deceive you into mistaking it for reality, any more than the purpose of a painting is to make you think that you are really out in the country, gazing at an apple orchard. A novelist is not trying to produce a clever forgery of contemporary history; he is simply trying to produce for the passing hour an agreeable illusion of reality that harms no one because it deceives no one. And one of his biggest problems is to find the best way in which to create that illusion. He cannot do it, of course, by utterly disregarding the actualities of the world around him. Still less can he do it by turning himself into a phonograph and camera. His path lies somewhere between these two extremes, and it varies according to his individual creed—but in any case it is necessarily the path of compromise.

Take, for instance, the structure of the author's plot, the whole series of imagined incidents that he has chosen to bring together into a logical and strongly developed story. Now, if he is a romanticist, this series of incidents may be of the stuff that dreams are made of; if he is a realist, of a rather slavish type, he may have evolved every one of them from newspaper clippings of actual events reported from Washington, San Francisco, Oklahoma and Pawtucket. In either case, the principle of compromise remains the same. Both authors have taken the same sort of liberty with actuality in crowding together an unusual number of striking and exceptional occurrences, and pretending that they all took place within the limits of a single village within the

span of a single life. The adventures of Ulysses are a series of extravagant myths. The incidents in any one volume of the Rougon-Macquart series are based, we are told, on incidents every one of which happened somewhere and at some time in France. But in each case, the compromise is the same. It consists in crowding all these scattered events, actual or legendary, on to a single canvas, within the limits of a narrow frame. And in a varying degree this is always true of fiction. Its heroes and heroines always live more intensely, hope and rejoice and sorrow far beyond the limits of the ordinary mortal. Or, to take another type of compromise in fiction, consider the whole question of colloquial speech. No novelist attempts to record literally the ordinary run of human conversation. It would be intolerably boring with its repetitions, its vapidness, its broken sentences, its careless grammar. And on the other hand, too much of the literary touch will spoil it. To represent a group of modern men and women of average culture laboriously saying, "Did he not?" and "Can I not?" in place of the permitted vernacular, "Can't I?" and "Didn't he?" is to falsify life, and remind us rather painfully of what we suffered in those remote days when our minds were fed upon the priggish platitudes of *Sanford and Merton*. Here again compromise is a question of degree. Too much colloquialism is quite as bad as not enough. The modern tendency is toward much greater freedom than was considered good form half a century ago—partly, no doubt, on account of the increased carelessness to-day in the every-day speech of the educated class; but also because of the modern tendency toward a closer transcript from life. Any one can satisfy himself of the truth of this by a five minutes' comparison between the conversations in Thackeray and in Henry James. The latter mirrors back admirably that easy freedom of refined men and women when speaking familiarly and without self-consciousness; while in Thackeray, the frequent avoidance of the ordinary permitted elisions gives the conversations, when you pause to think of it, a slightly stilted, if not pedantic effect.

Now, the trick of compromise in small matters and in great consists in escaping notice. It is analogous to the trick of high lights in painting. The highest light you can possibly get is the whiteness of white lead, which fades into obscurity in comparison with the whiteness of even a cloudy sky. The artist's trick then lies not in trying to catch the brilliance of actual daylight on his canvas, but in not letting the spectator realise how dingy his canvas actually is. It is the same way with the novelist. He knows, of course, the physical limitations of his art; and he knows, also, that it is only by keeping discreetly away from the outer limit in either direction that he can secure that semblance of truth which is the vitalising spirit of all fiction.

It is peculiarly difficult to explain in a brief space just what it is that stamps

"Poppy"

certain stories with an unmistakable imprint of importance, and that makes other stories dealing with much the same material and situations seem thin and poor and lacking in vitality. *Poppy: The Story of a South African Girl*, by Cynthia Stockley, serves aptly as an illustration of the former class. It is just the life history of a certain Poppy Destin, from the time she was a lank and scrawny child of nine, the overworked drudge of her uncle's bad-tempered Dutch wife, Aunt Lena; down through the years that bring many changes of home and fortune; through rash love that turns to shame, and motherhood that brings bereavement; until at last the matured woman, grown fine through suffering, achieves fame and fortune and a belated happiness. There are scores of novels built upon this formula. From the days of *Jane Eyre* downward, the ugly, neglected, unhappy child who later develops an unlooked-for beauty that sets men on fire is so common a type of heroine as to be almost hackneyed. And the life history of a young woman, who is so placed in the world that there is no one but herself to shield her from the dangers of life, nothing but her own instincts to teach her what those dangers are, has been written over and over again—sometimes ending in tragedy, sometimes in victory, sometimes leaving

only an impression of sordidness and repulsion, sometimes, as in the present case, compelling instant recognition of power and artistic value. Just how an author manages to convey the impression that he is showing you, not merely a transcript from life, but life itself, vibrant and glowing, is something that refuses to be reduced to thumb-rules. It is part of that creative faculty which eludes a direct interpretation. But perhaps the phrase, Trick of Compromise, will serve as well as any other term to define the mechanical portion, so far as there is any, in a type of work which is largely inspiration. That fine sense of relative values, that careful avoidance of extremes, that discreet adherence to the middle course, goes a long way toward making us forget, for the time being, that any life exists other than the life within the pages of the novel before us. And that is quite literally the spell which a book like *Poppy* puts upon us. *Poppy's* world, the world of Southern Africa, with its rolling spaces of veldt, its sweeping, boiling rivers, its scarlet flowers and purple shadows, its "rain-soaked, sun-bitten days," looms so large, so near, so all important before us that we become part and parcel of that life, forgetting, as one forgets in a dream that it is a dream, which everyday actuality is about to snatch from us. Frankly, *Poppy* is a strong, fine, consistent piece of artistry, of which the author, whether it is her first book or her second or her tenth, may well be proud. Nowhere is the canvas overcrowded, yet nowhere does it reveal spots which are thin or bare. One hasty, adverse comment, made by a woman reader who recoiled from its unsavoury truth, was to the effect that it contained not one honourable man and only one respectable woman, and that one a subordinate character. The fact about this aspect of the book is that it shows, as convincingly as any novel of British colonial life in the tropics, how the isolation, the idleness, the enervation from the heat inevitably react upon the Anglo-Saxon, lowering the moral standards, encouraging a laxity of speech and thought and conduct. But if this were all the book contained, no matter however well done, it would not have deserved the

praise here given. But it does more than that: it shows the bravery of self-conquest, the courage of mother love that fights the world single-handed, stubbornly living down the world's neglect and scorn, and winning victory through the love and the loss of a little child. And back of the tenderness and the pathos, never intruding, yet never forgotten, is the wonderful, luminous atmosphere of Africa, with its mysterious colours and shadows and scents, and the ever present suggestion of flowering bushes, "redolent with a fragrance, like the fragrance of a beautiful woman's hair."

Ragna, by Madame Anna Constantini, serves admirably to emphasise still further the points already

"Ragna" made in regard to *Poppy*—to emphasise them, that is, because of its

own deficiencies. *Ragna* is one more book constructed in accordance with the above defined formula. But its faults are too wide a canvas, an interest too much scattered, and a central purpose far too vague to serve as an excuse for the unsavoury frankness of its episodes. To begin with, the book is a veritable pot-pourri of cosmopolitanism. *Ragna* is a Scandinavian, born and reared among the fjords of the far North; she is educated at a convent school in Paris; and on her homeward journey has her first romance on the steamer, and is kissed by a Montenegrin prince, heir apparent to one of the petty Balkan Peninsula thrones. "The timid, untried girl of yesterday had vanished, a new, passionate *Ragna* had taken her place." She knows, of course, that Prince Mirko will not be allowed to marry her; indeed, she is clever enough to realise that such a purpose would never occur to him. Nevertheless, when some years later, her aunt takes her to Rome for the winter, and she again runs across the prince, she sees no harm, no danger, in meeting him secretly day after day, and letting him make passionate love to her, which they both know and admit cannot continue. And then comes the day when they dine together in a private room of a secluded *trattoria* outside the walls of Rome, and the inevitable happens. The girl guards her secret well. There are just two men who know it, the

Prince's aide-de-camp and an Italian artist—and they both promptly offer her the refuge of marriage. *Ragna* refuses the aide-de-camp, because she is not quite sure about her feelings for him; and marries the Italian, to whom she knows that she is indifferent. The Italian proves to be a bully, with a vile temper and the instinct of a miser. He never forgets and never lets *Ragna* forget that he is not the father of her first child; and in one unpleasant and unnecessary scene, he very nearly beats to death both her children with the stinging blade of a fencing sword. *Ragna* is on the point of eloping; but those helpless children, who are a mass of bruises, teach her somewhat tardily that her duty lies with them and with her repentant husband—whose repentance the reader may well look upon askance. And that is literally all there is to the book. Regarded merely as a bit of structural technique, the disastrous dinner episode at the *trattoria* leaves the reader saddened and repelled by its needless crudity. One involuntarily recalls the master skill of similar episodes in Bourget's *L'Irréparable* and Zola's *La Curée*. Considered in its bearing upon the author's purpose, this turning point in the story is still more inexcusable. An hour's frailty which results, as with Bourget's *Noémie*, in an agony of despair so deep and hopeless as to lead eventually to suicide, teaches a lesson that has its value. Or again, as in the case of *Poppy*, discussed above, where a woman rises above conventions and for her child's sake refuses to let the world's scorn crush her, here again is a theme that is its own excuse. But in *Ragna* we have only a picture of a woman who does not learn any useful lesson from experience; a woman who follows her passions rather than her reason, and has not the courage to bear in patience the penalty brought by her own folly. It is not a study in the development of character, for *Ragna* does not develop. One doubts at the book's close whether her sudden access of mother-love is not merely a passing wave of hysteria.

It is a comfort to escape from the hot-house passions of this type of book into the clean, sweet atmosphere of such a delightful little comedy of youth and health

and out-door happiness as Grace Sartwell Mason has given us in *The Godparents*.

"The Godparents"

Imagine a young woman in the early thirties who for years has been in the habit of answering to no one for her conduct, or of thinking of anybody's comfort save her own; imagine further that she is on the point of sailing for Europe, with her trunks and satchels, her books and her French maid; the signal for visitors to leave has sounded, in a few minutes the vessel will be gliding from the dock—and suddenly a man, a stranger so far as she can, for the moment, recall, springs aboard, confronts her, and tells her that she is not to sail, that a half-grown boy, at whose baptism these two had stood sponsors twelve years earlier, has fallen into bad hands, and is being ruined for lack of the care that they had solemnly vowed to give. And because he is the type of man who usually has his way; because, in her heart, the woman knows he is right; and also perhaps because she is rather tired of having no interest in life but her own sweet will, and enjoys the novelty of being mastered, she meekly follows him off the steamer and onto the train that is to take them to an obscure little village where the boy lives. Now the conditions that confront them when they arrive are rather disheartening. The boy's grandmother—the one person who could have helped them—has died; the boy is dominated by the housekeeper, a shrewish, scheming woman, who is working to ruin him, because by the terms of a curious will the family property will be lost to him if, before he comes of age, he has done anything to disgrace the family name. She has poisoned the boy's mind against his Godparents, with the result that, upon learning that they have come, he runs away, hides in the woods and lives a life half animal, half gypsy. If these Godparents had been a less determined, less adventurous type, they would probably have abandoned the boy to his fate; but instead they decide to play his own game and play it better. So we have the pretty sylvan picture of a man, a maid and a much perturbed French servant, camping out in the heart of a Northern forest, apparently with no other purpose

than the joy of the passing hour—and a puzzled and distrustful small boy, prowling daily around the camp, lured strongly both by curiosity and by hunger—for woodland berries are not sustaining food, and frying bacon diffuses a redolence that is hard to resist. And while the conquest of the small boy is going on, the young woman, who has for years aimlessly sought to please herself and has succeeded only in being bored, learns the valuable lesson that it is rather pleasant to be dictated to, provided the right man does the dictating, and does it in the right way. The whole book has a daintiness, a wholesomeness and a deftness of treatment that give it a genuine and pervading charm.

The situation of a young man and woman, forced by circumstances to spend

"The Sky-Man"

some weeks alone together in unconventional intimacy, is always cropping out in some new guise, refurbished so cleverly that for the moment it almost tricks us into thinking it a brand-new idea. The latest version of this old familiar tale is *The Sky-Man*, by Henry Kitchell Webster—and in spite of one or two rather glaring structural faults, candour demands that we express our gratitude for it—because as an example of its kind it is exceedingly well conceived and well sustained. The significance of the title lies in this: that the hero has mastered the trick of flying with artificial wings. His wings are no new development of aeroplanes, no complicated mechanism of fans and motors—they are actual wings; his motion is not the impulsion of gasoline or electricity—it is like that of the birds themselves, a matter of skill and equilibrium, a sort of sixth sense that makes possible that infinitely delicate poise, that instantaneous shift of balance, that sends him gliding almost without effort athwart the upper air currents, or into the teeth of a gale. This man, who has won the mastery of the air, is a social outcast, a man who has been forced to resign from the United States army, under a cloud of unmerited disgrace. And because he hates his fellow-beings for their treatment of him, he spends more and more of his time in the air, visiting the remote inaccessible

regions of the earth, soaring for hours over sea and desert and drifting ice packs of the frozen North. It is on one of his flights to the region far north of Greenland that the Sky-Man comes upon uncharted land, discovers a group of stranded sailors, and witnesses the brutal murder of one of their number. At a safe distance he alights to reconnoitre, and discovers a woman, young, beautiful and alone. Just how the young woman happened to have come there, how in the chapters that follow she learns that she is separated from her companions and stranded beyond hope of rescue through an Arctic winter, and what relation the girl's people and the murdered sailor bore to the Sky-Man and the cloud upon his honour—all these are questions that need not be taken up in a brief critical estimate. What interests us is not the carpenter work of the plot, the mechanics of the how and why, but rather the audacious swing and sweep of the narrative, the sense that we get of actual physical passage through the air, the exhilaration of soaring, eagle-like, and seeing the world open out, in an endless panorama far below. The life of the man and woman together, through tedious winter months of darkness, is a distinctly good bit of Robinson Crusoe adventure, and the various casualties of illness, accident, and attacks of unseen enemies are managed with a keen eye to good stage effects. There are, however, two distinct weaknesses that must not be passed over. First, after we have been carefully told that a flight of only a few hours would have taken the Sky-Man the length and breadth of the American continent, there really was need of some adequate explanation why it never occurred to him to leave his companion for a single day, to bear to her family the news of her safety and to bring back a few necessities of life for want of which they are actually suffering. And secondly, although they are many degrees within the arctic circle, there is no point in the narrative at which the reader feels a sympathetic shiver of real cold. There they are, stranded, without even a change of clothing—yet there is no hint that they suffer on that account. In and out of their cave they go, in the bitterest weather, yet their

bodies seem to bear a charmed existence, impervious to the bite of frost. It seems strange that so common and well-recognised a form of physical discomfort and danger should have been missing from a book in which the physical sensations of aerial flight are so tinglingly and so wonderfully imagined.

The man who suffers himself to become a social outcast, in order to keep the stigma of treason from the father of the girl he loves, gives the underlying motive of Will Levington Comfort's latest book, *Routledge Rides Alone*. The setting of the story, excepting for a few dramatic chapters in London, are India, China and Japan; the theme is the newspaper war-correspondent and the life he leads. Now it happens that Routledge, cleverest and most farsighted of the correspondents, loves Noreen, daughter of Jerry Cardinegh, "dean of the British word-painters of war." And so, when some one betrayed to Russia a British military crime committed years earlier in Afghanistan, and Russia in turn used it to her advantage, all England arose in wrath against the suspected traitor, and Jerry, to shield himself, threw the suspicion on Routledge. That is the starting point of the story of Routledge's long banishment. There is much that is grim and unsavoury in the bypaths and black depths of native India, a good deal of mystery and occultism; and in the later portions, when Routledge, still riding alone, gets the first and only complete newspaper story over the wires, from the seat of war, during the Russian-Japanese campaign, there are a number of scenes that set the blood to tingling. The book leaves the impression that it just misses having been something a good deal bigger than it is. It suffers rather unfairly from the fact that India and the Far East has already been treated by a number of writers of rather large calibre.

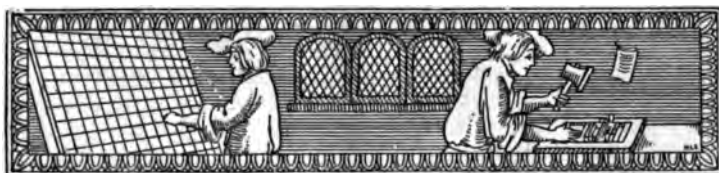
Mr. Justus Miles Forman has written some books that have been both entertaining and wholesome, and one or two that it is a pleasure to look back upon. But *Bianca's Daughter* is not to be numbered in this

list. If you had the misfortune to have your wife run away with another man, leaving a six-months' daughter behind her, the chances are that you would take pretty good care, as your daughter grew to womanhood, that she should have no opportunity to meet and fall in love with the son of the man who had ruined your married life. That is just where Bianca's husband made his big mistake, and that is why Bianca's daughter realised the meaning of the adage about true love failing to run smooth. Of course, there is no legal impediment to a marriage between an unrelated man and girl, even though their respective parents once upon a time outraged social customs. Yet the situation somehow gives offence, and is not made any more savoury by an attempt to alienate the sympathy from the wronged husband and to brand him as a coward and a tyrant.

Just Between Themselves, by Anne Warner, has only one fault: the compromise between actual conversation and the kind that is acceptable in a book is not quite cleverly enough managed. It chronicles the adventures of a party of six Americans, whom the mistaken zeal of one of their number has gathered together in a Ger-

man jumping-off place, on the outermost edge of the Harz Mountains. Picture the effect of placing in circumstances of enforced intimacy a placid, long-suffering, motherly little woman, of great physical plainness, her commonplace middle-aged husband, another married woman, who knows that she is beautiful and cannot resist her two great joys in life—making her husband jealous, and subjugating every other man who comes near her; a simple, unaffected young girl, and one unattached bachelor, whom the married flirt chooses to consider her personal private property. Add a small boy, who has sharp eyes and an ungovernable tongue, and it is easy to see that there are abundant possibilities for comedy. Anne Warner, however, has chosen to record the daily happenings, down to the most trivial and wearisome conversations, with the fidelity of a talking machine; and the situations, which begin by being extremely funny, end by becoming boresome. The best effect may be secured by reading the book aloud, a chapter at a time. It deserves to be read in this way, because it really has some extremely clever touches, which are quite lost if one tries to labour straight ahead at a single sitting.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

JOHN R. SPEARS'S "THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE"*

A book to make the blood run faster is *The Story of the American Merchant Marine*. It is unfortunate that Mr. Spears did not hit upon a title that does greater justice to the colourful contents. But the account presents far more than an orderly and complete panorama of stirring accomplishment—achievements, by the way, quite as picturesquely narrated in the later as in the earlier periods. It lays before you, with insight and human philosophy, the causes which went to the making and the unmaking of our merchant marine. Concerning the latter phase, it submits all the contributory and collateral conditions and traces the workings of each toward the regrettable conclusion, the decline of sea trade in American bottoms. This ample discussion occupies a long last chapter and obtains its breadth of treatment only at some forfeiture of the audience to which the rest of the book has been directed. For, though still in popular vein and very readable, it is rather over-compendious and scientific for those who are ill-prepared for so minute an analysis by the vividness and briskness of the earlier chapters, chapters which evince equally well, though in another mood, the thorough documentary research of which the whole work is the outcome. This is, however, only saying perhaps that there were more causes and their interrelation was more intricate for the decline of our shipping than for its growth, and that they obviously would manifest themselves otherwise than by achievements. At any rate, any one who is not desirous of being thoroughly informed on the matter can easily close the book as he reaches this last chapter. To any one who does so desire, it will not disturb the impression earlier derived of a subject handled with singular attractiveness of design and of expression, with an artful variety of narrative, and often with an eloquence

which satisfies the reason while it warms the heart; and it will but heighten his opinion of Mr. Spears's winning and persuasive manner.

The first vessel, "a pretty pinnace thirty feet long," built within the limits of the United States for commercial uses, was put together off the mouth of the Kennebec in 1607 by fishermen who got their living off the Banks. It was intended not only for the fishery and the coasting trade with the Indians, but for over-sea trade as well. The Virginia colonists had little interest in shipping, for the London merchants were so eager for their sole crop—tobacco—that they sent over ships months before harvest in order to have the first chance to secure it. Not until 1624 did the Pilgrims begin ship-building, and then only in a slight way, since it was seven years later that Governor John Winthrop launched their first sea-going ship, to open trade with the Dutch on Manhattan Island. But in 1635 the colonies, all told, had in the over-sea trade as many as "six sail of ships." One could cross the ocean then for five pounds, almost a half year's wages for a labouring man, and take his horse for ten pounds extra.

It was a long time before the New Englanders, through whom the great growth was to come, found out that their future prosperity could lie not in the fur trade, as with the Dutch and Canadians, but only in the fisheries. But when they saw it fully, they got the sea habit in a very short while. They fished for cod off the Banks, for in the earlier years the whale fishery was of small importance. The sailor had a direct interest in the voyage, receiving a third of the catch; and thus the custom made merchants of the men, made them self-respecting, resourceful, and ambitious.

When in those days ships were built, hardly a shilling changed hands; the workmen were all paid in goods or in shares in the vessel. The economy enforced by the scarcity of capital really led to an advance in the art of ship-building—it was then discovered for the first time that the enormous poops strained rather than strengthened the hulls. Soon

*The Story of the American Merchant Marine. By John R. Spears. New York: The Macmillan Company.

the proprietors saw that if the fish business were to be handled in the most profitable way, they must carry the cargo in their own ship direct to the foreign consumer. Thus they became traders also and learned to compete with the keenest merchants of the world. The physical problems of their peculiar waters would not allow them always to do their work by methods already in use, and thus they became inventors also. It was not long before the Mother Country, awaking to the enormous profit in the business, passed navigation acts by which—to increase the “correspondence and kindness between the colonists and home subjects”—the colonial producer was robbed by an artificial reduction of the selling price of his products and an artificial increase of the price he paid for his European goods. Yet in spite of this hampering of colonial trade the colonial shipping went on increasing so vigorously as to alarm the English owner, who could not help seeing that a colonial ship manned by a colonial crew was more efficient than his own. The colonist, in response to the manifold unjust restrictions on his trade, rapidly developed a habit of doing what he believed to be right regardless of the law and—winked at by native officials—began to indulge on a large scale in smuggling. Meanwhile, the whale and slave trade had taken a start and by the middle of the seventeenth century were growing to large proportions. Those engaged in the former pursuit little by little extended their territory until in 1767 there is mention of no less than fifty whalers that crossed the equator “by way of experiment.” Thus the Americans became discoverers also. In communities like Nantucket every man went whaling, and a “greasy” voyage made the crew rich enough to buy shares in a whale ship. As for the slave trade, thrift was the first reason for that. Long before the end of the century the Colonial ships trading to the Madeiras and Canaries were making use of the vacant spaces between cargo and deck by storing them with negro slaves. Rhode Island merchants soon secured the lion’s share of this traffic, because Newport was nearer than Boston to the one-crop colonies of Barbados and Virginia, where slaves were most needed.

Besides, Newport had already gained ascendancy over Boston in distilling rum, and nothing proved more serviceable in stupefying the heathen of Africa. The profit of the Colonial slaver captain was enormous, in spite of active English competition, of assaults of armed privateers under the English flag, and of a Court of Admiralty anxious to keep the lucrative trade to itself and with increasing jealousy of American shipping.

This hostility grew worse until in 1764 ships of the royal navy were stationed as revenue cutters all along the American coast, and whenever a valuable prize was in question they disregarded not only justice, but the very law they pleaded. So it was inevitable that the American, like all the rest of the world, should go a-privateering, especially as the love of adventure and the eagerness to get on in life at all hazards had been generated in him by the conditions of his birth. Men who were at once woodsmen, ship-builders, fishermen, and sailors could also fight; and, fighting, they proved conspicuously able to think calmly and swiftly in emergencies. But for all the stirring service of the privateers it was seen when the Revolution ended that in only two ways had they served the American merchant marine—they had trained seamen to handle ships under difficult conditions and they had improved the speed of the whole fleet. For the rest, the losses of the ship merchants as a class and the loss of the country far outweighed their picturesque gains in the eventual driving from the sea most of the American ships—though the few that remained were literally the best merchantmen in the world.

At the close of the war so great was the depression of the seafaring part of the population that many of them planned to remove their industry to France. Yet it was in this period of greatest gloom that the American merchant marine first reached out for trade in the Far East. When it was found that the profits on coffee, tea, and pepper were larger than any made before, excitement in Boston and Salem ran high. People went mad for the Eastern trade, young men worked their way to the command of ships before they were old

enough to vote and, through unexplored seas to wild and uncharted coasts, at a time when the American people were financially prostrate and the American flag powerless in the face of the open enmity of the world, they flung boyishly their Stars and Stripes to the breeze on the far side of the earth—a picture, eloquently painted by the author, which portrays better than anything else the spirit of America.

During the entire period between the Revolution and the second war for liberty, American shipping was subjected to ruthless spoliation. In international affairs the sole criterion for right was might; and it was a time when all the civilised nations but Portugal were paying subsidies to the Algerine pirates to encourage them to ravage the shipping of the rest. England egged them on to check American shipping by harrying the Atlantic, so fearful was she of Yankee trade in the Mediterranean; but France and Spain and the rest of the nations in proportion to their power and opportunity took scores of American ships outright. The French spoliations were ended by a few well-fought actions of our tiny navy; but the English, in order to maintain supremacy of the sea, resorted to more systematic measures to hamper American ships and compel them to abide by English laws made to protect English shipping. Since they could not exclude Americans altogether from the seas, they hit upon the neat scheme of forcing them to carry British goods to ports which then—in war-time—they themselves could not enter, and of forcing them to land their cargoes in English ports and then reload. In the war brought on by this state of things the American merchant loss was greater than the British, for the number of ships they took was only thirteen more, while their own ships were on an average much more valuable. A curious minor result of the war was that many American privateers were loth to give up their predatory career and became pirates in the Spanish Main, where their depredations on ships of their own country was considerable until 1832. By this time most of the pirates had turned into slavers, which, indeed, an act of 1820 had

already declared piratical. The slave trade was thus in the popular mind held responsible for some of the horrors of piracy, and in consequence a wave of sentiment against it was rising in America. But the prohibition of the trade had succeeded only in increasing its profits and the atrocious inhumanity in the handling and crowding of the slaves in the narrow speedy ships, especially as the American flag was the only one that could now protect the slaver from inspection on the African coast. For—as a main result of the war—the American ship was now unmolested by any power on earth. And the seafaring people had become aggressive to a degree that was little short of bumptious.

Their first step toward sea supremacy was the establishment of packet lines to Liverpool and Havre, and of coastwise lines. "We recollect that thirty years ago, when the *Manhattan* was launched," said the *New York Express* in 1838, "it was believed that she was not only the largest and finest that had been built but that ever could be built. From that day to this they have gone on improving until now they can hardly be excelled." In July, 1836, twelve packets sailed from New York on the same day and raced across under heavy betting. The record was a little over seventeen days. The number of cabin passengers varied from thirty to eighty, and the price of passage from one hundred dollars to one hundred and forty dollars. The proudest man in the world at that period was the master of a Liverpool packet; and even a report to the House of Commons conceded that the ships were better and the men more efficient than English ships and sailors. In twenty-one years their chief competitor announced their unquestioned supremacy. But a little later a prouder potentate strutted in "lustrous, straw-coloured, raw silk" along the New York water-front. He was the captain of the lean sharp clipper ship of the Chinese trade. Her speed was faster than anything yet devised, and she made more money a year than the packets had ever dreamed of—two hundred thousand dollars one of them earned in her first eleven months. Yet her splendid sailing record was by no means due to her new model,

but to the man on the quarterdeck, the master mariner evolved by two hundred years of resourceful struggle with the sea.

In the period before the Civil War the fleet enjoyed the golden era of its prosperity. The success of the whalers was particularly due to the character of the whalemens as developed by their environment. The share in the oil instead of set wages had made them enterprising; "no oil, no pay" drove them through all the oceans of the world. In looking for whales they discovered more than four hundred islands in the Pacific alone. "What will my august master say," cried an astounded Russian commodore, "and what will he think of my two years' cruising in search of land that has been discovered by a boy in a sloop but little larger than the launch of my frigate!" A well-handled whaler was a most profitable ship until after the petroleum industry was developed. The seal industry, however, was almost exhausted as early as 1825 by wholesale extermination, though it dragged on with fluctuations until 1880. It was with such eagerness that young America was scouring the seas.

Yet even while all the world hailed the American flag supreme, the work that was to banish her from the waterways had already begun. It was the American sailor who had achieved the supremacy, and when steam navigation had become an assured success his splendid skill was no longer needed. On the other hand, the British had been building efficient engines for twenty years before Fulton had to import one from England for the *Clermont*, and in every application of steam power the British were—as is still the case—much in advance. They were anxious to learn all about the new power in order to preserve their vitally necessary sea-supremacy, and the government with that end in view set about subsidising its transatlantic lines as a military and diplomatic measure. No one supposed at the time that subsidising a single mail line from Liverpool to Boston would eventually drive sails from the packet routes. The chief superiority of steam at first was only that the merchant could calculate within a day the time of the passage, while the packets had compensating advantages and for a number of

years made as much money as ever. But when the Americans woke up to the necessity of a steam line of their own, it was found that they had not learned how to build ocean-going steamships, their engines devised hitherto for inland waters were not strong or stiff enough. Our transatlantic sailing ships lost their trade not because the Cunard line received a subsidy, but because before we learned to build seagoing steamships the British ship-builders had perfected themselves in the art and British merchants had established themselves firmly in the trades from which the distractions of the Civil War drove the Americans. The difficulty of interesting American capital in the new iron screw propeller, the inability of the American ship-builder to obtain iron at home for a living price by reason of the tariff, the transference after the war of American capital from sea to shore either in the wildcat speculations attendant upon depreciated currency or in honest investments and government contracts, and, finally, the gradual change in the social conditions of sea-life which repelled self-respecting American youth—all these were contributory causes. The nation was steadily losing the sea habit.

At present there is a decided congestion on the high seas, and it may well be that to regain the supremacy would not be worth the cost. Nothing adequate to the situation has been done since the Civil War, but, aside from needed reforms in old-fashioned navigation laws and new governmental measures, our merchant marine can never retake its old position until it has once more evolved a nautical unit of ship plus sailor as efficient for the modern day as was the ship of the sail a little more than a half century ago.

Algernon Tassin.

II

JAMES MOFFATT'S "PRIMER TO GEORGE MEREDITH"*

It may seem a fatal criticism of any novelist that a "primer" should be necessary; it implies his product is not self-re-

*George Meredith: a Primer to the Novels. By James Moffatt. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

vealing and hence fails as a work of art. But there are occasions when casual comment on manner has aroused an attitude of antagonism to matter which a careful searching for one's self would dispel. George Meredith has suffered most in this respect and his name, as Mark Pattison says, was and is "a label warning novel readers not to touch." The author of this present volume has been prompted to dispel this antagonism and to invite the interest of the prejudiced by a skilful introduction to the general philosophy of Meredith and an elaborate analysis of the novels, merely exposing from new facets, as each does, the reflections of a great soul. Granting, then, the sincerity of Mr. Moffatt's aim, his "primer" takes its place as a valuable contribution to growing Meredithiana.

With admirable brevity he traces the facts of Meredith's reticent life, his cosmopolitan temperament, and the variety of literary influences from which his philosophy and art grew. To do Meredith justice, one must keep in mind, as Mr. Moffatt points out, that his novels should be approached from the side of ethics as well as art. His brilliant bizarre style, frequently forbidding in its euphuism and over-subtlety, is the best medium for his persistent attacks on pride and sentimentalism—"the two scourges of our refined civilisation." After showing how, with Meredith, character is destiny, "that some inward twist of the soul explains the mischief done by a man to himself and others," the author carefully analyses these two passions "which spin the plot" of most of the novels: false pride or egoism—so often, especially in men, mistaken for love and nobility—and sentimentalism—an emotional self-indulgence or a feminine enjoyment of experience and sensation without incurring obligation and responsibility. The corrective force of the Comic Spirit—"an attitude of thoughtful laughter"—is clearly presented, and from this Mr. Moffatt illustrates the general attitude of sanity which Meredith claims is only possible for those who will face the facts of life and seek the normal in Nature. The scope of his introduction offers little opportunity for comment on Meredith's poetry or *Essay on Comedy*, in which his

philosophy is most elaborately enunciated; but Mr. Moffatt succeeds admirably in indicating the wealth of mind and spirit waiting those who care for stimulus in novel reading.

The fourteen novels and four short stories are then taken chronologically, some criticism of Meredith's contemporaries is presented and a clear outline, with helpful footnotes, of the plot follows. He observes accurately enough that Meredith's first novel, *The Shaving of Shagpat*, contained the same attitude toward life as his last, *The Amazing Marriage*—the "same integral calculus of motives, the fatal endowment of fertility, the diverting and ingenious whimsicalities and showery audacious epigrams." The art of *The Egoist*, he says, resides in that Meredith "analyses motives of which often the actors no less than the onlookers are almost unconscious." And *Beauchamp's Career* is ennobling, too, because "a large part of its attractiveness lies in the delineation of human nature in contact with the surge and spray of deep elemental forces in the modern world"—a favourite theme of the novelist as witnessed in *One of Our Conquerors*, which Mr. Moffatt, with Sturge Henderson, believes one of the greatest of the series. The real interest of this latter little-read book though, like *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* and *The Amazing Marriage* rests in the "deft studies of character and in the analysis of the marriage problem." *Sandra Belloni* and *Vittoria* owe their chief charm to "the wonderful figure of Emilia." And Mr. Moffatt, like all critics of Meredith from Stevenson on, pays great tribute to Meredith's gallery of women.

In spite of frequent resentment at some of Mr. Moffatt's values—placing *The Amazing Marriage* among the best, for example—the total impression of the book shows that his deep love for the novelist has not blinded him to the deficiencies, yet has warmed him to write with a contagious enthusiasm. It is appropriately dedicated "to any who desire to join that acute and honourable minority which consents to be thwacked with aphorisms and sentences and a fantastic delivery of the verities."

George Middleton.

III

JUDGE LINDSEY'S "THE BEAST"*

Judge Lindsey, of Denver, is one of our most luxurious citizens—certainly there is no one more luxurious than he. It is only exceptional men who have exceptional pleasures. Judge Lindsey has indulged himself to the full in doing an exceptional work. He has exposed and hunted the Beast—the Beast of Big Business greed that corrupts our public life—all his adult existence. Your big business man thinks, perhaps, that he (the business man) is working for luxury. But how can money-luxury compare with the deep, exciting luxury of the spirit and the temperament, the luxury of the mind and heart that want the best, and are strong enough to see the best clearly and to fight for it constantly and vigorously? The difficulties in so doing—the contumely, the ostracism from the society of the "best people," as Lincoln Steffens would put it, these are only exciting irritants, stimuli to the æsthetic appetite of the truly luxurious citizen.

This book, *The Beast*, is the life-story of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, put together with remarkable skill by Harvey J. O'Higgins. It is, in several respects, a uniquely important book. All the other important "graft" exposures, muck-raking documents, of the last ten years—exceptionally able and useful as many of them have been—have, in comparison with this book, lacked intimacy. They have been written by men more or less on the outside, about subjects and conditions specially investigated—now one city, now another, now one set of conditions, now another set.

But Judge Lindsey tells a detailed story of his total experience for years in one city—Denver. It is not the result of any special investigations. It is the result of a life struggle, practically, made by a remarkable citizen of Denver, against the "system." His information came gradually, step by step, as a result of his active public life. Wherever he turns he finds the Beast in his way—

*The Beast. By Ben Lindsey and Harvey J. O'Higgins. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

which is the most convincing manner of discovering what the Beast is like.

The habits of the Beast have been described, from one angle or another, by many able journalists. In this book we have the Beast, not so much described as presented, shown from all angles. That is what makes this book a piece of literature as well as of journalism. It gives a complete picture of a whole social, economic, political and ethical situation. And it does so not by mere circumambulant description, not by "covering the subject" in the dull pseudo-scientific way, but by the direct and dramatic method of autobiography.

The relation of the book to literature is also shown by the fact that the personal note is as well defined as the public note. The temperament point of view, habit of mind and æsthetic angle of an individual is a delightful part of this volume. In this case, the individual's characteristics have not obscured, but have illuminated the facts. If Judge Lindsey had not had a devouring passion for a peculiar luxury—the deep luxury of truth and of public service—he would never have been able so clearly to see the Beast and to picture him in a hundred ways, manifesting itself in a thousand unexpected situations. As literature it is as interesting as it is as muck-raking.

And as muck-raking it is unprecedentedly specific. Concrete instances of the way the Beast works abound. The facts force the reader to make the same conclusions as to the nature of the Beast and its function in our society as those made by Judge Lindsey. Sometimes, indeed, he goes beyond the actual evidence—but this rarely—and even then we follow him with sympathy and with a belief that he is right. The founder of the Children's Court is sometimes impelled by his emotion to go far, as, for instance: "I soon realised that not only our laws but our whole system of criminal procedure was wrong. . . . The criminal law is founded on vengeance. . . . It is designed to save property, not to save men; and it does neither: it makes more criminals than it crushes."

At the base of all organised vice, of low and high corruption, Judge Lindsey finds the Beast—the powerful "system"

which he calls "beasts," will make any man's blood boil. And note that he comes to this without any radical social philosophy, as in observing and fighting "beasts" in connection with his discussion of crime he said: "The rule of the money power in Denver was the cause of the great part of the crime in Denver," and he elaborated as follows: "The conditions (which bred crime) were made hopeless by the remorseless tyranny of wealthy men who used their lawless power to enslave and brutalise and kill their workmen. Legislatures, corrupted by corporate wealth, refused to pass the eight-hour law that would give the child's home a parent able to fulfil his parental duties—refused to pass the employer's liability law, that would save the widows from starvation and the children from the streets. . . . The saloons, protected by the political power of the corporations, debauched the parents and destroyed the homes of our children, and the protected gambler hunted and preyed with the protected saloon. I could not do my duty toward the children without attacking the conditions that deformed the lives of the children. And when I tried to do this, the Beast replied: 'Then you will not be allowed to save even the little children.'"

No one can read this book—full of convincing truth, full of drama, full of feeling, without seeing more clearly the beauty so clearly seen by Judge Lindsey—without appreciating more fully his peculiar kind of luxury. His career has been far more exciting than if he had hunted lions in South Africa all his life.

Hutchins Hapgood.

IV

HARRY FRANCK'S "A VAGABOND JOURNEY"*

In this day of the tourist and the guide-book, not infrequent experiments have been made to get away from the conventional paths and the conventional methods, and to taste of travel in the raw. More often than not, however, the

*A Vagabond Journey Around the World. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Company,

impelling motive has been compromised by scientific or journalistic considerations. The journey has been really a hunt for data or for copy. Such amusements as it offered were incidental. By means of such enterprises, we have added much to our knowledge of tramps and thieves and natives in general, and have found not a little entertainment by the way. But it takes a very young and buoyant and disinterested and energetic person to wrest enjoyment out of the actual hardships and squalors of picaresque adventure. The writer of this narrative possessed these qualifications and reaped the reward. The journey in question ended some five years ago, but he still has a quaint notion that the object of his adventure was "the study of social conditions." "What surer way," he cries, "of gaining vital knowledge of modern society than to live and work among the world's workmen in every clime?" It is writ plain on every page of his story that he went for a certain kind of fun, and got it. As it chanced, most of his adventures were made, most of his living done, not among the world's workmen, but among the world's loafers and deadbeats of every clime. Not that Mr. Franck allowed himself to be brought down to their level. He would eat with them, sleep with them, talk with them, walk with them, but not steal or even borrow with them. But he evidently enjoyed them far more than the workmen he came in contact with. They shared his most venturesome experiences—and his cash when cash there was.

The scheme of his travels accounts, no doubt, for the association. The idea of it had occurred to him in the course of an undergraduate conversation. He had uttered offhand the conviction that "a man with a bit of energy and good health could start without money and make a journey round the globe." For all that we gather, the remark came out of his own head and not out of his reading. Most of us are familiar with the gentleman in fiction who makes that remark, is challenged, and at once bets fifty thousand dollars that he can do it in a year. Mr. Franck was inspired by no wager, and several years passed before he determined to put the thing through. The

only article he wore or bore with him from beginning to end of his ensuing adventures was a Kodak. He started with a hundred and four dollars to buy films with, and spent the money in Europe, before the really difficult part of his travels began. "But," he says, with pardonable pride, "the conditions of the self-imposed test were not thereby materially altered; for before the journey ended I had spent in photography, from my earnings, more than the original amount, to be exact again, one hundred and thirteen dollars."

He crossed the Atlantic in a cattle-steamer, and did some preliminary tramping through Scotland, Ireland and England; was content with one day in London, and proceeded by steamer to Rotterdam. Thence his wanderings, mostly afoot, took him through France and Italy, his nights chiefly spent in tramp lodgings, charitable or otherwise. Presently he founded himself stranded as a "beachcomber" in Marseilles, without money or work. Finally, he made his way to Port Said on an English vessel in the rôle of A.B.; and so presently to Beirut and rambles on foot through Arabia and Palestine. At Cairo he found "the loafer's Paradise," and forgathered with some of the most eminent among his collection of rascals. To escape from Egypt, he had to stow away on a British ship, and so made his way to Ceylon. In Colombo he was reduced, with three other white vagabonds, to becoming utility man to a travelling circus, and finally the part of clown was awarded to the athletic American. This brought money enough to enable him, with two of his companions, to set out in earnest upon a tramp through India. In Calcutta, at the inevitable "Sailors' Home," he met an Australian named James; and the pair presently agreed to start off together, "somewhere to the east," with Hong Kong as their goal. The journey on foot that followed, through Burma and across the Malay Peninsula, entailed an amount of physical danger and suffering which the narrator dwells upon with a certain gusto, as upon capital well spent. His jungle experiences, indeed, make rather stirring than pleasant reading. But the fact with which one is impressed

is that every bit of the exploit, starvation, pain, and all, came as grist to the insatiable mill of the young adventurer. There may be a certain amount of self-consciousness and even complacency about this account; but it is in reality a sort of *Odyssey*—no person capable of carrying through such an adventure could be well distinguished for shrinking modesty. In view of the extreme patness and picturesqueness of many of the dialogues and scenes set down, it is a bit difficult to believe, in spite of the author's asseveration, that every word is a literal record. But it would be more difficult to disbelieve the essential truth of the story as a whole—a narrative that takes one back, without specifically resembling either, to *Lævengro*, and to *Innocents Abroad*. It is a kind of epic of youth and health and imperturbability. To travel around the world in fifteen months without money or baggage or arms, is a feat which we must believe would be impossible for any honest man who was not also an educated man, as well as an athlete. Hence there is something clearly fitting in Mr. Franck's dedication of his book to the university "without whose training this undertaking had been impossible."

H. W. Boynton.

V

ELIZABETH DEJEANS'S "THE HEART OF DESIRE"*

Beginning with a prologue that occurs on a trans-continental train on its way to California, *The Heart of Desire* tells a love-story sufficiently crowded with incident and mystery to make the reader impatient of interruption until he reaches the end. All the important personages of the main narrative are introduced in the first few pages of this prologue in a manner both easy and convincing; when they meet again it is under very different circumstances, half a generation later.

There is a good deal of skill and charm manifest in the character drawing, while the progress of the various men and

**The Heart of Desire*. By Elizabeth Dejeans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

women along the paths already marked in their youth is cleverly indicated. The strong are stronger and more efficient, the weak have sunk a little under the stress of temptation and the hazard of their fortunes; the characteristics in each are more marked.

Kate, the heroine, who at first annoys the reader with her melodramatic actions and the unaccountable silence she maintains under all sorts of misunderstandings, for one suspects a ruse of the author's to enhance the suspense, proves to have had ample reason for behaving as she did. This is certainly none too common in books. Moreover, the more one sees of her, the more one grows to like her, and the fact that the hero never wavers in his passion for her during the entire fifteen years of their separation, albeit he knows no more of her than the slight information he secured aboard the limited, does not, finally, seem preposterous; on the contrary, one is distinctly inclined to admire his good sense.

Paquita, the little dancing flame of a girl, is portrayed with colour and comprehension. The setting of the story is Southern California, being for the most part in and near Los Angeles, and Paquita belongs to it, while her ruined old house and rascal of a father give an added sharpness to the impression of Spanish antecedents in both land and people. Mrs. Dejeans knows her environ-

ment and loves it, and furthermore succeeds in making the reader do the same.

Aunt Silence is, so to speak, the comedy old woman of the piece, for the book, although showing originality and vital force, is nevertheless constructed according to the conventional design and supplied with the conventional array of characters. But there Mrs. Dejeans's conventionality ends, for she draws her personages with relish and humour and with a pleasing freedom. Aunt Silence, her pet goats and Hop, her Chinese factotum, are well worth meeting; and if the old lady proves useful in straightening out the last kinks of the plot, it is precisely what she would have done in real life.

There is a cheerful philosophy in the book, not too insistently shining, but lending the pages a certain glow—a sunniness belonging to the State in which its story is laid. The frailties of human nature are neither slurred nor denied; but the equally sure nobility and fineness inherent in it are never lost sight of, and remain the major note in an entertaining book that has more than mere entertainment to recommend it.

A colloquial use of the verb, as in the sentence "We *would* better let good enough alone," strikes the ear unpleasantly, and is much too frequently employed.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

V—STORIES OF SPORT

BY W. W. AULICK



AT this time of the year, when outdoor sports are getting into their full stride and when, coincidentally, novels dealing with outdoor sports are coming out of the closed studios into the open market by the score, an analytic view of the latter is opportune. The sport that

figures most largely in the stories of the day is, obviously, baseball. Baseball is the national game of springtime literature. It is to the present short-story writer what the automobile is to the three hundred and fifty page Williamsons the year 'round. As a writer on baseball in many of its phases, as a baseball "fictionist," as well as a baseball statistician, I have always felt keen pleasure—and

curiosity—in reading these numerous baseball stories as they appeared in the springtime prints, and in figuring out to myself just where they were good and just where, in the language of the game, they “struck out.”

When Christopher Mathewson, the well-known New York pitcher, and I were talking over the plans for the baseball novel *Won in the Ninth*, which I recently helped him edit, we decided that the baseball story of widest appeal would be the baseball story that breathed the game itself, rather than love romance with the game as a background. To make myself clearer, we figured that the baseball story could not succeed if it were like the average football story, the sort, you know, where nothing of an actual sport nature happens except the hero's last-page dash down the field to fame. The thoroughly satisfactory story, of baseball, we believed, would have to mould the story of *the* game, rather than *one* game, into an interesting whole during the development of the story.

An “inside” view of baseball fiction reveals one general fault above all others. Baseball fiction is not baseball fiction at all in many cases. Rather is it what we may call “comic opera baseball fiction”—the sort of story that is laid in Baseball-land and inhabited by the Grandstand Queen, the Home Run King and the United States Navy, in the final picture, in the form of bleachers. I am not arguing, mind you, for “fiction with a purpose,” but I do believe in baseball fiction that will assist the reader in comprehending the sport, if he does not understand it already. And no “comic opera baseball story” can do this. The latter fights against the conservation of our national game. Stories dealing with the outdoor sports, whether they deal with baseball or not, should treat those sports fairly. The brand of story in which the batsman sees the love twinkle in his sweetheart's eyes, although his back is necessarily turned to the grandstand, is as “cruel” to the lover of baseball as the substitute half-back who, though suffering from a sprained ankle, makes a hundred-yard dash for a touchdown in the last minute of play is to the lover of the great autumn game of the gridiron.

The greatest need of the sport novels of the present is originality. The tales all bear a tiresome similarity to one another. Without the home run, the final strike-out or the unassisted triple play, there would be few writers who could evolve a baseball story. Without the substitute half-back or the last-minute-of-play, the writers of football fiction would have to go back to the unadorned old love story. Without the stroke oar who gets his chance half an hour before the race, and who pulls the shell subsequently to victory, the regatta fiction writers would have to cast about for psychological themes to serve as story backgrounds. I have exaggerated a bit, to be sure, but just a bit. The trouble, it seems to me at least, with the sport stories of fiction is the Spectacular Moment. Instead of possessing a uniform, well-graded interest, they are heavily padded and allowed to plod along until it is time for the Spectacular Moment. The latter may be the home run; it may be the winning touchdown in the dim twilight; it may be the fainting yet heroic stroke oar. The fiction race is never to the swift. It is always to the hero. And it is against this cut and dried “Spectacular Moment” in our novels of sport that I protest.

There are exceptions here as everywhere. In his stories of sport, Ralph Paine accomplishes considerable in the right direction. He shows the reader the sport itself, and not only the final-moment peep at it. He preaches subtly, too, for cleanness in athletics, and I doubt not that his books have done a great deal toward imbuing young men with a proper conception of the honest, red-blooded world of muscle.

It is a pity that not more of our abler novelists have chosen the typical American sports as backgrounds. As a matter of record, there is to-day scarcely one baseball or one football story that stands out among its fiction fellows. They are uniformly regarded by the reading public as hardly worth even passing notice. “Cheap stories,” they are characterised, “and good only for small boys.” Whereupon the person who has described them thus picks up a yachting story, an automobile romance or a story of the hunt, buries himself in it, and decides that he

has really found something worth reading.

You may say, in answer to and in justification of this latter reader's attitude, that the novel must deal only with sports containing romance, and that there is little of the moon-quality in our field sports. Romance is merely imagination. The person who can see it in a rickety rocking canoe should be able to discover it on the green diamond, or the gray gridiron. I should like to see Richard Harding Davis "novelise" the baseball; I should like to read the Robert Chambers version of the drama of the pig-skin; I should be delighted to hear the McCutcheon idea of the Varsity eights race. There is romance, I am perfectly sure, in these sports. And it is waiting, crying, to be put into black and white.

Tradition has caused the reading public to become impressed with the belief that any story that deals with outdoor sport must be listed under the "juvenile" head. As a result of this tradition—that is all it really is, and baseless tradition, too—fiction writers have written stories of sport merely for juveniles. A "man's size" baseball story is a rarity. A "man's size" football story occurs only at infrequent intervals. Why? Does it not seem fair to presume that a good novel of sport would find a big, welcoming audience?

A stranger, being escorted up Broadway at night by his New York friend, was asked recently what he thought of it all. "Wonderful," he replied, "I never saw such magnificent electric advertising signs in my life." "Yes, yes, man," said his friend impatiently, "but don't you think the great, tall buildings are wonderful?" The stranger hesitated a moment. "I suppose they are wonderful," he answered, "but I can't see them." So, too, have the big, strong fiction ideas in sport been hidden from the strangers among the writers by the cheap displays of clap-trap fiction.

In speaking of this general subject, a short while ago with several writers, one of the latter assured me that nothing

would be quite so difficult as the development of a good baseball novel. "It would not have a sufficiently wide appeal," he argued. "But," I contended, "the tremendous popularity of baseball in America does not reconcile one to your way of thinking." "That is all very well," he said, "but you must remember that people often do not care to read in fiction about things they themselves see and do." And yet, although I thoroughly appreciate that this is frequently true, I cannot convince myself that the comparatively small appeal of the sport novels has been due to anything else than the small appeal in the novels themselves. One cannot expect a novel to find favour with thousands of readers if that novel in itself possesses little intrinsic merit. Its subject may be appealing, but the very appeal of that subject may be killed by improper and ineffective handling. To say that a novel of sport cannot find wide favour is as foolish as to hold that a novel dealing with the Bread Line could not. It all depends on how the subject is treated.

There is another flaw in sport novels that comes to notice under the acquainted eye. In only sporadic instances will you find a hero who has a brain. Most of the fiction heroes in stories of the kind under discussion are well uniformed, hair-plastered, muscular automatons. "I love you," "We will win or die," and similar tedious juvenilities emanate incessantly from their mouths. Give your reader an athletic hero who has something to say and the power to say it, and the appeal of the story will not be confined to small boys alone. I am making a plea for a new brand of sport novel—a sport novel in trousers, rather than kilts, a sport novel with a brain rather than a milk bottle. When novels of this kind are given us, we will come to know the result of every "inside" view of the sport fiction of the day, to wit, that the fiction is not sport fiction at all. It is fiction—just plain, weak, mollicoddle fiction. And, I doubt, whether even "juveniles" ought to be permitted to read the bulk of it.

READERS' GUIDE TO NEW BOOKS

VERSE

The Baker and Taylor Company:

In Praise of Gardens. Compiled by Temple Scott.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Verses and Sonnets. By Julia Stockton Dinsmore.

Duffield and Company:

The Frozen Grail and Other Poems. By Elsa Barker.

Russian Lyrics. Songs of Cossack, Lover, Patriot and Peasant. Done Into English Verse by Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi.

Harper and Brothers:

Flower o' the Grass. By Ada Foster Murray.

Moods Publishing Company:

The Younger Choir. With an Introduction by Edwin Markham.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Enchanted Island and Other Poems. By Alfred Noyes.

The Tandy-Thomas Company:

The Poems of James Ryder Randall. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Matthew Page Andrews, M.A.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Mitchell Kennerley:

Orestes. A Tragedy. By Richard Le Gallienne.

A drama on the story of Orestes to the accompaniment of Massenet's music. Written for Mr. William Faversham.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Some Musical Recollections of Fifty Years. By Richard Hoffman. With a Biographical Sketch by his Wife.

Mr. Hoffman begins his story with the account of how as a boy of fourteen he made the journey from Manchester, England, his native city, to Birmingham to hear Felix Mendelssohn conduct the "Elijah." When sixteen years old he came to this country, and from that time on he gives entertaining and interesting accounts of all the musical celebrities who came here and gave concerts or toured the country.

Six Greek Sculptors. By Ernest A. Gardner, M.A.

The six sculptors considered are Myron, Phidias, Polyclitus, Praxiteles, Scopas, and Lysippus. There are also chapters on "Characteristics of Greek Sculpture," "Early Masterpieces," and "Hellenistic Sculpture."

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Duffield and Company:

Diary of a Daly Débutante.

Passages from the journal of a young woman who was a member of Augustin Daly's famous company of players some thirty years ago. It is illustrated by contemporary portraits of John Drew, Ada Rehan, Catherine Lewis and many other celebrities of that day and generation.

John Lane Company:

Robert Herrick. A Biographical and Critical Study. By F. W. Moorman, B.A., Ph.D.

The biographer has had access to the Herrick Papers at Beaumanor Park, and through his researches there and at the Record Office, he has succeeded in gaining fresh information as to the poet's career. Further light is thrown also upon Herrick's friendships, his foreign travel, etc. Part II is critical, and deals with the relation of Herrick as a lyric poet to the Roman lyrists and to the English lyrists of the Elizabethan and Stuart periods.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

An Old-Fashioned Senator. Orville H. Platt of Connecticut. The Story of a Life Unselfishly Devoted to the Public Service. By Louis A. Coolidge.

The author, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was closely associated with Senator Platt during the later years of the Senator's life, and has known intimately most of the men who have been influential in American politics during the past decade.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

During the Reign of Terror. Journal of My Life During the French Revolution. By Grace Dalrymple Elliott.

Recently added to the Court Series of French Memoirs. These memoirs record the experiences of Grace Dalrymple Elliott, a famous London belle, the close friend of Philippe Egalité, Duc d'Orleans, in the awful scenes of the Terror. Among other matters of interest it gives pictures of the prisons during that period; and it is interesting as well in making clear the course of Philippe Egalité during the Revolution.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS,
PHILOSOPHY*Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:*

The Winning of Immortality. By Frederic Palmer.

A study of the doctrine of immortality, beginning with its origin in Hebrew thought, and thence followed through its treatment by New Testament writers to the position it holds at the present time; including a consideration of the difficulties which cause many thoughtful minds to reject the idea of immortality.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Nervous States. Their Nature and Causes. By Dr. Paul DuBois. Authorised Translation by Edward G. Richards.

Issued as a companion volume to Dr. DuBois's "Influence of the Mind on the Body." In this new work Dr. DuBois points out that neurasthenia, contrary to general impressions, is not a new disease created entirely by the conditions of modern life.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Influence of Darwin on Philosophy and Other Essays in Contemporary Thought. By John Dewey.

A collection of eleven essays in contemporary thought. The volume takes its title from the first essay. The others are: "Nature and Its Good, A Conversation"; "Intelligence and Morals"; "The Experimental Theory of Knowledge"; "The Intellectual Criterion for Truth"; "A Short Catechism Concerning Truth"; "Beliefs and Existences"; "Experience and Objective Idealism"; "The Postulate of Immediate Empiricism"; "Consciousness and Experience"; and "The Problem of the Significance of Knowledge."

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

A Search After Ultimate Truth. The Divine Perfection Inherent in Man and in All Creation. By Aaron Martin Crane.

The work begins with an attempt to find a sure and enduring foundation for all reality, and finds that foundation in God. Next, the search is for a clear understanding of God's indisputable qualities. Following this is a discussion of propositions which the author calls essentials. On these is based a discussion of the non-existence of materiality and error, followed by a discussion of creation from the standpoint of the accounts in Genesis and John.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Hypnotism. By Edward B. Warman, A.M. No. IV. Psychic Science Series. The author's purpose is "to remove the fear

and false conceptions that have been engendered regarding hypnotism, and to show instead that beneficial results may be derived from its legitimate application in the hands of those qualified to use it for its therapeutical value."

The Science of Living or the Art of Keeping Well. By William S. Sadler, M.D.

His purpose in writing this book is, Dr. Sadler writes, "to present to the lay reader, the teacher, the student, and the health-seeker a concise outline of Modern Hygiene as developed in the great research laboratories of the world, free from scientific technicalities and medical terms—to tell the Story of Health in plain, everyday English."

Small, Maynard and Company:

Self Help and Self Cure. A Primer of Psychotherapy. By Elizabeth Wilder and Edith Mendall Taylor.

The authors have embodied there the latest scientific thought on the subject of Mental Healing. The book opens with an argument for the existence of the Body, citing authorities, giving illustrations, and pointing to the different conceptions held in different ages. Passing then to the Mind, the authors consider the nerves and the relation of mind to body. Finally, as the rounding out of the complete man, they consider the Spirit, from the latest scientific standpoint.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Spiritual Unrest. By Ray Stannard Baker.

The work is based on articles which appeared in the *American Magazine*. The author presents facts about Trinity Church in New York, a slum mission, a large institutional church, a "settlement" house, the Jewish synagogues, and the Emmanuel Church in Boston, all typical American religious institutions. Of each he asks the questions, What part is it taking in the spiritual life of the community? What is it doing to meet the changed conditions of modern life? Does it manifest the wave of religious activity? If not, where is this activity manifested?

The Young Churchman Company:

History, Authority and Theology. By the Rev. Arthur C. Headlam, D.D.

Seven essays, which were written at various dates during the last twenty years. "They represent the results," the author writes, "of investigations undertaken to satisfy my own mind on many questions arising at the present day as to the truth and the form of the Christian Religion." The subjects are: "The Sources and Authority of Dogmatic Theology"; "The

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

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New Theology"; "The Athanasian Creed"; "The Church of England and the Eastern Churches"; "The Teaching of the Russian Church"; "Methods of Early Church History"; and "The Church of the Apostolic Fathers."

The Historians and the English Reformation.
By the Rev. John Stockton Littell, M.A.

In a foreword the author states that he has made a collection and reprint of some results in American historical work

which he asks English people to examine, and of some English scholarship which he wishes to introduce to a large class of his American fellow-citizens.

The Church of Sweden and The Anglican Communion. By G. Mott Williams, D.D.

A series of papers "submitted to the Episcopate and others, as evidence bearing upon the Form, Intention and Continuance of Holy Orders in the Swedish National Church."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of April and the 1st of May.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The History of Mr. Polly. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
3. Why Did He Do It? Capes. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
6. Eternal Fires. Cross. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. In Closed Territory. Bronson. (McClurg.) \$1.75.
3. Gilded Beauties of Second Empire. Lobie. (Brentano.) \$4.00.
4. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. Lady Merton. Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Merton. Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Religion of the Future. Eliot. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
4. Nerves and Common Sense. Call. (Little, Brown.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys in Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
3. The Owls of St. Ursula's. Reid. (Baker, Taylor.) \$1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Day of Souls. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
3. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50 cents.
4. Passion Play of Oberammergau. (Duffield.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Just Between Themselves. Warner. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Country Neighbors. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. Mr. Carteret. Gray. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Biography of a Boy. Bacon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
2. My Friend the Indian. Laughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.
3. Hunting in East Africa. Madeira. (Lippincott.) \$5.00.
4. With the Professor. Showerman. (Holt.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. Harper's Handy Book for Girls. Adams. (Harper.) \$1.75.
3. Tilda Jane. Saunders. (Page.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Gloria. Turner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Gloria. Turner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
5. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Dan Merrithew. Perry. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
2. In Closed Territory. Bronson. (McClurg.) \$1.75.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. Utility of Higher Education. Crane. (Crane.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Short-Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
2. The Head Coach. Paine. (Scribner) \$1.50.
3. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

443

4. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Voice in the Rice. Morris. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50 cents.
2. Poets of Ohio. Venerable. (Clarke.) \$1.50.
3. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) \$1.80.
4. Essays on Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Grimm's Fairy Tales. (Doubleday. Page.) \$6.00.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Game of the Golden Ball. Johnson. (Macaulay.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) \$1.50.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Adventures of Pinocchio. Collodi. (Ginn.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) \$1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. R. E. Lee. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (FitzGerald.) \$1.20.
2. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.

3. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Danger Trail. Curwood. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd Mead.) \$1.20.
3. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.
4. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Airship Boys Due North. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Glenlock Girls. Remick. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. The Head Coach. Paine. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

3. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
4. Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.50.
5. The History of Mr. Polly. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. The Day of Souls. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
2. The Promise of American Life. Croly. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
3. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
4. Their Day in Court. Pollard. (Neale.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peeps in Many Lands. (Macmillan.) 75c.
2. Little Colonel Books. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Child's Guide Series. (Baker-Taylor.) \$1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Taming of Red Butte Western. Lynde. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Chantecler. Rostand. (Brentano.) 95 cents.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales & Co. Ward. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Short Stop. Gray. (McClurg.) \$1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. Happy Hawkins. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
2. The Promise of American Life. Croly. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Merton. Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Gloria. Turner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Taming Red Butte Western. Lynde. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Vigilante Girl. Hart. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. In the Service of the Princess. Rowland. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Astronomy with the Naked Eye. Serviss. (Harper.) \$1.40.
2. Essays on Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Promenades of an Impressionist. Huncker. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Beyond the Mexican Sierras. Wallace. (McClurg.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Head Coach. Paine. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Little Miss Fales. Knipe. Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Motor Boy Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 50 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

445

5. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
2. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. John the Unafraid. Anon. (McClurg.) \$1.00.
4. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Crossways. Martin. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
4. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Fascinating Mrs. Halton. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) \$2.50.
4. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
3. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Guide to Modern Opera. Singleton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. Wits End. Blanchard. (Estes.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Eleventh Hour. Potter. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Cab. No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. Kings in Exile. Roberts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Life and Art of Richard Mansfield. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) \$6.00.
2. Snow Fire. Anonymous. (Harper.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Tom Sawyer. Twain. (Harper.) \$1.75.
2. Huckleberry Finn. Twain. (Harper.) \$1.75.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. Cab No. 44. Foster. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
6. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 50c.
2. Self-Control. Jordan. (Revell.) \$1.00.
3. Saints and Sinners. Ross. (Huebsch.) 50c.
4. Higgins: A Man's Christian. Duncan. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. The Little Folks' Handy Book. Beard. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
3. The Airship Boys Due North. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Mary Baker S. Eddy. Milmlne. (Doubleday, Page.) \$2.00.
2. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
3. Conquest of Consumption. Hutchinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
4. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys in the Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 75 cents.
2. High School Freshman. Hancock. (Altemus.) \$1.00.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.00.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. Tess of Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
2. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.20.
6. The Scar. Dawson. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. History of the Confederate War. Eggleston. (Sturgis & Walton.) \$4.00.
2. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
3. Self-Propelled Vehicles. Homans. (Andel.) \$2.00.
4. Corporation Accounting. Keister. (Burrrows Bros.) \$4.00.

JUVENILES

1. In Texas with Davy Crockett. McNeil. (Dutton.) \$1.50.
2. For the Admiral. Marx. (Jacobs.) \$1.50.
3. From Keel to Kite. Hornibrook. Lothrop.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The History of Mr. Polly. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
6. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

3. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Last American Frontier. Paxon. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Gloria. Turner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Early Rhode Island. Weeden. (Grafton.) \$2.50.
2. Fresh Air Book. Müller. (Stokes.) 85 cents.
3. Won in the Ninth. Mathewson. (Bodmer.) 75 cents.
4. Fishing Kits, etc. Camp. (Outing.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

447

5. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.
2. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
3. Promenades of an Impressionist. Huneker. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Bright Side. Skinner. (Beatty.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. Lookout Island Campers. Eldred. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.
2. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
3. Princess and Curdie. MacDonald. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.50.
3. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
4. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainard. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
2. A Study of the Drama. Mathews. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Famous Operas. Guerber. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. Standard Operas. Upton. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys. (Cupples & Leon.) 45 cents.
2. Rover Boys. (Grosset & Dunlop.) 45 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
5. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Gloria. Turner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.

3. The Day of Souls. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) \$1.80.
2. Idols of Education. Gayley. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. In After Days. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Pioneers. Beard. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
2. Blue Goops and Red. Burgess. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
3. On the Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Son of the Immortals. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
3. The Furnace of Gold. Mighels. (Fitzgerald.) \$1.20.
4. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. My Recollections. Cardigan. (Lane.) \$3.50.
4. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) \$1.80.

JUVENILES

1. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Kite Book. Kilvert. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Danger Trail. Curwood. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
3. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. Heart Throbs. (Chapple Pub. Co.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. When Mother Lets Us Cook. Johnson. (Moffat Yard.) 75 cents.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. Just Between Themselves. Warner. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.
2. White Magic. Phillips. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williams. (Musson.) \$1.25.
5. Son of the Immortals. Tracy. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Musson.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
2. Lessons in Truth. Cady. (Unity Tract Society.) 50 cents.
3. Science of Breath. Ramacharaka. (Yogi Pub. Co.) 50 cents.
4. Song of Our Syrian Guest. Knight. (Pilgrim Press.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Boys of Liberty Series. (McKay.) 25 cents.
2. Aeroplane Boys. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 50 cents.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Bird Guide. Reed. (Reed.) \$1.00.
2. Letters from a Father to His Son. Swain. (Yale Pub. Assoc.) 35 cents.
3. Life of Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. Flowers. Gerry. (Harper.) 50 cents.
3. Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st on any list	receives	10
"	"	"	8
"	"	"	7
"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5
"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

POINTS

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50 382
2. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50 95
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.. 89
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50..... 80
- 5 and 6. { By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50..... 66
- { The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50..... }

THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

We have been much pleased by receiving from the editor or editors of an Italian publication a printed circular. It is composed in the English language, or at least in a language which our confrères imagine to be English. The delicate shading of idiom, the graceful courtesy, and the half-hinted suggestions, make it altogether a delightful specimen of its kind. We publish it here with a feeling of gratitude to the gentlemen who sent it to us out of the goodness of their hearts:

SIR: You will made a thing gracious to us and at the time useful to diffusion of knowledge, if you will send to us as a gift your recent publication signed in the address.

That might be useful, in the limites of our power, to the diffusion of the book.

We will send to you the fascicles, in which the book will being announced and examined, and if the exchange of gifts will be pursued, our *Review* might be sent to you regularly.

It will be easier to provide a practical and complete analysis or critical note, if the books were sent in double copy.

Please accept our sincere thanks and respectful compliments.

THE DIRECTION AND REDACTION OF THE——

We have also just received from Paris a copy of *La Victoire Imprévue*, a French translation of a volume of short stories by Mr. Ralph D. Paine. The first story is preceded by a preface entitled "The American Novel, the School of Energy," written by one Jacques des Gachons. We do not know

who M. des Gachons is, but we are morally certain that he is not a member of the French Academy. In the first place he has far too much originality, and his article, if somewhat inexact, is full of ingenuous surprises. Briefly he sketches American literature from Washington Irving to Laura Jean Libbey. Irving, we are told, when twenty years of age, founded the "Salmigundis" with his friend "J. K. Gaulding." After brief allusions to James Fenimore Cooper and





THE LATE GOLDWIN SMITH

Edgar Allan Poe, M. des Gachons tells us that it is necessary to mention three more names of novelists before coming to the present time: "Th. Chandler Haliburton, whose work, published under the name of Sam Ilick, sparkles with wit (one should have read *The Clockmaker*); 'Nath' Hawthorne, who in *The Red Letter* and *The House of Seven Gables* approaches Balzac and Poe; and W. Gilmore Simms, who wrote *Atalanis* and *The Wigwam*."

One poet dominated the century, M. des Gachons tells us, H. W. Longfellow, and two philosophers, T. C. Upham and Ralph W. Emerson. Coming down to modern times, M. des Gachons

writes of a certain "Merry E. Williams," "a writer of chiselled style, who has won renown thanks to the fidelity of her descriptions of New England." We also learn the name of "Jacques London," who "has gained his writing spurs in telling in a style that is vigorous and at times brutal of the strange pioneer life of the icy solitudes of the far North." On the other hand "Edith Warton" deals in her books with the follies and eccentricities of that aristocracy of money "qu'on appelle le *smart Set*." Novelists of the open air are "Charles G. E. Roberts," "Ernest Seaton-Thompson," and "Steward Edward White." We have read M. des Gachons's preface with very genuine interest. It is certainly refreshing.

There were some odd points about Goldwin Smith in his early years and in the years that came later.

Goldwin Smith on Americans At Oxford, it was supposed that he would devote his attention to the classics and shine superior to such lights as Conington and Nettleship and Robinson Ellis. But he veered off into history, and so Tuckwell in his *Reminiscences* speaks of Goldwin Smith as a failure. As Regius Professor of modern history at Oxford for eight years he began to build up a brilliant reputation; but then he threw history aside in England, and came to Cornell University in this country, where he stayed for only three years as a resident professor. Trekking into Canada, he became a journalist, thereby losing the special repute which he had gained as an historian. His advocacy of the ultimate annexation of Canada to the United States made bitter enemies for him, so that even as a journalist he was half a failure. Mr. E. L. Godkin used to say that he had the finest English style of any living writer; but this was a friend's exaggeration. Later in life he spent his time in controversies with the Catholic



ROBERT DODSLEY—AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PUBLISHER

Church through the persons of various prelates and scholars belonging to it. The oddest thing that we have to note is the fact that Goldwin Smith, while he incurred so much antipathy because of his Americanism, wrote about Americans and American history with the "certain condescension" which James Russell Lowell first noted as a characteristic of all foreigners.

If one wishes to see his prejudice against us exemplified, it is necessary merely to turn to his book called *The United States*, published by the Messrs. Macmillan in 1893. The interest of this book is very great. Goldwin Smith evidently feels that he has cast in his lot with the Americans; yet as you read the pages you recall what Pompey said of Cicero when the grumbling, peevish orator had become a Pompeian against Cæsar. Cicero found so much fault and was so querulous that Pompey said: "I wish that Cæsar would go over to the other side. Perhaps then he would have some respect for us." So it was with Goldwin Smith and his Americanism. He is not at ease with us or with our history. In writing of the Revolution, he sneers at



RALPH STRAUSS. AUTHOR OF "ROBERT DODSLEY"



IAN HAY (AT WHEEL). AUTHOR OF "THE RIGHT STUFF." SHOWING HIS MOTOR TO WILLIAM BLACKWOOD OF EDINBURGH

our patriotic interest in that struggle. He says:

No conflict in history has made more noise than the Revolutionary War. It set flowing on every Fourth of July a copious stream of panegyric rhetoric which has only just begun to subside. Everything connected with it has been the object of a fond exaggeration. Skirmishes have been magnified into battles and every leader has been exalted into a hero. Yet the action and, with one grand exception, the actors, were less than heroic, the ultimate conclusion was foregone, and the victory after all was due not to native valour but to foreign aid.

Again he remarks that Washington may have been a gentleman, but that an Englishman would hardly have recognised him as such. His description of John Adams is that of a burly, bald-headed, irascible man. Of Jackson he says that in dealing with the Indians he "probably regarded the claims of the weaker race to justice as things of small account." This sentence, by the way, is a pretty good commentary on his own claims to style and to the proper order of words. A still better example is the following about President Buchanan: "Afterwards, Southerners having left his Cabinet, and being replaced by Unionist Democrats,

he somewhat altered his tone." Apparently then it was Mr. Buchanan who was replaced by Unionist Democrats. On page 260, Mr. Smith speaks of Richmond as a "border city," showing that twenty years or more in the United States could not teach him American geography. He says of "Maryland, my Maryland" that it "breathed the yearning of a border State for peace." We never regarded it in this light before. When you are dreaming fondly of peace, you do not usually get up and bellow—

Rise, rise and spurn the Northern scum!

In fact, Goldwin Smith in England and Canada found himself at odds with his fellow-countrymen. When he was in the United States he had a fine old British distaste for everything and everybody American. Thus, his whole career was the career of a brilliant man who never remained at anything long enough to make his mark in it. He might have been the foremost classicist of the English-speaking world; or he might have been the greatest authority on history who wrote in English; or he might have been a remarkable publicist. But with the capacity for being each of these, he failed to be any one of them. His end, therefore, is somehow an end that is full of



MRS. A. VIVANTI CHARTRES AND HER DAUGHTER VIVIEN

pathos. It is much pleasanter to think of him in his early Oxford days, when everybody was his friend, and when he was known as "Vastiest Goldwin" because of his height. Tuckwell sums it up in one sentence: "We all saw in him the coming man; but he married, settled in America, and never came."

Hitherto the reputation of Mrs. A. Vivanti Chartres, whose new novel, *The Devourers*, is reviewed elsewhere in this

issue, has been based on her work as an Italian poet. Her *Lirica*, a book of verses, was exceedingly successful in Italy, and has been translated into German by Paul Heyse, into Bohemian by Jaroslav Vrchlicky, and into Danish by George Brandes. Mrs. Chartres belongs to three nationalities. Her father was an Italian and an intimate friend of Garibaldi and Mazzini; her mother was a German and sister of Paul

**Mrs.
Vivanti
Chartres**



GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. PORTRAIT BY PAUL FOURNIER. MR. VIERECK'S "CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN" IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

Lindau, the well-known author; and her husband is an Englishman, Mr. John Chartres, barrister at law. Her little daughter, Vivien Chartres, whose picture is here shown with her mother, is a musical prodigy who has won fame as a violinist.

We wrote to the publishers of *Nathan Burke*, which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, for some information about the author, Mary S. Watts.

They have forwarded us the following letter from Mrs. Watts, which we print without comment:

After two days of profound thought on the subject, I have come to the conclusion that

your letter inquiring for interesting personal experiences is itself perhaps one of the most interesting personal experiences I have had so far! The plain truth is nobody ever had a duller time of it living, or a more commonplace life. I was born (at a date which I refuse to divulge) in that Scioto River country which I have attempted to describe in *Nathan Burke*; the scenery and people are quite faithful and recognisable; and of course, Columbus is the "city." All those descriptions are photographic, too, except in some instances where I was overcome with an unaccountable kind of shyness, and deliberately invented or distorted names and localities. Everybody in the story, however, is imaginary; I am kept busy assuring people of this. They will insist that it is "founded on fact," or that I "knew somebody

like So-and-So," or ask "who Such-a-One was meant for?"

Of course I began to write when I was a youngster, and kept it up in a desultory way until a few years ago, when I went at it in earnest; my experiences were exactly those of every beginner. I wasn't like a lady who recently said to me: "Did *you* have a hard time getting things accepted? Well, that just *shows!* I always have said that I couldn't possibly be a genius, because they *always* take everything I write!" As I've never seen anything she wrote I don't know whether this is an accurate test of a genius or not; it's almost too simple. I might have told her that I still have trouble getting things accepted—which should certainly clinch the argument about genius—but it is impossible to make people believe that. They think all I have to do is to send in a story and get a cheque by return mail.



MARY S. WATTS



CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNEL ISLANDS OF CALIFORNIA"

The first I ever got into print were two or three short stories; every one enters by that door, I suppose. But the fact is a short story is a *tour de force* with me; my style of writing is not suited to them. And, indeed, "they take a higher degree of study and skill, and much more vigorous inspiration than a long novel." This I was told by a young lady here, upon my remarking on the difficulties I had with short stories; and as she writes short stories herself, she ought to know. These first of mine that appeared naturally created some stir here where I am known; everybody proceeded to thrust greatness upon me, to my infinite distaste. Everybody except one person, that is; she drew me into a corner at a reception to say: "Well, I've read your stories, Mrs. Watts, and I do hope now that you've written these good ones, you're not going to run down. You know all the authors run down; there's So-an-So—" she named him—"isn't it awful how he's run down? I said to Mr. E— (her husband) the other day, 'Well, I do hope Mrs. Watts isn't going to run down like all the rest of them!'"

You might suppose a rising author would be somewhat dashed by opinions like the above. But there are compensations. Not long since I went into a little shop, an antiquity-and-curiosity place—to buy a gift which had to be sent away. I had to ask for a pen and paper to write the address and make a memorandum of my own name and address for the dealer to let me know the express charges; and in the course of these transactions, says I, wishing



O. HENRY'S FAVOURITE PORTRAIT

to be affable: "What nice blotters these are! One can't get them at the stationers—they never have anything but great big sheets that you have to cut into pieces." Whereupon I observed some commotion in the rear of the shop, and presently the proprietor appeared. "Mrs. Watts, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well now, Mrs. Watts, I just want to say, you take all of those blotters you want, and any time you're passing, stop in, and get blotters whenever you need them. Anybody that does all the writing you do, must need blotters!"

However, I grieve to say this generous gentleman has gone into bankruptcy since. The business of supplying blotters free as air to literary celebrities was too much for him. The last person from whom I got a kind word was my dressmaker. She says she's going to read *Nathan Burke*; and I suppose she must be reading it, because she's put me off several times lately. She inquired what time in the day I did my work, volunteering the information that she did all her designing in the evenings—"after the day's work is all over, you know, I wouldn't feel my mind free to create, if I was worrying about it all during my fittings. Sometimes I design a little Sunday, too, if I get an idea. It's best if you get an idea to go right ahead and develop it, don't you think so?" I told her that was exactly the way

I worked, and we looked at each other quite soulfully. *Arcades ambo!*

It is time, I think, to use one of those over-worked blotters.

The very talented writer of short stories, the creator of Jefferson Peters, of "Beelzebub" Blythe, of Johnnie Atwood, of Colonel Telfair, of Jimmie Valentine, of "Sham-rock" Clancy, of Willie Robbins, and a score—nay—ten score more—who wrote under the pseudonym of O. Henry, and whose real name was William Sidney Porter, died in New York on the 5th of last month in the forty-fourth year of his age. He had for some time been an exceedingly sick man, but he retained his consciousness to the last. Just before the end came he asked that the curtains of the room be raised. "Because," he whispered with a smile, "I don't want to go home in the dark."

It is somewhat difficult now to appraise Mr. Porter's work in its entirety, or to say what position he will hold twenty years hence. That position, we

think, will either be a very much higher one than the one he occupied in those last years of his life, when he was in the full flush of success and recognition, or else he will be almost entirely forgotten. So much of his work depended upon the mood of the moment, the latest bit of catchy slang, the week's sensation at Washington or Cairo or Berlin. To follow him always one has to be an assiduous newspaper reader, and to know all the moods and phases of the Wonderful Bagdad on the Hudson that was so near his heart. To illustrate how much depended on timeliness, let us take one of the most characteristic of his stories. "The Rose of Dixie" tells of an old Southern colonel who edited a magazine that was of the South and was exclusively for the South's "fair daughters and brave sons." Sidney Porter was himself a Southerner, just as Alphonse Daudet was a Southern Frenchman. Like Daudet, Porter loved the South, but while loving, delighted in chastising it. "The Rose of Dixie," limited by the sectional prejudices of Colonel Telfair, is far from being a success, and at the suggestion of some of the stockholders a circulation booster by the name of Thacker visits the office to offer some very radical remedies. The Colonel rejects the proffered assistance but hints mysteriously at a wonderful article that he is considering, an article that discusses every phase of human life wisely, calmly and equitably—in short, apparently the most amazing article ever penned. His only hesitation is that he has not yet sufficient information about the author to give his work publicity in the magazine. We shall not attempt to tell the tale. What decision the Colonel finally reaches will be found in the story itself. It depends for its effect upon typography. But the point that we wish to make is that this tale, so uproariously humorous at the moment of its publication, would have been flatly unintelligible had it been written ten years before, and will have probably very little meaning to the readers of twenty years hence. To a lesser degree this is so of most of what O. Henry has written.

We owe a personal debt to O. Henry, and are in a mood to express appreciation.

For years every book of his stories has been eagerly seized and quickly read. He has never exactly set banquets before us, after the fashion of the good Dumas, but what delightful titbits he has provided for the literary appetite! Then, too, his first book, *Cabbages and Kings*, was so cleverly worked into an entity that it might reasonably be regarded as a very satisfactory course dinner. And the best of his stories is that we not only enjoy them ourselves but that they are the kind that we delight in retelling verbally for the benefit of our friends. On numerous occasions we have sat in company, made up for the most part of professional writing men, and every man has hastened to tell his own particular favourite O. Henry story. "Do you remember the time that Jeff Peters and his partner go after the Modern Agriculturist, and where they decide that only one shall undertake the work because for two to go would be as unfair as for Roosevelt to use two hands to strangle a grizzly?" "Do you recall the millionaire painter who fell in love with the girl behind the glove counter and who was rejected because she thought that his word picture of Venice and Egypt and India meant a proposal that she marry him and that they go to Coney Island on their honeymoon?" "But let me tell you the story of 'The Shamrock and the Palm and how Clancy got even with the Central American General who had put him to work on the railroad instead of giving him the desired opportunity to liberate a nation from the poisonous breath of a tyrant's clutch.'"

Just before he died O. Henry was planning to write his first long novel. He had, we understand, finished just eight pages of it in manuscript. What he had in mind is indicated in the following unfinished letter:

MY DEAR MR. —: My idea is to write the story of a man—an individual, not a type—but a man who, at the same time, I want to represent a "human nature type," if such a person could exist. The story will teach no lesson, inculcate no moral, advance no theory.

I want it to be something that it won't or can't be—but as near as I can make it—the TRUE record of a man's thoughts, his descrip-

tion of his mischances and adventures, his **TRUE** opinions of life as he has seen it and his *absolutely honest* deductions, comments and views upon the different phases of life that he passes through.

I do not remember ever having read an autobiography, a biography or a piece of fiction that told the **TRUTH**. Of course, I have read stuff such as Rousseau and Zola and George Moore and various memoirs that were supposed to be window-panes in their respective breasts; but, mostly, all of them were either liars, actors or posers. (Of course, I'm not trying to belittle the greatness of their literary expression.)

All of us have to be prevaricators, hypocrites and liars every day of our lives; otherwise the social structure would fall into pieces the first day. We must act in one another's presence just as we must wear clothes. It is for the best.

The trouble about writing the truth has been that the writers have kept in their minds one or another or all of three thoughts that made a handicap—they were trying either to do a piece of immortal literature, or to shock the public or to please editors. Some of them succeeded in all three, but they did not write the *truth*. Most autobiographies are insincere from beginning to end, and about the only chance for the truth to be told is in fiction.

It is well understood that "all the truth" cannot be told in print—but how about "nothing but the truth?" That's what I want to do.

I want the man who is telling the story to tell it—not as he would to a reading public or to a confessor—but something in this way. Suppose he were marooned on an island in mid-ocean with no hope of ever being rescued; and, in order to pass away some of the time he should tell a story *to himself*, embodying his adventure and experiences and opinions. Having a certain respect for himself (let us hope) he would leave out the "realism" that he would have no chance of selling in the market; he would omit the lies and self-conscious poses, and would turn out to his one auditor something real and true.

So, as truth is not to be found in history, autobiography, press reports (nor at the bottom of an H. G. Wells), let us hope that fiction may be the means of bringing out a few grains of it.

The "hero" of the story will be a man born and "raised" in a somnolent little Southern town. His education is about a common school one, but he learns afterward from reading and

life. I'm going to try to give him a "style" in narrative and speech—the best I've got in the shop. I'm going to take him through all the main phases of life—wild adventure, city, society, something of the "under world" and among many characteristic planes of the phases. I want him to acquire all the sophistication that experience can give him, and always preserve his individual honest *human* view and have him tell the *truth* about everything.

It is time to say now, that by the "truth" I don't mean the objectionable stuff that so often masquerades under the name. I mean true opinions, a true estimate of all things as they seem to the "hero." If you find a word or a suggestive line or sentence in any of my copy, you cut it out and deduct it from the royalties.

I want this man to be a man of natural intelligence, of individual character, absolutely open and broad minded; and show how the Creator of the earth has got him in a rat trap—put him here "willy nilly" (you know the Omar verse); and then I want to show what he does about it. There is always the eternal question from the Primal Source—"What are you going to do about it?"

Please don't think for the half of a moment that the story is going to be anything of an autobiography. I have a distinct character in my mind for the part, and he does not at all—

One evening a few years ago Brander Matthews and Francis Wilson were dining together at the Players Club of New York, when the former made the suggestion that they write a letter to Mark Twain. "But," objected Mr. Wilson, "we don't know where he is," for it was at a time when Mr. Clemens was away travelling somewhere. "Oh," said Professor Matthews, "that does not make any difference. It is sure to find him. I think he is some place in Europe so we had better put on a five-cent stamp." So the two sat down and composed a letter which they addressed to:

MARK TWAIN,
GOD KNOWS WHERE.

Within three weeks they received a reply from Mr. Clemens which said briefly: "He did." The letter had been sent by the New York Post Office to Harper and Brothers; thence to Chatto and Windus

of London; thence to a bank in Vienna, and from the bank to the small town in Austria in which Mark Twain happened to be staying.

By the way, in all that has been written about Mark Twain since his death we have seen no mention of the fact that he and Bret Harte once collaborated on a play entitled *Ah Sin, Heathen Chinnee*, which was presented on the New York stage. We asked the friend of Clemens and Harte who recently recalled the incident whether it had been a success. "Well," he replied, "it had a run of one consecutive week."

A writer in the *London Sketch* has an article entitled "The Bookshelf of Two Kings," the gist of which is that neither Edward VII nor his successor has had a very strong interest in literature. Novels, it is true, engaged a certain portion of King Edward's time, and Marie Corelli's fiction is popularly associated with the bookshelf of the royal residences. It is less generally known that Edward perused the more knotted pages of George Meredith. Before the master novelist had reached the height of his repute the King had read *The Egoist* and expressed a desire to meet the author. Thackeray and Dickens, according to the writer, were known personally to King Edward and the list of his literary friends was exceedingly long. One discovery he made without knowing the writer personally. When staying at Leigh Court he asked for a book to beguile possible hours of sleeplessness. Hugh Conway's *Called Back*, an obscurely issued book, was given him. He liked it, praised it, and caused it to be the most read novel of its year. All of which is very far from being impressive. His example, however, is one for monarchs to emulate rather than that of his royal mother. Queen Victoria's published journal contains some of the dreariest doggerel ever penned. Take the following typical passage from *Our Life in the Highlands*:

We got up at a quarter to six o'clock. We breakfasted. Mamma came to take leave of us; Alice and the baby were brought in. poor

little things, to wish us "good-bye." Then good Bertie came down to see us, and Vicky appeared as *voyageuse*, and was all impatience to go. At seven we set off with her for the railroad, Vicomtesse Canning and Lady Caroline Cocks in our carriage. A very wet morning. We got into the carriage again at Paddington and proceeded to Woolwich, which we reached at nine. Vicky was safely put into the boat, and then carefully carried on deck of the yacht by Renwick, the sergeant-footman, whom we took with us in the boat on purpose.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter writing in the *London Sphere* makes the comment: "Certainly the Edwardian period has produced great writers and has produced some startling literary reputations, notably those of Mr. George Bernard Shaw and Mr. Gilbert Chesterton."

"So far as actual accomplishment in literature is concerned," says the English *Bookman*, "it must be admitted that the nine years of Edward's reign look poor and meagre by comparison of the seven years of William IV or the first nine years of Victoria. To say nothing of older and equally or more famous writers who were then at the height of their fame, Robert Browning, Harrison Ainsworth, Captain Marryat, Dickens, and Carlyle published their earliest work under William's rule, and Tennyson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning their first books of moment; while the first nine years of Victoria, with Dickens, Carlyle, Wordsworth, Tennyson among the greatest of living writers, saw the appearance of the first books of Thackeray, Kingsley, Macaulay, Lever, Gladstone, Matthew Arnold, Charlotte Brontë, John Stuart Mill, Froude, Freeman, and Ruskin."

"Nearly all the most popular and the most important authors of the late reign were also among the most important and the most popular of the latter years of Victoria. One could make a very long and a notable list of these, but of poets, novelists, miscellaneous writers who have had their rise in Edward's time—how many are there? There is Chesterton; his first book dates a little farther back,

but he has done all his best work in the last nine years; there are John Galsworthy and Archibald Marshall; Alfred Noyes, W. H. Davies, Herbert Trench; one might supplement these with a few other names, yet with none of greater distinction or of higher promise; but the greatest poet and the greatest novelist that the Edwardian era produced are beyond question Thomas Hardy and William de Morgan, neither of whom really entered upon his career as poet or as novelist until he had reached an age at which most poets and most novelists have finished their work."

The splendid sweep of Professor Hugo Münsterberg's certitude may be seen again on almost every page of his new volume, *American Problems*. Ten books in six years—two on eternity and the rest on subjects of nearly equal size—and not a tremor of indecision in one of them. Probably no other psychologist is so completely free from those chief infirmities of thoughtful minds, doubt and self-criticism. Never does the little devil of self-analysis whisper in his ear *Cui bono?* as he writes a sentence down. Out with it, says the inner prompter almost every time. For there is good Roosevelt stuff in him despite his scholar's life. So he will often go to press with thoughts with which another psychologist would simply go to bed, oblivious of civic duty. *American Problems* includes, however, the startling paper on "Prohibition and Temperance," which aroused so much criticism on its first appearance in *McClure's Magazine* last summer, and to it is now added an "Epilogue" in answer to this criticism. We quoted from the article in these columns at that time. It said the country would probably go to the dogs from not drinking, for if we did not stimulate ourselves in one way we would in another, by "zealotism," "tyranny," "cruelty," "superstition," "betting," "mysticism," and "senseless crimes," which, as history abundantly proved, were substitutes for alcohol, and that prohibition was pushing us into "sexual disorders," "money crazes" and "explosions of mind"; and it drew a horrid picture of a New Eng-

lander drinking ice-water and sitting "satisfied at a vaudeville, world-far from real art." It was as stern a reminder of our duty to the bottle as we had ever read, and slave though we were at the time to habits of almost daily sobriety, it roused in us some feelings of remorse. For a moment our water-cooler stood forth in its true light, a pillar of shame.

However, he probably did not wish to punish any one who personally abstained but only to answer the prohibitionists. Our terror arose, no doubt, from his literary emphasis. In his "Epilogue" he goes on in a more moderate manner.

Dr. Williams and so many others dogmatically assure us, for instance, that alcohol cuts off the power of mental production. But is a psychological laboratory really necessary to demonstrate the hollowness of such general statements? I know scores of men who never produce better than after a moderate use of alcohol, and it is well known that this is true in exceptional cases even when immoderate use is indulged in. I had to hypnotise recently a well-known New York writer whose secret trouble is that he has never written a page of his brilliant books except after intemperate use of whiskey.

Dr. Williams assures us that moderate use of wine and beer reduces the powers of intellectual activity; and again the psychological experiment is said to have proved that. Here I must instinctively think of my teacher who has given to the world the methods of psychological research, the greatest living psychologist. He is seventy-seven years old, has written about forty volumes, which are acknowledged the world over as the deepest contribution to psychological thought, wrote last year an epoch-making book; and yet for sixty years has taken beer and wine twice a day with every meal. Two summers ago I attended a number of international congresses and saw there at many banquets the leaders of thought from all nations. I watched the situation carefully but did not discover any abstainers among the sharp and great thinkers of any nation.

As for himself he says:

I personally, for instance, brought up in a temperance household, have had all my life a physiological dislike not only for strong

drinks but also for beer. But in planning for the millions I should feel reckless and irresponsible if I simply generalised my own constitution.

That, however, is precisely what he does at many other points in this volume—"generalise his constitution." He cannot distinguish between his public cares and private crotchets. But though often trivial he is seldom vague, and therein differs greatly from other recent writers on American genius, hopes, dangers, tendencies and ideals—from Professor Van Dyke in the *Spirit of America*, for example, which we mentioned last month, and from Professor William Morse Cole in *The American Hope*, which has just been published. Professor Münsterberg at least draws illustrations from his experience and calls up definite images to the mind. Both the others fairly make your mouth water by introductory reference to their rich experience, then write as if they had spent their lives in a vacuum.

A family residence, says Professor Van Dyke, recounting his advantages, of two hundred and fifty years in America, whither my ancestors came from Holland in 1652; a working life of thirty years, which has taken me among all sorts and conditions of men, in almost all the States of the Union from Maine to Florida and from New York to California; a personal acquaintance with all the Presidents except one since Lincoln; a friendship with many woodsmen, hunters, and fishermen in the forests where I spend the summers; an independence of any kind of political, ecclesiastical, or academic partisanship; and some familiarity with American literature, its origins and its historical relations—these are all the claims I can make to your attention.

Professor Cole's Preface to *The American Hope* raises expectations quite as high.

(1) As an economic member of society, my experience ranges from unskilled work, through the fields of skilled labour and clerical work, to executive position and professional standing (most of these, to be sure, of short duration, but long enough to give the spirit of that occupation), and I have been both city tenant and employing country landholder; (2) in residence, I have dwelt in the open country,

in four villages, and in five cities; (3) in educational experience the range has been, as a student, from the common schools and high school, through a vocational school and college, to a professional school, and, as a teacher, from high schools in one of the liberal culture studies, and college in a culture subject, to a professional school in a very practical subject; (4) in family relations, my home has been under the parental roof, in bachelor quarters, and where I am the head of a household of two generations; (5) I have had my full share of bitter disappointments, of miscarried efforts, and even of calumny. These relations should lead to breadth of view.

Yet the book itself seems washed so clean of any personal experience that it is hard to believe it has come from a human head. It recalls the process of Mr. Trine and Mr. Dresser and those other writers who produce the "New Thought" by the evaporation of the old one.

In *Wullie McWattie's Master* Mr. J. J. Bell has given us a clean, entertaining and pathetic story that deserves, at least, a fair amount of success. Wullie McWattie is own brother to Wee MacGregor, but for all



J. J. BELL

that we cannot anticipate for him anything of the popularity of the earlier character. In the year 1903 Wee MacGregor was by far the most prominent citizen of Glasgow. We happened to be in that city on the occasion of the late King's visit, and despite the extravagant display to welcome royalty it was a question whether His Majesty or J. J. Bell's round-eyed boy was attracting more attention. In front of every shop along Argyle, Sauchiehall, and the other prominent streets in the city there was a flag flying ostentatiously attesting the North Briton's loyalty; but in the shop windows behind the flags there were dozens of articles which showed the Scottish tradesman's appreciation of the value of Mr. Bell's hero for advertising purposes. It was "Try a drap of the Wee MacGregor whiskey," "The MacGregor boot, comfortable to the foot," "Don't miss the Wee MacGregor tablet," and "Wear MacPherson's Wee MacGregor trousers, price 6s. 9d." And the Scotch literary success upon which a Glasgow tradesman feels that he may safely rest his business interests is a success indeed.

We have just been devoting a morning to an examination of part of the contents of a certain brown box that is an important feature of the editorial office. The box is about three feet long, eighteen inches high, eighteen inches wide, has a slit opening at the top after the fashion of the penny banks of children, and is fastened with a stout padlock. The box is THE BOOKMAN'S Manuscript Box. When a contribution reaches the office (if it be properly addressed, and we cannot emphasise too often that request and warning which appears at the bottom of every contents page), the name and address of the author, the title, the date, and "remarks," are entered in books kept for the purpose, after which the manuscript is passed through the slot into the padlocked security of the brown box, until the days for reading and disposition. As we said at the beginning of this paragraph, we have just finished a morning of such a day, and settle back to build a fine castle in the air. We are picturing ourselves editing a magazine in Fable

Land. In this magazine there is no such thing as limitations of space. We always have all the pages we wish and the result is immensely satisfactory. In fact, the seventeen lusty volumes of the International Encyclopedia, which face us on a shelf a few feet away, seem a thumb-nail publication in comparison. Then in Fable Land all subjects relating to literature and life are new, every page of prose glows with sprightliness and talent, and every line of verse is as majestic as "Twilight and evening bell, and one clear call for me," or as burning as "I am the Master of my fate: I am the Captain of my soul." Consequently in the Fable Land BOOKMAN there is no such thing as a rejected manuscript, and no such odious phrases as "we regret to say," "owing to lack of space," "does not imply lack of merit." Editing is the simplest matter in the world. All there is to be done is for the Fable Land Editor to initial a voucher for the Fable Land Business Manager, who will promptly write out and send a substantial cheque. "Anything can happen in Fable Land," as Thackeray wrote in the last page of *The Newcomes*. The poet rewards and punishes absolutely. "He splendidly deals out bags of sovereigns, which won't buy anything; belabours wicked backs with awful blows, which do not hurt; endows heroines with preternatural beauty, and creates heroes, who, if ugly sometimes, yet possess a thousand good qualities, and usually end by being immensely rich; makes the hero and heroine happy at last, and happy ever after."

All of which harmless fooling leads to the brown box and its contents—the contribution and its fate. Probably no phase of the making of a magazine has as much interest to the world in general as that of the accepted and rejected manuscript. It is, to the lay mind, the problem, the puzzle. We do not think that there is a magazine editor who has not been asked scores of times what determines acceptance and rejection, and if he be honest he will answer that he does not know, for while in the concrete there are a hundred reasons, in the abstract there practically is none. Let us attempt to illustrate. Here is an article on "Mark Twain at

Stormfield," which at a glance seems entertaining and well written. But last month there was our Mark Twain issue, and except for fugitive comment we feel that we have given our readers as much about Mr. Clemens as they care for for some time to come. Here, again, is a paper entitled "What Authors Earn." There is no use doing more than glance at it. We printed some six or seven thousand words on that subject one December a year or two ago. "A Study of Flaubert"? But Dr. Pearce Bailey did just that for us so admirably and exhaustively not long ago that any at present on the subject would be somewhat superfluous. "Herr Baedeker and His System." An excellent subject, unquestionably, but the writer apparently does not know that we once printed a very complete paper entitled "The Making of the Modern Guide Book." And so on, and so on. This line of explanation might be continued indefinitely.

What we are really trying to express in these somewhat rambling paragraphs is our hearty thanks to those friends who send us manuscripts, and to say that our appreciation is none the less genuine because in most cases these manuscripts find their way back to the sender accompanied by the formal typewritten note. At least THE BOOKMAN has always been guiltless of the printed slip. "We would to can" (to follow the line of translation of *je voudrais pouvoir* adopted by Barty Josselin in Du Maurier's *The Martian*—how many of our readers recall that book?—to the complete satisfaction of his French instructors, who condemned the "I should like to be able" of the other English boy in the school—, well, we should like to be able to accompany every manuscript that goes back with a personal letter of thanks and explanation written by hand. Unfortunately such a course is neither possible nor expedient. Nor can we comply with the many requests for criticism, for while in nine cases such criticism would be received in the proper spirit, in the tenth, it would rouse hostility and lead to complication.

There is always coming up the silly old question as to whether an editor is not in-

fluenced in his selections by personal friendship. We can dismiss that very briefly. It is so absurd. There is no need of speaking of common honesty. For to intimate that an editor might accept an article, a story, or a poem for the reason that it was the work of a friend, would be to call him a plain fool, or to ascribe to him a very unworldly spirit of self-sacrifice. Being human, he is building for himself, and that means that he is trying to get the very best for the magazine that is possible under such circumstances as exist. He will make mistakes, there will be errors of judgment, but sheer selfishness, if nothing else, will keep him from immolating himself on the altar of friendship.

So thoroughly threshed out has been the love story (if it may be called such) of George Sand and The French Alfred de Musset that we
Romantics thought there was nothing new to be said.

But Mr. Francis Gribble, in his exceedingly entertaining *The Passions of the French Romantics*, which has just come from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, relates an anecdote which is certainly not generally known, and one that throws a curious light on Paris editorial methods in the middle of the last century. It concerns François Buloz, the famous editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who assumed charge of the magazine in 1831, two years after its foundation. George Sand and De Musset were among his contributors, and he introduced them to each other, it is said, in the fond hope that they would fall in love and quarrel, and draw inspiration from their experiences—in which case what splendid copy for his magazine!

A delightful book is Mr. Gribble's, and, as might have been expected, a mine of literary anecdote. No matter what Mr. Gribble writes about a subject—his former works, *Madame de Staël and Her Lovers*, *George Sand and Her Lovers*, *Rousseau and the Women He Loved*, and *Chateaubriand and His Court of Women*, were all in the same field as the present volume—he always seems able to save something fresh for a forthcoming book.

Beginning with Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and Jean Jacques Rousseau, *The Passions of the French Romantics* comes down through Lamartine and Alfred de Vigny, George Sand and Rachel, to the pompous but ludicrous and somewhat sordid love affairs of Victor Hugo, and the spiteful slanders of Sainte-Beuve. The author of the immortal *Paul et Virginie*, Mr. Gribble tells us, read his masterpiece in manuscript in the salon of Madame Necker, and, incredible as it may seem, it was not appreciated.

At first the company listened in silence. Then, little by little, they whispered to each other in yawns. M. de Buffom looked at his watch and asked for his carriage. The guests nearest to the door slipped out. Thomas went to sleep. M. Necker smiled to see the ladies weep; and they, ashamed of their tears, dared not admit that they were interested. When the reading was finished, no word of praise was spoken. Madame Necker only criticised the conversation between Paul and the old man, comparing it to a glass of iced water. M. de Saint-Pierre withdrew in a state of discouragement impossible to describe, believing that sentence had been definitely passed on him. The effect of his work on such an audience left him without a gleam of hope.

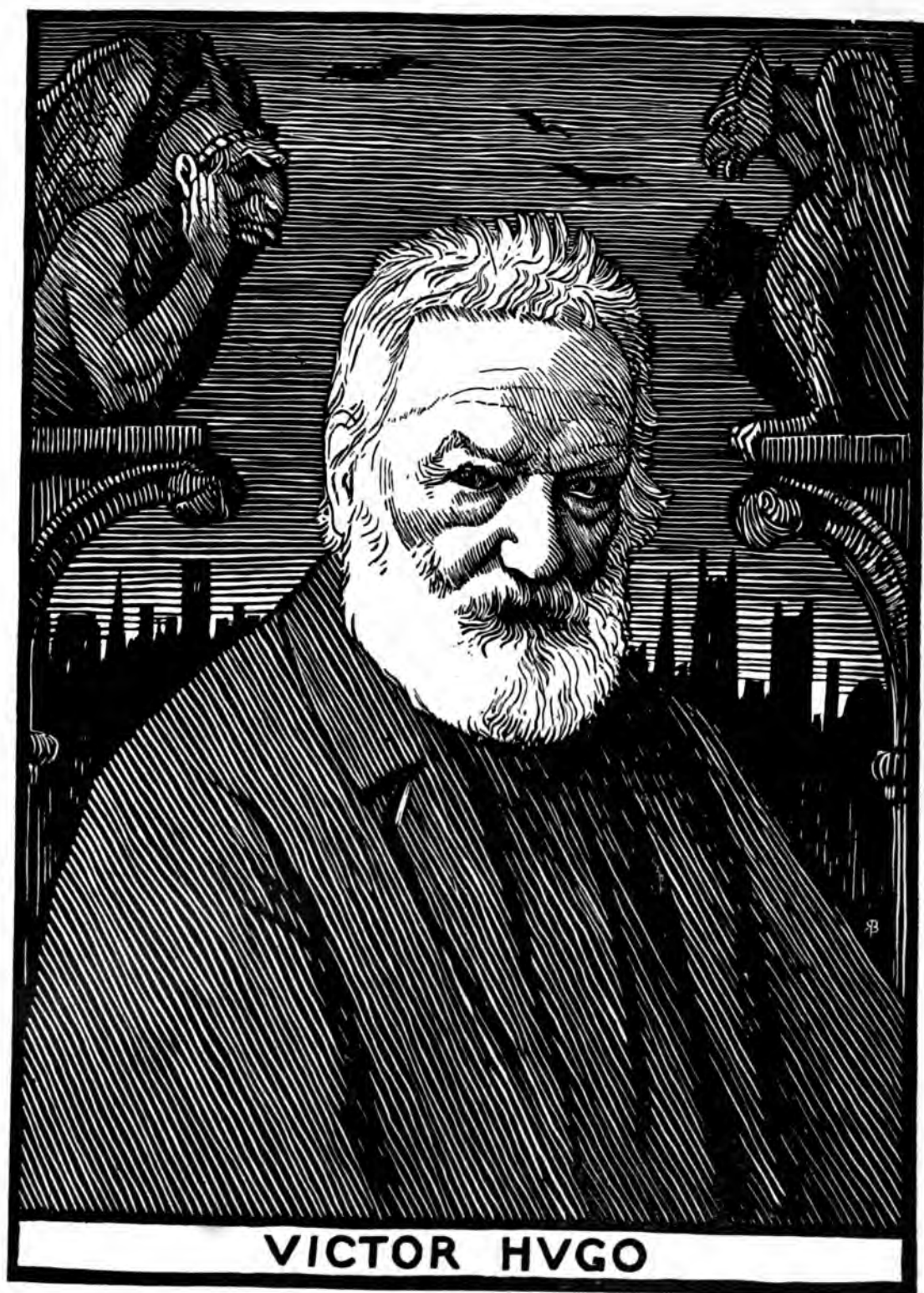
The three great passions in the life of Alfred de Vigny, if such a word as passion can be applied to so undemonstrative a man, were for Delphine Gay, the famous daughter of a famous mother (Delphine became Madame de Girardin), Lydia Bunbury, and the actress Marie Dorval. Lydia Bunbury, whom he married, was an Englishwoman, and De Vigny was an Anglo-maniac steeped in English poetry. Mr. Gribble comments: "One may almost say that he fell in love with her because he was already in love with Shakespeare." Lydia's father was not at all pleased by the match, though he did not interfere, and his attitude toward his son-in-law is indicated by the following anecdote related in one of the *Lundis* of Sainte-Beuve:

At the time when Lamartine was Secretary of Embassy at Florence, Mr. Bunbury was introduced to him, and dined with him. During the dinner the Englishman mentioned to M. de Lamartine that he had a daughter who was the

wife of one of the principal French poets. As for the name of the poet, he hesitated and could not remember it. Lamartine then ran through the list of the poets of the period, and at the mention of each of them the Englishman replied, "No. no. That's not the man." Not until Lamartine came to Alfred de Vigny did he answer, "Ah, yes, I rather fancy that's his name."

Mr. Gribble writes that "whether Victor Hugo was an inspired writer or a great wind-bag is a question still hotly debated by critics of rival schools." Posterity, we take it, agreed that he was both. But once one begins to dissect the Hugo Legend one is inclined to forget entirely the literary genius in the astonishing personality. Possibly the most extraordinary manifestation of his colossal egotism was his suggestion to the German Emperor that the war between France and Germany be settled by a personal duel. "True," he condescended to acknowledge, "you are an Emperor, but I am Victor Hugo." He had been a hero worshipper in his younger days, but when he reached the zenith of his own fame he seems to have argued that admiration of others implied depreciation of himself. It was inconsistent with the dignity of the sun to abase itself before the stars, and on two occasions he descended to tampering with documents in order to suppress the evidence that he, Victor Hugo, the hub of the literary universe, had once actually been dazzled by the genius of Chateaubriand, of Alfred de Vigny, and even of Alexandre Soumet:

Alexandre Soumet had been "Alexander the Great" for the young men who came to the Arsenal. Victor Hugo had dedicated a book to him, and the dedication was full of flattery. But Victor Hugo had become an acknowledged man of genius, whereas Alexandre Soumet had declined into a prosy and tedious old gentleman. It would never do for the world to think that Victor Hugo had once had a high opinion of Alexandre Soumet; and therefore the flattering dedication was suppressed, and later editions of the book appeared without it. Similarly with Alfred de Vigny. Victor Hugo, in his youth, had reviewed his *Eloa*, calling it "a magic picture," "a terrible lesson given in enchanting verse," and saying that in it "the



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highest truths of religion and philosophy" were "developed in one of the most beautiful creations of poetical fiction." The day came when Victor Hugo wanted to reprint that essay, and yet to avoid giving the impression that he saw anything remarkable in the talents of a contemporary. The task would have baffled most men, but Victor Hugo was equal to it. For *Eloa* in his manuscript he substituted *Paradise Lost*; and the praises which he had lavished upon his friend he transferred, without any other change in the text, to Milton.

Perhaps after all it was not so surprising. It was Théophile Gautier who said something to the effect that if he thought that one line of the Master's was bad he would not acknowledge it to himself if he were alone at the bottom of a dark well. On another occasion Gautier spoke of Victor Hugo as "a new Moses fresh from Sinai, charged to deliver the Tables of the Law." Decidedly Victor Hugo was a man who knew how to cast a spell upon those about him. For example, look at the following picture drawn in the *Souvenirs sur Turgenieff*:

One evening Hugo's admirers, assembled in his drawing-room, were competing with one another in the eulogy of his genius; and the idea was thrown out, that the street in which he lived ought to bear his name. Some one suggested that the street was too small to be worthy of so great a poet, and the honour of bearing his name ought to be assigned to some more important thoroughfare. Then they proceeded to enumerate the most popular quarters of Paris, in an ascending scale, until one man exclaimed with enthusiasm that it would be an honour for the City of Paris itself to be renamed after the man of genius. Hugo, leaning against the mantelpiece, listened complacently to these flatterers outbidding each other. Then, with an air of one engaged in deep thought, he turned to the young man, and said to him in his grand style, "Even that will come, my friend. Even that will come."

George Sand, of course, plays a conspicuous part in Mr. Gribble's book, but

Doumic's

George

Sand

Doumic's *George Sand*, which has just been published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's

for a more comprehensive view of that erratic, eccentric, and gifted woman we shall turn to M. René

Sons. This is another excellent volume which deserves a place on the shelf of literary biography and reminiscence. After the long years of stress and passion we have the spectacle of George Sand as the "bonne dame" of Nohant, living her quiet but industrious existence in her country home. This was the period of her tranquillity and calm. She was cured of her illusions. Theophile Gautier has described this life at Nohant.

Luncheon is at ten, and when the finger was on the hour, we all took our seats. Madame Sand arrived, looking like a somnambulist, and remained half asleep all through the meal. After luncheon we went into the garden and played at *cochonnet*. This roused her, and she would then sit down and begin to talk. At three o'clock, Madame Sand went away to write until six. We then dined, but we had to dine quickly, so that Marie Caillot would have time to dine. Marie Caillot is the servant, a sort of little Fadette whom Madame Sand has discovered in the neighbourhood for playing her pieces. This Marie Caillot used to come into the drawing-room in the evening. After dinner Madame Sand would play patience, without uttering a word, until midnight. At midnight she began to write again until four o'clock. You know what happened once. Something monstrous. She finished a novel at one o'clock in the morning, and began another during the night. To make copy is a function with Madame Sand.

No wonder the life bored Gautier, that roaring lion of the boulevards. He considered that he had given a proof of heroism in venturing outside the walls of Paris.

In speaking of Sophie-Victoire Delaborde, the mother of George Sand, M. Doumic says, "She was always most skilful with her fingers, a typical Parisian work girl, a daughter of the street and a child of the people. In our times she would be styled 'a mininette.'" We doubt that this word mininette will be familiar to most of our readers. So swiftly do events move, and so ephemeral is the *argot* of the hour. Six years ago Paris was wild over this name for its working girls—mininette, because they come out at *midi*, and are supposed to be seen in restaurants at their midday meal—was in every one's mouth. Writer of feuilletons



GEORGE SAND

seized the word, and the result was an astonishing play of imagination. Midinettes were suddenly hailed as the successors of the late lamented grisettes. They were called Mimi Pinson; their tendency toward love affairs was described as well as their unwillingness to listen to sugared words from unattractive suitors. On one occasion the newspapers organised a great walking match for the midi-

nettes. Two thousand entered for the contest, and of these some five hundred actually heeled-and-toed from the gardens of Tuileries to Nenterre, which was *en fête* to receive them. The bandstand in the main square was adorned with a sign "Homage to the Midinettes." The restaurants of Nenterre and the *Cafés Chantants* in Paris were ringing with songs about them.

In his Preface to *Types from City Streets* Mr. Hutchins Hapgood says his purpose is to "throw light upon the charm of what A Sindbad from "Low Life" from one point of view is the 'ordinary' person—careless, human, open, democratic."

As such it includes not only Bowery "bums," ex-thieves, Tammany men and "Spieler" girls, but bohemians and artists—anybody who for one reason or another has nothing to do with the private and esoteric.

Mr. Hapgood has strong literary appetites and much skill, but he has no knack whatever in giving an account of his purposes. He is as likely as not to poison the reader's mind in advance by a solemn, sociological, and, as it turns out, quite irrelevant preface to a book of much variety and charm. He did so last summer with his *Anarchist Woman*, which in no wise justified the apprehensions of a text-book or a sermon which he roused at the start. There is no purpose discernible in this new volume of light and agreeable sketches except perhaps the occasional attempt of a rather rickety philosophy to catch up with swift literary impressionism. He makes one of his bohemians exclaim—

There is no animal like a philosophic animal. He has a reason for liking any old thing he likes, but he wouldn't like it to begin with if he didn't have a very unphilosophic joy in life. The philosopher who explains into beauty the gothic unreasonableness and functional exuberance of commonplace human nature is more and perhaps less than a philosopher.

He is an extraordinarily self-conscious literary person, no other than the author of these sketches, with his finger on his own pulse, feeling for "copy." Side by side with every observation of character or incident goes a calculation of its literary value, and this is usually given in the text. Apparently Mr. Hapgood has never entered a saloon without vindicating subsequently his literary purpose.

The little man ordered another beer and the dull-eyed man of energy sipped his whiskey and soda. The sentimental man began to talk of Rome, when he and the little man were there together. And the snow continued to

lighten the darkness of the night to warm the cold of it.

He had had the luck to find there these three men talking from the bottom of their souls. "Each one put nothing but himself into what he said." He is always lucky in so draping or posing an experience that he will later like the look of it in print. Two of the men had been talking in this wise—

"Well," at last said he who was going away, "this is like the funeral of what we have done together. The blue smoke of your cigar," addressing the man of thirty-two, who wanted to live more than the universe and his own body allowed, "as it curls up along your long and significant face, past those eyes dulled with severe experience and the troubled passion of prospective years, decorates the hearse of this café with forms suggestive of the past—beautiful complexities of our common life. It is like the Egyptian tombs, an application of art to the external symbols of death."

"When you," replied he of the passionate dull eye, "talk constructed poetry, when you leave facts and get hazy and talk even about decoration, it is a sign that something is troubling you. It rejoices me to perceive that you regret leaving us. Once you said, and you meant it then, that all the plastic arts that are in the universe were not worth the lustrous curl of one dark-eyed lass. And yet now you talk about decoration. It's a clear case. You're sad."

One would think he might find them a little absurd, these rather effusive literary-minded young men, with their Murger measles caught in some Black Cat café or Black Cat magazine, but if he does he gives no sign.

He refers often to the essential aristocracy of the "bum" or "tough."

To say that the Bowery is distinguished may seem a violent paradox, and yet the Bowery comes nearer to distinction than it does to vulgarity. To say that the Bowery is vulgar is, if not an untruth, at least the flat half of the truth.

It is not rare to meet a "tough" in the unsavoury resorts of the Bowery who is much more nearly related to the chosen aristocrat than to the clean and ordinary citizen of the comfortable middle class. . . .

The "tough" who remains embedded in the enjoyment of a few instincts has the eternal calm of the aristocrat; for there is an independence in getting down to bed rock. There is repose involved in reaching the limit. The nervous effort to avoid the fall, the fear of temptation, gives a hesitancy to manners. But the "tough" is sure. He does not hold off from satisfaction. He reposes on the firm bosom of the early need of the race, where is no tremulousness or uncertainty. His footing is as firm as that of the aristocrat.

From neither can you take away his quality. But the middle-class person may lose what he has. It is of yesterday, and may not be of to-morrow. He has not the air of tranquil permanence which distinguishes the aristocrat and the "tough," for money may go and position may go, but the repose of completely accepted instinct remains to the "tough"; and the repose of finely worked-out temperament to the aristocrat.

The calmness and self-confidence of the "tough" result in a set of perfect manners. He knows the traditions of his society so thoroughly that he is comparatively exact in etiquette. He is quick to perceive that a stranger does not act right in small ways, and quick to cool in his friendliness in consequence. The style is the man, and no one feels this more quickly than the "tough." . . . The most civilised aristocrat feels also the significance of small manners. . . . "I think I could turn and live with animals," said Walt Whitman. "Not one is respectable or unhappy." The "tough," by definition, is not respectable, and, by nature, he is not unhappy. The aristocrat lays little stress on respectability, and he has not the unhappiness involved in the storm and stress of active mediocrity. . . . The "tough" hates pretension, cant, and inflated rhetoric, and, like the aristocrat of words, he has a succinct way of expressing his likes and dislikes.

This illustrates the author's use of this literary material, but gives little idea of the variety of his impressions or the mobility of his point of view. It is an uncommonly interesting and clever book.

In the great tessellated court which fronts Columbia University and lies directly beneath its classic Library, there has been placed a large slab in honour of

the late Charles Follen McKim, who was the architect of some of Columbia's buildings. This is the most

A Lost Sense of Proportion conspicuous place anywhere within the University's grounds. Directly above it is the bronze statue of Alma Mater and the noble flight of steps which lead to the Library. On either side is a stretch of mosaic terminating in beautiful terraces set out by greenery and gleaming at night with clustered lamps. Much wonder has been expressed that so



HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

unusual a place should have been selected in honour of Mr. McKim, who was a respectable though not remarkable architect, who was not a graduate of Columbia, and who was connected with this work simply as a member of a firm of architects. The greatest historical figure whom Columbia ever enrolled upon her records was Alexander Hamilton. His statue is hidden away in a part of the grounds separated from the University Court. If Columbia should ever produce

a Washington, for example, the McKim slab might be well removed to honour him. Short of the very greatest men in our history, it seems absurdly out of proportion to give this conspicuous place to one whose relations with the University were in the main commercial, and who belonged more to Harvard than to any other American seat of learning. Columbia has now a School of Fine Arts. We wonder whether its members had any-



THE LATE SIR GEORGE NEWNES

thing to do with the placing of this slab, or with the monstrous, hideous, and indecent statue of Pan which desecrates the northeastern corner of the college grove. If not, we think that they should hasten to disclaim so painful a responsibility.

On the second of last month Thomas Hardy celebrated his seventieth birthday. It was almost forty years after the appearance of his first book, *Desperate Remedies*, which gave no indication of his

future eminence. After *Desperate Remedies* came *Under the Greenwood Tree*,

and then *Far from the Madding Crowd*, which

was published anonymously in the *Cornhill* in

1874. When the book was running serially some of the leading critical journals attributed it to George Eliot. Mr. Hardy's latest novel—and probably his last—was *Jude the Obscure*, which appeared about fifteen years ago, first under the title of *Hearts Insurgent*. He then started a new career by publishing his *Wessex Poems* in 1898, and in the year of the late King's ascension his *Poems of the Past and Present*. Since then his work has been *Time's Laughing-Stocks*, another collection of poems, and his chronicle-drama *The Dynasts*.

The death last month of Sir George Newnes, the prominent London publisher

and newspaper and magazine promoter, recalls very vividly certain

years of eccentric exploitation. The credit of originating a certain kind of startling schemes for the purpose of boosting circulation belonged, if we are not mistaken, to *Le Matin*, of Paris. The proprietors of that journal, some years before the *Strand Magazine* combined serial stories and buried treasure, hit upon the idea of sending agents to various parts of France and other countries to distribute prizes among such persons as were detected in the act of reading *Le Matin*. A traveller in the waiting-room of the railway station at Antwerp, let us say, is glancing over the quotations from the Bourse, or if he be of sporting proclivities will be reading that a certain pugilistic celebrity "n'a jamais été mis *knockout*," when a mysterious stranger approaches with a package in his hand. "Ah! monsieur, je vois que vous lisez *Le Matin*—permit me, on behalf of the management of that admirable newspaper, to present you with this little token of esteem," and so forth.

One of Sir George Newnes's schemes to increase the *Strand's* circulation was to announce that clues to the hiding place of five hundred pounds would be found in a serial story running in the magazine.

He followed this up by hiding other sums, ten of one hundred pounds each, and when clues in the tale seemed to indicate that some of the treasure was concealed beneath Trafalgar Square the police were kept busy preventing excited seekers from tearing up the pavement.

Mr. Christopher Matthewson, the distinguished pitcher of the New York National League baseball team, has written a book entitled *Won in the Ninth*. While we have not given it the most careful study, we have read enough to enable us to form a very definite opinion. We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Matthewson writes novels quite as well as he pitches—that is, as he pitched in a certain memorable game against the Chicago National League team in the summer of 1906.

In her *Autobiography*, Marion Harland says she has tried for the personal touch—"gossip over the confidential fire" she calls it. **Her First Cook Book** She has attempted no dramatic effects or artistic situations, but—curiously enough—one is constantly expecting them. For the book, though as intimate and sincere as she announces it will be, is so ample in dialogue and worked up in so many respects like a novel that one has an odd feeling of disappointment in the plot. How she came to write her first cook book is of especial interest. She found herself at marriage in the hands of an incompetent and captious cook, and at the first mishap recognised herself (much to her surprise) "as unlearned as a babe unborn in everything that a practical housewife should know." She confessed her plight to a capable neighbour, who declared that the quintette of cook books she had been studying painfully but with little success were all written by old maids and women who never kept house. "To my certain knowledge," said this lady, "Miss Leslie, of the *Complete Cook Book*, has boarded in a hotel for twenty years. I wouldn't give a guinea a gross for their books. Make your own, I do! When I get a tip-top practical recipe I write it down in every-day language."

The foundation of *Common Sense in the Household*, Marion Harland writes, was laid in the manuscript recipe-book thus begun with the settled purpose to spare other ill-equipped women entering upon a housewifely career the anguish of her novitiate.

I had learned to my bitter woe that there was no printed manual that would take the tyro by the hand and show her a plain path. I learned by degrees to regard housewifery as



CHRISTOPHER MATTHEWSON. AUTHOR OF
"WON IN THE NINTH"

a profession which contributes more than any other calling to the mental, moral, and spiritual sanity of the human race. The publishers in whose hands my first cook-book has reached the million mark confessed frankly to me after ten editions had sold in as many months that they accepted the work solely in the hope that I might give them a novel at some subsequent period. Even my husband shook a doubtful head over the wild scheme. It was the only book I published that had not his frank and hearty approval.

"I verily believe," he said, when he found



MARION HARLAND

me gloating over a copy of *Common Sense* the week after it was published, "that you take more pride in that book than all the rest you have written."

"It will do more good than all of them put together," I answered.

Mrs. Terhune tells negro stories with point, gives glimpses of the society of the Old South in her prime with feeling, and pictures sympathetically the people she knew and met. Of the authors still writing she is the only one whose memory

goes back to the period twenty-five years before the war. "The Last Through Train for Four Years" is a vivid chapter. She and her husband had been on a visit to her people in Richmond, and were returning to their Newark parish.

We one and all kept up to our own hearts the sanguine incredulity in the possibility of the worst coming to pass, which was characteristic of Union lovers at the South up to the battle of Manassas. Had I not hoped for a peaceful solution of the national problem, I could not have said good-by smilingly to home and kindred. The very commonplaceness of the details of getting ready and sending us off, as had been done time and time again, were in themselves heartening.

Yet I felt at once there was a difference. I noticed, and not without an undefined sense of uneasiness, the unusual number of strollers that lounged up and down the sidewalks and loitered about the train. The voices of all—even the rudest of the loungers—were modulated. With this shade of uneasiness there stole upon me a strange indescribable sense of the unreality of all that I saw and heard. The train slid away from the station. My father and my brother Horace lifted their hats to us from the pavement; we held the children up to the open window to kiss their hands to them; I leaned forward for one last fond look into the dear eyes, and our journey had begun.

I was unaccountably indisposed to talk, and this feeling seemed to pervade the company of passengers. The car was very full and very quiet. We had cleared the city limits when I became aware that the train was slowing up where there was no sign of a switch or turnout. If it actually halted it was but for a second, just long enough to enable two men to board the train. My husband pressed my arm as they passed down the aisle to seats diagonally opposite us. He told me presently—after cautioning me not to glance in their direction—that they were Messrs. Carlisle and Dent—well known to visitors to the convention as most prominent among the leaders of the Union party.

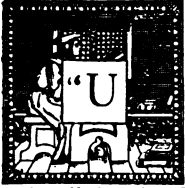
The few faces which were dimly visible in the low light of the lamps overhead were wakeful—one might have imagined, watchful. I learned subsequently that the insufficient light was purposely contrived by conductor and brakemen, and why. At Fredericksburg we steamed right into the heart of a crowd assembled to await the arrival of the train. It was a tumultuous throng evidently drawn thither with a purpose understood by all. It was apparent that the railway officials returned curt and unsatisfactory answers, for the noise gathered volume and uncomplimentary expletives flew freely. All at once a rush was made; eager and angry visages ruddied by torchlight were pressed against closed windows and thrust impudently into the few that were open. "Three cheers for the Southern Confederacy!" yelled stentorian tones. Threetimes-three roars of triumph deafened us. "Three cheers for Jefferson Davis—the saviour of Southern liberties!" Again a burst of frenzied acclamation that made the windows rattle.

I could see the leader of the riot—a big fellow who stood close to our window. He was bareheaded and he rested one hand on the side of the car, swinging his hat with the other far above his head. "Three groans for Carlisle!" From the mob went up a responsive bellow of execration and derision. "All aboard!" shouted conductor and trainmen. The hoarse call and shriek of the engine were welcome music to the travellers.

My husband's eyes met mine. "Virginia has joined her sisters," he said without forming the words with his lips. "And the people have got hold of the news!"

It was two o'clock in the spring morning when we passed the Capitol. It was lighted from basement to roof, but to passers-by as still as a tomb. Nothing had brought home to us the fact and imminence of the peril to our national existence as did the sight of that lighted pile. For, as we had been informed, it was filled with armed men on guard against surprise or attack. On the train we heard how troops had been hurried from all quarters of the still loyal States into Washington. The war was on!

THE FIGHTING MAGAZINES



PLIFT," the journalism of exposure and the war on rascals, have been discussed with renewed animation this past month. In an article on "The Cheap American Magazine," in the May *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. William Archer holds up our ten and fifteen cent magazines to the admiration of the British public and complains that the sixpenny monthlies published in his country are inferior in all respects except in the quality of their fiction, which is about on the same level. He dismisses the long-established and expensive magazines like *The Century*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's* as "somewhat conventional." Below these in price there are, he says, half a dozen popular magazines which have an extraordinarily "vital quality."

There is nothing quite like them in the literature of the world. There are no periodicals which combine such width of popular appeal with such seriousness of aim and thoroughness of workmanship.

The corresponding British magazines are filled with cheap personal tittle-tattle, articles on sports, and "appeals to popular snobbery." Not one of them is fit to compare with such magazines as *McClure's* and *The American*. *McClure's*, indeed, seems to him a particularly weighty publication—

You need not go to this magazine for views, paradoxes, partisan arguments, guesses at truth. The style of article which has made its fame, and which may fairly be called the invention of Mr. McClure, is a richly documented, soberly worded study in contemporary history, concentrating into ten or twelve pages matter which could more easily be expanded into a book ten or twelve times as long. . . . The historian of the future may determine how much of the "uplift" that distinguished the Roosevelt administration was due to the influence of the McClure type of magazine. We cannot at this distance of time see things quite in proportion; but it seems to me certain that Mr. McClure both paved the way for President Roosevelt and potently furthered the

movements with which his name will always be identified.

Among the obstacles to the success of similar magazine journalism in Great Britain, he notes the fact that some of the ground is already covered by newspapers like the *Times* which have a national circulation. Then this is a more sensational country. There is more villainy to expose. The natives are easier to plunder and there is more to steal. Marauders are now in their heyday here and he has to go back to the Norman Conquest for a parallel in England. Finally, there is the stricter British law of libel. "We carry libel suits in every number," an American editor once remarked to him. He says the mildest of these American magazines would, if published there, yield a monthly crop of libel suits that would enrich the legal profession.

This sounds a little romantic, especially in its reference to "uplift" and to the "soberly worded" muckraker as typical of the breed, but it gives only due credit to our fighting magazines. Non-combatant thirty-five cent magazine journalism seems by contrast a forlorn survival, irrelevant to life and not pertaining to letters. It is a journalism that is founded on omissions, avoiding subjects that could in any way excite or disturb the patient. It is not for our robust moments. Nor does any one except the owners consider at all seriously the ordinary ten or fifteen cent magazines of commerce, all-story magazines and the like, although their circulation is very large. *Collier's Weekly*, in its issue of May 28th, remarks:

We have 117,000 more subscribers than we had twelve months ago. Had we used the same energy in exploiting facts that could not personally offend a human being—pretty actresses, the size of the country, gossip of the prominent, how to get rich, stories of poor lads rescuing trains and marrying daughters of employers—we could have increased our circulation twice as fast; but would it have been worth doing?

Insipidity still pays best, and if the warlike energy of Mr. Norman Hapgood could have been diverted into these peace-

ful channels of trade, it might have made the magazine as popular as chewing-gum. The *Chicago Dial* sees only the "commercial motive." It says of the articles praised by Mr. Archer that

The underlying motive for their multiplication is commercial rather than philanthropic. . . . They have aroused emotional rather than reflective natures; and this is a dangerous thing to do.

This, however, is merely a voice from the tomb. As a respectful visitor to the hushed pages of the *Chicago Dial* during many years we well know its standards of safety and repose. Its aim is never to arouse any nature, whether reflective or emotional, but merely to give one's literary memories now and then a gentle jog. The *Chicago Dial*, by the way, illustrates better than any other magazine we know the perils of what some foreigners call American "Culture" and others, like Mr. Archer and Mr. H. G. Wells, term the "Bostonian tradition." At the opposite extreme from sheer yellowness but almost as deadly in its way it shows how minds may be damaged by what they feed on even when the fare is the "world's best literature." It is typical of those weak champions of "Culture" whom "Culture" seems to have almost killed. It naturally has no liking for the rude alarms of fighting magazines.

The *New York Evening Post* also finds them altogether mercenary. It calls their fight "a fight for God, country and circulation." It chiefly laments, however, the effect on the short-story industry.


They have drafted the short-story writers. It is possible to cite from this month's magazines nearly half a dozen concrete instances of men and women who, having made their first appearance as writers of short stories, have been hired by the editors for service on the firing line. One woman has been detailed to expose the horrid evils that inhere in the five- and ten-cent stores, gigantic nurseries of women's extravagance. Another woman in another magazine assails another form of the shopping evil. A writer of short stories, strongly impregnated with the atmosphere of the East Side, now girds at wicked Pittsburg and now at the horrors of State workhouses. Two years ago a novel of brilliant promise came from a young man in Boston. Since then

his decline has been steady. First he began to write for the magazines the kind of stories that the magazines at that time liked. Then he was drafted for muckrake duty. He is now pretty far from the fine originality of his first book and is probably making a good many thousand dollars a year. His case exemplifies strikingly the workings of the average editorial mind. It is in the nature of the editor to like live topics and it is in his nature to like live names. What more reasonable, therefore, than to take this young man who writes such excellent stories, which unfortunately have gone a good deal out of style, and set him to work on something statistical, brisk, and terrifying? . . . Apparently the average reader has let himself be persuaded that the real magazine must be chiefly social and strenuous; to quench his longing for fiction he buys an all-story magazine, thus learning to take his recreation and his excitement in separate doses.

That this condition of things will be permanent or even lasting we refuse to believe. If the editors do not get exhausted, the field of human interest is pretty sure to be. . . . Already the pioneer magazine of the militant type is gravitating toward earlier conditions.

As an argument against muckraking we believe this is altogether new. The magazine war on evil has been condemned for many reasons, but never before, so far as we know, on the ground that it diminished the number of American short-story writers. No one hitherto has seemed to care much what became of them. People who have been most anxious about disappearances, ready at any time to mourn the diminution of brook trout, the red banana, manhood, womanhood, water power, trees, indeed almost everything, have never betrayed the slightest fear that there may not be enough short-story writers to go around. It did seem that this was something we need not worry about. However, we add it conscientiously to our many public anxieties. The story of the literary decline or Muckrake's Progress of that young Boston man has touched our heart.

Mr. William Allen White, on receiving his honorary degree from Columbia University, discoursed frivolously of muckraking in metaphors borrowed from articles on the autumn fashions in women's hats and gowns.



There has been, he said, a gradual quieting of styles in the literature of agitation, a repression of modish effects, and colours are scaling down from the crimson of 1905 to mauves and greys, and very small checks are more fashionable now than in the days when Mr. McClure invented the first Merry Widow hat to be talked through by all the young men and women of the cheap magazines. . . . I notice that my fellow-raker, Mr. Steffens, is working out a plan of political redemption for Boston and is adding those quiet, tailored effects that are getting noticeable among our best rakers. Miss Tarbell's new suit is a plain unruffled dissertation on the tariff, with an accompanying house dress of becoming pearl grey about the American women. . . . Of course there are persons who still wear the gaudy plumes of the trust-buster, the large rhododendrons and hydrangeas, the aigrettes and pompons of the earliest period of the Terror, but these are a little outré and are in general frowned upon by the more fastidious and effectual of the cult.

Meanwhile the Chaplain of Congress in his public prayers was calling down the wrath of Heaven upon muckrakers because they were pessimists.

We have quoted this somewhat perplexing testimony chiefly in order to keep the ball rolling. It is too good a subject to be dropped. It is for experts to decide whether it is a fashion, a vice or a "movement," and we are glad to have them fight it out. At reading the "signs of the times" we have never had any luck. We missed the "uplift" of 1905, the "new movement" of 1909, and the greater part of last spring's "re-awakening." But we have a whirl with a muckraker now and then, as who does not? We know as well as any one that the morals of most muckrakers are of thistledown blown this way and that on the popular breeze, and that the grim term muckraking itself is quite unsuited to this airy occupation of skylarking with reform. Nevertheless, you will find among them a few staunch persons of a type rare in American journalism. They are moralists who specify. That is very unusual both in this country and in England, where journalistic moralities are almost always of a soothing universality or vagueness, naming no names. Your typical moral warrior seldom mentions

the enemy. He condemns stealing but he does not say who steals. He writes editorial articles on "the growing lawlessness" of the country, advising college graduates to "take some action," or fathers to control their children, or educators to do their duty, or mankind to improve, but never a word of any specific instance, and nothing that a sensitive lawbreaker would find in questionable taste. The journalism of exposure may seem indeed excessive, but it is merely a drop in the bucket compared to the great daily and monthly downpour of the journalism of detached moralities. Non-committal moral rectitude is still the chief mark of all "uplifting" printed matter and oratory.

Ten years ago a clergyman once announced at a public dinner in New York that if other clergymen

had preached as many sermons about thieves in the Senate as they have about those poor thieves on the cross, there might be some Senators on the cross and fewer thieves in the Senate.

As a matter of fact, our current writings, then as now, were particularly rich in sermons about thieving Senators. Then as now the godly rebuke (in general terms) of wicked deeds was flowing in a copious stream, broad and steady. Not an instant's pause in the reproof of crime and the noise of it increasing regularly with the increase of the population; only the proof of crime was slighted. Thieves in the Senate, of course; but who and why? That was the thing the sermons did not specify. Down with the devil, said we at the time, bold as brass, and away with all rascals whether in the Senate or out of it. He is a coward indeed who has not the courage of his generalities and the Senate as a body had never brought a libel suit. We dared do all that might become a scribe. It was known then as now that if you hit a great many people all at once nobody feels it or hits back, and there are always plenty of moralists who will turn in a general alarm, then go about their business. Thieves in the Senate, fellow-citizens; somebody who can spare the time ought to do something about it. On any moral question to-day it is still the voice of Dr.

Holmes's Katydid that is heard the oftenest in the land, saying the undisputed thing in the solemn manner, but there have since arisen several moralists in the magazines who seem really to try and say whom and what they mean. This seems to us quite remarkable, indicating a concrete purpose, where no purpose was be-

fore, indicating perhaps the approach of moral journalism toward the actual. Better a fighting magazine trailing clouds of libel-suits than that sedative moral counsel all to the effect that, To do right is on the whole and broadly speaking the right thing to do. Better, and even now far less characteristic of the country.

C. M. Francis.

O. HENRY IN HIS OWN BAGDAD



TWO years ago, in the middle of summer, William Sidney Porter and Robert Hobart Davis, alias "O. Henry" and "Bob" Davis respectively—and likewise respectively one of the greatest of American short-story writers and one of the greatest rejectors of all species of stories—were discussing the merits and demerits of New York City during the tropical, asphalt-smelly season. "Let's get out of it for a few days," suggested Davis. "I'll take you to a wonderful place down on Long Island, where the fishing is immense and the fish correspondingly large."

"Well," said Henry, "New York is a bit warm and I'll just take you up."

They started. They arrived. Fishing tackle was put in order; collars and coats were cast aside; Henry expressed admiration at the ability of the masculine natives to expectorate tobacco juice "as far as the eye could see"; Davis lit a cigar; and the expedition was off. It was a mile walk. "We won't ride, because the exercise will do us good," suggested Davis. Henry assented. The day was grey-blue and sizzling. They had not gone more than three city blocks when Henry was already drenched with perspiration. But he kept on manfully. A little way farther on, however, Davis noticed that his companion was desperately endeavouring to find something in his trousers' pockets. "What are you looking for?" he asked. "I am looking for my return ticket to New York," re-

plied Henry positively, "and let me tell you that as soon as I find it, I'm going to take a 'hitch' on a wagon and go back—fast! I know it's blamed hot in town, but there are just as good fish left on the menu as there are in the sea."

"Bagdad," as O. Henry referred to New York in his *Modern Arabian Nights*, was, in his own words to a close friend, "the cosy haven for everybody, including amateur fishermen and other disappointed persons." O. Henry loved the metropolis, and its intense heat or cold made little change in his affection for it. "If you like the city so well, then," he was once asked, "why do you live in Asheville so much of the time?" "Because," he answered, "New York gets into my veins so strongly that I have to go away from it when I want to work. For the same reason, I venture, that a man who is deeply in love with a woman can't think of anything but that woman when he is anywhere near her."

During his frequent visits in his own skyscraper-filled Bagdad, this literary Haroun Al Raschid prowled about in curious corners, brushed up against curious individuals and ferretted out curious secrets, curious heart mysteries and curious little lights on the human machine—all of which subsequently found their way into his stories. Some of his adventures while Haroun-Al-Raschiding must, therefore, possess interest for the vast reading throng that has smiled and felt a tear while turning his pages. It was during one of his prowling tours several years ago that O. Henry, with H. H. McClure, who suggested the writing of

the *Modern Arabian Nights* tales to the short-story king, was seated in a Broadway restaurant at luncheon. "What are you going to do to-night?" asked McClure. "I'm going to persuade a 'hobo' to give me three hundred dollars," answered the writer. "On a bet?" asked McClure. "Not at all," replied O. Henry, "that's the price of a story and I'm going to rub up against some tramps down on the Bowery until one of them suggests the plot to me." That night O. Henry did travel downtown and started on a Haroun Al Raschid expedition in the vicinity of the famous bread-line. His genial, well-fleshed personality always stood him in good stead, and no matter how tough the community he chanced to enter, unpleasantness of any sort was a rare occurrence. When he talked with a "hobo" he was a "hobo." When he talked with a railroad president he was a railroad president. O. Henry was a chameleon of conversation and of what is known colloquially as "front." He always took on the air—it seemed—of the person to whom he was talking. One of his friends has said of him that there was no better "mixer" in the world—and the truth of the statement is borne out by a survey of the intimate and varied insight revealed in his diverse writings. On the night in question, O. Henry moved around among the Bowery derelicts until he finally got into touch with a typical "bum." They strolled down the street a way together and asked a passer-by for the time. "Almost midnight," said the latter. "Gee," remarked Henry to his tattered companion, "I feel like a cup o' coffee. Come on, I've got a quarter and we'll blow some of it in in this place." They entered the dingy eating-house, sat up to the counter and each ordered a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich. Although the two men had now been together for some time, the short-story writer had detected the gleam of nothing definite in the tramp that promised to provide the "copy" he was seeking. But he felt sure he had picked his man right and he felt equally sure that the fellow sooner or later would unconsciously suggest to him something or other by which he would profit. O. Henry rarely "led" the conversation. He preferred to let it come

naturally. He said nothing to his companion, who was busily concerning himself with the food before him. When they had finished and had reached the street, Henry suggested that they walk leisurely up the Bowery and see if there was anything to be seen. They wandered around aimlessly for fully an hour and a half and then Henry said he felt like having another cup of coffee. The two men went into another eating place and ordered two cups of coffee—at two cents a cup. Then they walked around some more, but still Henry had succeeded in getting no idea from his bedraggled companion. Finally, tired out, he told the latter he was going to leave him. He reached out his hand to "shake" with the tramp and, as their hands met, Henry suddenly surprised the "hobo" by laughing. "What's up, cull?" asked the latter. "Oh, nothin'," replied Henry, "I just thought of something." This was true, as he afterward confessed, the "something" in point having been an odd twist for a new story. But the oddest twist to this particular Haroun Al Raschid anecdote—and a typical O. Henry twist it is—is the fact that the idea O. Henry suddenly got for his story had absolutely nothing to do with the Bowery, with tramps, with two-cent coffee, or anything even remotely related thereto. "Well, then," remarked a friend to whom he had narrated the incident, "what good did the Bowery sojourn do you? You didn't get your three hundred dollar idea from a tramp after all, did you?"

"Indeed, I did," replied O. Henry. "That is, in a way. The tramp didn't give me the idea, to be sure, but he did *not* drive it out of my head—which is just as important. If I had not gone down on the Bowery and had chosen an uptown friend for a companion instead of that tramp, my more cultured companion would not have allowed me a moment's conversational respite in which my mind could have worked, and, as a consequence, the idea would never have come to me. So, you see, the Bowery 'hobo' served a lot of good, after all."

Strolling through Madison Square one night after the theatre, O. Henry came upon a young girl crying as if her heart were surely cracking, if not already

broken. The man with Henry, his pity and sympathy aroused, walked over to the girl, touched her on the shoulder, and inquired into the cause of her grief. It developed that the girl had come to the city from a town in Central New Jersey, had lost her way, and was without money, friends, or a place to sleep. Deeply touched, the man with the short-story writer gave the girl a couple of dollars, put her in charge of a policeman, whose latent sympathy he managed to arouse with a one dollar bill, and, satisfied with his act of charity, locked arms with Henry and continued on through the dark square toward Twenty-third Street. "Why didn't you speak to her?" he asked Henry. "I'll bet there was a corking story in that girl that you could have dragged out." O. Henry smiled. "Old man," he said, "there never is a story where there seems to be one. That's one rule I always work on—it saves time and, let me see—two plus one—yes, three dollars!"

O. Henry's metropolitan sales and shop-girl types are well known to his readers. "Do you ever go into the department stores to study them?" some one once asked the writer. "Indeed, not," answered the latter. "It is not the sales-girl *in* the department store who is worth studying, it is the sales-girl *out* of it. You can't get romance over a counter."

With two friends, O. Henry was walking down Broadway one evening in December—Broadway, the sack of New York "life," the big paper Bagdad out of which O. Henry drew many of his characters. Near Herald Square, the men were approached by a rather well-dressed young man who, in a calm, gentle voice, told his "hard luck story" and begged for the "loan" of a quarter. One of the men handed over the twenty-five cents to the stranger and the latter disappeared quickly 'round the corner into Thirty-sixth Street. "Seemed like an honest, worthy chap," remarked the man who had parted with the quarter. "Yes," added O. Henry quietly, "he seemed like an honest, worthy chap to me, too—last night."

While walking down Broadway on another occasion, O. Henry accidentally bumped against a man who was not looking in the direction he was walking. "I beg your pardon," said Henry, "but really you ought to look where you are going." "If I did in this town, I probably wouldn't go," replied the man with a sarcastic smile. "Ah," said O. Henry quickly, "and how are all the folks in *Chicago*?"

O. Henry's advice to young writers as to the secret of short-story writing is well known. "There are two rules," he said. "The first rule is to write stories that please yourself. There is no second rule." He was once facetiously asked if there were a second rule, what that rule would be. "Sell the story," he answered. When O. Henry collaborated with F. P. Adams in writing the libretto for the musical comedy *Lo*, a friend said to him: "Adams says he got the idea for his share of the play from a cheque for advance royalties. Where did you get the idea for your share?" "From the *hope* for a cheque for advance royalties," he answered.

While Harouning along the river front one night, O. Henry happened upon a couple of sailors, one of whom was much the worse for liquor. "I see your friend is intoxicated," he remarked to the sober sailor. "You don't say!" exclaimed the latter in mock astonishment. And the short-story king appreciated the answer at his expense as much as did those to whom he subsequently repeated it. O. Henry never missed a favourable opportunity to have a chat with an amiable policeman. "Policemen know so many odd things and so few necessary ones," he would remark. While talking with one of the bluecoats in Hell's Kitchen one night years ago, Henry said that they were suddenly startled—at least, that he was—by two loud revolver shots. "Some one's been killed!" he exclaimed. "No, don't worry," returned the "cop" coolly, "only injured. It takes at least three bullets to kill any one in this part of town."

George Jean Nathan.

NEW POETS AND OLD POETRY



MORE important, perhaps, than the actual poetry of the last few months is the appearance of a remarkable piece of poetic criticism. For the season's product of verse has not thus far included much of more than ordinary worth; but Professor Woodberry's volume, *The Inspiration of Poetry*,* contains such an intimate analysis and luminous exposition of the essential nature of the art as does not appear every season, nor once in many seasons. The book is made up of eight lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute of Boston four years ago; and it is somewhat strange both that they should have remained so long unpublished and that they did not at the time of their delivery attract more widespread attention. The middle portion of the book is taken up with essays on certain great poets, more or less unified by a special stress upon the sources and character of their poetic energy. These are thoughtfully written suggestive studies, rather academic in form and less so in material: interesting and in some phases original, but not more so than one may hear often in the regular lecture courses of our universities. The value of the volume inheres in the opening and closing essays, "Poetic Madness" and "Inspiration," which are really one structure divided for the insertion of a body of illustrative material. To these the intervening matter, despite its greater bulk, is entirely subordinate; and they form together a presentment of the nature of Poetry and the true meaning of that nebulous word Inspiration at once very sympathetic and very sane. It is a subject upon which the doctors and the graduate students expend the labour of continual discourse without complete understanding: the scholarly temper differs deeply from the creative; and Poetry, like other internally human subjects, cannot profitably be studied from the outside. But here is one who knows. Being

*The Inspiration of Poetry. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company.

himself a poet in some sort, he is qualified to understand emotional and imaginative creation in the only way in which it can be understood; that is to say, humanly by experience, and not scientifically by inspection. So Darby and Joan may smile at all the troubadours, and Johnny with the whooping-cough has a certain personal knowledge of that malady denied even to his learned physician. And being also, and in greater measure, a critic and a teacher, Professor Woodberry is able intellectually to reason out and to set forth effectively that truth which his own poetry enables him to comprehend.

To summarise the essays is hardly fair to them; for that absence of anything new or peculiar in their thesis which is its best guarantee of soundness makes it appear banal when baldly stated. "Poetic energy was defined as, in essence, shared and controlled emotion; in its being shared emotion lies its social principle; in its being controlled emotion lies its artistic principle. I have dwelt less, however, on these two subsidiary aspects, and have sought rather to bring out clearly that emotion is the base of Poetry, and that capacity for it is the radical power of genius, and that the poetic life so led is naturally one of unrest and misfortune." There, in Professor Woodberry's own words, is the gist of his essays. It does not sound startling; but if it did, we should be driven to infer either that it was false or that the world had never until now known the nature of Poetry. The value of the essays lies in their development, in their showing how and why this Idea is true. Opening with a recognition of the Greek theory of Poetry as a direct possession wherein the god speaks through the passive human mind, and of the persistent tendency in all ages to regard the genesis of a poem as something godlike and inscrutable, Professor Woodberry recognises also the present need to consider this theory intelligently and scientifically in order to give it due weight with modern hearers. His essay is in the main a rationalising of our immemorial idea of Poetry, a study of the nature and product of inspiration in

the light of modern thought, a reconciliation of Psychology and possession. "It is necessary," he remarks with subtle irony, "to go to the Anthropologist and be wise." And forthwith he proceeds in comprehensive fashion to assert eternal evolution and justify the ways of science to man. He goes back to what we may assume to have been the earliest beginnings of Poetry—the savage horde singing and dancing around the fire. He calls our attention to the presence there of the essence of poetic art, emotion expressed in verbal rhythm: an emotion not peculiar to the individual but common to the tribe; an emotion not abstract but referable to some concrete object or event; and an emotion for the time so exalted as to possess the singers, turning their minds wholly to its expression. Then he shows how in the most civilised development of the art these essentials persist: rhythm is still the medium, though it be wrought into the formal complexities of Sophocles or Swinburne; and though the poet's mind be complicated with all the subtleties of education, stored with conscious knowledge of technique and with all the treasure of the ages, yet it must no less be so possessed by emotion as to become the mere instrument of expression. "The poet, then, under excitement, seems to present the phenomenon of a highly developed mind working in a primitive way." He is to the life of the race what those persons who in their maturity are still as little children are to the life of the individual. He is more human than ordinary humanity: though his ways be not their ways, nor his thoughts their thoughts, yet are his feelings their feelings. And his difference from other men is only this, that those ecstasies of pure passion which in the rest of us fade into the withered memory of a great hour, in him flower into eternal song.

The discussion of the subordinate points is almost equally valuable. The common emotion of the primitive horde is shown to have developed into the communal emotion of civilised poetry; and the need of the poet for a normal human life, and the law that his work in order to be the common treasure of mankind must concern itself with such human realities as all men feel, are thereby emphasised.

The principle of controlled emotion furnishes a sound and vigorous discussion of the province of technique: how it must be first consciously learned, then subconsciously employed. No man can write a sonnet unless he can think naturally in sonnet-form; nay, unless he can feel in sonnet-form. Less sound, either as history or as psychology, is the somewhat over-emphasised theory of the solitude and misfortune of the poet's life. It is true that, whereas the heart of the race beats in the poet, the race lags frequently far behind the impulse of its own heart; none the less, lone and revolutionary poets like Byron or ill-starred poets like Keats are a rather small minority among the greater names. Shakespeare was not an outcast, nor Milton, nor Tennyson, nor Browning, nor Wordsworth. And though there is undoubtedly some ground for the theory, yet in these days, when so many imagine that the first requirement of genius is eccentricity, it does not especially require emphasis. For the rest, the essays are carefully and beautifully written, full of plangent phrases whose form drives home their import. They should be studied by every one who is interested in the subject either as critic or as creator. The degree of their permanent greatness only time can determine; but there can be no question of their timely importance here and now.

To bring down this high argument to the criticism of a few months' casual verse is in the main something like taking a children's quarrel before the Supreme Court. Nevertheless, there is no harm in appealing to fundamentals even over a small matter: at worst, the very incongruity cannot fail to illustrate both the ideal and the shortcoming; and we shall find at best some work not unworthy of examination by ultimate standards. Mr. Percy MacKaye* has by persistence and an unwavering elevation of ideals attained such recognition among cultivated readers as makes the appearance of his collected poems a matter of mark. The volume is divided into "Poems chiefly occasional" and "Poems lyrical and descriptive"; and it is curiously suggestive that by far the best of it falls under the

*Poems. By Percy MacKaye. New York: The Macmillan Company.

former head. Occasional poetry is commonly inferior; for the wind of inspiration bloweth where it listeth, and poetic emotion refuses to burn opportunely at the bidding of occasion: thus we have a great Ode on a Grecian Urn but none on the Venus of Melos; Napoleon and Niagara remain unsung while lesser names become literature. But Mr. MacKaye's weakness as a poet is his strength as a riser to occasions. His emotion arises always from intellect; conceiving an idea which has poetic possibilities, he embodies it in appropriate emotions and clothes it in fit ornament of form; his songs gush not from his heart, but are meditated in his mind. This is not to say that his occasional work is perfunctory or insincere; on the contrary, it is evidently his most natural and impulsive work; only, the primary impulse is intelligent. Given a worthy subject, he will say the proper things about it, and say them feelingly and well. But the poems give often a curious impression of being as it were translated into poetry; as a song is translated into sound in being set to music. He has no poetic madness, as Professor Woodberry uses the term; no creative imagination, in Shelley's sense; in their place he has a good intelligence, a willing and flowery fancy, and at his best a cultivated command of style. Of these the "Ode to the American Universities" is a fine example. Regarding the Universities as our custodians of truth and good citizenship, he calls upon them with a dignified eloquence to administer these responsibly among our influx of unformed citizens.

Not adversaries in the scrambling street
Of commerce, need your nobler wills compete,
For numbers and for names. A saner law
Moves your co-operation, and the awe
Of that shall fix a sound stability
At the base of civic freedom. Strong must be
The scholar in himself. Far better were it
Your halls stood empty, and their corridors
Silent, than that the youth who from your doors
Go forth to breed the nation should inherit
The sowings of that spirit
Which bows the mind to serve the vulgar mood
Or truckles to the man that owns the multitude.

This is Mr. MacKaye at his best; and nearly as good are "Shirley Common"

with its graceful reminiscences of Gray, and the dramatic sketch "A Christmas Carol." In the lyrics, where one would naturally expect a freer and more humanly passionate note, there appears instead something like the benevolent awkwardness of a professor dandling a babe. They are marred by carelessness of rhyming and rhythm; but their severest critic is the sense of humour. One always hesitates to suspect another of the absence of this quality, lest the charge prove a boomerang. Yet the apostrophising of an infant's first tooth in an apparently serious poem, as "This horny 'scutcheon of an eld orang," must give us pause. Nor is "The First Tooth" a solitary example. Consider this:

My thoughts are like pied cattle on the hills,
Browsing the pale green slants, through silt-
ing mist
That laps the verdant uplands, and far fills
The valleys where the parted woods have
kisst.

Scarce can I see them for the purpling rain
That drives across the pastures, where they
loom

Beyond the hedges of my shrouded brain.
Herding the solemn sunset of my gloom.

O Fancy, be my eager-lung'd Boy-Blue
And blow upon your dewy echo-horn
A blast to call them home to me and you
Out of the eerie meads and magic corn;
For they shall yield us white abundance of
Their milk, for me to bring unto my love.

Where quotation is sufficient, any comment would be an impertinence.

Lyrics of Life,* by Florence Earle Coates, carries its criticism in its vague and pleasantly unmeaning title. Precisely the trouble with these poems is that there is not enough life in them: there is too much easeful death, too much pale pondering of a good which is felt rather as law than as vitality, of an evil which is regarded rather as transgression than as waste. These poems also are for the most part thoughtful rather than emotional; but it will not do to say that their thought arouses or overshadows their feeling. Rather their feeling is too mild to inform and possess their thought: their passion

**Lyrics of Life*. By Florence Earle Coates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

is not vivid enough to find its own words. And they have therefore a reminiscent ring, a tinge of timid conventionality in the well-worn phrases and old-fashioned italicising of emphatic words. They seem to come from an old New England garden within box hedges, breathing a quiet fragrance of mignonette; and their occasional attempt to be modern is out of character. One small song, vividly enough felt to compel its expression, is worth all the more ambitious work in the book:

If love were but a little thing—

Strange love, which more than all is great—
One might not such devotion bring,
Early to serve and late.

If love were but a passing breath—

Wild love—which, as God knows, is sweet—
One might not make of life and death
A pillow for love's feet.

The Perfume-Holder,* by Craven Langstroth Betts, is a tiny pamphlet of some fifty pages, which, the title-page informs us, is a second edition. One wonders how large the first edition was, and why more was not heard of it; for here is a true poem, worthy of many readings. It is no more than the poetic retelling of a Persian prose story by Arthur Kennedy, published some years ago in *Temple Bar*. Selim the brass-worker, surnamed The Unsociable, is visited by a veiled woman who stamps with one of his dies upon a shred of brass, and twists it about his finger in play. He labours for months with the same tool upon a gift for her—a perfume-holder of such beauty that merchants quest after it in vain. But when the gift is completed, he learns that she is already wedded to the Prince; and presently he is deprived of it through trickery of the merchants and driven from the city. Thereafter, the Princess, travelling to visit an astrologer, finds in the desert a skeleton upon whose finger still clings her shred of brass; and returning home, she receives as a gift from the Prince the perfume-holder, carved with the same pattern, and engraved with the words of Selim's message to her. It is an ordinary Eastern love-tale, rather sad and sentimental if you will, but retold

**The Perfume-Holder*. By Craven Langstroth Betts. New York: The Monarch Press.

here with a colour and sympathy and melody of deliberate lines that would not seem out of place between the covers of *The Earthly Paradise*. The passion of it is its one reason for existence; and that is reason enough.

Mr. Cale Young Rice has written a great deal of verse, a little of which may be called poetry; and it may be that writing less and with more care he would write better. But of this it is not possible to feel quite sure. His emotion is not controlled, in the sense of being artfully and harmoniously expressed. Experimenting widely with verse-forms, he has hit upon some new and interesting rhythms; but he has experimented either in ignorance or in disregard of elementary metrics. His lines run over as if the end of a line meant nothing at all, and his consonants buzz like a stirred wasp's nest. It would be captious to cavil at these things if they were only occasional, but they are continuous enough to be characteristic. Again, his emotion is not communal in the sense of dealing with such common realities as all humanity may feel. His new volume, *Many Gods*,* deals with the emotions of strange Eastern lands from the external point of view of the globe-trotter, and with spiritual matters from the point of view of a modern Occidental Buddhist who has risen superior to creeds. There is no internal evidence in the book to show that Mr. Rice has ever been nearer the East than the pages of Mr. Kipling and Lawrence Hope, or any nearer to Nirvana than a meeting of American theosophists. Two or three poems to his wife are heartfelt and beautiful, and go far to excuse the rest. But here is Mr. Rice's version of the call of the East:

I want to go back and hear the surf

Come beating in at night,
Like the washing of eternity over the dead.

I want to see dawn flare up, and day

Go down in golden light;

I want to go back to Penang! I want to go back!

What deeper voice was it that once sang something like that? . . . "And the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'cross the bay!"

**Many Gods*. By Cale Young Rice. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Mr. Edwin Preston Dargan has produced in *Hylas and Other Poems** a thin and uneven volume whose criticism can only be summed up in that overworked and somewhat unmeaning word *promise*. Much of it—perhaps most of it—is too vaguely felt, too loosely written, and too uncertainly versified to demonstrate its deserving of print; nor does any reason appear why the best of it should not have been withheld and polished until enough more and better should have been done to fill out a worthier volume. So far it is but like the many others which the prospective reviewer glances through unrewarded, and lays aside as unworthy of attention. But the difference is here: that these wayward verses reveal now and then and here and there a thrill of emotional insight, a brief burst of real poetic energy that lifts the book out of the class to which it in general belongs.

When you withdrew your hand, those other hands

That held the lights of heaven in their place
Fell all together, and through saddened space
I heard that clangour, and through darkened lands.

When you spoke not, my spirit in her bands
Bowed down; that silence smote our earthly race:

No birds would sing a dirge for our disgrace,
No voice of Christ could lay his high commands.

If nevermore your hand with steadfastness
Uplift that light—if I may not believe
That low and honeyed voice which did confess
In all my dreams its love—I still shall bless

The sun-crowned hills I saw; though memory weave

Such grieving words that even you must grieve.

The technical weaknesses are obvious enough, even to the groping after rhymes; nevertheless, the man who wrote that sonnet has a chance of doing work that shall be worth while.

Mr. Hartley Burr Alexander's *Odes on the Generations of Man*† illustrates by antithesis Professor Woodberry's whole theory of Poetry. Instead of being emotionally inspired, they are constructed

**Hylas and Other Poems*. By Edwin Preston Dargan. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

†*Odes on the Generation of Man*. By Hartley Burr Alexander. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

upon a vaguely intellectual theory of evolution, much as Poe pretends to have constructed intellectually "The Raven." And their informing emotion, so far from being communally human, requires an explanatory analytical preface and appended annotations by the author. Milton and Browning, at their highest and darkest, were content to leave exegesis to their commentators: they dealt in humanities, and were abstruse only as unconsciously possessing unusual mental wealth. But Mr. Alexander forewarns us that "in the first group, the Prelude leads into Ode I, which, moving with a marked crescendo to an abrupt retard, is an interpretation of man's evolutionary genesis, while Ode II, slow and poignant, interprets his ideal evolution," and appends pages of notes concerning the mythology of strange and unpronounceable gods. The style of the poems themselves is such as to make these provisions not unnecessary. And it is a pity that this should be so; for stripped of their internal and extraneous pedantries they might still show enough dignified beauty of idea and sonority of rhythm by which to stand alone.

Mr. Alfred Noyes is rapidly reaching the point where his new work, instead of being measured as testimonial to his reputation, is to be accepted as an addition to our literature. Beyond question, we have no living poet of his rank; and it is our good fortune that he has many years of prodigal production before him. He is a prodigal, indeed, as Mr. Kipling was: the fairy godmothers at his christening were very drunk indeed; but they were rosily and gloriously drunk, with as yet no foreshadowing of any Morning After. His facility has never yet made him a careless or dishonest artist, though we may lay to its charge, perhaps, the production of a good deal of such work as, worthy in itself, is yet unworthy of him. His inspiration is passionate enough and human enough; but it might well be more thoughtfully controlled, if Apollo is to prevail over Dionysus. His new volume, *The Enchanted Island and Other Poems*,* contains

**The Enchanted Island and Other Poems*. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.



enough lumber to make it seem at first inferior; but a glance back over his earlier ones reassures us upon that point. We have remembered each of them for the few great poems contained in it, to the oblivion of some bulk of unsuccess; and the new book, though it would have been improved by the omission of some poems and perhaps by the shortening of others, contains as large a proportion of important work as any of its forerunners. "Rank and File" is a splendid hymn of human faith; "Red of the Dawn," a stark bit of reality whose passion justifies its theatricism; "The Newspaper Boy" and "The Electric Tram" are modern without mannerism and colloquial without tawdriness; "Gorse" and "The Rock Pool" and "The Lights of Home" are things to ponder over reverently; and "Bacchus and the Pirates" is an amazing work, which may be briefly described as the most gorgeously inebriate poem in English. A chosen crew of famous pirates, being magnificently drunk, discover Bacchus himself asleep on an island in the Spanish Main. They snare him and carry him off, dreaming of infinite drinks to follow; but the god, awaking, causes a mighty vine to spring up through the hull of their ship, whose tendrils lash every pirate to the mast, and is transported back to his island in a nautilus manned by rosy bacchanals. And when a king's ship discovers the pirates, behold they are only bound with ropes to the spars of a wreck, and raving mad with thirst. Summary, however, is vain to suggest it, and quotation is not much better: the whole poem must be read, aloud if possible; and if you are sober at the end of the reading, then you have (as the French say) no interior. It ought to be printed in purple ink and sent gratis to all the temperance agitators. They would probably take it for a tract.

But though his riotous fertility seems to do him little harm, Mr. Noyes's new volume shows the spread of two tendencies which from the beginning have been wasteful parasites upon his work. The first of these is his increasing fondness for colloquial or dialect poetry. This, as Mr. Kipling and Mr. Noyes himself have shown, may be touched to great issues; but it is a minor and journalistic

field, which should not be cultivated to the neglect of others more highly and purely poetic. Its popular qualities are deceptively superficial: Burns is not quaint or colloquial to Scotchmen, and the "Barrack-Room Ballads" are most admired among civilians. And though we should all be sorry to lose the best of Mr. Noyes's work in this vein, we should be sorrier to have him divert to it too much of his labour. We cannot afford to have our best artists painting posters, or our best actors in vaudeville, however successfully. "Bacchus and the Pirates" represents this genus at its best, and "The Tramp Transfigured" at its worst; and it is hard that we must swallow the one even to obtain the other. The second fault is both nobler and more dangerous—the didactic religiosity which has been steadily growing upon Mr. Noyes since his first appearance. The Christianity which inspires him is a thing to be envied and admired; but there is no excuse for his confusing the poet and the preacher, or dallying with that contradiction in terms, a didactic poem. There can no more be art without morality than there can be milk without curds; but they are both only spoiled by being curdled. The maddest proselyte of *L'art pour l'art* cannot escape the truth that whatever arouses emotion exerts a force for good or ill: art is moral (or immoral) in being artistic; but the one way to destroy at once its art and its morality is to hang morals upon it. That is like drawing the blood from a man's veins for him to carry about in a bucket. Beauty is a greater moral force than any moralising, as one may see by looking around him at God's world. How so clear a critic and so good an artist as Mr. Noyes can fail to see this, or to realise that such a song as "Let Not Love Go Too" outblesses all the sermons he has ever versified, is difficult to understand.

Both these faults, and most others that anything pretending to the title of a poem could exhibit, are concentrated upon the one blot upon the volume, "Lucifer's Feast." It is intended for a satiric protest against an Anglo-German war. It is a shrill allegorical invective, tawdrily imagined, feebly written, and clumsily versified. The answer to it may be found

passim in Tennyson's "Maud." But there is this to be said, that no man ever did any great work who had not the courage and the enthusiasm to be violently and absurdly bad. And in a volume containing so blazing a dithyramb as "Bacchus and the Pirates" and so noble an elegy as "Mount Ida," even worse things might be forgiven. I have thus far forbore quotation, because quotation from Mr. Noyes's best work seems at once futile and unfair. Not that he is not quotable in style, or that he has not many striking lines; but his poems are too continuous, too firmly made, to be fairly suggested by fragments. Yet for sheer pleasure in it, for beauty of sound and light of inspiration, I give here the

closing stanza of "Edinburgh," which is not by long odds the best poem in the book.

Up the Canongate climbeth, cleft asunder
 Raggedly here, with a glimpse of the distant
 sea
 Flashed through a crumbling alley, a glimpse
 of wonder,
 Nay, for the city is throned on Eternity!
 Hark! From the soaring castle a cannon's
 thunder
 Closeth an hour for the world and an æon
 for me,
 Gazing at last from the martial heights where-
 under
 Deathless memories roll to an ageless sea.

Brian Hooker.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

XIII—STEWART EDWARD WHITE



WHEN the literary history of the twentieth century in America comes to be written, a paragraph at least will be devoted to its initial movement, the meaning of which begins to grow plain even within a decade. It is at the very beginning of the century that our fiction at last yields to the demand, already potent in other directions, for specialisation. Prior to that time there had been localisation in our fiction, as there has always been in fiction everywhere; but comparatively little localisation for its own sake. Even Hawthorne, with all his provincialism, never wrote of New England as a section, but rather as the whole, of America—quite in the New England tradition. Against this calm assumption, the work of Cooper and of Poe was a protest; but not in the sense that these men set up other sections in opposition to New England. Cooper's Indians are of no particular place, save of America as a

whole, any more than Poe's gentlemen are specifically Southern gentlemen.

Even after the Civil War, when the country had grown conscious of divisions, only the broader aspects of this consciousness were set forth in its literature. The awakening South offered a new element in the stories of Cable and Page and Craddock. The West, too, made its appearance in the romantic realism of Bret Harte; but Harte was the historian of a period rather than the painter of a locality. The American heroes of Henry James's early books are merely Americans, and not of any specific city or State, as Mr. James humorously concedes in his recent preface to the revised edition of *Roderick Hudson*. The same is true even of novels so late as the best of Mr. Howells's. Silas Lapham is quite as much a middle Westerner in essentials as he is a New Englander. Mr. Howells, indeed, came much nearer to writing the American novel of the ancient tradition than have any of his successors. The day of the literary

homesteader had not yet dawned. The public domain was still undivided, and the spokesman of one section was the spokesman of all.

The 'nineties were the years of the Argonauts. They were hardy pioneers, the men who made the rich discoveries of those years—Hamlin Garland, James Lane Allen, Maurice Thompson, Harold Frederic, Owen Wister, Richard Harding Davis. By the beginning of the new century, the stampede was in full swing. The younger men came on with a rush, staked out their claims and worked them vigorously. Those were the days when Frank Norris burst on our delighted vision, and Jack London, Booth Tarkington, John Fox, Jr., Ellen Glasgow, Nancy Huston Banks, Irving Bacheller, Stanley Waterloo, George Ade, Samuel Merwin, Henry K. Webster, Winston Churchill, Edward Westcott, Emerson Hough, Charles Major, Robert Herrick, O. Henry, Josiah Flynt, Will Payne, Will Harben—to name at random only a few of the horde. The movement has gone on apace. Possibly there remain some nooks and crannies of this country yet undiscovered to literature, capable of yielding, at least, a low-grade ore; but nothing to tempt genius. The most promising fields have been pre-empted; lucky the man who has his stakes well set to warn off intruders.

Now, this cult of the god of local colour has its comic aspects, but it is really a sign of health, and the source of one main merit in all our recent fiction. It may have led to some wild scrambles for the unoccupied sites, but on the other hand it has taught many a young author to look for his material at home, and has signalled to him the truth that honest, accurate observation will discover the stuff of fiction anywhere. The true cosmopolite, one remembers, is the man who knows his own parish. There is as much of the universal human nature in an Indiana town as in Thackeray's London or Balzac's Paris. And, other things being equal, the Indiana town has—or at least once had—the advantage for us all of being comparatively fresh and novel. Local colour for its own sake has no place in a story; but the history of the human creature in a new environment—

that will always afford a vision of possibilities.

A genuinely new environment is that in which Stewart Edward White has found the stuff for his most characteristic work. He was born, as his biographical notices tell us, in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1873. Now to be born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, thirty odd years ago, was to hear lumber, to see lumber, at times to breathe lumber—in a desiccated form. Mr. White's father was one of the men who laid the foundations of the industry which for years absorbed the best energies of the State. Doubtless, the lumber business, commercially considered, is as prosaic as any other. Its pursuit, however, in the forests of northern Michigan brought about conditions and evolved a "type" reeking with romance. It involved the elemental struggle with natural forces, it brought out the primitive virtues and vices in men, on which romance thrives. The lumberjack is own brother to Bret Harte's miners, and Owen Wister's cowboys, and Jack London's Alaskan prospectors; but he has his individual features, the distinction that belongs to his calling. Mr. White has painted his lineaments to the life:

. . . A strapping riverman, his small felt hat cocked aggressively over one eye, its brim curled up behind; a cigar stump protruding at an angle from beneath his sweeping moustache; his hands thrust into the pockets of his trousers, "staggered" off at the knee; the spikes of his river boots cutting little triangular pieces from the wooden sidewalk. His eye was aggressively humorous, and the smile of his face was a challenge.

For in the last month he had faced almost certain death a dozen times a day. He had ridden logs down the rapids, where a loss of balance meant in one instant a ducking and in the next a blow in the back from some following battering-ram; he had tugged and strained and jerked with his peavey under a sheer wall of tangled timber twenty feet high—behind which pressed the full power of the freshet—only to jump with the agility of a cat from one bit of unstable footing to another when the first sharp *crack* warned him that he had done his work, and that the whole mass was about to break down on him like a wave

on the shore; he had worked fourteen hours a day in ice-water, and had slept damp; he had pried at the key log in the rollways on the bank until the whole pile had begun to rattle down into the river like a cascade, and had jumped, or ridden, or even dived out of danger at the last second. In a hundred passes he had juggled with death as a child plays with a rubber balloon. No wonder that he has brought to the town and his vices a little of the lofty bearing of an heroic age. No wonder that he fears no man, since nature's most terrible forces of the flood have hurled a thousand weapons at him in vain. His muscles have been hardened, his eye is quiet and sure, his courage is undaunted, and his movements are as quick and accurate as a panther's. Probably nowhere in the world is a more dangerous man of his hands than the riverman. He would rather fight than eat, especially when he is drunk, as, like the cowboy, he usually is when he gets into town.

To be born into the knowledge of such red-blooded life as this, to find it untouched by the heavy hand of the literary marauder, is for the aspiring romancer the happiest possible lot. The Forest was Mr. White's birthright. Nevertheless, he approached it with cautious indirection. Woodsman that he has been from childhood—so much is evident in all that he has written—he probably did not at first appreciate the significance of these surroundings for the work he had in hand. When, in his boyhood, he visited the Far West, the life of the plains doubtless appealed to him as affording a more satisfactory stuff out of which to create stories. My own acquaintance with his work began, as I recall pleasantly, with a short story on a Western theme in some magazine. That must have been shortly after Mr. White's college days—he was graduated from Michigan University in 1895, and studied law for a year at Columbia. A few years later, when his first two books were published, he was still engaged with his cowboys and miners. *The Claim Jumpers*, his second book, shifts from New York to Dakota, with never a word of Michigan, so far as I can recall.

But these were the works of the 'prentice. In *The Claim Jumpers*, for instance, Mr. White was still learning his

craft; and he is not of those who learned without effort. It is by no means a bad story, with its fresh, outdoor enthusiasm, its truthful observation and its infectious animal spirits; yet it is a rather crude affair as to plot and character. At moments Mr. White seems in this book to have hovered on the brink of farce, without being quite able to command the farcical touch. What is most striking, in view of his later development, is his evident infatuation for the romance of the plains and mountains. Blissfully forgetful of the equally picturesque life he had always known, he gives vent to all the enthusiasm of one to whom the spaciousness and freedom of the plains are a novelty.

This is one of the signs of the healthy growth of Mr. White's talent. On the whole, I am inclined to find it a fortunate circumstance that he was slow to perceive where his best opportunity lay. When the time came he was practised in the use of his tools; he had had his taste of a larger world, he had learned to know cities and men, and could appreciate by virtue of contrast the beauty of what had all the time lain ready to his hand. And I count it an evidence of sure insight that when he came to deal with this material he chose the one form best adapted to his purpose. *The Blazed Trail* is an admirable book—in its unpretentious kind, almost a masterpiece. It is a little more, as well as a little less, than a novel in the strict sense. It does not present an organised drama, though it has plenty of dramatic material. It is rather a slice cut clean from the life of the woods, with a minimum of the selection and arrangement that go to the making of a real drama. It is essentially epic, a narrative of heroic action. And it fixes once for all a phase in the development of the country.

What strikes one first in *The Blazed Trail* is its wealth and verity of detail as to the every-day life of these rivermen. Bit by bit the picture is built up of their manner of life, the hardships they endure, the staggering toil which is their occupation, their crude amusements. Gradually as a result of the accumulation of this detail comes a sense of the spirit animating their work. Matter-of-fact as



STEWART EDWARD WHITE

they may apparently be in their acceptance of the daily round, there is in them a dim consciousness of its real import. Not without some such consciousness does a group of men develop the unity of aim, the solidarity that produces the recognisable "type." The riverman, ostensibly lawless as the frontiersman always is, has nevertheless his recognition of conventions: his pride in his calling, his rewards for skill and enterprise, his contempt for the meaner vices, his fierce loyalties and equally fierce rivalries. It is the clear perception of all this that remains with the reader of *The Blazed Trail*, even after the details of the first impression may have faded.

All the evidence points to the truth of the picture. Mr. White has resisted the most obvious temptation, and has steadfastly refused to sentimentalise his creatures. His men are real men, not puppets dressed up and attitudinising before a public. The prosaic side is not altogether shirked. His characters are not more picturesque than life. Even his hero is not a greatly exaggerated specimen of the class he purports to represent. His is the sort of character the woods develop—tenacious, resourceful, silent and cold of manner, a sentimentalist at heart. The one false element in the book is luckily not essential. It is rather unfortunate that Mr. White felt impelled to inject a "love interest" into a story that could stand so well without it. Apparently he was not himself wholly convinced of its necessity, for the girl of his tale is an extraneous creature, who never once makes herself felt as essential. It is well that she does not thoroughly "belong." As it is, she is undeniably a puppet, such as almost every novelist occasionally feels obliged to bring into his scheme in order to round it out. As a conventional figure of romance she serves very well, and since she does not occupy a central position it is easy to ignore her when she is not actually on the stage.

Mr. White, indeed, was not notably successful in his early books in the delineation of the feminine soul. Mary Fay in *The Claim Jumpers* is merely the traditional spirited girl of melodrama, without an individual characteristic, and the rich young lady of *The Blazed Trail* is

not very greatly her superior. The Factor's daughter in *Conjuror's House* and *The Silent Places* is better, and the silly, cruel, weak wife of Buck Johnson in *Arizona Nights* is almost realised as a distinct person. But the best of them all, in spite of the taint of sentimentality, is the Indian girl of *The Silent Places*, with her dogged devotion to the white man who has carelessly won her love. Here, perhaps, is the secret of Mr. White's comparative failure with more civilised types. His heart, in all these early books, is in the wilderness, his sympathies are with those who belong to the wild life of the frontier. It is not a woman's life, and perhaps it is difficult not to exaggerate the contrast when the tenderly nurtured, refined heroine steps on the rough scene. Whatever the reason, Mr. White seems seldom to have become vitally interested in the presentment of his feminine characters. It is not, so to speak, his business.

By the same token, he is not greatly concerned with the construction of elaborate or dramatic plots. His best books are either, like *The Blazed Trail*, rather loosely organised narratives without any special plot development, or, like *Conjuror's House*, elaborated incidents. In neither is there displayed a great faculty of invention—which is not to say that Mr. White does not possess the faculty. It is simply not called out by the work he has had to do thus far. I am not sure that he has the power to construct a large plot, though he has shown himself able to keep a small one well in hand. But had he attempted it, however successfully, he might have missed some of the excellence of his existing work. Nature is herself his chief character—or, if not the chief, at least the most influential. His human creatures express themselves most adequately as they come in contact with Nature and are moulded by her. For the sake of exposing this relationship he can afford to neglect the exigencies of plot. His stories are not in their basic ideas strikingly original—they are even hackneyed, if you analyse them back into abstractions. It is the setting that lends a new significance to the old situation and gives it the stamp of individuality.


It is not to be supposed that Mr. White

has escaped the common charge against those who deal in intimate fashion with the ways of wild nature. Some one has, I believe, applied the fakir's brand to his stories of the Hudson Bay country. Such charges are always based on subtle questions of detail about which I do not pretend to judge. Mr. White has plenty of testimony as to the substantial accuracy of his observations. It is of much greater importance, it seems to me, that he succeeds in expressing his vision in terms that make it alive to his readers. Few books have rendered more vividly the bleak desolation of the Northern country than *The Silent Places*. The grim pursuit of the renegade Indian by the two Hudson's Bay runners is in itself serious business; it strikes the sharp note of tragedy when every step takes pursued and pursuers further into the deadly cold and monotony of the Barren Grounds. I have said that Mr. White is not a maker of dramas, but there is something more than the raw stuff of drama in this story. The suspense is excellently managed, and the Indian girl, May-may-gwan, makes a more direct appeal to the sympathies than is usual with the women of Mr. White's stories. It is not, perhaps, so significant or successful as *The Blazed Trail*, but it unquestionably shows a growing command of the resources of the novelist's art.

Mr. White is indeed by no means content to rest on the success of a single achievement. Instead of following the easiest way, he has continually shown an inclination to attempt new conquests. *Arizona Nights* is a capital book, in spite of its fragmentary character. Anecdotal and discursive in form, its main function is to present a detailed picture of the plains life which Mr. White has come to know and love almost as well as he does that of the forest. It is specially interesting as showing that his first successes were not merely the result of a happy opportunity. The kind of life and character which enlists his attention remains, of course, the same, but it assumes constantly a more representative character. Reading his books as they have come from the press, one realises how his sympathies have expanded as his grip on the materials of his art has tightened. If

The Blazed Trail remains on the whole his best book thus far, it is not because he ceased to progress after writing that story. The success of *The Blazed Trail* is due to the happy fusing of new material in a form beautifully adapted to hold and express it. *The River*, a later work, does not possess quite the same admirable freshness and unity; but it contains much better writing. It must be remembered that Mr. White, in spite of his established position which tempts one to regard him as a veteran, is a young man. His career is comprised within a decade. Although he has already left his mark on our fiction, his best work thus far is to be regarded as preliminary to the things he may yet, with his earnestness and unmistakable talent, accomplish.

I have written thus far with Mr. White's known product in view. At this point I have had the good fortune to see advance sheets of his new novel. To attempt an estimate of its value, its place in the list of his works, would be to anticipate a privilege to which the reviewer will be entitled only after the book belongs to the public. I may be permitted to record the fact, however, that it gives new evidence of the development which is to me the most significant fact in Stewart Edward White's work. In it he transports to a wider field the spirit that has been so strong in his earlier books. First, last and always Mr. White has been an American. His lumbermen and cowboys, his woods runners and Indians have all been equally unthinkable as belonging to any other continent. But their Americanism has been for the most part implicit. They have played their part unobtrusively in the great American romance—the romance of expansion, of the subjugation of the wilderness to the uses of man. Gradually he has, if I read him aright, become more conscious of this fundamental theme. Though our Western frontier has nominally been pushed off the map into the Pacific Ocean, the process of conquest is by no means ended. In the far West it has brought about special problems which are developing a new variation of the persistent American type—for there is, after all, an American type, even though there be no



American novel. It is, I trust, no betrayal of confidence to state that Mr. White's new novel embodies the results of a number of years' residence in California. Now the ideal equipment for the novelist who is to interpret the American to the world is to be a born Middle Westerner with an acquired knowledge of the

East and the Far West. Mr. White has the knowledge, inborn and acquired, plus outlook and insight and determination and talent. With his new book before me I have no hesitation in reiterating my belief that even the best of what he has done is most valuable as pointing to what he is still to do.

Ward Clark.

HOW IBSEN MADE HIS PLAYS



T several periods in his career Henrik Ibsen contemplated writing an autobiographical account of the outward and inward conditions under which each one of his works came into being. Discreet and taciturn as he was by nature and by cultivation, Ibsen yet realised the advisability of some form of concession to the vastly greedy public who resented his extreme reserve and were genuinely interested in learning the history of the psychological evolution of the great dramatist. Delighting in a sphinx-like attitude and deliberately fostering the accumulating legends of his mysterious wizardry, Ibsen wished to narrate only the bare circumstances and conditions under which he wrote, "observing the utmost discretion, and leaving a wide field for all kinds of surmises." Frederik Hegel, his publisher, certainly won no claim to universal gratitude for dissuading Ibsen from his rarely suggestive project.

This fancy for writing some form of autobiography seems for many years to have lurked just below the surface of Ibsen's mind. The divergence of opinion in regard to his works, the repeated assertions by the critics of the contradictoriness of his philosophy and its lack of consistency, impressed Ibsen with the necessity of writing a book—which he thought of entitling *From Skien to Rome*—dealing with the gradual development of his mind and exhibiting the intimate connection between the philosophical and psychological motives of his successive plays. Whether any of Ibsen's self-

analytical ideas ever took definite shape in writing is a matter of conjecture. Perhaps such a manuscript may have passed out of his hands when, without his knowledge, many of his manuscripts along with other effects were sold in 1866. Certain it is, however, that we now have, in the publication of his posthumous works*—consisting chiefly of the jottings, memoranda and sketches, scenarios and preliminary drafts for the great majority of his plays—a fund of vast speculative interest to the student of the greatest technical genius of the drama of modern times. And there can be little question that Ibsen's posthumous works, exhibiting as they do the intricate workings of Ibsen's mind in the actual process of the composition of his plays, are of far more universal and permanent interest than any form of reserved autobiography or self-analysis Ibsen may have contemplated or even committed to paper. It cannot be said that the few examples we have of Ibsen's attempts to explain his plays are particularly successful; or indeed, to the critical student, quite convincing. There lurks behind them something of the equivocal and the disingenuous—for Ibsen always had a way of denying even the most patent indebtedness to others, when charged with it by the critics. But the jottings on the backs of envelopes and newspaper wrappers, the rough drafts and preliminary scenarios, the first crude tentatives and the more finished states of scenes, acts and even whole plays, displayed by the

*Henrik Ibsen's *Nachgelassene Schriften*. In four volumes. Edited by Julius Elias and Halvdan Koht. Berlin: S. Fischer.

Nachgelassene Schriften in such lavish profusion, are free from a shadow of suspicion that they were initially intended for the public, or even that Ibsen imagined, when he wrote them, that they would be displayed to the popular gaze. And yet these fragments, which Ibsen left to his son, are given to the world

and preparatory designs for his completed masterpieces. It is most noteworthy that, more than once during the latter years of his life, Ibsen pointed significantly to this packet of manuscripts and remarked to his wife and son: "These are very important things—perhaps the most important of all." By a



THE HOUSE AT SKIEN IN WHICH IBSEN WAS BORN, MARCH 20, 1828

with Ibsen's indirect authorisation. He carefully preserved every scrap of paper containing any of his inscriptions which directly exhibited his evolution as a dramatist and thinker; and he told his son he might do with these writings whatever he chose. Ibsen looked upon his "fore-works," to use his own term, much as a great painter regards the original sketches

fortunate if somewhat ironic turn of fate, it is now possible for the world to observe, with almost scientific precision and accuracy, and in a minuteness of detail almost unparalleled in the history of literature, the slow and arduous development, the gradual exfoliation of the thought-processes of the great dramatic craftsman who, during his lifetime, threw



THE IBSEN MONUMENT AT SKIEN

about the creation of his works a mystery sealed as if with seven seals.

Upon Ibsen's table, it has been related, there stood beside his inkstand a small tray containing a lot of extraordinary toys—some little carved wooden Swiss bears, a diminutive black devil, small cats, dogs and rabbits made of copper, one of which was playing the violin. "I never write a single line of any of my dramas unless that tray and its occupants are before me on the table," Ibsen is reported to have said. "I could not write without them. It may seem strange—perhaps it is—but I cannot write without them." And, with a quiet laugh, he mysteriously added: "Why I use them is my own secret." There is one other remark of Ibsen's which, read in connection with the perhaps fanciful story just related, serves to explain the real attitude of Ibsen toward his work and the methods he employed. "Everything that I have written," he said in a letter to Ludwig Passarge in 1880, "has the closest possible connection with what I have lived through, even if it has not been my own personal experience." Ibsen succeeded in packing his plays with the utmost of

thought-content, in that he deliberately made it a rule never to speak polemically save through the medium of his dramatic characters; they are the repository for all his thought. And contrary to the popular impression that the successful dramatist must write "with his eye on the stage," Ibsen seldom visited a theatre and then only when his presence was imperatively required at rehearsals of his own plays. He once vehemently said at a public banquet: "I do not write rôles, but represent human beings. Never in my life during the creation of a play have I had before my eyes an actor or actress." It was Ibsen's remarkable power of visualising the stage sets which enabled him to dispense with the actual theatre and the living player. "Since I have a strong imaginative feeling for the dramatic," he once confessed, "I can see most vividly before me everything that is really credible, trustworthy, true." His genius for scenic detail confirms his statement to Paulsen: to dramatise is to *see*.

In the collection of his posthumous writings, which contain preliminary studies for all his works from *Brand* to



THE HOUSE IN CHRISTIANIA IN WHICH IBSEN LIVED DURING HIS STUDENT DAYS

When We Dead Awaken with the single exception of *An Enemy of the People*,* we are enabled to see the great dramatist, like a spider in his corner, spinning out the threads of his complicated web of dramatic conjuncture and spiritual crisis. And one can state with positive certainty the various methods which Ibsen employed when a play was in process of incubation in his brain.

When Ibsen had once decided upon some theme for a play, he turned it over and over again in his mind before writing a single line. The act of dressing was a long and laborious process with Ibsen; for, according to his own confession, while in the act of dressing his mind was ceaselessly revolving the incidents and scenes of the play then in progress. It piques the fancy to wonder if the "auction of souls" in *The Lady from the Sea*, the ascent of Solness to his tower, or Nora's definitive argument with Helmer occurred to Ibsen while he was pulling on his trousers! When he left off work for the day, he took pains to keep in mind some fragment of dialogue as a starting point on the morrow. This always helped to grease the wheels of his mind. If, however, this bit of dialogue did not set his thoughts flowing freely through his pen, he abandoned writing for the time being and quietly brooded over the problem, the characters or the situation. As soon as the general plan of the play was outlined, Ibsen wrote down the first draft, usually with great rapidity. He always worked from the scenario forward, in a manner highly scientific; and he had no respect for any dramatist who proceeded otherwise. Besought once by a young dramatist to read the manuscript of his new play, Ibsen curtly replied: "Show me the scenario [Disposition] of your comedy." When the young man proudly replied that he needed no scenario, having followed his inspiration whither it led him from scene to scene, Ibsen was furious and showed him the door, declaring that any one who dispensed with a scenario didn't know what

a drama was and couldn't possibly write one.

Even after the scenario was completed it served only as the mere framework for Ibsen's subsequent ideation. The particulars emerge by degrees in the progress of the work; the projected figures begin to



HENRIK IBSEN. DRAWN BY GUSTAV LERUM

take on human characteristics and go through progressive stages of mental and psychological evolution. Doubtless Ibsen personified the little toys which stood upon his desk. These were the *dramatis personæ*; he endowed each of them with a name, perhaps conversed with them in the solitude of his study, and gave them their positions, their entrances and exits, in the play then pre-

*It will be recalled that *An Enemy of the People*, Ibsen's dramatic answer to the critics of *Ghosts*, was written under high pressure. This probably explains why there are no preliminary studies for that play.

paring. Names possessed a curious fascination for Ibsen, for he believed them to have some sort of intimate association with character. And so we find him, from one draft to another, changing the names of his various characters until he had found the real, right "outward sign" for the "inward spirit."

With the infinite patience of the coral, building row upon row with indefatigable industry, Ibsen slowly worked out the psychological features of his characters, first broadly sketched in the scenario.

emphasis and finality; and there is a certain stage in the incubation of a play, as Ibsen confessed to Mr. Archer, when it might as easily turn into an essay as into a drama. So these first drafts mainly show the characters moving about with far less volitional activity than they exhibit in the completed play—much as a person acting under mesmeric control differs from the normally active individual.

Ibsen's faculty of stereoscopic imagination is displayed again and again in the



IBSEN IN HIS STUDY

His power of imaginative incarnation was that of a magician indeed; and he never wrote about his characters, as he once phrased it, until "he had them wholly in his power and knew them down to the last fold of their souls." Contrary to Mr. Archer's hazard, it now seems indubitable that Ibsen's point of departure was, not the idea, but the individual; and the actual conflict of wills, the clash of spiritual motives, is the very last stage in the process of elaboration. The preliminary drafts, as a rule, lack dramatic

evolution of a character. Bit by bit he deepens the psychology, uncovers hidden traits and qualities, gives form and body and motive to the dramatic figure. The people of his fancy, with whom he sometimes lived in solitude for decades before their final incarnation and inclusion in a play, were often more real to him than actual human beings; and he knew the characters almost from birth, in ancestral hereditament, in the features of their environment, in nascent qualities of soul. When some one remarked to Ibsen that

Nora, in *A Doll's House*, had an odd name, Ibsen immediately replied: "Oh! her full name was Leonora; but that was shortened to Nora when she was quite a little girl. Of course, you know she was terribly spoiled by her parents."

Once Ibsen had grasped the individual in full significance, knew it as he knew his own flesh and blood, the rest came easily, almost mechanically. The inscenation, the dramatic *ensemble*, gradually took shape as if of its own volition. It is this which makes the dramas of Ibsen so supremely great: the characters are not creatures of the situation, as in Scribe and Sardou, but the situation, the plot, is the inevitable consequence of the characters. This it is which gives to Ibsen's plays, as Bernard Shaw has acutely put it, the quality of "illumination of life," imparting final verisimilitude to the discussions of conduct, unveiling of motives, conflicts of characters, laying bare of souls.

The scenario and first rough draft serve Ibsen as the point of departure—a mere preparatory work. In the second draft, Ibsen forms intimate personal relations with his characters, learns to know them down to the minutest detail and to discover expression for their thoughts. Here comes into full play that "fundamental brain-work" of which Rossetti somewhere speaks: the working-up of material in situation, in characterisation and in psychology. In the final forms, spotlessly perfect in chirography, Ibsen eliminates the superfluous accessory figures, lops away auxiliary motives, heightens the dramatic effect of the situations, and rejects to the utmost extent all that is coincidental and adventitious in the mechanism.

These final forms of Ibsen's plays show immense economy of material, compres-

sion of thought, power of selective suppression, and complication of psychological motive. A situation which, in some rough draft, appears somewhat commonplace, begins gradually to take on significance and vitality. The atmosphere becomes surcharged with suppressed emotion; the characters thrill with intense excitement; and there are lapses and pauses full of implication to replace the elaborate explication of the original dialogue. The rough draft lacks colour and atmosphere; the final form is a dramatised mood to which the human symphonic orchestra is delicately attuned. Thus it appears that, at some stage in the carving out of the dramatic material, every drama begins to take form under the pressure of general ideas. *A Doll's House*, conceived from the beginning as "The Tragedy of the Present," embodies the struggle between the feminine conscience and man-made society; *Ghosts* assumes the form of a conflict between traditional conceptions and revolutionary new ideas; *The Wild Duck* is the bourgeois form of the Peer Gynt struggle between imaginative idealism and incapacity for action. *Rosmersholm* portrays the ineradicable influence of the ancestral against which youth, without innocence, dashes itself in vain. And *Little Eyolf* was designed to reveal the conflict between the sensual and the maternal passions. But however general the ideas, they always assumed the shape of energetic conflict. It is significant that even *Brand*, which was originally conceived as an epic, finally assumed the shape of a dramatic poem. Ibsen's efforts at the emancipation of modern society inevitably took the form of life-struggles. It is to the enduring profit of the stage that these life-struggles always presented themselves to Ibsen as dramas.

Archibald Henderson.

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

ETHEL ROLT WHEELER'S "FAMOUS BLUE STOCKINGS"*

Vague memories of a wilderness of Latin construction have ill prepared us to discover that the Blue Stockings of the latter half of the eighteenth century by no means despised the darning-needle or even a shapely ankle. They cultivated carefully all the arts of pleasing and were very human in spite of their self-conscious participation in a new movement. This book contains an account of eight of these ladies with, in cleverly alternated chapters, much social description of the period. Wisely it aims at giving not so much their lives as their personalities. The author has saturated herself in the minor literature of the day, in the memoirs and compendious correspondence of a period when all the world was at letter writing and the letters were all giving everybody's intimate opinion of everybody else—the sort of world which any one who cares for it at all finds most enjoyable. The collection of a vast number of similar items demands a pen experienced in contriving artful variety and fertile in expedients of relief, and the author is no Gribble or Repplier in ringing changes or spurring an interest jaded by so much of the same sort of thing. But she knows what is interesting, her selection has been excellent, and she can turn a happy phrase. The lightness of her touch is by no means constant or sure, but her success in pigeon-holing all this agreeable chit-chat is unusual. The personalities emerge plainly and the eighteenth century is nearer for her writing of this corner of it. She has, too, shown discretion in resisting the temptation to step out of it into the lives of Richardson and Swift, Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Walpole, Dr. Burney, Cowper and Wesley, Reynolds and Hogarth—all men who hovered or lounged or sprawled with genuine interest and admiration about that circle of distinguished women. The author has deftly unmeshed "the carefully cultivated self of the Blue Stockings from

their intricacy of words" and presents us vividly these bygone hostesses of a day when (in the robustly vital eighteenth century there being a complete absence of intense preoccupation in anything) "conversation became an art and correspondence literature."

If Mrs. Montagu's shaply head was not turned by the adulation of society, it was because her wit and beauty and wealth were nicely balanced by her wisdom and learning and virtue. Burke called her the most perfect being ever created. But no human being can be quite perfect, as her other titles—"the fidget" and "the lean"—may suggest. When she was only twelve she wrote in this style: "This Cambridge neither affords anything entertaining or ridiculous enough to put into a letter. Were it half so difficult to find something to say as something to write, what a melancholy set of people should we be who love prating." Thus one is all prepared to find her later the self-conscious centre around which her world revolved. Though she diffused more knowledge in her conversation than almost any man Doctor Johnson knew, Hannah More said her countenance was the most animated in the world. Indeed, according to this lady—though the image is confusing—she united the sprightly vivacity of fifteen with the judgment and experience of a Nestor. As with Elizabeth, no flattery was too gross for her acceptance, and she was full of affectations. She was a notable housewife, had a famous cook, and made with her own hands the celebrated feather hangings which adorned one of her rooms and which took ten years to complete. She frequently invited two or three hundred people to breakfast and gave several dinner parties a week—and thus one is not surprised to hear she was the slave rather than the mistress of the conversation. Her systematic benevolence sometimes expressed itself rather picturesquely, as in her annual lawn-party to the chimney sweeps of London.

Dean Swift deigned to correct the English of Mrs. Delany when she was a young girl. She was scarcely more than that when she married a man forty-two years

*Famous Blue Stockings. By Ethel Rolt Wheeler. New York: John Lane Company.

her senior, whom she describes as a person more disgusting than engaging. Nobody thought anything of this, for love matches were regarded as being a little outside of the bounds of propriety. Of this Propriety we hear much—it was the greatest female art of the period. Friendship between men and women, though expressed in grandiloquent adoration, was marked by perfect decorum. "Propriety"—Mrs. Delany wrote to her grandchild at the age of seventy-eight—"is a lady never presuming, pert, or conceited, but humble, modest, and unaffected, attentive to everything that can improve her understanding or polish her manners." Her letters are full of minute descriptions of petticoats and hoops, and she commends as an infallible recipe for ague a spider worn about the neck and sealed in a goosequill. At the age of seventy-four she invented the art of "paper mosaic"—flowers made by pasting coloured papers on a black ground, which specimens preserved in the British Museum show to have been exquisite artistry exhibiting remarkable botanical knowledge. She was noted for many other kinds of eighteenth century handicraft, and she had above all the art of inspiring ardent enthusiasms from youth to extreme old age. Conversation at her house was more harmonious, more graceful than elsewhere, and she preferred to fireworks the "salutary gentle dew of common sense."

Mrs. Thrale was a Welshwoman with the spontaneity and nimbleness of the Celtic mind. Her tongue was in fact apt to run away with her, though she never absorbed the conversation as Mrs. Montagu did. She was so plump and brisk that Dr. Johnson chided her for wearing a purple gown shot with green. "What!" said he tartly, "have not all insects gay colours? You little creatures should never wear those sorts of clothes." She got soberer in middle age and wore a tiger-skin shawl lined with scarlet and only five colours upon her headdress. She and her husband have a more permanent place in literary history on account of the doctor's friendship. He loved to go there, although Mr. Thrale was almost the only man who dared to stem the torrent of his speech. Their library, with its famous Reynolds portraits, was the

microcosm of eighteenth century life. After Mr. Thrale's death, it seems clear that she regarded the doctor as a sixteen-year-old incubus to be shaken off gently but firmly; and in her anecdotes of him published after his death she essayed the delicate task of defending herself against the world's criticism of her conduct in doing so and of treating her subject at the same time with enthusiastic eulogy. "Her panegyric is loud in praise of her hero," said Walpole incisively, "and almost every fact she relates disgraces him." Her second marriage was for love, and consequently considered by her world improper and wanting in common sense, but it was a happy one. A lady individual enough to write colloquially in an age dominated by the Latin idiom of the great doctor, however, was able in defiance of her world to keep up her vivacious entertainments until her death at eighty-one.

Mrs. Vesey in a world of reason and self-satisfaction was always a dreamer seeking some ideal she could not even realise. Mrs. Carter adored her (these famous ladies though all rivals were enthusiastic about each other!) and all her friends thought of her as an irresponsible child—none the less because she was Irish. She had an ugly ear trumpet hanging to her wrist or slung about her neck, yet she was an ethereal being whom all London called "the sylph." At her parties there were no cards and no supper, but in spite of this there was always a crush. Her eagerness to avoid the stately semicircle in which Mrs. Montagu ordained her guest should sit the whole evening was so great that she placed her chairs in little parties of three all over the room. Many and long were the discussions waged in Blue Stockingdom over the merits of these opposite methods.

In spite of being the exponent *par excellence* of eighteenth century propriety, Mrs. Chapone had a mind of her own and the courage of her convictions. She married a poor man for love and she even ventured to say she didn't like *Rasselas*. Yet for all that, the spirit of her age was too strong for her and she was only a curious dabbler in ingenious compromise. She inhabited what Mrs. Bar-

bald called Richardson's flower-garden of ladies; and though Fanny Burney said she was deadly ugly with an African nose and a clunch figure, this was not Richardson's opinion. "Gentleness, meekness, and patience are woman's peculiar distinction," wrote Mrs. Chapone, and young ladies must beware of fictitious stories since they tend to inflame the passions of youth (though—unlike Hannah More—she would allow them to read Shakespeare unrestricted!).

Fanny Burney, the pet of Dr. Johnson, was compact of quivers and thrills and always blushing; "the occasions which made call upon her modesty were according to her own account incessant." But then as she blushed at every word of praise for her *Evelina*, and later when she recorded it faithfully in her diary, one must not get false notions. Fanny's figure was as delicate and sensitive as her modesty, and she had short-sighted green eyes and a brown face. "At Court she was so pernicketty about her dress that she seems constantly to have had to run into the presence with her toilette incomplete." She was the first Blue Stocking to shiver at the charge of pedantry; in spite of this, however, she was not only somewhat shallow but she cultivated a style extraordinarily complex.

Mrs. Carter was the most learned of the ladies, but she excelled as listener rather than talker. Notwithstanding her learning, too, she was the most loved and the most lovable. She used to keep herself studying all night by taking snuff and chewing green tea, yet she danced with zest, delighted in the ordinary enjoyments of youth, and displayed not the least trace of pedantry even when she disputed successfully with a bishop. Furthermore, she made puddings and shirts of renowned serviceability, and every one said she was as modest as if she had not translated Epictetus. This paragon of a lady still had room for imagination, emotion, and humour; and one of the reasons she was so loved was because she was tolerant of the frailties of the rest of humanity. Strangely enough she remained unmarried; but like Hannah More and all other maiden ladies of a certain age in this century, she took the title of Mrs.

Hannah More loved splendour in her youth and had herself painted in emerald earrings, but her dress in later life was like a Quaker's. The more extraordinary of her contradictions, however, existed at the same time. Hannah More of the great world and Hannah More the assiduous but frustrated recluse present a no more striking contrast than the woman of intense religious conviction and of exuberant gaiety of spirits, than the narrowest of Anglicans (she was a rabid enemy of extempore prayer) and the friend of the "loose and light-minded" Walpole. Her activities were immense in range—she founded schools, established benefit societies for women, wrote poems and tracts and Bible dramas and secular tragedies, raised subscriptions for the French emigrant clergy and the Greeks and what Walpole dubbed "the blackmanity," and feared her absorption in her garden might prove a stumbling block in her religious path. She stands pre-eminent as a force of noble energy in her age, and she was the chronicler of the Blue-Stocking movement.

The movement owed its influence largely to its regard for convention. It harboured no dangerous opinions as to the Rights of Women, which got for Mary Wollstonecraft, on account of her mild book of that name, the title of "hyena in petticoats." Yet most of its leaders recognised the existence of inequalities and injustices between women and men, and the thought that was to animate future societies of women, says the author, existed in them as a germ. Though they stood apart from those who advocated woman's advancement, they were pioneers in breaking down the barriers against the sex in literature, in protesting against the tendency of the age "to breed women low," and in making a tentative step for higher education. But it is chiefly as *Salonières* they claim our attention. "When all is said," concludes Miss Wheeler, "the Blue Stockings were arbiters of an art we have lost, of a chemistry we have forgotten—of Conversation; and for a brief space they achieved in England that most difficult and most desired of unions, the marriage of the Intellectual and the Social."

Algernon Tassin.

II

FREDERIC STANHOPE HILL'S "THE ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN NAVY"*

This book forms an admirable companion piece to *The Story of the American Merchant Marine* reviewed in the preceding number of THE BOOKMAN. Together they present a panorama of our entire sea-activity which should be in the hands of every American boy and every lover of spirited recital of the spirited deeds of his countrymen. Both books lay their emphasis on men—our navy and our merchant marine did great things because the common sailor had pluck, initiative, and endurance. In style *The Romance of the American Navy* is simple, straightforward narrative, with less variety of treatment and—since it deals entirely with achievement—less breadth of view than its predecessor; but the comparison is not urgent in the case of so readable a book. The earlier period, when our merchant marine and navy were so largely one, necessarily overlaps, but there is surprisingly little repetition of material in accounts so largely anecdotal.

In the period preceding the American Revolution the commerce of the world went armed, and thus it was natural that the bulk of our navy in that war should consist of privateers. The infant government was able to assemble only sixty-four ships while it had the service of seven hundred and ninety-two private owners already accustomed to gun play. A lumber sloop, the *Unity*, fought the first battle after Bunker Hill. Armed with a few fowling pieces and some pitchforks, scythes and axes, she captured a British vessel of sixteen guns and a trained crew of regular seamen. Such ships and such men were our sea-fighters in our first war. The career of Commodore Joseph Barney, though the most illustrious, typifies them all. On his return from a trading voyage—during which circumstances had made him captain at the ripe age of fourteen—he found the country in a state of rebellion, offered his services as master's mate of a volunteer sloop, received a commission at seventeen, was rolling in

prize-money at twenty, and after a long series of captures and escapes became such a confirmed fire-eater that when peace was signed he entered the French navy, where he stayed until he returned for the War of 1812. Most of the fire-eaters in this interval, however, contented themselves with the little brush with France in 1798-99, and with the conflict in the first five years of the new century off the Tunis and Tripoli coasts. So successful were they in the latter campaign that the Pope made a public declaration that the United States in their infancy had done more to humble the African barbarians than all the European states had accomplished.

In 1812 our navy numbered only twenty-three ships and again the chief burden fell on the privateers. Together they captured thirty thousand prisoners against less than six thousand by the land forces. So successful and audacious were they that the Lord Provost of Glasgow complained formally to the government: "English ships cannot with safety traverse our own channels, and American cruisers sink our vessels in our own inlets and almost in sight of our harbours." He might have added that the worst of the marauders was a Scotch boy; for from that very port had set out on his first voyage young John Paul Jones, who some years after, abandoning the slave-trade in disgust, had forsaken the English flag to become a Virginia planter. How his *Bon Homme Richard*, purchased for him by Louis XVI, met the British frigate *Serapis* in the English Channel is a matter of romance as well as of history. The story of the gallant encounter takes twelve animated pages and is partly narrated in a vivid extract from Melville's *Fifty Years in Exile*. At the close of the long fight he quitted his ship a hopeless wreck for the *Serapis*; and, says Jones in his journal, "our torn and tattered flag was left flying as we abandoned her, waving unconquered and unstricken as she went down." That flag was made by the young ladies of Portsmouth from pieces of their best silk gowns, and they told the captain afterward that they would have hated him if he had taken it from the dead to bring it back to them. He, too, became a con-

*The Romance of the American Navy. By Frederic Stanhope Hill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

firmed fire-eater and took the appointment of rear-admiral of the Black Sea fleet from Catherine of Russia. Buried at last by public funeral in France, one hundred and thirteen years later his remains underwent another brilliant funeral pageant through Paris and, crossing the ocean, were re-interred at Annapolis with one of the most impressive demonstrations of international honour ever paid to a naval hero—from the hands of a country which had by that time made up her mind that in her next war her chief dependence at sea would not have to be placed in her volunteers.

Jones, Preble, Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, Perry, MacDonough—these names would make any naval war illustrious. Furthermore, their record is unique, for practically the only battle of the war between fairly equal contestants in which the Americans were the losers was fought by Lawrence. And in the crew of the *Chesapeake* was an unusually large number of foreigners, including forty English, while the American sailors were raw to the sea and inexperienced in conflict. Lawrence's dying words, "Don't give up the ship," became a rallying cry and were emblazoned on Perry's flag two months later at Lake Erie when the *Lawrence*, leading the American fleet, forced an entire British fleet to surrender at discretion—for the first and last time in England's long and brilliant naval history. Perry dispatched to General Harrison the second memorable phrase of the war, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." MacDonough built the *Saratoga* in forty days from the time the trees had been standing in the forest, and in one conflict cleared Lake Champlain of the seasoned enemy.

But more unequal still were the dashing affairs of the privateers—"the little elegancies of the profession," as Farragut called them. They were all executed by sauce boxes against grown-ups. The flippancy *Wasp* during her forty days' cruise of the English Channel destroyed thirteen vessels and two men-of-war while a British fleet of thirty-five ships was patrolling the waters. The pert *Yankee* cut out a vessel from under the guns of a fort and brought her away by night. The *Wasp* was a handy boat, for

in her six cruises she captured forty vessels, seized and destroyed five millions of property, and sent home one million dollars. Once the *Pickering* succeeded in separating three armed vessels off Sandy Hook and taking them one by one. Her captain after capturing two ships in the Bay of Biscay ran short of shot but, set upon by a third three times her size and equipment, loaded the guns with crowbars which he took from one of his prizes and won the day. Another time, having no crowbars at hand, he was more resourceful still. He boldly expended his last round and then coming alongside ran out the red flag and announced that he would give the ship just five minutes by his watch to surrender or he would send every man to the bottom. He coolly called off the minutes while his men stood at their useless guns, and before the five were up the British ship had struck her colours. This bold Salem bluffer, Captain Harraden, captured more than one thousand guns in his various cruises and died quietly in his bed at home. Salem did herself proud in the *Essex* also, built by subscriptions of patriotic citizens. On her second cruise she doubled the Horn to aim a blow at British commerce in an ocean where it was least expected. In four months she had organised out of her captives a fleet of seven ships and manned them with the impressed American sailors whom she found on board. Finally, having more prisoners than she could handle, she dispatched a lieutenant with a small ship to set them ashore, and on the errand he captured three more ships and seventy-three more prisoners. The squadron had now become ten in number; but this frolicsome time was soon over, for the British Government sent some ships of the line after her and they finally sank her in Valparaiso harbour while the American consul was making formal protest to the governor at the British breach of neutrality. It would be difficult to find more stirring deeds than all these of the privateers of 1812.

Old Ironsides, now in her last resting place at the Charlestown Navy Yard, is the only existing tie that links the old navy with the new. From 1798 down to the beginning of the Civil War, when she

became a training ship, she had been in active service. In all this time was recorded but one mutiny in the history of the American Navy, and there has never been another. This was organised by a piratical young midshipman who had systematically debauched the crew for that purpose. He and his deluded companions were shot because the ship was too small to keep them as prisoners, and as the young man was son to the Secretary of War tremendous excitement ensued when the tiny brig *Somers* returned to New York. In 1862 occurred the most dramatic fight of our naval history, and in its influence the most significant conflict of the century—the duel between the new ironclads the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*. The mighty battle ended in a draw with scarcely a man on either side injured. The two ships never fought again, both being reserved by their governments for the critical moment, since if either was disabled the fleet was defenceless; and the end of each was ignominious, for the Confederates blew up the *Merrimac* when they abandoned Norfolk, and the *Monitor* sank in a heavy gale. But on the day of their indecisive conflict the wooden navies of the entire world were practically annihilated.

The years that followed the Civil War show records of romantic incidents of storm and tidal wave. The most thrilling of these was at Samoa, when a German, an English, and an American ship were caught in the great hurricane without sea room. The ringing cheer of the crew of the doomed *Trenton* for the *Calliope* as she cleared the reef of the narrow harbour made all England cry with the *Calliope's* captain, "God bless America and her noble sailors!" In 1898 the telegram announcing the destruction of the *Maine* in Havana harbour, says the author, stirred the hearts of Americans as nothing had stirred them since that other telegram thirty-seven years before announcing that Fort Sumter had been fired upon. Perhaps never in history has retribution been so swift and decisive as when Dewey in the East and Sampson in the West swept the powerful Spanish fleet from the ocean almost at a single blow in combats both taken together lasting somewhat less than eight hours with an entire American loss

of one man killed and ten wounded—with, for side shows in this amazing spectacle, the bottling of Spain's sea-power in Santiago harbour by Hobson with his later *Merrimac*, and the *Oregon's* superb dash of fifteen thousand miles around Cape Horn just in time to beach the last survivor of Cervera's fleet. The book closes with a record of the forty-five thousand mile peaceful passage of our sixteen battle ships around the world. "It is a far cry," says the author, "back to the days when the plucky little *Enterprise* defended sturdily the honour of the new flag on both sides of the world, yet the final episode is in itself the greatest and happiest romance in the century's history of our navy."

It is well that Americans should have set in order and fittingly told the deeds that are recorded in books like the *Merchant Marine* and *American Navy*.

Graham Berry.

III

MILTON BRONNER'S "MAURICE HEWLETT"*

No doubt such a book as this attests the spread of Mr. Hewlett's popularity as a novelist rather than the growth of his reputation in that select field of letters which he at first cultivated. The circumstances of his youth and early manhood were of just the sort, one would think, to have lodged him permanently in an exclusive and comfortable niche of dilettanteism. He seems to have passed his first thirty years in leisurely and rather intermittent study. At thirty he was admitted to the bar. For five or six years, later on, he held one of those government posts which seem to be always at the service of the well-connected writing man in England. He did some reviewing; he became known to the elect as an interpreter of the mediæval point of view. His manner was recondite to the point of preciosity. He might have turned out to be merely one of those Paterlings who trivially adorned the brows of the passing century with their little conceits. Apparently his development was slow. He was

*Maurice Hewlett: Being a Critical Review of His Prose and Poetry. By Milton Bronner. Boston: John W. Luce and Company.

thirty-three years old when his first book appeared, and it was the book of an immensely clever, imitative boy. Mr. Bronner, admirer of Hewlett that he is, does not claim much for *Earthwork Out of Tuscany* in respect of independent style: "His first book," he admits, "smacks somewhat of Pater and Bourget, with a little of Lamb and of Sir Thomas Browne, but to many there is more of the Ruskin of *Mornings in Florence* in it. . . ." It would not seem that much could be said for a recognisable pupil of half a dozen stylists; but, says Mr. Bronner, Hewlett's youthfulness appeared not only in his imitativeness, but in his mood: "All these things (the little tales and sketches of *Earthwork Out of Tuscany*) are written with such gaiety of spirit one finds it hard to realise that the author was not twenty-one but thirty-three." Mr. Hewlett will turn his half-century next January and, greatly and steadily as he has grown, his work to-day is that of a brilliant man of forty—a fact which he certainly has no reason to regret.

Until a few years ago Mr. Hewlett's themes (it was, of course, *The Forest Lovers*—1898—which first gave him a wider audience) have continued to derive from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. *Malory* was the favourite book of his boyhood, and William Morris his chief admiration among modern authors. His verses are almost all of archaic flavour. In this connection again Mr. Bronner is perhaps over-zealous in tracing origins. Mr. Hewlett is "a Greek Pagan by way of the Italian Renaissance." . . . "While the poet's dreams were mainly of Greece, and of Italy of Dante's day, he had read and adored Keats and Shelley. He had studied the early Italians. He was familiar with the Elizabethan and Jacobean song-writers. He admired Donne and Crashaw and the courtier poets of Charles's day. At times in his latinity and his preference for odes, he recalls the late Francis Thompson." But we are not quoting very happily from Mr. Bronner: his criticism is by no means confined to this rather perilous comparative vein. His study of Mr. Hewlett's work in fiction, from *The Forest Lovers* to *Open Country*, is what will catch the attention of most readers, and in this

he is at his best. The appearances of imitativeness and of self-consciousness in the story-teller's style have, he shows, steadily decreased. As for lack of originality, Mr. Hewlett has disproved any unreasonable charge of it by the severest of tests. He has made live books out of the oldest materials, and has dared take the paths trod by some among the greatest of his predecessors: "Scott's *Talisman* did not debar him from taking Richard as a hero. The myriad books about Mary did not affright him from his purpose of setting forth the tragedy of the Scottish Queen. . . . He flung down another rather daring challenge to the critical by his *New Canterbury Tales*, a title sure to arouse the wrath of some of the professed Chaucerians, and also of those who praise Chaucer without having read him." Wisely, Mr. Bronner does not attempt to gauge the new work by the old. His analyses of the Hewlett novels do much to make clear the "mind and art" (to use an old-fashioned phrase) of the story-teller.

With *Halfway House* began a new phase. According to Mr. Bronner, the story represented a deliberate attempt to surprise the author's friends, to produce a novel "completely modern, completely different, and completely shorn of all those things which have hitherto been put down as Meredith Hewlettian." Of *Halfway House*, of *Open Country*, and of the further sequel now appearing serially, Senhouse is, of course, the important figure. *Open Country*, Mr. Bronner characterises as a "spiritual autobiography," nominally of Senhouse, really of Hewlett himself. Senhouse's virgin-worship is especially characteristic of his creator. More broadly than that, Mr. Hewlett, like Senhouse, "reveals himself as an individualist studying the problems and feeling himself in opposition to many of the beliefs of a complicated modern society."

It is a pity that so good a book should be so poorly printed and bound. There have been many slips on the part of the proof-reader, the most amusing of them a word-division at the end of the line which yields "leg-end" instead of "legend" to the astonished eye of the reader.

H. W. Boynton.

IV

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK'S "CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN"*

Mr. Viereck's book will undoubtedly be laughed at. It is full of egotism, indiscretion, inaccuracy. Paradox for its own sweet sake, a childish desire to produce a "shocker," a naïf absoluteness of statement—these stand out in high relief on almost every page. To the mature spirit, of the American variety, this book will go deeply against the grain.

Our general taste demands a whisper, demands low relief, quietness, greyness. Mr. Viereck shouts with exultant and careless youth. On every page he violates our national sense of humour. One of the greatest impediments in our national progress is our sense of humour. It is the arch supporter of graft in business and politics and of the dull "standards" in literature and art. We employ our sense of humour to sterilise and emasculate our intellectual and æsthetic life.

This book of Mr. Viereck's is needed in America—not that it is a great book, far from it. It is a small book, but it is a small book in the right direction. In it there is intellectual and temperamental enjoyment. The writer is not only young, but he glories in it, and joyously expresses it.

He believes that he is a genius, and that is a grand thing. It is refreshing to some people as well as to him to have him believe it and write as if he believed it. To find a man who does not try to hide his light under a bushel is a great pleasure. This young man does not apologise. He proudly shows us what he has.

It is difficult to write about a book like this without appearing to be condescending. For, as one cannot subscribe to Mr. Viereck's opinion of himself, anything that might be said would seem insufficient. In one sense, indeed, there is genius in the book. Mixed up with much that is both absurd and conventional in the sense of a slavish following of an anti-conventional convention, there are many occasional bits of insight, feeling

**Confessions of a Barbarian*. By George Sylvester Viereck. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

and appreciation which are not at all ordinary. Many things are said in so individual a way that the fact of genuine perception is apparent.

But, of course, there is a great deal of genius of this kind—only, unfortunately, in America it is rather ashamed of itself, modestly blushes and is afraid of being discovered. Perhaps Mr. Viereck's main distinction is that he is not afraid of being discovered. Quite the contrary.

The main objection to Mr. Viereck's book is not, perhaps, that it abounds in inaccuracies of statement, but that it lacks the modern note. It is not the assertiveness, the egotism, the joy in expression, the boldness; these qualities are needed in our standardised country—the more there are of them the better.

Mr. Viereck is very young and youth ought to be sensitive to the best note of our time. But this young man goes back, which is an extraordinary thing for a young man of some talent and vision to do. Clever young men twenty years ago thought and felt as Mr. Viereck feels and thinks to-day. But the doctrine of art for art's sake is no longer so undoubted a creed.

Writers who are really alive to-day, with relatively few exceptions, express in one way or another our *social* feeling. That is the distinguishing note of our day. A few names are enough to indicate what is meant. Hauptmann, Sudermann, Anatole France, Octave Mirbeau, George B. Shaw, John Galsworthy, and practically all the Russian writers. And even in America the tendency is shown in the work of Eugene Walter and Jack London and less conspicuously in some others.

But Mr. Viereck, who presumably is sensitive, or ought to be, writes as if he lived a generation ago. He seems to feel and think, not on the basis of our immediate atmosphere, but conventionally, of course, on the basis of an emotional and æsthetic atmosphere which no longer exists.

In other words, Mr. Viereck needs to follow his own advice, to try to be even more sincere than he is. He now loves to write, to express himself. If, as he grows older in experience, he will keep his mind steadily on his subject, as Wordsworth

said, and care more for the truth than for expression, his expression will be much better, more "ultimate" than it is, and unconsciously he will be more at one with the *Zeitgeist*, and may, therefore, produce something really excellent. If he can continue to regard himself as a genius and not become discouraged when he finds that there is an immense amount of genius of his kind, it will lead him to a deeper social feeling, and this will remedy one of his principal defects.

Hutchins Hapgood.

V

MARY S. WATTS'S "NATHAN BURKE"*

Young writers are usually told that all they have to do is to find something to say, and that the style will then take care of itself. There is, however, something to be said for the contrary theory that, in imaginative literature, at least, the pursuit of style tends to release faculties of thought and invention which might otherwise never declare themselves. In other words, there is nothing like the familiar feel of the tools in the hand of the sensitive artist to stimulate creative effort. Mrs. Watts is an excellent case in point. Her short stories, which began to appear a few years ago, were sheer exercises in style. "The Gate of the Ten Thousand Virgins," "The Great North Road," "The Crystal Gazer," all bore ample evidence of that sedulousness of imitation advocated by one of the author's principal models, Stevenson. Here, according to the common theory, she should have stopped short. Her very success in acquiring an instrument independently of any definite purpose to put it to, should have stultified her further growth. As a matter of fact, these experiments, which gave her mastery over the simpler and more conventional materials of fiction, liberated her creative instinct, and, with the power of expression, there developed in her simultaneously the consciousness of what she had to express. *The Tenants*, which marked Mrs. Watts's transition from the short story form to that of the novel, marked, at the same time, a transition

from the themes and types of romance, already shaped for her, to the representation of real life. It was in every way a noteworthy piece of work. Nobody but Mr. Galsworthy has, in recent years, created a group of characters in which the individual traits are distinguished with such sharp saliency. Style was still, perhaps, the author's principal preoccupation, but she showed conclusively that she had shaped for herself a human and dramatic style as striking as the narrative and descriptive style she had already mastered, and far more completely her own. If *The Tenants* seems somehow to have escaped general notice, the reason is probably that the story, which resolved itself into a single situation, almost into a single incident, was too static for the average reader, while the want of any special social significance in the portrayal of the fortunes of an insolvent Southern family in an Ohio community, placed it at a disadvantage with the average critic, whom Mr. Galsworthy and his fellows have taught to expect a problem in every parlour.

The first of these objections, at least, Mrs. Watts has completely met in her new novel, *Nathan Burke*. Whatever want of definite and didactic purpose, so often mis-called philosophy, the sociological critic may find in this book, its scene and action are certainly not circumscribed or stationary. There is, to be sure, no plot, but then life itself presents enough of a plot for the skilful novelist, who can construct no cunning combination of remarkable circumstances half so fascinating, potentially, as the mere succession of events in the career of an ordinary being, caught up and carried on by some current of the age in which he lives. Nathan Burke is not much above this normal level of human nature. But fate brought him to birth on the rapidly receding Western frontier in the early part of the last century, introduced him, as a boy, into the flourishing small city that was the capital of Ohio, and gave him the advantage of being a spectator and part of the spectacle in a phase of our national development which is already becoming sufficiently remote to acquire interest through striking differences from the present both in its psychology and in

*Nathan Burke. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

the cut of its clothes. Mrs. Watts takes her young hero through the Mexican War. But it cannot be said that the story derives much additional excitement or glamour from this extended military episode, which seems tame compared with an earlier picture of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" campaigning methods. What makes the story is, above all, as in the case of *The Tenants*—though here upon a much more extended scale—the human style of the characterisation. There are few figures that do not seem wholly life-like. Even when they may be resolved into simple types of vice and virtue, like Nathan and his foil, George Ducey, they show something of that gift of keeping all in one colour, and yet retaining a large measure of imaginative truth and human interest, which is the sign of a superior creative faculty. More interesting, however, because more complicated, and thus closer to our modern psychological standards in fiction, are two other characters, Mrs. Ducey, George's mother, and old George Marsh, his uncle. The former, whose real kindness of heart is wont to bewray itself in a careless unkindness of speech, and whose faith in her son is carried to a point where it would be grotesque were it not tragic, is bewitching, if a little terrible, and her letters, in their rambling looseness of construction, deliciously reflect the inconsequential processes of her flighty feminine (and Southern) brain. As for George Marsh, this vulgar, crabbed, cross-grained, but not ungenerous curmudgeon, who has developed a harsh humour, a rude justice, and an astuteness in appraising men and their motives from his long experience of life, is done with a realism rare in a literature that revels in such softened and sentimentalised versions of rusticity as Eben Holden, David Harum, and the rest.

Thus Mrs. Watts's pursuit of style, which is, after all, nothing more than clear, concise, characteristic expression, has brought her to the point where she is able to interpret human nature with admirable variety, fulness, and verisimilitude. It has, at the same time, rather increased than diminished the personal element in her work, since true style is the most personal of possessions, a kind

of double mirror which cannot reflect life without presenting a faithful image of the mind which sees life and absorbs it. All her men and women, while completely individualised, are the creatures of one brain, and the author herself is always seen to one side, not pulling the wires or otherwise announcing that her people are puppets, but watching them, studying them, taking the reader into her confidence concerning them in a mood of amused, appreciative, semi-philosophical detachment that gives vitality to the whimsical autobiographic form in which the story is written. Old Nathan Burke, writing these memoirs in his old age for his grandchildren, is Mrs. Watts's dramatisation of the humorous perception with which her own personality is tinged and which is best rendered artistically through the perspectives of retrospection. Humour, of a peculiarly buoyant and pervasive order, at once robust and intellectual, is the principal temperamental and creative quality of this writer. It is the matrix in which most of her conceptions are moulded, whence, therefore, also arise their frequent serious tenderness and pathos. Hence, absorbed at first in what seems the most impersonal of all preoccupations, Mrs. Watts has at last succeeded in releasing her personality; and, in seeking style, she has achieved that which is the end of all art, sincerity.

W. A. Bradley.

VI

W. J. LOCKE'S "SIMON, THE JESTER"*

No one but a confirmed optimist of rare buoyancy and unquenchable youth could have given us such a brave company of honest gentlemen and gracious ladies, garbed in motley, as Mr. Locke has embodied in four inimitable volumes, *The Morals of Marcus*, *The Beloved Vagabond*, *Septimus*, and *Simon the Jester*. It is easy to understand why these books stand as something apart from the same author's long list of earlier work, almost as though they were the product of a different hand. Mr. Locke has always had an enviable fertility of plot; and in his

*Simon the Jester. By W. J. Locke. New York: The John Lane Company.

earlier years it was the situation which arises from external happenings, rather than from character, that appealed to him. Now the Anglo-Saxon reader, in contrast to the Frenchman or the Italian, cares much more for character than for situation; and that is why, just as soon as Mr. Locke began to create whimsical, bizarre, unforgettable types the general public for the first time discovered him. His fertility of situation is as surprising as ever. Indeed, it sometimes almost runs riot. Yet the plot never seems, as it did in the earlier books, strained and unnatural, since it serves as the vehicle for characters more extraordinary than itself.

Yet however frankly we admire these whimsical books, there is no use in trying to make ourselves think that they are all of equal merit. *The Beloved Vagabond* must still remain easily first in our affections; while the really discriminating reader cannot shut his eyes to the fact that *Septimus* is a disappointment, whose kinship one acknowledges grudgingly, like that of a poor relation. Marcus Ordeyne and Simon are kindred spirits, laughing philosophers, appreciative of the grim humour of fate, even when the jest goes against them. It is hard to say which of these two deserves second place immediately below the immortal Berzelius Nibbedard Parigot.

The appearance of *Septimus* last year, for the time being, justified a fear that the peculiar vein of Mr. Locke's humour was running dry. *Simon the Jester* comes as a welcome reassurance. And after all, when one realises the nature of Mr. Locke's literary formula, it follows naturally that so long as human nature exists there is no possibility of his particular vein ever running dry. To word it crudely, his trick seems to be to take life as it is and then wilfully turn it topsyturvy. He peoples his mimic world with bizarre and whimsical characters verging on the grotesque and then suddenly surprises us by a sense of their kinship—the sheer inborn humanity of them. "What do people usually do, what do people usually think?" he seems all the time to be saying. "Well, my people are going to do and to think not thus but far otherwise! They shall do impossible, illogical things; they shall amaze and shock and

irritate you at times—and yet you shall love them despite yourself because in them you shall see the reflex of your own hopes and fears, your own strivings and failures."

It would be venturesome to profess to analyse the birth and origin of *Simon the Jester*. But let us suppose, by way of illustration, that Mr. Locke, in an idle hour, had been re-reading *Pendennis*, that he had relished once again those wonderful chapters recording the good Major's manœuvres to rescue Pen from the wiles of Emily Costigan. Supposing, as he closed the book, that his inborn streak of perversity had flashed across his mind the question, what would have happened if the Major, after rescuing Pen, had himself fallen victim to the charms of the Fotheringay. Of course, the analogy must not be forced too far. There is not one note in common between Mr. Locke's group of characters and those of Thackeray, because his mind worked along an entirely different groove. But the comparison serves to illustrate his characteristic way of turning the ordinary situations of life upside-down. Substitute for the punctilious and dignified Major a man whom fate has picked out as a victim of its grimmest humour—a man snatched from a proud eminence of statesmanship and confronted with the fact that a painful malady gives him less than six months of remaining life. Substitute for the placid and rather bovine Emily a wonderful, magnetic creature of slumberous fire; a famous trainer and exhibiter of wild beasts with the lithe grace of a panther in all her movements, and the yellow glow of a cat's eyes in her glance. Substitute for little Bows the equally devoted and far more grotesque figure of a Greek dwarf rejoicing in the name of Anastasius Papadopoulos with his company of trained cats, his extraordinary jargon of modern languages and his homicidal madness riots through the book like a figure from an Offenbach libretto—and you have a very fair initial idea of the structure and material of *Simon the Jester*.

Furthermore, quite apart from the characters and the story, there is an epigrammatic quality in this latest book of

Mr. Locke's unequalled since *The Morals of Marcus*. It will be remembered that in Miss Austin's *Emma* Frank Churchill demanded that each member of the party to Boxhill should regale the company with one very clever saying or two only moderately clever or three very dull indeed. This is the usual fate of writers who attempt the epigram—to be moderately clever once or twice and after that to be very dull indeed. It is Mr. Locke's peculiar good fortune to have a seemingly exhaustless fertility of epigram. It is very largely due to this pervading sparkle of dry humour that *Simon the Jester* is a book which bears well the rather trying test of opening it at random and re-reading familiar passages long after the main thread of the story has lost its novelty.

Calvin Winter.

VII

"THE WILD OLIVE"*

"A solitary horseman was wending his way across the plain." Thus, in effect, the clever author of *The Wild Olive* begins his story. True, the horseman chances to be on foot, and the plain is a hillside opening in the forest that clothes the foothills of the Adirondacks. Otherwise it is the time-honoured formula, which the ingenuity of countless novelists has failed to improve. It is the apparition of the human figure on the otherwise lifeless landscape that is essential. It is an opening not to be resisted by any novel-reader whose interests are properly regulated.

The initial situation is indeed capitally managed. Behold the hero, a fugitive from justice, picturesquely dishevelled, running from his pursuers straight into the house of the man who had that very morning sentenced him to death. Behold the heroine, a proud, beautiful creature, with a touch of wild blood to give her scorn of legal conventions, taking the young man under her protecting wing, hiding him away safe from pursuit in her little studio in the mountains. Behold her again providing him with clothes and money, plotting every detail of his escape

*The Wild Olive. By the author of *The Inner Shrine*. New York: Harper and Brothers.

from the country, even giving him the name he is to bear when he has left her, after swearing his life into her keeping. Of course, he is to return; it would be but a sorry story if he were not. He does return, successful, prosperous—and in love with another woman. In the end he turns his back on the other woman, declares his true identity to the world, establishes his innocence of the crime with which he has been charged, and finds his affinity in the woman who had given him his life—all quite as it should be.

It is not precisely a new plot in essentials. Nevertheless, it is one of the most admirable plots on which a story has been built since we read and rejoiced in *The Masquerader*. Without startling originality of motive, it is fresh enough as to details, and these details are worked out with an ingenuity so perfect as only to become apparent on examination. Every incident dovetails into the next incident; every improbable turn is made possible by careful preparation. There is not a loose thread left hanging. Highly improbable as it is, abstractly considered, that a man condemned to death for murder should escape, go out into the world under an assumed name, make a fortune, and come back without detection to the very places and people he knew before, there is not in the entire recital a single step that puts an undue strain on the reader's credulity. It is a triumphant example of skilful plot-weaving.

To say so much is doubtless, in the thought of many a reader, to stamp the story as possessing a thrilling intensity of interest. But the reader who is capable of arriving at this naïf conclusion is doomed to a sorry disappointment. In spite of its construction, technically more admirable than that of nine out of ten masterpieces of fiction, *The Wild Olive* is a dull, uninteresting book. There could be no more effective commentary on the vanity of "construction" in the narrow, special sense. The book is plot *et præterea nihil*—save that it is unreadable. There is not a situation, not a turn of the story, that springs from the necessities of the characters. They are the creatures of the action, puppets made to carry out in foolish pantomime the author's design. Not once does he create the illusion that they are

free agents. The design is perfectly well intentioned. Conventional as they are, these puppets would serve well enough for persons if they could but once struggle into life. But they can't.

To speculate on what a real creator might have done with an idea such as this is idle. After all, the real creator is independent of this kind of construction. It is character that makes a great novel, whether it be of the Dumas or the Zola sort. Of all the elements of fiction, plot is the least important and the most generally overrated. Of itself it will not suffice for the making of even a good detective story. To teach this lesson with singular and fatal precision is, it seems, the most interesting function of *The Wild Olive*.

Burton Bancroft.

VIII

MRS. VIVANTI CHARTRES'S "THE DEVOURERS"*

When a new novel calls to mind the fact that the same theme has been handled better in some other book, it is not as great a lack of compliment to the new book as might be imagined. For by this involuntary comparison we know at least that the new book has made its purpose clear, that its theme is a real theme founded on some basic truth of human existence. *The Devourers* has a well-defined theme, two themes in fact; both of which, as aforesaid, have been better done before, but which are here handled with a sincerity and an earnestness that compel respect, even if the power to perform is not always as strong as is the will to do. The novel is planned with symphonic bigness, its threads are laid for a tapestry of museum size. That this very bigness has in it much of monotony is not surprising, for the symphony perfect is the mark of the master. The weakness of the lesser craftsman shows in the sameness of repetition, in barren stretches where the creative power failed. Mrs. Vivanti Chartres is not a master craftsman, but she has planned something so big in this novel that even where falling

greatly short of complete achievement she has accomplished a task which deserves a good meed of praise.

The two themes of the book, running side by side, are, first the devouring quality of genius that sucks the life-blood from all who come within its range of influence; then, the power of a little child to kill self in its mother, to cut its mother off from all personal hopes, joys and ambitions. Where, as in this book, the child is also a genius, it is indeed a devourer of all its loved ones. But the author has made the mistake of letting the theme repeat itself too pronouncedly, thereby invalidating the strength of the melody. The story of the life development of the young poet Giovanna Desiderata Avory, called "Nancy" by those who love her, is a charming bit of work. And in it both themes are interwoven into a pattern of convincing harmony. Nancy is a delightful person, although we are inclined to doubt the greatness of her genius. For the true devouring genius finds in the obstacles which would stay its power of expression a stronger impetus to do, to create. Nancy is too early deflected from her desires, too many things hinder her. But she is very charming as a woman, and the episode of her correspondence with "The Unknown" is delightful. Their meeting and journeyings later are just a little "unverisimilar," to use a word of which the author is exasperatingly fond. Nancy's people in Italy are more alive and more interesting than Nancy's people in England. Her handsome, worthless husband is an excellent character study. And as often happens in a work planned just a little too bigly for the author's power of achievement, the minor characters are the best. Flighty Clarissa, Uncle Giacomo, and the German governess, Fräulein Müller, are excellent character sketches. That Nancy finally gives up all hopes of ever writing her great Book, to devote herself to the budding musical genius of her daughter Anne-Marie, is not as pathetic as it would have been if Nancy had not allowed everything and anything to interfere with the writing of the Book, long before Anne-Marie showed in what particular line her talent lay. It is more pathetic that Nancy gave up her new hope of love and happiness

*The Devourers. By A. Vivanti Chartres. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

for the same reason. Only we don't see just why she should have to do that. That Nancy, having been a Devourer in her youth, should in turn be devoured by her own daughter is poetic justice . . . although somehow it does not sound quite convincing. There seems to be just a little too much genius growing all in one family to suit the sense of justice of the average reader.

But the book has undoubted intensity and splendid sincerity. The style is readable and there are some good sentences to be found here and there, notably Nancy's remark that "A woman's beauty depends entirely upon how much she is loved." The continual use of an unusual and awkward word like "unverisimilar," and the hideous "Unverisimilarly," together with one or two other little affectations, do not mar the general pleasing effect, nor do they make us forget some really beautiful passages.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

IX

IAN HAY'S "THE RIGHT STUFF"*

"There's something about a Scotsman" is a phrase that has been in use long enough to remove from it whatever of the ambiguous the simple words themselves may hold. The "something" thus cautiously alluded to means, beyond any doubt, something peculiarly worth while. Something unexpectedly tender beneath a rough exterior, something deliciously humorous veiled under grimness, something more than ordinarily fascinating in the possibly shy and even unprepossessing personality, a warm and human generosity that reveals itself to those it loves, and to whom comprehension is granted.

It is a Scot who is hero of Ian Hay's *The Right Stuff*, a book that has already had a success in Great Britain, and which is pretty certain to prove unusually win-

*The Right Stuff. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

ning to American readers. It is written with the unconscious ease of a man to whom writing is the pleasant exercise of perfectly fit faculties. The characters are a small group of thoroughbred British men and women, with a small and imaginative six-year-old girl, and a boy, Gerald, who is an unadulterated delight and who uses a straightforward and picturesque public-school boy patois that occasions sudden and loud laughter as you read, while his summings-up of either situations or personalities would be hard to beat and impossible to refute.

The book is full of laughter, aside from that due to Gerald. There is, for instance, the chapter called "A Pit that was Digged" and the electioneering chapters. There are the deeds and actions of the Twins and there are Scotch touches that will arouse mirth. While there are parts of the story that quicken the sympathy to tears, or rouse a cheerful enthusiasm for that so frequently abused attribute of our race, human nature, the story is, as the author warns us in his preface to the American edition, "a simple study of human nature, set down without malice, illustrated by pictures of the common joys and sorrows of life, and interwoven with the ancient and unoriginal but never-dying theme of the way of a man with a maid." It is also much more than that, for it creates an atmosphere and an illusion so perfect that, on closing the volume, the sensation is precisely that of having returned from spending a charming fortnight with a little group of congenial people who have been kind enough to admit you to the more intimate and reserved of their feelings and experiences. Robert Fordyce, Kitty and her husband, the twin sisters, Dicky, described as the "What-ho type of young man," the old Scotch parents, the two youngsters—they have become so much our own friends that to bid them good-bye at the end of our visit is a sad business, our only consolation being that we are at liberty to return at any time.

Hildegard Hawthorne.

MAIDENHOOD

(Horace, *Odes* I, 23)

You shun me, Chloë, like the timid hind
 Its mother calling,
That on the lonely mountains fears the wind
 And woods appalling.

If Spring but quivers in the new-robed trees
 Or lizards waken
And stir the whisp'ring grass, at once your knees
 And heart are shaken.

I'm not a tiger nor a lion wild
 For harm pursuing;
Oh leave your mother, be no more a child,
 'Tis time for wooing!
Elizabeth H. du Bois.

THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

XIV—EN VOYAGE



SHOULD not like to prescribe to any one just what sort of a steamship he ought to choose when he first visits Europe. He may, if he will, select one of those monsters that are more than a seventh of a mile in length and that smash through the ocean with an absolute disdain of storm and waves. In them he will find playrooms for his children, electric elevators, a gymnasium, electric baths, a "solarium" domed over with richly painted glass, a special café modelled on the Ritz, and dark rooms in which to develop the photographs which he takes of his friends and of the ship. If he chooses to travel with dogs and cats or any other sort of beast, there are kennels and a kennel-master in the hold. If he does not desire to experience that blessed sense of peaceful isolation from the cares of life which comes to him who is inevitably cut off from towns and cities in the midst of the great, magnificently rolling ocean, he can get news by wireless from other ships; and when he approaches land, he can have, as it were, a ticker to bring the

bustle of the stock exchange into his very stateroom.

Or, if he has the true love of the sea within him, he can take a comfortable eight or nine or ten-day boat, and forget that there is anything in the whole wide world beyond the decks that glisten with the good salt spray, and the far range of water over which he casts a contented and untroubled gaze. In such a ship he can experience the grandeur of the storms and the beauty of the tranquil sea when it lies level in the sunlight, or when, at night, its track is turned to phosphorescent silver by the moon. He will not miss the playrooms and the gymnasium and the "solarium" and the café and the elevators and the dog-kennels; but he will feel the exhilaration of plunging over the great billows and of sleeping that wonderfully restful sleep which is induced by the gentle rocking and rhythmic sway of the splendid ship that is in reality a ship and not a garish and luxurious hotel, fit only for rich invalids and peevish women.

In the character of an impartial guide, it would hardly be proper to say which one of the lines that cross the Atlantic is the most comfortable or gives you most



"A SPECIAL CAFÉ, MODELLED ON THE RITZ"

Courtesy of the North German Lloyd

nearly your ultimate desire. This, after all, is a matter of individual taste. I should be inclined to classify all steamers in three groups—those that touch at English ports, those that touch at both French and Netherlandish ports, and those that ply directly between New York and France. There is a good deal of difference between these three classes. If you take any ship that ends its voyage in English waters, or that even enters English waters to receive or to discharge passengers, you will find it a ship very largely filled with young men and maidens who take possession of the decks, organise a concert, occupy your steamer-chair, turn the vessel into a combination of upper Broadway and Piccadilly, and make you forget that you are on the ocean at all. There is something rather delightful about this airy, unconventional life. Within two days, everybody knows everybody else, from the girl of sixteen and the Harvard freshman, to the maiden lady who spends hours in writing her "impressions," and the personages of wealth who occupy suites of rooms far up in the air, whence they very rarely descend to pace the lower decks.

On these steamers, the gregariousness

is wonderful; the flirting, though of a rudimentary character, is incessant. Unless the sea rises in its might and compels the stewards to lash the deck-chairs to the brass railings, and to put the racks upon the tables in the dining saloon, there will be no end to the innumerable staccato confidences which assail your ears above the clanging of the machinery, the quiver of the screws, and the clatter of the knives and forks. Every woman seems to have become either a Marie Bashkirtseff or a Mary MacLane, who instead of writing out what she has to say, screams it down the deck or from table to table in the saloon at any one of the seven meals which are provided for you.

"I can't help it! It's my temperament!"

This will come to you out of Nowhere with the full force of feminine conviction.

"Yes, he would have had me—that is to say, I would have had him; only, you know—" "Well, I do just love Robert W. Chambers!"—"You can talk all you like, but her hair is bleached, and I don't believe that her Irish lace is real."—"No! Do *you* live on Euclid Avenue, too?"—

"Yes, I expect to gain a larger outlook from those wonderful memorials of the past"—"Oh, I say! Really, you know it's what you Americans call a hard supposition—oh, is it *proposition*? Thanks awf'ly!"—"What! Is the Bourse the same as our Stock Exchange? I never knew *that* before!"

This sort of *mélange*, confusing, intricate, unrelated in its parts, comes to you all day long. It amuses you for a while; but unless you are very young and wish to note all the raw emotions of a



"THE GREGARIOUSNESS IS WONDERFUL"

mixed company, you feel that there is perhaps just a little bit too much of it.

If, on the other hand, you try one of those stout, substantial steamers that ply to Rotterdam or Antwerp, touching, it may be at Boulogne, you will find a more serious set of passengers. Many of them are Dutchmen or Germans, and they all look as though they had business on their minds. They eat often, and they eat a great deal, as if to get the full value of their passage-money. The food is good, too, though sometimes there is a sort of symbolism about it that I could never understand. Thus, on one of these ships, throughout the entire voyage, which

lasted eleven days, there was placed in the centre of each table in the dining-saloon at every meal a large pale fish of a bluish tinge. I never saw such a fish before and I never expect to see another like it. No one partook of it—one naturally wouldn't—but there it was, pertinaciously prominent, leaving me with a riddle which I have never solved. For the rest, there is plenty of space and you have a sort of feeling that perhaps after ten days or so you will find yourself back again in Hoboken; and what is the more curious, you don't care at all whether this is going to be so or not. You would just as soon start out again and do it all over. I suppose that it is the Dutch and Flemish influence which pervades these vessels, and which makes them so admirably adapted for the purposes of a rest-cure.

But when you go aboard a French steamer, you find an atmosphere that is entirely different. If you are making your first voyage, you will be delighted, because, from the moment when you ascend the gang-plank, you are already in Europe, already in France. Seven-tenths of the passenger list will be made up of foreigners. You will not hear English spoken except rarely. The neat little Breton and Norman sailors speak a *patois* that is strange to you. The stewards do not respond to any language save their own. The meals are served with ceremony. There is plenty of deck-room, and that deck-room is snowy clean and with every convenience, even to the smouldering little *mèche* which is conveniently placed in a small copper cask so that you may light your cigarette from it, no matter which way the wind happens to blow. Even the tiny flags upon the chart in the companion-way to indicate each day's progress are tricoloured and therefore French. Everything is as neat as a pin, down to the small brass cannon which is lashed forward, to bark out a small roar of joy when the distant harbour is sighted. If one may use an Americanism, the most expressive adjective which suggests itself as applicable to a French steamer, is "cute."

But there is something more than "cuteness" about it. No one ever sees there the kind of miscellaneous acquaintance and companionship which you note

upon an English vessel crowded with Americans. The passengers are not homogeneous. They do not, for the most part, come from countries where you may go up and speak to any one you please without a formal introduction. The Americans who choose these steamers have very much the same point of view. They do not want to attend "ship concerts," or to listen to emotional revelations delivered in throaty or nasal tones. They like to be let alone, to enjoy the solitude which is respected by their temporary companions and which they in turn respect in others. There is the ship bearing them onward with magnificent power; there are the quiet decks; and

after the ship is under way, you will find that some one else has in like manner disposed of his steamer-trunk and has placed his small belongings on the side which you have left for him. There is a sort of tacit understanding, an unwritten etiquette, about these things. You may turn in at a particular hour of the night, and your mysterious companion has either turned in before and has drawn his curtains; or perhaps he will turn in later, noiseless, discreet and hoping that he may not rouse you. There is the same mysterious agreement in the morning. You rise, and he rises, but never simultaneously. And so it is that you may cross the ocean without ever seeing or knowing the one who



THE SALOON OF A FRENCH LINER—"THE MEALS ARE SERVED WITH CEREMONY"

Courtesy of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique

there is the great expanse of ocean whose strong, salt air renews one's life and gives one delicious hours of unbroken sleep at night.

You will find something very interesting about the psychology of two persons who occupy berths in the same stateroom. When you board the vessel, you go down to your cabin and thrust your steamer-trunk under the lower berth or under the couch opposite. Then you take out your toilet articles and arrange them on one side of the mirror very much as though you were staking out a claim in a mining country. Then you go up on deck, and if you come down an hour or two later,

shares your room. It is a triumph of tact, and I take it that this sort of tact is essentially masculine. I fancy that women who are billeted together adopt another course, strike up a temporary acquaintance, and talk things over *sotto voce* in the watches of the night. But this is only a theory of mine; and perhaps it is an entirely wrong one.

I have spoken of the reserve which, in general, prevails on a great French steamer. The only exception is to be found in the *fumoir*; but that would be the case wherever men of any nationality come together and blow wreaths of smoke into the air. It is a part of that comradeship which the great god Nicotine in-



"THE FLIRTING, THOUGH OF A RUDIMENTARY CHARACTER, IS INCESSANT"

spires in his worshippers. When it comes to smoking, all sorts and conditions of men are brothers for the time. The grubbiest ragamuffin may ask an emperor for a light, and the emperor will recognise that, by the Law of the Jungle, it is not only his duty but his pleasure to provide matches for the *gamin*, or even to let the latter touch a half-smoked and wholly stale cigarette to the glowing end of the imperial Partaga. And so it happens that in the *fumoir*, or the smoke-room, or whatever you may choose to call it, the tongues of all men are unloosed and they tell curious things about themselves to perfect strangers—things which they have never told to wife or sweetheart, or to their best friends on shore.

It is a delightful lounging-place, this *fumoir*. When you have paced the deck conscientiously for two full hours after luncheon, you go into this paradise and sink down into a great leathern seat, stretching out your legs and pushing back your yachting cap. Through the port-holes there comes a bracing breeze which keeps the air always sweet; and if you are a fair sailor, you get infinite enjoyment from a good French cigarette and in

watching the *garçon* flitting about and taking orders; for you know that very soon he will bring in an immense tray neatly piled with triangular little sandwiches from which you can see the green of lettuce leaf and a touch of mayonnaise projecting; and if you like, you may have a bit of Roquefort and a mug of *pêl-êl* which, though it bears here a French name, is really the ale of good old England. Then every one falls to, and the chatter of many voices will arise. If you have no friend with you and simply drink your ale and listen, you will hear some of the most extraordinary stories that you ever dreamed of. They are not told excitedly, but in level, careless tones; and they let you into the secret of many lands and also of many human beings. There is not the slightest touch of egotism in these confidences. Those who impart them in French, or Spanish or English, do so because they cannot resist a certain spell that is cast over them by the boundless sea, the brief community of life aboard a ship, and a friendly fellowship which springs up among those who will never see each other any more, but who for the moment are brothers because they have eaten and drunken together.



TURNING OUT THE DAILY PAPER



ON THE BRIDGE OF THE MAURETANIA

Courtesy of the Cunard Steamship Company

and have mingled the fragrant fumes of their various tobaccos.

The confidences that come out unasked in this temple of truth are most surprising. Over in yonder corner a sunburned Englishman between puffs from a short briar pipe, will tell you of things which he has seen and done in India and among the foot-hills of the Himalayas. Nowhere else would he even mention these adventures, for he is as shy as the shyest of his race, and he would shrink with horror from the thought of boasting. What he says now, drops from his lips unconsciously, quite as if he were thinking to himself; and you come to know that he has been a fleet-footed, sure-eyed *shikarri* where the tigers kill men in the jungle. Or he will relate some of the strange happenings of the strangest country of the world, surpassing in mystery and marvel even such tales of Kipling as "The Mark of the Beast," or "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," or that very creepy narrative, "Bubbling-Well Road." Listen and be thankful, but do not mention Kipling to him. I never yet knew an Anglo-Indian who would not drop his taciturnity and fairly foam at the mouth at the sound of Kipling's name; for, according to

"mine own people," Kipling knows very little about India—the real India—and what he does know he has grievously distorted.

If you incline your ear in a different direction, you will hear a Frenchman discoursing, with the utmost fluency and to no one in particular, on the subject of marriage, that is to say, his own marriage and everybody else's marriage and on marriage in general. He never shows the slightest reserve in this; though for a Frenchman on land to discuss his family would make him appear a white crow, or *nigroque simillimus cycno*. And then there is the Spanish-American contingent from Cuba or South America, and very black gentlemen from Hayti, who speak French with the purest Parisian accent. It is odd to hear a negro speak in fluent French, and still more odd to find a very black man who does not know a single word of anything but German. But as for the Haytian gentlemen, they are usually very rich and have been educated in France, with which country they identify themselves racially. I shall never forget one very tall and very well dressed specimen of human ebony who fell to describing some of the peculiarities of Eng-



ELEVATOR SERVICE ON A GERMAN MONSTER

Courtesy of the North German Lloyd

lish and American public life. Having finished his argument, he shrugged his shoulders triumphantly and remarked: "Mais c'est bien différent parmi nous autres—nous Latins!"

For appalling frankness, however, commend me to the South Americans. I remember one dark-faced, supple Venezuelan who was in the last stages of locomotor ataxia. He could not carry his food to his mouth without using both his hands. He could not cross an absolutely level deck without pitching horribly at all sorts of angles. His face was drawn and was as white as chalk. He could not have been more than thirty years of age, and yet a course of altogether vicious living had brought him to this pass. He explained it quite indifferently to any one who happened to be smoking near him. He was, in a way, the most dreadful sight that I have ever seen. His physician in Carácas had told him that, with the utmost care, he could not expect to live for much more than a single year. What was his resolve? He had a small property remaining to him in Venezuela, and he had sold it for whatever he could get. With the money, he was on his way to Paris to take one final and tremendous plunge into the maelstrom of swirling, horrifying

sin, in the hope that at some moment there might descend the final blow which would strike him dead. To hear him tell, licking his chops the while, of a peculiarly vile diversion which he called *le pigeon à quatre ailes*, would give any one a new insight into the possibilities of human depravity, and make the alleged performances of Tiberius, at Capri, appear by contrast only the sport of innocent childhood. Strange as it may seem, the thought of death was seldom present to his mind; but, like some evil beast, he was contemplating the things that would hasten death, and he went over them in detail with a relish that was terrifying.

After all, it is better to be out upon the great broad deck which stretches from stem to stern and where you can feel three thousand miles of salty air blowing all about you and filling you with life. Almost every one records his impression of the ocean's vastness and of the comparative fragility of even the most powerful steamer. What Dickens wrote long ago is precisely what a great many persons would write even to-day, if they had his gift of language:



WITH THE STOKERS

Courtesy of the North German Lloyd

But what the agitation of a steam-vessel is, on a night in the wild Atlantic, it is impossible for the most vivid imagination to conceive. To say that she is flung down on her side in the waves, with her masts dipping into them, and that, springing up again, she rolls over on the other side, until a heavy sea strikes her with the noise of a hundred great guns, and hurls her back—that she stops, and staggers, and shivers as though stunned, and then, with a violent throbbing at her heart, darts onward like a monster goaded into madness, to be beaten down and battered and crushed and leaped on by the angry sea—that thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, and wind, are all in fierce contention for the mastery—that every plank has its groan, every nail its shriek, and every drop of water in the great ocean its howling voice—is nothing. To say that all is grand, and all appalling and horrible in the last degree, is nothing. Words cannot express it. Thoughts cannot convey it. Only a dream can call it up again in all its fury, rage, and passion.

Nearly thirty years afterward, when ocean steamers had become huge in size and immense in their capacity, Dickens wrote from America to his friend John Forster the same sort of description of the sea. I have never been able to understand the feeling which he and so many others have expressed. Whether the ocean be calm or whether it be stormy, it always appears to be something that man has conquered. It is the great steamer plunging intrepidly through wave and wrack that is the rightful object of wonder and admiration. If you can walk the deck at all, though you may have to grasp the life-line firmly, the most overwhelming

sensation that comes to you, is one of safety. For, in truth, with our limited vision we can see very little of the ocean at any one time—only a few miles, out of the thousands that surround us. It is the tremendous ship that one can best appreciate. One thinks of it as of a moving island. The skill of man has welded it together with spikes and steel and joists. The ingenuity of man has hidden great engines in its depths to drive it against the futile onrush of the water. The brain of man directs its course and bids it go to its appointed goal.

Just at eventime, look down the long expanse of deck. Forward there sound the strains of an orchestra. Below, hundreds of persons are dining as luxuriously as they would on land. In the smoking-room, men are laughing and telling stories over their *café noir*. The whole ship is flooded with light which gleams out of innumerable port-holes. A roll and a slight plunge blend into a rhythmic cadence as though the monster vessel were enjoying its swift passage through the deep. Even from the steerage far below, there come the notes of a violin and the sound of dancing feet. The complexity, the completeness, and the power of it all are wonderful even beyond the wonder of the misty sky-line and of the vast ocean which stretches far beyond your ken.

O ship, amid the illimitable sea,
Of human life, a true epitome.
Speeding its way through shadow and through
sun,
On, till at last its little course is run;
Laden with life, with laughter, and with
love—
Around, the Infinite, and God above!



A MODERN LEVIATHAN AGAINST THE NEW YORK SKY LINE

Courtesy of the North German Lloyd

MINE OWN PEOPLE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS*



THE proportions of novels with a foreign setting have increased so notably in recent months that a brief discussion of the underlying principles in accordance with which a novelist is or is not justified in going outside of his own environment seems to be not only timely but needful. And for a full understanding of these principles it is necessary to begin by recognising that the part played by the novelist is always that of an interpreter. He stands, as it were, to borrow Kipling's familiar phrase, as mediator between Mine Own People and the general public. In other words, the novelist who has a story worth the telling should possess some special knowledge about some class or section or community of human beings, more personal and intimate than that possessed by the majority of his readers; and at the same time he must have a sympathetic understanding of the particular public that he hopes to reach, which will enable him to express this special knowledge in terms commensurate with their own experience. It matters not whether the writer is a Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman, interpreting the New England farmer's wife to her American sisters, or Giovanni Verga, revealing the Sicilian peasant to the rest of Italy, or Rudyard Kipling, opening the heart of India to the whole Anglo-Saxon world—the underlying principle remains

*Anne of Tréboul. By Marie Louise Goetchius. New York: The Century Company.

A Village of Vagabonds. By F. Berkeley Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Undesirable Governess. By Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Twisted Foot. By Henry Milner Rideout. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Pursuit. By Frank Savage. Boston and New York: Little, Brown and Company.

Indian Dust. By Otto Rothfeld. New York: The John Lane Company.

Fortune. By J. C. Snaith. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

precisely the same. A native Hindoo who had never been outside his own village, never come in contact with Englishmen, could presumably write an accurate story of his own people, full of intimate truths and vivid colour—but it could not possibly grip our attention after the manner of *Kim*, because its point of view, its outlook upon life, would be one that we could not possibly share. And, on the other hand, an American who had never been outside the limits of Sioux Falls or Council Bluffs could not, by any burning of the midnight oil, write a story of modern India that would carry conviction. In other words, the novelist is like the actor; in order to succeed he must know not only his lines but his audience.

It follows, then, as a first general principle, that without some special structural reason so strong as to become imperative the wise novelist never uses what, from his point of view, is a foreign setting. It may be foreign to you and to me—but that makes no difference; that is no exception to the rule, so long as the writer himself is in a position to think of his characters as Mine Own People. We feel, for instance, no aloofness, no sense of being shut out when we read the Saracinesca novels of Mr. Crawford. Here, indeed, is an ideal illustration of the principle involved. By education and environment and, in later years, by deliberate choice, he was an Italian among Italians, speaking their language, sharing their habits and very largely thinking their thoughts. But because he was American, Mr. Crawford was able in a subtle and unobtrusive way so to translate and explain the words and deeds of his characters that our first thought of Corona d'Astradente, of the old Prince of Saracinesca, or of the melancholy Spica, is not that they are foreigners, but simply fellow human beings.

And this brings us to a second important principle: namely, that an author who is interpreting between his characters and his audience, when they are relatively foreign to each other, must view his story

not through the eyes of the characters themselves, but from a detached outside standpoint. What people do is comparatively easy to understand when you are allowed to see them do it, even though the motives behind the deed are obscure. When Alfio in *Cavalleria Rusticana* seizes Turiddu's ear between his teeth by way of challenge, any American audience grasps the purport of the act, though the general history of the custom, and the special line of reasoning in this individual case are not revealed to them. If you think a moment you will realise that the really successful novels that deal with people widely separated from us by language or religion or social or mental planes are seldom, if ever, of the psychological type; they are written simply and frankly from the outside. An *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, seen wholly through the narrow angle of Uncle Tom's own eyes, interpreted only by the slow and defective processes of an aged slave's brain, would have been too soporific ever to fan the flames of a Civil War. An epic of modern India, coming to us transmuted through the biased brain of a Brahmin or Mohammedan, would be infinitely bore-some. And that is why the great interpreters of psychological fiction wisely confine themselves to the men and women of culture and refinement, people fairly near our own sphere of life, who think and speak and act as we would do under the same circumstances, and therefore need a minimum of interpretation. Some powerful and, as it happens, rather gruesome stories have been written about homicidal apes. But both the *Murders in the Rue Morgue* and Kipling's *Bimi* are purely objective in the method of telling—nor is it conceivable that any profit could have resulted from attempting to follow the convolutions of an orang-outang's brain.

The question naturally arises: If an author should confine himself to interpreting the people whom he knows best, and if, by so doing, he will accomplish his best work, how is it that many novels of recognised ability are apparently transgressions of this rule? There is Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*; there is the famous Waterloo episode in *Vanity Fair*; there is the whole series of Henry James's

novels from *Roderick Hudson* onward, to mention only a few cases at haphazard. And, from time to time, there have been conspicuous popular successes due beyond doubt to their foreign setting; such, for instance, as Marion Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs*, Du Maurier's *Trilby*, Ouida's *Under Two Flags*, and more recently, Robert Hichens's *Garden of Allah* and *The Lady of the Decoration*, by Frances Little. But a moment's consideration will show that these are really not exceptions to the rule but illustrations of one phase of it. What these various authors have been interested in studying is not merely the atmosphere of India or Italy or Paris or Algiers or Japan, nor the manners and customs of these countries. In all the cases cited and in a host of others like them, the underlying purpose is the more complex one of studying cosmopolitanism; of seeing an alien civilisation through the eyes of an Anglo-Saxon, interpreting it to the extent of his understanding of it and studying its effects upon his temperament and his life. For Robert Hichens to attempt to write a novel of native Bedouins, or for Frances Little to try to give us a romance peopled only by Japanese would seem the height of folly. But the books they actually wrote remain within the rule because they are studies of women of our own race exposed, for the time being, to unusual experiences in strange climes.

Now and then it may happen that a novelist hits upon a theme the nature of which necessarily localises it. A Mormon novel could not conceivably be laid in London or New York; a novel hinging on the illegality of marriage with a deceased wife's sister must be English by its very essence. To all intents and purposes, Harriet Beecher Stowe, born and bred in New England, was a foreigner to the people and the life of New Orleans; yet, if she must write a novel of slavery, she must perforce lay her scene either in the South or in some other part of the globe even remoter in point of time and space. And in like manner, many another novel with themes less momentous perhaps, yet well worth serious workmanship, has forced its author to undertake a patient study of some foreign environment, some alien people, and consciously handicap

himself at the start by the additional difficulty of working with unfamiliar material. And although success in this type of work makes the book not one whit bigger than if the scene had been laid in the author's own back yard or his neighbour's front parlour, yet he does deserve from the critic an additional word of praise for the sheer work accomplished, the extra resistance that has been overcome.

Anne of Tréboul, by Marie Louise Goetchius, is one of those exceptional volumes in which the foreign setting justifies itself. Not that the

theme of the story belongs solely and inevitably to the life of a Breton fishing village, for it deals with simple fundamental truths of life, and the tale is one that in its main outline has re-enacted itself a thousand times the world over. But the value of Mrs. Goetchius's story lies not so much in her central theme as in her quite unusual sense of artistic proportion, the nice balance that she strikes between action and character, between the moods of her people and the colour and atmosphere of their environment. From the opening paragraph, one gets an all pervading sense of greyness that harmonises with the patient fatalism of a primitive fisher folk—the greyness of sky and sea and mist-laden air, from which you can fairly feel the scattering raindrops that presage a coming storm. The whole book is keyed to this same note. The central figure, Anne, is a hunchback, who looks out with wistful eyes on the hopeless years ahead of her. Love and marriage and joy are so obviously not her portion that one day when the fishing boats come in and the biggest, strongest, handsomest of all the young fishermen of the village singles her out for a special greeting, walks home with her, begs her to go with him to the big religious fête that takes place on the morrow, she can scarcely believe her great good fortune. She does not understand, as the rest of the village do, that his notice of her is only meant as vengeance upon the village belle who has openly favoured his rival. To pass her by with indifference and publicly give preference to the crippled Anne is the

most cutting way that he can find for scorning her. But Anne, knowing nothing of this, goes with him to the fête—and between the exaltation of the church services, and the dancing and merriment and plentiful good red wine, even the man, as they loiter homeward, believes for the time being his promises and protestations—and the deeper greyness of night shuts down and there is no voice heard but the monotonous beat of the waters, and the first chapter of Anne's tragedy is closed. But all too soon the fact is driven home to Anne that in spite of his promises he does not love her, that his heart belongs to the other girl who has the beauty that fate has denied to Anne. She is strong with the spirit of martyrdom, but there is one thing that she refuses to bear, and that is marriage to a man who has no love to give her. So, although her mother is vociferous with shrill abuse and the kind-hearted and scandalised old priest points out that she is bringing shame upon herself and her child after her, and the young man himself has come in contrition to take her as his wife, she refuses to marry him. Whatever sufferings her mistake entails she will bear as best she may, but he belongs to the other girl, and doggedly she sends him back to her. Years roll away through the same monotonous greyness of fisher life, the waves yielding their annual toll of fish and taking their annual toll of men. Indifferent outwardly to scorn and isolation, Anne has found comfort and solace in the boy who has shot up, strong and sturdy, a miniature copy of his father. The latter, long since married to Anne's rival, has but one other child, a sickly, spoiled little sneak, a liar and a coward like his mother. It is small wonder that the father finds no joy at home, that in sheer loneliness and disgust he sometimes drinks more than is good for him, and that finally seeing Anne's boy growing up so big and strong, he feels a mighty craving to have some share in the lad, who after all by rights belongs to him. Now, throughout all the sorrow and suffering the years have brought to Anne there is one unspoken dread mightier than the rest: she fears the day when the hereditary instinct of the born fisherman will assert itself and the boy will go from

her to the sea. And that, of course, is what does happen. When the boy's father makes himself known, the boy hesitates, for his mother's love weighs heavily on one side of the scale. But after all a father has much to give which even a mother's love cannot replace; and then besides to choose his father means also to choose the sea. So the man and the boy sail out one grey morning into the mist and the woman is left alone, praying dumbly and straining her eyes as she peers out over the leaden waters. The whole volume is a remarkable example of the power that lies in simplicity—the simplicity of style and of colouring and of basic primitive emotions. It shows a great forward stride beyond any of the work that this young author has hitherto made public. There is in it only one false note, and that is the suggestion that in letting her son choose the sea, Anne is making her great sacrifice for his welfare. This way of looking at it is, of course, mere sentimentalism. One feels that quite regardless of Anne, the sea is the boy's destiny. If he does not go this year, he will go the next or the year after, and although it may please Anne to think that she is deciding for him, she is really only yielding to the inevitable.

A Village of Vagabonds, by F. Berkeley Smith, affords a suggestive contrast to the foregoing book, because of its similarity of setting and its radically different style of treatment.

The village which this author chooses to picture is an almost forgotten little community on the coast of Normandy, not far from the Belgium frontier. The point of view is frankly that of an American artist who, for his own pleasure, has temporarily buried himself alive in this primitive environment and is extracting an infinite enjoyment in a quiet way from his study of the quaint and curious local types. No two books could be conceived of so close in subject-matter and so wide apart in mood. *Anne of Tréboul* was tragedy, sustained and unrelieved. *A Village of Vagabonds* skims the surface of life's joys and sorrows with a certain whimsical sympathy, blended with an artist's inborn appreciation of the values of light and shade. The book is

not a novel; it is a collection of what are scarcely short stories, if judged by the strict rules of technique. Yet there is a marvellous amount of human nature of the better sort packed away in them. There is, for instance, the history of Marianne, "the old hag with clear blue eyes, who walks with the stride of a man, and who looks at you squarely, at times disdainfully—even when drunk"—an inveterate thief, whom even Monsieur le Curé cannot reform, and who nevertheless is the best mother in the village and famed for her charitable deeds to the unfortunate. Then, too, there is the story of how Monsieur le Curé was arrested for theft because he had taken the fifteen hundred francs raised for new bells for his little church and had spent them during a hard winter to relieve poverty and suffering.

They came to me, little children—mothers ill, with little children and not a sou in the house and none to be earned fishing. Old men crying for bread for those whom they loved. I grew to hate the very thought of the bells; they seemed to me a needless luxury among so much misery.

And there are a score of other pictures equally vivid, equally pervaded with the fine and deep understanding of human nature; and blended with them lighter touches, flashes of the sunshine of youth and romance—such as the pervasive presence of Suzette, the author's maid who "sang all the day," and whose incomparable coffee rises like a redolent incense from the pages.

The late Marion Crawford possessed that enviable cosmopolitanism which enabled him to write as "The Undesirable Governess" though talking of Mine Own People in whatever corner of the globe he might happen to lay his scene. But somehow in the latest of his posthumous volumes, *The Undesirable Governess*, one feels that Mr. Crawford was not, even by any indulgent stretching of the term, picturing people whom he thought of as his own. Here, as in more than one of his later volumes, the characters lack vitality. They are puppets, moved at will upon a miniature stage, pawns in a careless half-hour game of make-believe. This is not said in a spirit of disparagement. The

marvel about Mr. Crawford's work was that he could be so prolific, and at the same time take his characters with such uniform seriousness. And even here, in this frankly inferior story, he still shows himself a good craftsman. Supposing we were to set the task as a competition open to all novelists to make a novel out of the following material: a British matron, knowing the susceptibility of her husband and sons, advertises for a governess for her two unmanagable daughters, specifying that the applicant must be devoid of all physical attraction. One of the sons has already secretly engaged himself to a young woman who, although beautiful, has no fortune; and this young woman, foreseeing family opposition, wishes to win the approval of her future mother-in-law before the engagement is announced; so, by the help of an ingenious makeup, a small pillow under her left shoulder and a triple sole on her right shoe, she manages to come up to the specifications of the advertisement. Here and there, perhaps, a clever writer might convert this into an acceptable short story—but even Mr. Crawford's matchless fertility of resource has been unable to spin it out to the dimensions of a novel excepting at the cost of an obvious and painful tenuity.

A couple of volumes which may conveniently be discussed together are *The Twisted Foot*, by Henry Milner Rideout, and *The Pursuit*, by Frank Savage. The former is defined in its sub-title as "A Thrilling Malay Mystery"; the latter might similarly have been labelled "A Thrilling Mystery of Tangiers." In neither book do we get the impression that the author ever once thought of the native characters as standing to him in the relation of Mine Own People. They are simply so many stage properties, things to juggle with, matters of light and colour and scenic effect, like a painted pagoda or a cardboard crocodile. Mr. Rideout's tale is of the two rather better managed. It opens with the narrator's discovery of a white man living alone in a bungalow on an isolated island somewhere near the Philippines—a mysterious exile who is apparently engaged in smuggling, and who has serious cause

for fearing an attack from the natives. As it happens, the narrator overhears, though he is too late to witness or to prevent, the other man's brutal murder by some unknown savage, who leaves behind him only one mark for identification—a bloody footprint showing the large toe projecting at right angles. The dead man also leaves but one thing by which to identify him, the portrait of a very beautiful American girl. The purpose of the rest of the story is twofold: to discover the identity of the girl and to run down and wreak vengeance upon the man with the twisted toe—and both of these purposes Mr. Rideout accomplishes with a maximum of suspense and impending dangers.

The Pursuit, by Frank Savage, is an even greater tax upon the reader's credulity. The opening situation is this: the daughter of an American millionaire, unhappily married to an English scoundrel, has obtained, through the divorce courts, her freedom and the custody of her little son, on condition that she does not take him to America. Because of the child's weak lungs, however, the courts decree that he shall spend the winter months in North Africa; and here the hero of the story first encounters the boy, his American grandfather, and his young and charming aunt. Incidentally, it develops that the mother, having broken down under her trials, is in a private insane asylum. The significance of the title, *The Pursuit*, lies in the fact that the unscrupulous father is determined, regardless of the law, to get his son back again; and he is unconsciously aided in this by the headstrong little boy's bad habit of running away. The hero, knowing nothing of all this and meeting these people for the first time, is instrumental at the start in rescuing the small boy and restoring him to the fascinating young aunt; and shortly afterward he again has the good luck to save the boy from the tusks of a wild boar, and thus further place himself in the young woman's debt. It happens, however, that the hero is own cousin to the scoundrelly Englishman who is trying to kidnap the boy. And when his plot finally succeeds, it is very difficult to make the young

"The
Pursuit"

woman believe that the two men are not in league together. To convince her of his good intentions and to be instrumental in restoring the kidnapped boy are the two purposes which animate the hero throughout the book. It must be confessed that, as a hero, he hardly rises to the heights expected of him, since his best planned efforts are always being frustrated and it takes nothing less than a hurricane, a shipwreck, a tidal wave and the earthquake at Messina to make virtue triumphant and villainy defeated. And even then, when the arch villain is shown to us, dragged from under tons of brick and mortar, bleeding and broken, and his eyes burned from their sockets by quicklime—even then it takes the united efforts of half a dozen *carabinieri* to save the valiant hero from his last attack. The book is really melodrama, an orgy of it.

Indian Dust, by Otto Rothfeld, deserves a few words of very cordial praise.

**"Indian
Dust"**

The author, who records upon the title page that he is or has been of the Indian Civil Service, has brought together in this modest volume a group of native stories that have the unmistakable flavour and redolence of the native life. They are not stories that lend themselves readily to a brief retelling—they depend too much upon the quality of their phrasing, the light and shadow of some single word. To some readers, they will seem almost too foreign, too remote in their mood and point of view to be sympathetic; yet, if you take the trouble to get beneath the surface you find yourself curiously swayed by strange, unwonted emotions, a certain new and fantastic outlook upon life. It is hard to choose between these stories: the very titles, "A Bhil Idyl," "A Rajput Lady," "Behind the Pardah," "From Sudden Death," one after another invoke strange memories of smouldering passions and hatreds, lurking vengeance, grim fatalism, the peace that comes from fulfilling one's duty according to one's lights. The author lacks the compelling vigour of Kipling, but that does not alter the fact that he has much to say about India which is well worth heeding and that in his quiet way he says it extremely well.

Mr. J. C. Snaith is without question the

man of most unique achievement and sanguine promise among the younger generation of English novelists. He seems temperamentally unable to produce a new volume without darting off upon a line so radically new as to produce a startling surprise. It would be hard to find—with the single exception of Alfred Ollivant's *Bob, Son of Battle*, *Redcoat Captain*, and *The Gentleman*—any three volumes by a contemporary English writer of greater versatility than *Broke of Covenden*, *William Jordan, Jr.*, and *Araminta*. And now, once again, he upsets all our expectations by the production of *Fortune*—a most

"Fortune"

amazing volume which one discusses gingerly, apologetically, not quite sure to what extent it is written in sober earnest and how far it may be a travesty upon the picaresco type, a *Don Quixote* from the modern standpoint. One would conjecture that it was written in very much the same mental attitude as Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*—that the author had started in to scoff, to indite a parody, and suddenly had fallen under the spell of his own burlesque characters, become enamoured of them, glorified them. Be this guess a happy one or not, it is a correct statement of the mental process through which the reader moves despite himself. He accepts the opening chapter with reluctance. Surely, this braggadocio Spaniard, this conceited young ignoramus, who thinks his native town the centre of the world, who can conceive of nothing outside the frontiers of Spain, is not to be taken seriously. And when, shortly, he meets with the colossal and grotesque English giant, Sir Richard Pendragon, fights his bizarre duel, is vanquished, humiliated and stripped of all his possessions, the reader rubs his eyes and gasps and questions helplessly, if this be literature or a scene from out a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Here is a brief passage which fairly gives the flavour of the story:

While awaiting with as much composure as I could summon that stroke which was to put me out of life, there happened a strange thing. There had come into the room, unobserved by us both, the tap-wench to the inn. And in a moment, seeing what was toward, this brave

little creature, not much bigger than a stool, and as handsome and flashing a queen as I ever saw, ran between me and the sword of my adversary.

"Hold, you bloody foreign man!" she cried imperiously.

"Nay, hold yourself, you neat imp," said the Englishman, catching her around the middle by his right arm, and lightly hoisting her a dozen paces as though she had been a sack of feathers. Yet he had made but a poor reckoning if he thought he could thus dispose of this fearless thing. For his wine cup, half full of sherry, which had been set in the chimney-place out of the way of hap, was to her hand. She picked it up and hurled the pot and its contents full in the face of the giant.

"Take it, you wicked piece of villainy!" she cried.

The story, when fairly developed, turns out to be a chronicle of the efforts of three bizarre soldiers of fortune, the pre-

tentious and ignorant Spaniard, the bombastic Richard Pendragon, "in whose veins flowed the blood of kings," and the Comte de Nullepart, unacknowledged son of the French sovereign, to rescue, on behalf of the Duke of Montesina's daughter, her family estates from the greed of John of Castille. Burlesque or not, the amazing audacity of the tale sweeps you along in spite of yourself. In a way, the production of such a book in these opening years of the twentieth century is in the nature of an anachronism. It proves that there is still the possibility of writing genuine, old-fashioned, virile romance with real brawn and muscle in it—a possibility which the modern flabby, weak-kneed swash-buckler type of fiction has long taught us to despair of. For this reason, all hail to Mr. Snaith's latest and most unique achievement.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I

There is some snap in the following letter from New York City, subscribed with the initials "T. B. M."

How many rejection slips does it take to prove that their recipient cannot write? I wish that you would make haste with your book and not stop to compile vegetarian bibliographies for the idle epicureans. It doesn't matter what they eat and it *does* matter whether we starve. Will you get at the book?

We reply hastily that we are intending to get at the book at a very early date; because the letters that we have received show that it is greatly needed. It will not be theoretical but wholly practical, with all sorts of vivid, yet not generally known, truths about editors, authors, publishers, manuscript readers, and all the mysteries of what Mr. James Ford once called The Literary Shop. He never got beyond the humorous aspect of it, but we are going down to hard-pan.

II

A letter from what would seem to be the impossible town of Richibucto in New Brunswick, is too long to print. It says some pleasant things about THE BOOKMAN, but it thinks that the author of *The New Baedeker* does not know what he is talking about when he refers to Canada. Incidentally the writer twits us for our attitude toward England at the time of the Boer War. We must ask her (she signs herself Canadienne) to go back over our files. She will find that our great cause of offence to Englishmen and Canadians at that time was the fact that we jeered at the military blunders of General Buller. At first all Englishmen regarded Buller as a second Napoleon. We perceived from the first that he was making a mess of his campaign, and we said so. Later on he was disgraced by the British War Office, retired from service, and has passed into history as "the Ferryman of the Modder River." After this came about, there was a great hush up in

Canada, and we ceased to receive post-cards embellished with gibbets, hangmen's ropes, and other symbols of speedy and disgraceful death. However, we are not going to bring up unpleasant memories, especially as the letter ends with the following paragraph, which would mollify a gorilla.

I had intended to ask the Editor of the Letter Box to spend his next vacation in this province by the sea, when we would give him the time of his life; but he must come provided with revolvers and rapid-firing guns, etc., as the natives are rather fierce at times.

We prefer to come unarmed, for we don't believe in the least that the "natives" are ferocious; and we are quite sure that our hostess will accept our apologies with infinite grace.

III

A London reader gives us a twist which we reproduce without any comment, just so that he can enjoy himself with us.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: It's really too bad to spoil a good thrust and a clever parry, but it happens that both you and the Virginia gentleman whose letter you print in your Letter Box in January are wrong. The real facts about the Herlock Sholmes—Holmlock Shears—mystery are:

Herlock Sholmes was the name used by M. Leblanc in the French version of the stories. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, the translator, fearing that the name was not comprehensible in English, changed it with the author's consent to Holmlock Shears in his translation.

Isn't it delicious to rout two critics of such acumen with one blow!—What!

A LONDON READER.

IV

From the Illinois State Library in Springfield, a lady sends us a letter which flashes a shaft or two at one of our reviewers, and then gives some really interesting criticism of the recent book by Admiral Evans. So far as our reviewer is concerned, we may say that in the limited space at his disposal he could not

track the Admiral down to every possible lair. He did point out a number of errors, but was chiefly employed in grieving over the Admiral's un-American fondness for Royal Highnesses.

DEAR SIR: In the May number of your esteemed magazine, in the Letter Box, you say in answer to "a lady from Chicago" that becoming a book reviewer is mainly "a matter of chance." A most discouraging reply to a would-be worker in that direction. A few minutes later I was reading, in the same number, a review of Admiral Evans's *An Admiral's Log*, and I concluded you could not well have given any other answer, as thorough and careful reading is evidently not one of the means of arriving at success in that line. (Notice that I refrain from saying "along that line.")

It is beyond me to understand how the most casual reader could fail to notice that the Chinese brought their own food from an evident fear that they might be poisoned, is to even a most superficial reader of Chinese customs quite ridiculous, as the ordinary house-servant even furnishes his own provisions, they not being included in his wages. This, however, is simply an opinion of Mr. Evans's and may be overlooked. But not so the paragraph on page 52, which places the tomb of Abraham Lincoln in Chicago! He says: "When we had changed our uniforms, Prince Henry proceeded to place a wreath on the tomb of Abraham Lincoln. He was accompanied by Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, Mayor Harrison, Chief Wilkie and myself. Other carriages carried the rest of the party, including the German Consul, to Chicago. As soon as the wreath had been placed, Prince Henry took a spade and planted a tree near the tomb, and the ceremony was complete. Mr. Lincoln seemed particularly touched by this tribute to the memory of his father when informed that it was at the command of the Emperor of Germany!!!" The exclamation points are mine. If my memory serves me right, there are some such ceremony at the Lincoln Monument in Lincoln Park, Chicago, but what sort of a chronicler would confound a statue with a tomb! No mention is made, I believe, of the burial place at Springfield, nor of passing through that city.

This is just a passing suggestion that something more than mere "chance" might well be made a requirement for reviews that are to appear in so important a publication as *THE BOOKMAN*.

V

We have received a good many letters containing suggestions for the Inferno, but are obliged to hold them over until next month, as we must do something to catch up in cataloguing

THE LETTER-BOX'S POST-CARD PICTURE-GALLERY

51. The Acropolis and Theseum at Athens. Presented by Miss Carolyn Wells, who pleasantly remarks: "There is something about the atmosphere of the Acropolis that makes me think of the Letter-Box." Miss Wells must have been making a short visit at Delphi.

52. Sunrise in Florida. From "A Florida Friend," who says: "You dear Sir Knight of the Castle of Culture, of course you shall have some postals. Please accept this from one who has taken much delight for many years in your jousts."

53. The Jackson Library, Stockbridge, Massachusetts. The giver of this card adds in ink "The Intellectual Centre of Berkshire County," and he has drawn a placard on the top of the Library with the notice: "Just received the complete works of Brander Matthews." It is a pretty Library, but seems scarcely large enough for its last consignment.

54. Patriotism. Representing a soldier's accoutrements during the Civil War. Signed: "From a subscriber since the first number of THE BOOKMAN. E.H.R." Then he must really have gone through at least fifteen years of Civil War.

55. A Panoramic View of Havre. This is a post-card in tryptich style showing the water-front at Havre, and sent "with good wishes and an infinite appreciation from more than one of us, who discovered Havre before The New Baedeker did. Do look in on us some day—any day." There are a number of other friendly remarks for which we return cordial thanks.

56. Japanese Gardens, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. There is an observation on the back with reference to something that we said not long ago. It reads: "Mr. Colby is all right, but Samuel M. Crothers

happens to be the foremost American essayist. Do you want to fight? A." We are willing enough to fight; only it is hardly necessary. Mr. Colby and his writings will do that for him, and very effectively.

57. Lake Palmer Park, Detroit, Michigan. From a friend who writes from Grosse Isle in Michigan, and says convivially: "Here's to the Letter Box! May it live long and prosper!"

58. View of Square, Spartanburg, South Carolina, showing bronze statues erected in honour of General Daniel Morgan, victor of Cowpens. A handsome view of a very handsome plaza. Some information on the front of the card is given us concerning the statue and the city. Pleasantest of all is the last sentence: "Come and see us."

59. Casino, Belle Isle, Detroit, Michigan. Sent anonymously.

60. Canal Scene, Detroit, Michigan. Sent anonymously.

61. Detroit Boat Club, Belle Isle, Detroit, Michigan.

62. Pavillion Lake, Detroit, Michigan. Sent anonymously.

63. Baptism in the Sunny South. Representing a coloured congregation standing on the edge of a pond and watching a baptism by immersion. The sender, in Birmingham, Alabama, remarks that this is "suitable for a dark corner in the Picture Gallery."

64. Ensley Steel Plant, Birmingham, Alabama. From the same generous donor, who says, "The same drive might carry you past these great mills." On the whole, we prefer the baptism with its brilliant blur of red and yellow and green, the splashing water in the foreground, and the sable clergyman performing the rite. Steel plants are too prosaic and matter-of-fact. However, we like to have our Gallery as varied as possible; and so the steel plant and the baptism, placed side by side, fall in with our particular humour.

By the way, this matter of arranging our artistic gems is giving us some trouble. We like to oblige all our contributors, yet a great many of them have put us in an embarrassing position. Many and many a pretty card has come with

the request "Please put this next to the two cats who are drinking milk out of a blue saucer." We should be glad to do so; but after we have placed a card above the cats and another below the cats, and two others on each side of the cats, what are we going to do with the rest? So

far as we can see, the only solution is to change cards occasionally so as to give them all a chance in turn at the coveted place; or else perhaps, some one might present us with some new cats, also drinking milk out of a blue saucer.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PUBLISHER



WHEN Boswell suggested to Johnson that Mr. Robert Dodsley's life should be written, "as he had been so much connected with the wits of his time, and by his literary merits had raised himself from the station of a footman," Johnson expressed a doubt if James Dodsley would thank any man who undertook the task, but added that Robert "was not unwilling that his original low station should be recollected." So "decent, humble and inoffensive," in Horace Walpole's words, was the man who began life as a footman and ended it as the trusted friend and associate of some of the most distinguished men of his time. He was, wrote Shenstone, "a person whose writings I esteem in common with the public; but of whose simplicity, humanity, benevolence and true politeness I have had repeated and particular experience." Poet, playwright and publisher, from first to last the architect of his own fortune, Robert Dodsley surely deserves a greater measure of remembrance than has hitherto accrued to him. Barring a few contemporary notices, the article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and a charming essay by Mr. Austin Dobson, there is no account of his singularly interesting career. Mr. Ralph Straus is to be especially thanked, therefore, for the handsome volume* in which he sets forth all the known facts of that career. He

has found much new material, including two hundred letters from Dodsley himself; and he has prepared careful bibliographies of his writings and of the volumes published by him between 1735 and 1764. Pope, Johnson, Akenside, Shenstone, Young, Warton, Collins, Goldsmith, Gray, Walpole, Lyttelton, Richardson, Sterne, Gay, Burke—these are among the names in the list bearing the imprint of Tully's Head. It is something like a roll-call of the English literature of the eighteenth century.

Robert Dodsley came of a respectable Midland family, of substantial yeoman stock. Just why his father preferred school-teaching to farming we do not know; but for one reason or another he took to an unprofitable profession, and his many children had to support themselves at an early age. Robert was apprenticed to a weaver. He hated this work; he was badly treated; he ran away to London; he entered the service of Charles Dartiquenave (the Dartineuf of Swift) as a footman. These facts are known; everything else in connection with this period of his life is obscure. Mr. Straus surmises that Dodsley may have seen more than one man of letters, the celebrated Mr. Pope among them, at Dartiquenave's house. Pope, at least, afterward did much to help him in his literary ambitions, and advanced him a hundred pounds when he set up as a publisher. That he was not unconscious of his superiority to his station is indicated by various passages in his own writings that plainly refer to himself. "The miseries of a thinking man," he notes in one

*Robert Dodsley: Poet, Publisher and Playwright. By Ralph Straus. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company.

place, "are intolerably aggravated by the quick sense he has of them; his sufferings are augmented by his own cruel reflections; every uncomfortable circumstance depresses his spirits; the contempt with which the world looks upon him in a mean and despicable habit, the rude illiterate company he is forced to associate with, and the many insults, inconveniences and restraints which he undergoes in this despised, unpitied state, are themes which afford him a great many melancholy reflections." It says much for the essential nobility of Dodsley's character that he was not embittered by his experiences in a menial position; much, too, for his innate capacity that he should educate himself amid all discouragements sufficiently to obtain, not merely success as a publisher, but also a conspicuous place among the writers of his time. It was after he had left Dartiquenave's service and entered that of the Honourable Jane Lowther, where he was apparently treated with greater consideration, that the opportunity to print *A Muse in Livery* came to him; it was issued with a remarkable subscription list of over two hundred names, many of them belonging to the peerage. Eventually the success he won was to advance him in life; but he does not appear to have left Mrs. Lowther's service for some time afterward. We can only imagine how he wrote his verses, or that once famous play, *The Toy-shop*, which Pope got Rich to produce, and the success of which enabled him to begin his real career at Tully's Head.

Tully's Head, opened by Dodsley in 1735, shortly after his marriage, was in Pall Mall, possibly fronting on that thoroughfare—for such, though in those days a narrow roadway, it was. The Quality affected it greatly, as well as the men of letters.

At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd
The soft supports of laziness and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sashes ribbons
 glow
The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.

The Dodsley imprint was to become a famous one, and Tully's Head was to be a

favourite resort for persons of distinction. The publisher was on the best of terms, for the most part, with his authors, whom indeed he treated with liberality. They liked to look in at the bookshop from time to time, in the leisurely eighteenth century way; just as half a century ago in Boston, which was then in many respects an eighteenth century town, the authors of the neighbourhood affected the Old Corner Bookstore, and the society of Mr. Fields. Dodsley did not attain his prosperity without at least one serious episode. The first book in the publication of which he bore a share was one of Pope's; he put forth, early in 1738, the first poem of Samuel Johnson, then an unknown writer; but the satirical poem by Paul Whitehead (not the Laureate), entitled *Manners*, published in the following year, was the means of his being brought to the bar of the House of Lords for libel and condemned to a term of imprisonment which his influential friends were able to get cut short. Lord Essex presented his petition for release, expressing sorrow for his offence and representing that "his confinement from his Business will be a great Detriment, if not the total Ruin of himself, his Wife and Family," and he "was ordered to be discharged out of custody, paying his fees." Perhaps, after all, it did him no harm; it was Johnson's belief that "the whole process was probably intended rather to intimidate Pope than to punish Whitehead;" for Pope had been making free with the reputations of some of their lordships, though he was too great a man to be directly attacked.

In the main, however, Dodsley's relations with his authors were agreeable as well as profitable. "The true *Noctes Atticæ*," Johnson used to say, "are revived at honest Dodsley's house;" and in fact the meetings at Tully's Head may fairly be compared with those of a later time at the famous Club. It was Dodsley, too, who first suggested the *Dictionary*, and who bore a part in the expense of preparing it. He was a little distressed, it seems, when Johnson, smarting under Lord Chesterfield's neglect, wrote the familiar letter rejecting that nobleman's belated patronage; he had "a property in the *Dictionary*," he said, "to which his

Lordship's patronage might have been of consequence." Nothing, however, ever interrupted his friendship with the man whose literary dictatorship was not always mildly exercised—a circumstance which speaks well for his tact and generosity. Perhaps these qualities are more frequent in publishers than authors are willing to acknowledge. It was Dodsley, too, who published Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination* when the Newcastle doctor was practically unknown, on Pope's assurance that "this was no every-day writer"; and what is more, he gave Akenside a hundred and twenty pounds for it—no niggardly offer in the circumstances. One of his most intimate friends was Shenstone, whose tribute to him has already been quoted. It may be doubted if *The Schoolmistress* is much read now, though it established its author's reputation and richly merited its popularity. Shenstone, however, was quite as much interested in his garden at the Leasowes as in his poetry, and Dodsley had to remind him now and then of his promises to forward manuscripts. "What is become of your *Ode on Rural Elegance*? I was in hopes to have seen it before this time; but I suppose it must now suffer a severe and causeless Persecution under your hands, for faults which nobody but yourself could accuse it of. I am strongly tempted to come *vi et armis*, and rescue it from your Cruelty." The poet thought the publisher "a very sincere man," but he would not accept this compliment at its face value.

The two great undertakings by which Dodsley is best remembered to-day are his *Old Plays* and his *Collection of Poems*. It was his interest in the stage which suggested to him the former enterprise. Students of English drama owe this eighteenth century publisher a vast debt of gratitude for preserving in a form still accessible many early plays which might otherwise have been lost. It is worth noting that, in an age which is often accused of indifference to the great Elizabethans, the *Old Plays* sold well. Dodsley was not a profound critic in the modern sense, but his introductions in this collection show good sense and wide reading. The *Poems*, which finally ran to six volumes, are, as Mr. Straus says, a

precursor of *The Golden Treasury*. The idea, of course, was not new; Dryden's *Miscellany* had been published half a century earlier. But it was timely, as Dodsley shrewdly perceived. He obtained many contributions for the work through his friendly relations with poets. Horace Walpole and Joseph Spence showed a vast interest in the undertaking. The publisher, however, had his troubles, and he must have occasionally found it hard to keep his temper with his exacting and supersensitive contributors. Ten years elapsed between the publication of the first volume and the last; and by this time, depressed by the loss of his wife and afflicted with the gout and other physical ailments, he began to think of retiring from active business. He had enough money for his needs, and he had no reason to fear that time would hang heavily on his hands. His career as publisher indicates the extent of his intellectual resources; but he was an author of some repute as well, even if to-day almost his sole surviving work is a little lyric, *One Kind Kiss Before We Part*, which few persons know he wrote. Even *The Economy of Human Life*, the authorship of which has been credited to Chesterfield, Lyttelton and others, though Mr. Straus makes out a strong case for Dodsley, is hardly a name to most readers.

Dodsley came nearest to revealing a touch of genius, perhaps, in the best of his plays, the tragedy of *Cleone*. This, too, is practically forgotten, though it had a marked success when it was produced by Rich. Somewhat stilted to modern ears, it is none the less well written and its pathos is sound. Mrs. Siddons revived it toward the end of the century, but was forced to give it up "because her audiences were so deeply affected." It was in truth an age of "sensibility." The production of *Cleone* brought Dodsley into collision with Garrick, who had refused the manuscript and who afterward attempted to injure the first performance by appearing on the same evening in *The Busybody* for the first time. In the controversy which followed the advantage rested with the publisher. Garrick was moved to write to Dodsley that he intended him no injury, adding, "If you will call upon me, and let me know how

I can support your interest without giving up my own, I will do it." Dodsley's reply shows that he was quite able to hold his own. After thanking Garrick for his compliments, he says, "I hope you do not think that after what has past I can possibly bring myself to ask a favour of you. In short, if your behaviour to me has been right, I see no cause you have to be concern'd about it; if wrong, why was it so? I am certain I gave you no provocation for it." Dodsley may have been "humble and inoffensive," but he was not lacking in the capacity for righteous resentment. Yet his quarrels in a rather quarrelsome age were few, and

those who knew him were for the most part sincerely attached to him.

Mr. Straus's book is a mine of agreeable anecdote, as well as a genuine addition to our knowledge both of the publisher and of his authors. It is well that a man of Dodsley's high character and real ability should be put in a truer light before a generation that has forgotten him. His success was richly deserved and justly won; and he was an ornament in every respect to the trade that is half a profession and which at its best estate has always maintained professional standards of honour.

Edward Fuller.

THE TATTLER

STAYING OUT OF PRINT



ONCE upon a time, not so many centuries ago, there was a certain mild distinction connected with getting into print. Of course the average of workmanship was not so high as it is with us. Even the best sellers did not know the tricks that you and I and Tom and Dick and Harry have at our fingers' ends. So few people could write any kind of book that the reading public, such as it was, stood ready to encourage very feeble attempts at authorship. The booksellers were delighted to publish anything they could get a few hundred subscriptions for (at a guinea a copy), and the proud creator was thereafter considered a feather in the cap of his family and community—a marked man. Perhaps nobody really read his book, or knew what it was about; but it was a book, and he was the author of it. Therefore he went into the other world trailing clouds of glory, and his title to a double immortality was duly attested upon his tombstone.

Time has changed all that. Books are as plentiful as huckleberries, and there is no more jostling among subscribers to the initial works of infant or female prodigies. Publishers do not uniformly

welcome with glad smiles and anxious respect the advances of the budding poet or novelist, and editors are able to subdue their raptures upon the miraculous appearance of talented manuscripts from shopping-bag or coat-tail. Moreover, this is a hard commercial age, and the reading public, like other publics, has got into the habit of expecting something for its money. Of course those good-natured old subscribing people expected something, too—and got it—a flattering sense that they were patrons of genius, or perhaps some kind and degree of edification. It didn't occur to them to stickle for much in the way of either accurate information or amusement—certainly not the latter—which is precisely what the present book-buyer does stickle for.

Nine-tenths of the books written to-day are written to amuse people. It is in connection with the half-submerged tenth, which is written to instruct or to edify, that the reading public has maintained something approaching solidarity. People do not differ radically in their notion of what is instructive and edifying. They may avoid it, but they know what it is. Books of history, or science, or philosophy, whether cast in technical or popular form, are judged by a pretty general consensus. Instructive books which have a large sale consequently reach a far more heterogeneous mass of

readers than books written to amuse. For when it comes to amusement, people differ almost indefinitely as to the very nature of the thing. If you are amused by Mark Twain, your next-door neighbour prefers Laura Jean Libbey; and there is no telling from the fact that you are a college president or an office-boy, a drummer or a great financier, whether your secret delight is in Henry James, Dr. Conan Doyle, Don Quixote, Buster Brown or Miss Marie Corelli.

Now, if nine readers out of ten are looking for amusement, with nine distinct notions as to what amusement is, it is clear that there has got to be a market for almost any book which with the least plausibility announces itself as amusing. If the publisher is sure that a given book will not hit this first or that second sort of palate, there is still the chance that it may hit the fifth or the ninth, whose predilections stand duly noted upon his schedule. Hence the vast number of twaddling and mediocre books annually put upon the market; for there is a huge audience which finds itself most comfortably amused by twaddle and mediocrity. Hence the hysterical and morbid fictions which take the name of psychology in vain. Hence the forced and inane books of "humour" which swarm upon holiday counters, with their boisterousness of the smoking-room or their affectations of the afternoon tea-party. Hence the horde of in all senses cheap magazines which surround the indolent reader like a cloud of complacent and prosperous witnesses to his folly.

Hence, and saddest of all, the difficulty decent and harmless people find in staying out of print. The demand for literary amusement is a sort of insatiable whirlpool, bound to get any poor devil who may have become haplessly conscious of his ability to put one word upon another. It is surely a pity that so many amiable and useful citizens should be annually debauched into small authors. Certainly there was never so little excuse for pumping one's self into the public fountain. We are not clear that a man shouldn't marry if he can help it: the birth-rate is distressingly low as matters stand. But we are perfectly clear that he ought not to write a book

unless he can cross his heart and swear that the book is writing *him*. What if our "average workmanship" is higher than ever before? If more and more pretty good books are being written year by year, is that a proper spur to you or me to write another pretty good one? What earthly excuse is there for you—unless you are a veritable Ran Dass of an author, with a deadly fire in your inside that only ink can quench?

That is the sublime form of the mania, worthy to be called *cacæthes scribendi*, and not mere writer's itch. But even the itch, if it is the real thing, has a claim upon our commiseration, if not our respect. The man who writes to get something uncomfortable out of his system cannot be very seriously blamed, whether the result is of particular value to other people or not. And there is something to be said for such persons as are too fashless to make a living in any respectable way, and are driven to write for their hearth-fires and their daily bread. You may have a proper contempt for them, with so many bricks in the world waiting to be laid, so many columns to be totted up; but after all one must live, and the poor creatures are commonly fit for nothing else. It is probably better for them to blot paper than to steal chickens for a living. A few of them make a very good thing of it—and deserve to, on the whole. It is another kind of writer altogether who appears to have no leg whatever to stand on.

I mean the otherwise honest citizen who out of idle vanity or mere inertia allows himself to be drawn into the popular game of making books out of whole cloth. Give a poor man the knack of being amusing in conversation—of knowing how to tell a good story or turn a pungent phrase of his own, and you may be sure that his friends will be at him sooner or later to write a book.

"Why don't you write a book?"

"You ought to write a book!"

"By Jove, if I had your ability, I'd write a book!"

"Oh, Mr. Jones, I *do* wish you would write a book!"

Authorship, my dear friend, is a duty you owe your country and your God,

and it may do no harm to your pocket.

"Of course you could do it! Look at So-and-So—eighty thousand copies of his last one, they say—and think what rot *he* writes!"

Go on, worthy citizens—you are pretty certain to do "just as well"—and you can't do much worse.

This may be recognised as the *argumentum ad asinum*, but there is no telling how many innocent natures it seduces into literary vice year by year. The dread hour seems to be approaching when continence, the one supreme virtue of mediocrity, will be no more than a memory and a byword. I wonder if the "daily theme" complaint, with which our infants are now infected almost in the nursery, may not have something to do with the prevalence of the adult disease? We get a roomful of sucklings, and instead of teaching them to write like the embryo lawyers, grocers, housewives they are going to be, we insist that on a concerted signal, once a day, they should all, as it were, take pen in hand and make a noise like an author. What wonder that the temptation to dash off a book instead of minding their business is often too much for them in later life? It is easy to see what we shall be coming to if the notion keeps on spreading that the natural thing for anybody not absolutely a dummy to do is to make copy.

For one thing, when we have all got to be lions, there will be no lambs. Authors, it is well known, read nothing but their own works. You may find a presentation copy here and there upon their shelves—for they are endlessly hopeful of each other in this respect—but they do not buy contemporary books. It is clear that if every man were his own author there would be no reading public from the publisher's point of view. A dominant writing public would find itself in the position of a serpent diligently devouring its own tail. Momentarily sus-

taining as the process might be, there would have to come a moment of hopeless deadlock with practically nothing to eat and nothing to eat with: nothing, in short, to rear on.

No doubt that ridiculous situation is still somewhat in the future; but we seem to be getting on toward it. It must be that the writing mania is already interfering with the serious business of the world. How is a man to keep himself whole-heartedly and self-respectingly to his job, when one lobe of his brain is studying human nature and the other inventing plots? How is a man to earn his wages when his fancy is filled with the dream of fabulous royalties? When every other college professor, parson, lawyer, merchant and physician (not to speak of the salesladies and hod-carriers) is writing a novel or a play, who shall be the working-man? A sort of dignity used to be cherished among the leaders, at least, in professional and mercantile circles. They had their reserves and reticences: it did not occur to them to vie with the profane babblers of the marketplace. Now there is scarcely a grey-beard among them that is not prepared to emulate the antics of Father William between cloth covers. Even the staid publisher, whom a sense of honour if not of decency might be expected to restrain, may now be observed prancing forth to do his little turn on the vaudeville stage of fiction.

If there are any readers of *THE BOOKMAN* who have not written books, and are not now in the act of writing books, we would respectfully submit to them (in this season of good resolutions) the following reasons why they should never write books—at least novels:

1. There are too many of 'em now.
2. You can help it. You know you can.
3. Stick it out, and you are bound to be distinguished.

John Wolcott.



READERS' GUIDE TO NEW BOOKS

VERSE

Broadway Publishing Company:

In Amber Lands. By Tom McInnes.

Henry Frowde:

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.
With the Author's Introduction and Notes.
Edited by J. Logie Robertson, M.A.

The Poetical Works of Lord Byron.

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. With Introduction and Notes.
Edited by Thomas Hutchinson, M.A.
Oxford Editions.

Graduate Council of the Harvard University:

Selected Poems from the Harvard Monthly.
1885-1910.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Sonnets for Choice. By Margaret Chanler Aldrich.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Iron Muse. By John Curtis Underwood.

Sherman, French and Company:

Songs of Cheer. By John Kendrick Bangs.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Garden Muse. Poems for Garden Lovers. Selected and Edited with an Introduction by William Aspenwall Bradley.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Henry Frowde:

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare. Edited, with a Glossary, by W. J. Craig, M.A.

The Oxford Shakespeare.

Oxford University Press (American Branch):

The Iphigenia in Tauris of Euripides.
Translated into English Rhyming Verse
with Explanatory Notes by Gilbert Murray, LL.D., D.Litt.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts. By Julia De Wolf Addison.

Giving a description and critical account of its treasures, which represent the arts and crafts from remote antiquity to the present time.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Shadow Garden (a Phantasy) and other Plays. By Madison Cawein.

Besides *The Shadow Garden* the volume contains three others plays: *The House of Fear*, *A Mystery*; *The Witch*, *A Miracle*; and *Cabestaing*, *A Tragedy* in Three Acts.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Instruments of the Modern Orchestra and Early Records of the Precursors of the Violin Family. Two Volumes. By Kathleen Schlesinger.

Volume I. Modern Orchestral Instruments. Volume II. Archæological Records. Researches into the Remote Origin of the Violin Family; a Bibliography of Music and Archæology (English and Foreign) and Indices to the Two Volumes. With over five hundred illustrations and plates.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHIES

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Life of Daniel Coit Gilman. By Fabian Franklin.

Through letters and other sources of information, the author shows the life of President Gilman not only as a great educator and a many-sided man of affairs, but as a charming friend and a delightful husband and father. The volume includes some interesting correspondence with Cobden, President Angell, Carl Schurz, Andrew D. White, President Eliot, Sidney Lanier, and many other prominent men.

Henry Holt and Company:

Leading American Novelists. By John Erskine. Ph.D.

In the series of Biographies of Leading Americans, edited by Professor W. P. Trent. Containing six critical biographies of the most important American novelists. Each author is treated separately, but attention is paid to the continuous development of the novel in America. The authors considered are Charles Brockden Brown, James Fenimore Cooper, William Gilmore Simms, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Bret Harte.

Leading American Essayists. By William Morton Payne, LL.D.

Containing critical biographies of Irving, Emerson, Thoreau, and Curtis. An introduction gives a brief historical survey of the minor American essayists covering some forty writers, such as N. P. Willis, H. T. Tuckerman, A. B. Olcott, Sarah Margaret Fuller, T. W. Higginson, C. D. Warner, and Henry Van Dyke.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Life of Mary Lyon. By Beth Bradford Gilchrist.

A record of the life of one of the many notable women of the nineteenth century and one through whose influence

the movement for the higher education of women was begun.

An Approach to Walt Whitman. By Carleton Noyes.

The chapters deal with Whitman the Man, with his Art, his Human Appeal, his Attitude toward God and Religion, and, finally, with his unique message to the individual reader.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Ruskin and His Circle. By Ada Earland.

A picture of Ruskin and of the richly endowed individuals that belonged to his circle of intimates: Turner, Hunt, Rossetti, Millais, Carlyle, Norton, Burne-Jones, William Morris, the Brownings, Miss Mitford, Dr. John Brown, Lady Trevelyan, Acland, Whistler and many others.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Fascinating Duc De Richelieu. Louis François Armand Du Plessis. (1696-1788.) By H. Noel Williams.

An account of the remarkable career of a very distinguished and versatile personage, who had a notable military career, and was a skilful diplomat besides being a friend of Voltaire and confidant of Louis XIV, and prominent in all court intrigues of the time.

The Empress Eugénie. 1870-1910. By Edward Legge.

Her Majesty's life since "The Terrible Year," together with the statement of her case, the Emperor's own story of Sedan, an account of his exile and last days. Also reminiscences of the Prince Imperial.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS

D. Appleton and Company:

The Psychology of Reasoning. By W. B. Pillsbury, Ph.D.

Based on lectures given at Columbia University. An effort to determine the ways in which reasoning has grown out of the simpler mental operations and to discuss the uses that have been made of the materials in reasoning.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Progress from Experience. By Edward Selden Hyde.

With chapters on "Progress in Progression"; "Industrial Progress"; "The Survival of the Fittest"; "Present Industrial Tendencies"; "Trusts and the Tariff"; "Industry and the State"; "The Socialization of Industry"; "The Root of all Evil"; "Socialism in Relation to Christianity and Democracy"; "Current Social Tendencies"; "Religion and Progress"; and "The Puritan Succession."

George Doran and Company:

Why I am a Socialist. By Charles Edward Russell.

During the past thirty years Mr. Russell has been engaged as a reporter and journalist, and in these capacities has had the opportunity to investigate many social problems. The results of these investigations, of which he gives many illustrations, have caused him to become a socialist.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Dethronement of the City Boss. By John J. Hamilton.

Being a study of the commission plan as begun in Galveston, developed and extended in Des Moines, and already taken up by many other cities, East and West.

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D.D., LL.D. (Editor-in-Chief), George W. Gilmore, M.A. (Associate Editor), and others.

Volume VII treats of six hundred and ten topics from "Liutprand" to "Moralities." The work will be complete in twelve volumes.

Dominion and Power; or, The Science of Life and Living. By Charles Brodie Patterson.

A revised edition containing some new chapters dealing with mental and physical health, psychic development, the right use of the breath, self-control, etc.

Harper and Brothers:

The Science of Happiness. By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

Dr. Williams holds that people work with the greatest efficiency only when physically, mentally and morally happy. He considers the Science of Happiness as follows: "The Problem of Happiness and Its Physical Aspects"; "Mental Aspects of the Problem of Happiness"; "Social Aspects of the Problem of Happiness"; and "Moral Aspects of the Problem of Happiness."

Labor in Europe and America. By Samuel Gompers.

The author, as President of the American Federation of Labour, was commissioned by his organisation to go abroad as special representative to the British Trades Union Congress, the International Congress of Trades Unions, etc., and look into economic conditions. He travelled through England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. Observations based on the journey make up this book. They touch upon labour, wages, class feeling, social standing, free speech in the various countries, etc.

B. W. Huebsch:

The Development of Christianity. By Otto Pfeiderer, D.D. Translated from the German by Daniel A. Huebsch, Ph.D. Authorised Edition.

A series of lectures emphasising "those main points in the history of Christianity which are calculated to show in what way, by means of what connecting links, and because of what natural motives the Christianity of the New Testament became the Christianity of the present." This completes a trilogy of books of popular lectures, the first two being *Christian Origin and Religion and Historic Faiths*.

Health and Suggestion. The Dietetics of the Mind. By Ernst von Feuchtersleben. Translated and Edited by Ludwig Lewissohn, M.A.

The author emphasises the power of the spirit and tells of the relation between beauty and health. He considers Imagination, the Will, and then proceeds to show how our physical well-being is affected by reason and culture. Some of the other subjects treated are Temperament and Passion, the Emotions, the Law of Contrast, Hypochondria, Truth and Nature.

Latter Day Sinners and Saints. By Edward Alsworth Ross.

In the Art of Life Series, edited by Edward Howard Griggs. It embodies the indictment by the progressive thinkers of to-day of the most vicious elements of our society, and a programme for social and political house cleaning.

Charles H. Kerr and Company:

The Evolution of Property from Savagery to Civilization. By Paul La Fargue.

Discussing "Forms of Contemporaneous Property"; "Primitive Communism"; "Family or Consanguine Collectivism"; "Feudal Property" and "Bourgeois Property."

The Class Struggle. (Erfurt Program.) By Karl Kautsky.

A translation by William E. Bohn based on the eighth German edition (1907).

The Poverty of Philosophy. By Karl Marx. With a Preface by Friedrich Engels. Translated by H. Quelch.

A translation of the "Misère de la Philosophie." (Being a reply to "La Philosophie de la Misère" of M. Proudhon.)

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Life and Health. By James Frederick Rogers, M.D.

The first part of the book "Meaning of Health," is intended as a general picture of the body in life and health, and the second part, "Maintenance of

Health," deals more explicitly with the problems of hygiene.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Life as Reality. A Philosophical Essay. By Arthur Stone Dewing.

Dr. Dewing searches for reality in the naïve sense experience, in the laws of science, in the objective principles of individual and social morality, and in the religious consciousness. He finds that the underlying reality everywhere lies in the self-expressive impulse of life which each one of these spheres of human values reveals.

The Macmillan Company:

The Old Order Changeth. A View of American Democracy. By William Allen White.

In outlining the purpose of his new work Mr. White writes: "This book will try to tell, not in the language of the trained scientist, but in the words of an observer in the midst of life that now is, something about the present status of society in America."

The Gospel and the Modern Man. By Shailer Mathews.

"The characteristics of the modern man." Dr. Mathews writes, "are fourfold: first, a high development of scientific thought; second, a conception of God as a force in the world rather than as an extra-mundane monarch; third, a great sense of social solidarity; and fourth, a refusal to accept as basis of truth, authority or metaphysical deduction."

The Open Court Publishing Company:

Letters to His Holiness Pope Pius X. By A Modernist.

In an introductory chapter it is stated that these letters "are not intended to create a sensation, but to prepare for a future which in moments of enthusiasm, seems near at hand. They have a twofold purpose. On the one hand, our author wants to make the Curia feel its enormous responsibility, and on the other hand, to educate both priest and layman for the work of reconstruction." The author is said to be a devout Christian and also a good Catholic in the broad sense of the word.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

D. Appleton and Company:

Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena. By H. J. Mozans, A.M., Ph.D.

A record of the author's travels to South American countries and across the Andes. He travelled largely by foot or by pack mule, frequenting unknown and little visited places and following the trails and unbeaten paths rather than familiar roads. The present volume will be followed by one entitled *Along the Andes and Down the Amazon*.

The Southern South. By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D.

A careful consideration of our Southern States four decades after the war between the States, with philosophical conclusions which the author has arrived at as to the outlook for the future in commerce, agriculture and sociological conditions.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

South American Fights and Fighters and Other Tales of Adventure. By Cyrus Townsend Brady, LL.D.

In the American Fights and Fighters Series. The first part takes up the stirring story of conquest in South America and Mexico, narrating the deeds and fortunes of the Pizarros, of Pedrarias, of Balboa and Cortez; of Ojeda and Nicuesa, and of the gentle but glorious Las Casas, apparently the only Spaniard friend the Indians had. Part II contains a series of sea pictures of the Pacific, such as the cruise of the *Tonquin*, and the loss of the *Essex*, whaler. The book contains numerous illustrations, including original drawings by several American artists, maps, plans, portraits and reproductions of old prints.

The Grafton Press:

Early Rhode Island. A Social History of the People. By William B. Weedon, A.M.

Mr. Weedon gives the results of many years of investigation and research in his own State, of the every-day occurrences in the lives of the early inhabitants, what they manufactured, bought, imported, sold and owned. The various chapters treat of the Founding of Rhode Island, Planting, Life in Providence and Newport, The Patriarch Conditions in King's County, The Period Under the Charles II Charter, Commercial Providence, The South Country and Conditions Under Revolutionary Times.

Harper and Brothers:

An Explorer's Adventures in Tibet. By A. Henry Savage Landor.

An account for young people of the explorer's trials, hardships, and final torture during his successful attempt to enter the Forbidden City. All scientific references, included in the author's larger work, *In the Forbidden Land*, have been omitted and attention has been devoted to the main story.

Henry Holt and Company:

Our Search for a Wilderness. By Mary Blair Beebe and C. William Beebe.

Being an account of two ornithological expeditions to Venezuela and to British Guiana.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Russian Road to China. By Lindon Bates, Jr.

An account of Mr. Bates's experiences,

adventures and impressions during his trip on the Russian Railroad across Siberia to Irkutsk, and thence by sledge along the old post road to Urga, in Mongolia.

John Lane Company:

China. Its Marvel and Mystery. By T. Hodgson Liddell, R.B.A.

Of the places visited and illustrated by the author the chief are: Hong Kong, Canton, Macao, and the neighbourhood of these places in the south; Shanghai, the Great Lake district, Bing-co, Kashing and Hangchow; in the north, Peitaiho, Shan-hai-kwan, Tientsin, and finally Peking, with its world-famous palaces and temples. There are forty illustrations in colour by the author.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

A Woman in Canada. By Mrs. George Cran.

Mrs. Cran spent several months as a visitor in Canada and later went there as a correspondent to several prominent London journals. In this volume she sets forth a picture of the country as seen by her during that time. The book includes some thirty full-page illustrations.

The Macmillan Company:

The Picturesque St. Lawrence. Written and Illustrated by Clifton Johnson.

Beginning with the earliest explorers of the river, Mr. Johnson treats successively of the Thousand Islands and the Rapids; of early Montreal and the Montreal of to-day; of Ottawa; of Richelieu and Lake Champlain; of St. Francis; of Quebec, past and present; of the beautiful Saguenay; and of the St. Lawrence in winter. With forty-eight full-page pictures taken by the author.

Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road. By H. Addington Bruce.

The latest addition to the series of Stories from American History.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

A Woman's Impressions of the Philippines. By Mary H. Fee.

After many years' teaching in the Philippines the author has written an interesting account of the native life and its setting. She describes the pleasures—and other than pleasures—of travelling among the islands, the perpetual comedy of village life, the trials incident to teaching the Filipino youth, and the incongruities caused by the imposition of our western civilisation upon the shoulders of this child race. The volume is illustrated.

The First Great Canadian. By Charles B. Reed.

The story of Pierre Le Moynes, Sieur D'Iberville, the most conspicuous figure of the days when France sought empire in America.

Beyond the Mexican Sierras. By Dillon Wallace.

The author writes enthusiastically of a practically untouched land of promise, with its snow-capped mountain heights, vast plains, picturesque villages, ancient ruins and historic towns. For the huntsman he pictures "an ideal hunting ground in these primeval solitudes, for it is a wilderness abounding in game, and almost unknown and unexplored."

Bygone Days in Chicago. Recollections of the "Garden City" of the Sixties. By Frederick Francis Cook.

The work contains the personal reminiscences of the author covering a period dating from the time of the Civil War up to and after the great fire in 1871, and recollections gathered by him at that time of old settlers, comprising a record of events in the lives of the pioneers and dating back to the days when John Kinzie's was the only white family's habitation outside the stockade known as Fort Dearborn.

Munn and Company:

The Scientific American Handbook of Travel. Compiled and Edited by Albert A. Hopkins.

With hints for the ocean voyage for European tours and a practical guide to London and Paris.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Three Rivers. The James, the Potomac, the Hudson. A Retrospect of Peace and War. By Joseph Pearson Farley, U. S. A.

This retrospect of peace and war is a record in which anecdote, history, biography, observation, and experience—books, battles, soldiers, pictures, theories, men and things, are happily mingled. The book is illustrated with ten full-page reproductions in colour of sketches from nature made by the author.

Rear-Admirals Schley, Sampson and Cervera. A Review of the Naval Campaign of 1898, in Pursuit and Destruction of the Spanish Fleet Commanded by Rear-Admiral Pascual Cervera. By James Parker.

Beginning with the causes of the war with Spain, and the events preliminary to the declaration of war, the author goes on with the appointment of Schley as Commander of the Flying Squadron, giving a sketch of that officer's career and services previous to the war. He traces the story of the search for Cervera's fleet, its detention in the harbour of Santiago, and its subsequent defeat and destruction, facts narrated side by side with the testimony brought out during the inquiry. Captain Clark's story of the battle is given in full, as is Schley's Preliminary Report of the Battle, and the notes taken on board the *Vixen*; the notes and "the purported copy that was sent to Admiral Sampson

in Sharp's official report" being printed in parallel columns.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Tent Life in Siberia. A New Account of an Old Undertaking. Adventures Among the Koraks and Other Tribes in Kamchatka and Northern Asia. By George Kennan.

A revised, illustrated and enlarged edition. The revised edition comprises some substantial additions, including "Our Narrowest Escape"; "The Aurora of the Sea"; and "A Six-Thousand-Mile Sleighride." The illustrations are partly from paintings by the late George A. Frost, who was Mr. Kennan's companion on two Siberian expeditions, and partly from photographs taken for the American Museum of Natural History by Messrs. Bogoras and Jochelson, two Russian political exiles who led the Siberian parties of the Morris K. Jessup North Pacific Expedition.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Great Britain. Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker.

Seventh edition. Revised and augmented.

Switzerland of the Swiss. By Frank Webb.

A study of the Swiss people, their daily life, their ideas, their difficulties, and their aims. Mr. Webb takes up "Industry and Commerce," "Art and Literature," "Home Life," "Education and Religion," "The Judicial System," etc. The volume is illustrated.

The Manor Houses of England. By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated by Sydney R. Jones.

"The object of this book," the author writes in his preface, "is to describe and illustrate the old country manor houses of England, which are fast falling into decay, and are being replaced by modern and less picturesque buildings."

Southern Germany. (Wurtemberg and Bavaria.) Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker.

Eleventh revised edition. With thirty-six maps and forty-five plans.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Speaking and Writing. Book One. (For Use in Third-Year Classes.) By William H. Maxwell, Emma L. Johnston and Madalene D. Barnum.

The first part, which is devoted entirely to oral expression, consists of story-telling, dramatisation, games, drills on sound formation, and the study of poems and pictures. The second part is composed of lessons in both oral and written composition, with the emphasis

placed upon the written work, the exercises including practice in sentence forms, paragraph construction, and the composition as a whole.

Richard of Jamestown. A Story of the Virginia Colony. By James Otis.

Intended for supplementary reading in the third, fourth, and fifth years.

German Students' Manual of the Literature, Land and People of Germany. By Franklin J. Holzwarth, Ph.D.

Introductory chapters describe the early civilisation and history of the Germans. A sketch of the literature follows, with outlines of the great works. and a map which will enable the student to locate places of political and literary interest. An appendix treats of the language, the geography, the government, industries, and education, a list of idiomatic expressions, and tables of money, weights, and measures.

The Human Body and Health. By Alvin Davison, M.S., A.M., Ph.D.

Based on the common-sense idea that the study of physiology should lead to the conservation of health.

The A. S. Barnes Company:

Swedish Folk Dances. By Nils W. Bergquist. Introduction by C. Ward Crampton.

The best dances of a nation famed for its folk dances have been included in this book. The author, an instructor of physical culture in the New York City schools, is of Swedish birth. The directions for the dances are preceded by a brief explanation of the terms used and description of the steps involved.

Henry Frowde:

Un Héritage. By Jules Sandeau. Edited by Pauline K. Leveson.

In the Oxford Modern French Series, edited by Leon Delbos, M.A.

Ginn and Company:

Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners, or a Brief and Faithful Relation of the Exceeding Mercy of God in Christ to His Poor Servant, John Bunyan. Edited with an Introduction by Edward Chauncey Baldwin, Ph.D.

In the series of Standard English Classics. The work itself is preceded by an essay on Bunyan's style and followed by suggestive questions for the study of the text.

The Elements of English Versification. By James Wilson Bright, Ph.D., Litt.D., and Raymond Durbin Miller, Ph.D.

The book deals exclusively with the more external side of poetry—its metrical form. Part I treats of the individual verse; shows the nature of rhythm, metre, melody, harmony; enumerates and illustrates the various metres; defines tone and colour and the

different kinds of rhyme; and concludes with a chapter on the scansion of verse. Part II is concerned with the grouping of verses into paragraphs, stanzas, and complete poems.

Goldsmith's The Deserted Village. Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Louise Pound, Ph.D.

Suitable for study in the higher grades of secondary schools, in high schools, and in colleges. The aim in editing the two poems has been to supply the student with the knowledge necessary for critical reading, and to stimulate his powers of analysis and appreciation.

Harper and Brothers:

Travels at Home. By Mark Twain.

Selected from the works of Mark Twain by Percival Chubb, director of English in the Ethical Culture School, New York, and arranged for home and supplementary reading in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. Including the best chapters from such volumes as *Roughing It* and *Life on the Mississippi*, wherein the author records his wanderings in his native land.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Cranford. By Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell. Edited, with Introduction, Notes and Suggestive Questions, by H. E. Coblentz.

Selections from Bracebridge Hall. By Washington Irving. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Samuel Thurber, Jr.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

Elson Grammar School Reader. Book Three. By William H. Elson and Christine Keck.

For children in the latter part of grammar school work. Part I consists of Patriotic Selections and Nature Poems; Part II, King Arthur Stories; Part III, Great American Authors.

Quentin Durward. By Walter Scott. Edited for School Use by William Edward Simonds, Ph.D.

In the series of the Lake English Classics.

American Public Addresses. Edited by Joseph Villiers Denney.

Designed to afford material for a course in Public Speaking of such a character that it will be available for four years' high school or freshman college work. There is an introductory chapter on the theory of public speaking.

Three American Poems. The Raven. By Edgar Allan Poe. The Courtship of Miles Standish. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Snow-Bound. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Edited for School Use by Garland Greever, A.M.

In the series of Lake English Classics.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Around the World. By Stella W. Carroll Tolman. Edited by Clarence F. Carroll.

Book Five in the New Century Geographical Series. Intended for use in the fifth and sixth grades. It covers the British Empire and Italy.

FICTION

Aberdeen Publishing Company:

The Shepherdess of To-Day. By Adelaide De Barrios.

A Christian Scientist moves into a small town and starts a practice in an office opposite that of a physician. The story tells of the influence she exerts, of the cures she effects through the practice of Christian Science, and how she finally succeeds in winning over a sufficient number of people to establish a Christian Science church in the community.

D. Appleton and Company:

White Magic. By David Graham Phillips.

The story of a most persistent young woman who falls deeply in love with a poor artist who seems not to care for the heiress. She literally thrusts her attentions upon him. He has no desire to marry, being wholly devoted to his art. After much manœuvring the girl forces her father to give up his objections to the choice she has made for herself and seeks his aid in the matter. The artist fights against it, but eventually the girl succeeds in making him realise that he is in love with her.

The Green Mouse. By Robert W. Chambers.

A series of comedies based on a wonderful new invention; a wireless machine which catches and brings into contact the psychic waves of persons of opposite sex. Once this instrument has been set in motion by a man or woman it inevitably attracts his or her predestined affinity, and no power on earth can prevent their meeting and marriage.

Tony's Wife. By George Gibbs.

The opening scenes are laid in a small village of Pennsylvania, among the Quakers, and shows the early lives of a young man, Tony, and his childhood companion, Barbara. Tony goes to New York to study art, becomes infatuated with a pretty and vivacious young woman and hastily enters into a marriage which results in unhappiness for both and a separation just at the time when the artist has received recognition in his profession. Barbara endeavours to bring the two together but fails. Tony now realises his genuine love for Barbara, and it is Kitty who, on her death-bed, secures their promise that they will marry when she has gone out of their lives.

Brentano's:

The Fated Five. (The Tale of a Tontine.) By Gerald Biss.

Six men in London form a tontine with a capital of \$600,000, and the story is told of the carefully laid schemes of one of the members, a prominent lawyer, to put the other five members out of the way so that he, as the survivor, may claim the entire sum of \$600,000.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Man Higher Up. A Story of the Fight, which is Life, and the Force, which is Love. By Henry Russell Miller.

The tale is set in Pittsburgh and deals largely with conditions in the world of politics. Bob McAdoo, the hero, is introduced as a newsboy, but rapidly works his way up until he is made Mayor of his town and eventually Governor of the State.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Romance of the Ten Thousand Islands. A Florida Story. By A. E. Philips (Edwin Alberton).

Based on the adventures of the daring and desperate Gasparilla who was the last of the great pirates that had their headquarters among the islands of the Florida Gulf Coast.

The Eternal Fires. By Nancy Musselman Schoonmaker.

Relating the sad experiences of a young Kentucky girl who, rebelling against the narrow life she is compelled to lead among the farming people of Kentucky, decides to see and know something of the broader life in the outside world. She completes a college course, and then goes abroad for several years.

Cassell and Company, Limited:

Blind Hopes. By Helen Wallace.

The scene is laid in England. It is a story of the struggles of an ambitious young man, who, with great hopes for an honourable and successful future, is suddenly forced to give up everything when he finds he is not the legal heir to the home and the estate which he had made such an effort to build up and maintain. But while he loses all else his own fine character and manliness win for him the woman he loves.

The Century Company:

Franklin Winslow Kane. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

The story is set in England. It follows the almost hopelessly tangled love affairs of two men and two women. Althea Jakes, a wealthy and cultured American, takes many years to reach the decision that she will marry Franklin Winslow Kane, the scientist. In the meantime Althea meets the other two persons whose affairs become so closely

associated with her own. Helen and Gerald, the English couple, are poor, irresponsible and selfish, and while Helen has always loved him, Gerald becomes engaged to Althea, being attracted by her wealth. But the patient and unselfish Kane is rewarded when Althea finally makes up her mind to marry him.

The C. M. Clark Publishing Company:

The Broken Wheel. By Florence Land May. Based on the political corruption brought to light in San Francisco after the recent earthquake.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

And this is War. By Carl Hermon Dudley. The cruelty of war is here emphasised. The author gives a series of pictures of the tragedies that come to individual sufferers.

Cupples and Leon Company:

The Society Wolf. By Luke Thrice.

A series of short stories which originally appeared in various newspapers. The same hero figures in each story. He is a young Virginian who seeks his fortune in New York Society.

West Point. Its Glamour and Its Grind. By Captain Harold Hanimond, U. S. A.

A story of life at the military school, covering the period from the young man's entrance to his graduation.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Eddy. By Clarence L. Cullen.

A story of New York life to-day. The theme is the uplifting influence of a young daughter upon a self-centred and pleasure-loving mother.

Crag-Nest. A Romance of the Days of Sheridan's Ride. By T. C. De Leon.

A new edition of a book which originally appeared in 1897.

The Happy Family. By B. M. Bower. (B. M. Sinclair.)

The Happy Family consists of a group of cowboys who hold sway at the Flying U ranch. They are the same lively young fellows that appeared in the author's *Chip of the Flying U* and *The Lure of the Dim Trails*.

The Land of Frozen Suns. By Bernard W. Sinclair.

Just at the time that Robert Summers became heir to a large fortune, he was kidnapped and carried off to Canada, where he was forced to take up the life of the far North. Unwillingly he becomes associated with a party of free traders, who wage war against the Ancient and Honourable Company of Adventurers Trading In and Out of Hudson Bay (as their charter puts it). After an adventurous experience in the wilds of Canada the young man comes into his own.

The Red Flag. By Georges Ohnet.

The story of a strike, showing the conflict between master and men, in which the civil and military authorities do their part. The scene is laid on the frontier of Alsace and Lorraine.

John Holden, Unionist. A Romance of the Days of Forrest's Ride with Emma Sanson. By T. C. De Leon.

The John Holden of the story is a man who, though a Southerner, stood firm for the Union all during the years of conflict between the North and South.

Tinsel and Gold. By Dion Clayton Calthrop.

The plot of the story is based on the secret marriage of a young nobleman to a beautiful actress.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Gloria. By G. Frederic Turner, M.A.

A tale of some exciting times in the Kingdom of Grimland, a little country on the border of Austria and Russia. Gloria is the charming young princess in exile, the last of the Schattenbergs, who believes herself to be the rightful ruler of Grimland. She is able, with the assistance of George Trafford, an American looking for adventure, to start a revolution, which, despite the wonderful ingenuity of her gallant leader, only partially succeeds. However, "Nervy" Trafford succeeds in winning the heart of royalty, and Gloria is satisfied to have King Karl readjust affairs in his kingdom and continue to wear the once much-coveted crown.

The Marriage of Theodora. By Molly Elliot Seawell.

The theme of Miss Seawell's new story is international marriage. The plot is based on the difficulties which arise between the American girl and the members and friends of the English family into which she marries and her struggle to overcome these difficulties.

Love, the Judge. By Wymond Carey.

Dick Forester works hard for a number of years, at the end of which time he is a wealthy man. He decides to marry, but his knowledge of women being slight he finds this a somewhat more complicated proposition than he had anticipated. There are two women concerned: one who wants to marry Forester to satisfy certain social ambitions and another who really loves him. He comes very near getting the wrong woman, but with Love as the judge this is happily averted.

Those Brewster Children. By Florence Morse Kingsley.

Described as "the love story of an almost old maid, mixed in with the lives of three lively, human youngsters, and flavoured with a very light and clever

plea for the proper method of bringing up children."

B. W. Dodge and Company:

Samuel the Seeker. By Upton Sinclair.

At the age of seventeen, Samuel Prescott, with a very small sum of money, starts out to seek a new life. He finds the outside world vastly different from the quiet little farming district he had left. With his money gone and no friends to look to he is not long in deciding that the world is a cold and hard one. This thought leads him to meditate upon the wrongs of the people. He goes from one thing to another and succeeds in getting into considerable trouble, from which he extricates himself only to start anew on another track. His final adventure is among the socialists.

Dodge Publishing Company:

The Life of Me. By Ethel Shackelford.

An autobiography, supposedly by a baby, about a baby. He expresses his views on many subjects: his parents, relatives, nurses, surroundings, and life in general.

George H. Doran Company:

The Fatal Ruby. By Charles Garvice.

The main scenes are laid in England. In revenge for a wrong done another a man is murdered, his infant daughter is stolen, and a priceless ruby disappears.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Awakening off Zojas. By Miriam Michelson.

Four short stories. The title story tells how an outlaw about to be executed saves his life by taking a powerful position, given him by a great scientist, which has the effect of making him appear dead while in reality life has merely been suspended. Zojas awakens one hundred years later and takes up his life under greatly changed conditions and surroundings.

The Personal Conduct of Belinda. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd.

Belinda Carewe the youngest teacher in a select boarding-school for girls, had planned to assist her associate, Miss Barnes, in conducting a small party on a tour through Europe. At the last moment Miss Barnes finds herself unable to make the trip and Belinda is persuaded to take her place. Realising that her task is to be a difficult one, Belinda starts out with all the rules and regulations attainable from guide-books, etc., which, however, prove wholly inadequate for the unforeseen emergencies, such as "assorted engagements," and at the end of the tour Belinda is forced to admit that "her personal conducting has been bad enough, but that her personal conduct has been a scandal."

Paul Elder and Company:

Obil, Keeper of Camels. Being the Parable of the Man Whom the Disciples Saw Casting Out Devils. By Lucia Chase Bell.

A Bible story founded on the passage in Luke 9: 49, 50.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Shadow of Christine. By Evelyn C. H. Vivian.

The hero is a man of reckless and dissipated habits who goes to the extent of taking a man's life in order to gain possession of his claim, an unusually rich one, in the mining district of Australia. His adventures in love are also varied and exciting.

Hard Pressed. By Fred M. White.

The scene is laid in England. Failing to win the hand of May Heredale, an unscrupulous suitor, claiming to be a millionaire, turns his efforts toward the ruination of her father, who is already heavily in debt. This he planned to bring about through the race course, but his schemes are discovered before the great Derby Day.

In the Shadow of God. By Guy Arthur Jamieson.

The experiences of a young man who goes to New York to study art. Failing in that, he returns to his home in the West, where he enters the ministry.

The Griffith and Rowland Press:

The Gang. By Fred Brasted.

A story of the Middle West.

The Girl from Vermont. By Marshall Saunders.

The story of a vacation school teacher.

Harper and Brothers:

The Hermit of Capri. By John Steventon.

The story is told in the form of letters written by a man who is sojourning on the Island of Capri to a young school teacher in America.

The Flowers. By Margarita Spalding Gerry.

Depicting the delightful friendship which develops between an old man and a little boy, both ardent lovers of flowers. The story tells how they work together and help each other, and of their great ambition to win the prize of one thousand dollars offered to the horticulturist who could exhibit at the County Fair "a white rose with a Jacqueminot perfume."

The Apple-tree Cottage. By Elinor Macartney Lane.

A wealthy young man, in order to get away from society for a time, visits the Apple-tree Cottage. Here he asserts that he is a married man and invents one story after another to substantiate his assertion. He very soon repents of his statement, for he falls in love with

girl whom he wants to marry. He hears that she is starting for Europe, and immediately engages passage on the same ship, but, to his sorrow, he finds that it is her sister who is making the trip. However, he returns as soon as possible, and at the end of five weeks is back at Apple-tree Cottage explaining matters to Barbara Kynnett, to whom an explanation was unnecessary, as she had known for some time that there was no truth in the story.

Under the Greenwood Tree. A Rural Painting of the Dutch School. By Thomas Hardy.

Volume IV in the new thin paper edition of the novels of Thomas Hardy.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Country Neighbors. By Alice Brown.

A collection of short stories of New England life.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Studies in Wives. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.

Six short stories dealing with various phases of married life.

Lenox Publishing Company:

Osru. The History of a Soul. By Justin Sterns.

Described as a tale of many incarnations.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Raleigh. By William Devereux and Stephen Lovell.

A romance of Elizabeth's court. Founded on the successful drama *Sir Walter Raleigh*, as played by Lewis Waller.

The American in Paris. A Biographical Novel of the Franco-Prussian War; The Siege and Commune of Paris. From an American Standpoint. By Eugene Coleman Savidge.

A reprint.

Little, Brown and Company:

Caleb Trench. By Mary Imlay Taylor.

Caleb Trench is a young Philadelphian of Quaker descent, who, after several attempts to make a place for himself, settles in a small town of Virginia as a shop-keeper. His evenings he devotes to the study of law. His fight against class prejudices in the South is a hard one, but his fine character and persistence gradually win for him a high social and political standing, and also the heart of the haughty Diana Royall.

The Red Symbol. By John Ironside.

Maurice Wynn, an American in the employ of a London newspaper, is sent to Russia as their correspondent. His love for Anna Pendennis leads him to become involved in the powerful Nihilist society which has for its symbol the red geranium.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

John the Unafraid.

The book is made up of the wise sayings of "John the Unafraid," the only man in the community who remained fearless in the face of a prophecy that the earth was about to be destroyed by a new planet which would strike it. He alone pursued his daily tasks. The prophecy is never fulfilled, and "John the Unafraid" becomes the leader of the people, establishing among them the Church of the Brotherhood, the only requisition for membership being a kind word to a fellow-creature. The author's name has not been divulged, but the publishers announce that he is a man well known throughout the country and one who has thought deeply on many vital problems.

Dan Merrithew. By Lawrence Perry.

Relating to the adventures of Dan Merrithew, who, after his college days, becomes a captain of a tug-boat. He has some thrilling experiences on the water, which not only win fame for him but also the daughter of a wealthy New Yorker. He is the means of saving Mr. Howland's yacht, *The Veiled Lady*, and it is on board the yacht that he meets Virginia. Mr. Howland, appreciating the young man's service and ability, makes him assistant marine superintendent of the Coastline Company.

L. C. Page and Company:

My Heart and Stephanie. By Reginald Wright Kauffman.

The story continues the career of the American girl, Frances Baird, the heroine of Mr. Kauffman's detective story of that name. The plot is based on the mystery concerning the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria. This leads the American detective and her companion, a newspaper man, to many of the courts of Europe. Countess Stephanie, a Polish conspirator, is the heroine of Mr. Kauffman's new tale of love and intrigue.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The House of the Whispering Pines. By Anna Katharine Green.

A mystery story concerning Adelaide Cumberland's death, which took place at night in "The House of the Whispering Pines," a country club house which had been closed for the winter season. The president of the club, who was the man to whom Adelaide was engaged, although he had endeavored to plan an elopement with her sister for that very evening, is driving by the place and seeing smoke is led to investigate. He discovers Carmel, the sister, leaving the club house. He also discovers that the brother of the girl had been in the house that night. He then learns that Adelaide has been strangled to death. Both

he and the brother are held for the murder, and each, having a fear that Carmel may have had something to do with the crime, give no information about her having been in the club house on the night of the murder. But in the end it is the servants' hall at the Cumberland home that provides the solution of the mystery.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Fir and the Palm. By Olive M. Briggs.

An Italian lion-tamer, when dying from the wounds inflicted by an infuriated beast, gives to the physician who attends her a diary which tells the sad story of her life and practically makes him, a stranger, the guardian of her young daughter, in whose interest she has worked so hard. Teresita signs a contract to take her mother's place, but is dissuaded from her purpose by the physician, who falls deeply in love with her. On the evening of their wedding day the doctor is called to the hospital to pass on a very critical case. During his absence a letter comes from his sister, in which she expresses in a forceful way what in her opinion is likely to be the outcome of his marriage with the high-spirited little Italian. Teresita reads the letter and immediately her emotional nature responds. Her course is decided in a moment and a little later the physician returns to his home only to find his wife's pet dog howling for his beloved mistress. The doctor gives up everything and starts a search for his wife, a search which leads him to Italy and eventually, after following many false clues, to the lost Teresita.

The Head Coach. By Ralph D. Paine.

"Deacon Kingsland," a great Yale centre who graduated from the Divinity School and went to a little out-of-the-way down East church, spends his spare time coaching the football team of a small college. The story tells of the life at this college, what the minister did for the college and for its team, and also tells of the minister's own life among his parishioners.

The Works of George Meredith.

Vols. III and IV. Sandra Belloni.

Vol. V. Rhoda Fleming.

Vol. VI. Evan Harrington.

Vols. VII and VIII. Vittoria.

Vols. IX and X. The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

Memorial Edition.

Sherman, French and Company:

Yet Speaketh He. By Gertrude Capen Whitney.

A short story showing Dick Tren-

cheon's influence for good which continued to spread even after his death.

I Choose. By Gertrude Capen Whitney.

The one who chooses to remain in prison in order to help her companions is a poor woman who was wrongly accused of a crime and imprisoned for a term of five years.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Scar. By Warrington Dawson.

The story is set in Virginia at a time when the old families are still struggling and endeavouring to retrieve their fortunes, so terribly shattered by the Civil War. It tells of the friction and unhappiness which results from the marriage of a Northern girl, accustomed to wealth, to a young Southerner who is running the plantation and trying to keep up appearances for the family. The wife fails to understand the Southern people, is in constant friction with her husband's mother, a Southerner of the old school, and is miserable herself, for her marriage with Dick Hadleigh had not been for love, but merely as a means of escaping from the life which is suddenly thrust upon her, when, through an unscrupulous uncle, her fortune disappears.

A Cycle of Sunsets. By Mabel Loomis Todd.

Mrs. Todd's new book is not only a study of sunsets of interest to all lovers of nature, but a dainty romance and incidentally a picture of college life at Amherst. The story is told in the form of a diary.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Green Cloak. By Yorke Davis.

The scene of this detective story, which is concerned with a mysterious murder, extends from an American city to the South Seas.

JUVENILE

The Century Company:

When I Grow Up. Verses and Pictures by W. W. Denslow.

A lad's day-dreams of what he would like to be when he grows up—an autoist one day, a clown another, a hunter, a baseball player, cowboy, pirate. With twenty-four full pages in colour; twenty-four full-page half-tones; also chapter headings, tailpieces and marginal drawings.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Story of Hereward. The Champion of England. By Douglas C. Stedman, B.A.

The life story of "the last of the Saxon heroes."

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Kite Book. By B. Cory Kilvert.

Clever and amusing verses about Wally Wimple and his kite. With twenty-four large full-page illustrations in colour by the author.

Dick and Dolly. By Carolyn Wells.

Dick and Dolly are brother and sister, who have been left to the care of two maiden aunts. They are bright and happy children and manage to keep things lively at the old Dana homestead.

Dodge Publishing Company:

The Arabian Nights.

A new edition with about one hundred and thirty illustrations by W. Heath Robinson, Helen Stratton and others.

The Wonders of the Zoo. By Lilian Gask.

Stories about the birds and animals of the zoo, with original illustrations by Dorothy Hardy.

Stories from the Iliad. By H. L. Havell.

Mr. Havell prefaces these *Stories from the Iliad* with an introduction in which he speaks briefly of The Story; The Divine Characters; The Humorous Characters; and The Similes.

Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There. By Lewis Carroll.

With ten full-page illustrations in colour and numerous pen-and-ink sketches by Bessie Collins Pease.

Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by John Hassall, R.I.

A collection of over four hundred of the old favourite nursery rhymes. With over two hundred pictures.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Tales of Wonder. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.

The fourth and last volume of the Fairy Series in the Children's Classics.

Duffield and Company:

The Animals of the Ark. From the French of P. Guizou by Edgar Mills. Pictures by A. Vimar.

The pictures show the animals in all sorts of occupations as they while away the time for the forty days and forty nights of the flood.

Grimm's Animal Stories. By Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm. Translated by Lucy Crane.

A collection of all those stories by the Grimm brothers which contain animals. They are illustrated with pictures by Mr. John Rae.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

Gulliver's Travels. Into Several Remote Nations of the World. By Jonathan Swift. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

A new edition with twelve full-page illustrations in colour, many head and tailpieces in black and white, decorative end papers and cover design in gold by Arthur Rackham.

Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

Tales arranged for the young reader as an introduction to the study of Shakespeare. This new edition has twelve full-page illustrations in colour, head and tailpieces throughout, decorative end papers and special cover design in gold on red ground by Arthur Rackham.

Dana Estes and Company:

Chatterbox. For 1909. Founded by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A.

Containing about forty stories (all with illustrations), anecdotes, natural history papers, poetry, and numerous articles of general information.

The Sarah Jane: Dicky Dalton, Captain. A Story of Tugboating in Portland Harbour. By James Otis.

The second volume in the series of Business Venture Stories. It deals with the efforts of two venturesome American boys to manage and operate a small tugboat.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Pilgrim's Progress. From this World to that which is to Come. By John Bunyan.

A new edition illustrated in colour by Ambrose Dudley.

Harper and Brothers:

When Roggie and Reggie Were Five. By Gertrude Smith.

When Roggie and Reggie's father becomes a U. S. Senator they leave their

home in Southern California and take up life at Washington. Here Roggie and Reggie visit the President, see the White House, and thoroughly enjoy their new life.

On the Gridiron, and Other Stories of Outdoor Sport. By Jesse Lynch Williams, S. Scoville, Jr., J. Conover, W. J. Henderson, and Paul Hull.

The second book in Harper's Athletic Series. The sixteen stories tell of football contests and other popular school and college sports.

Little Miss Fales. By Emile Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe.

A story for young readers from ten to fourteen years of age. It tells of the success gained by the good-humour, pluck and active wit of a little girl who was named John Fales.

Making Good. By F. H. Spearman, Van Tassel Sutphen, Poultney Bigelow, and others.

Containing eleven short stories of golf and other outdoor sports.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Secret of Old Thunder-Head. By Louise Godfrey Irwin.

The story of a Vermont vacation, giving the experiences of a boy and girl who visit their country cousin.

The Garden of Eden. Stories from the First Nine Books of the Old Testament. By George Hodges.

A new volume of Bible stories by the author of *When the World was Young*.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

When Sarah Saved the Day. By Elsie Singmaster.

The story of a young Pennsylvania German girl, an orphan, and her efforts at home-making while one of her brothers is away in Alaska.

Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw. By Edward Breck.

Mr. Breck has of late spent much of his time in the woods of Maine and Nova Scotia, and has made many pets among the wild creatures of the woods. He has woven some of his experiences into a narrative of the life of Uncle Ned Buckshaw and a group of young people while camping out in the Nova Scotia forest.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

John and Betty's History Visit. By Margaret Williamson.

John and Betty, brother and sister, are sent to England to be shown the leading places of historic interest in company with an English brother and sister of their own ages, and under the wise and sensible direction of the mother of the latter.

The Boys of Brookfield Academy. By Warren L. Eldred.

A story which tells of a boys' school, with a glorious past, but an uncertain future, largely due to the wrong kind of a secret society.

Four Boys and a Fortune. Why They Went to England, and What They Found. By Everett T. Tomlinson.

The fourth volume in *Our Own Land Series*. One of the "Four Boys" has received word of his inheritance of a part of a coal mine in England. His three friends accompany him on his voyage to that country.

The Little Knight of the X Bar B. By Mary K. Maule.

The story centres about a mysterious lad of gentle breeding who is brought to the X Bar B by the owner, whom no one dares to question. He becomes the pet of the men in the most delightful comradeship, and, young as he is, infuses a spirit of chivalry into his rough yet tender friends from his recollection of stories of knightly days learned from his mother.

MISCELLANEOUS

D. Appleton and Company:

The American Hope. By William Morse Cole.

An attempt to look beyond the unfavourable symptoms of American life, to show what may be the rational point of view toward American conditions.

The Berlin Carey Company:

An Interview. By Daniel W. Church.

Devoted chiefly to an analysis of the life of Abraham Lincoln and a study of the work that he accomplished.

The Century Company:

The Century Dictionary Supplement. Prepared under the superintendence of Ben-

jamin E. Smith, A.M., L.H.D., Managing Editor of the Century Dictionary and Editor of The Century Cyclopædia of Names and The Century Atlas. Two Volumes.

The two new volumes supplement the original Century Dictionary and Cyclopædia, and also the volume of Proper Names. They bring the work down to the latter part of 1909. The arrangement is the same as that of the old volumes—alphabetical throughout—and the Proper Names are grouped together and placed in the back of the second volume.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Oberammergau. By Josephine Helena Short.

In 1900 Miss Short passed several weeks in Oberammergau, seeing the Passion Play seven times and later remaining a month to observe the closing scenes of Passion summer. Two chapters of the book are given up to an exposition of the drama for the assistance of visitors who do not readily follow the German of the performers, and to an explanation of the tableaux, and their significance, which precede the different acts of the main play.

Handy Book of Proverbs. Compiled by Joseph Walker.

Arranged alphabetically for ready reference by writers and speakers.

The Curtiss Book Company (Denver, Colo.):

Letters from the Teacher. (Of the Order of the 15.) Transmitted by Rahmea, Priestess of the Flame. Edited by F. Homer Curtiss, B.S., M.D., Secretary of the Order.

Volume I.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Success in Market Gardening. A New Vegetable Growers' Manual. By Herbert Rawson.

A revised and enlarged edition, showing the most recent changes and improvements in the art of market gardening.

A Plain American in England. By Charles T. Whitefield.

Views of English life set forth in a series of humorous sketches.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

On Everything. By H. Belloc.

Containing thirty-nine brief essays. A companion volume to the author's volume of essays entitled *On Nothing*.

The Elm Tree Press (Woodstock, Vt.):

The Library and the Librarian. By Edmund Lester Pearson.

A selection of articles from the Boston *Evening Transcript* and other sources. In the Librarian Series, edited by John Cotton Dana and Henry W. Kent.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Wonders of Life. By Ida Lyon.

Considering such subjects as "The Joy of Living"; "The Meaning of Life"; "The Power of Love"; "A Happy Consciousness"; "Necessity of Change"; "The Evils of Fear"; "The Secret of Power"; "Mind and Matter," etc.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy. By Dora Melegari. Authorised translation from the original French by Marian Lindsay.

The author's theme is that what have commonly been considered as slight individual faults and habits of thought and feeling—such as vanity, jealousy, impatience, deceit, uncharitableness in judgment, etc.—should really be adjudged by public opinion as offences that are criminal in their nature, inasmuch as the effects they produce are extremely damaging to character and social well-being.

Government Printing Office (Washington, D. C.):

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1909. Volume II.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Care of Trees. In Lawn, Street, and Park. With a List of Trees and Shrubs for Decorative Use. By Bernhard E. Fernow.

The author is Professor of Forestry in the University of Toronto. The volume furnishes such information as the owner of trees may need. It gives details of the best methods of caring for the health of trees, transplanting, combating diseases and insects, etc.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

At the Sign of the Hobby Horse. By Elizabeth Bisland Wetmore.

A group of essays upon some of the author's intellectual hobbies. A few of the topics treated are "The Morals of the Modern Heroine"; "The Child in

Literature"; "The Contemporary Poets"; "Strong Meat for the Masses"; "The Books of the Bourgeoisie"; "Upon Making the Most of Life."

Notes on New England Birds. By Henry D. Thoreau. Arranged and Edited by Francis H. Allen.

From the fourteen volumes of Thoreau's *Journal*, Mr. Allen has selected for the present work such material as will be of interest to all bird-lovers.

Essays on the Spot. By Charles D. Stewart.

Including "Chicago Spiders"; "The Story of Bully"; "On a Moraine"; "Kubla Khan"; "The Study of Grammar," and "We."

Every-day Business for Women. A Manual for the Uninitiated. By Mary Aronetta Wilbur, M.A.

The author explains the methods of banking, the management of a cheque-book, foreign exchange, getting money in emergencies, how to send money, bills and receipts, the relations of employer and employee, relations with railroads and hotels, simple book-keeping, on sending things, taxes and customs, the use and transference of property, stocks and bonds, wills and estates.

Charles Kerr and Company (Chicago):

History of the Great American Fortunes. Vol. II—Great Fortunes from Railroads. By Gustavus Myers.

This volume tells of the seizure of the public lands by railroad schemers, who became the legal owners of millions on millions of acres and enriched themselves from their sales. Vol. III, which will appear shortly, will also deal with the great railroad fortunes.

Laird and Lee:

The American Woman's Cook Book. By Ella M. Blackstone.

Containing menus for each month and for special dinners, such as Christmas, Thanksgiving and Easter.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Indoor Gardening. By Eben E. Rexford.

After a great deal of personal work and experience among flowers, the author gives here much information for the amateur gardener and describes methods which have proved successful in his own work.

The Works of James Buchanan. Comprising His Speeches, State Papers, and Private Correspondence. Collected and Edited by John Bassett Moore.

Volume XI. 1860-1868.

Skat. Principles and Illustrative Games. By Elizabeth Wager-Smith.

While Mrs. Smith's new volume contains instructions comprehensive to beginners, it is more advanced than her "Primer to Skat" and enters into the principles of the game and the intricacies which confront experienced players.

The Mystery of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. By Robert Russell Benedict.

An essay designed to set forth plainly and briefly the enigmatical phase of Hamlet's character which has come to be recognised as his "mystery."

Little, Brown and Company:

Play. Comprising Games for the Kindergarten Playground, School-room and College. How to Coach and Play Girls' Basket-Ball, etc. By Emmett Dunn Angell.

Containing descriptions of and instructions for playing over a hundred games carefully graded, including water sports, suitable for both indoor and outdoor use. Over twenty of the games were originated by Mr. Angell, and each one has been selected because of its contribution to the health, strength and grace of the player, or because of its educational value in developing alertness, quick thought and rapid decision.

Longmans, Green and Company (Columbia University):

Reconstruction in Texas. By Charles William Ramsdell, Ph.D.

In the series of Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Volume XXXVI. Number 1. Whole Number 95.

East London Visions. By O'Dermid W. Lawler.

The early life of an East Ender born and bred, descended from an old East End family. In many parts founded on fact, the book aims at showing the gradual revelation of the high and essential things of life to a poetic youth, by experience of want, by excellent humble teachers and by vision. It contains description, incident and original symbolism; passages of romance and humour, criticisms of life and of contemporary religious and social forms.

John W. Luce and Company:

The Gist of Nietzsche. Arranged by Henry L. Mencken.

Thoughts from Nietzsche grouped under various headings.

The Macmillan Company:

A Manual of Practical Farming. By John McLennan, Ph.M.

In Part I Dr. McLennan considers crops and all the allied subjects of soils, fertilizers, drainage, harvesting and crop rotation; Part II is devoted to *Animal Husbandry* and takes up the various farm animals and tells of their care, breeding, housing and treatment when sick. The farm orchard is also included in this part, and the last chapter of the book is devoted to numerous practical suggestions.

Thomas Carlyle as a Critic of Literature. By Frederick William Roe, Ph.D.

This account of Carlyle as a critic of literature is not only of value as an appreciation of a great personality on a different side from that usually considered, but is also a contribution to the history of literary criticism in England.

Social and Industrial Conditions in the North during the Civil War. By Emerson David Fite, Ph.D.

Dr. Fite's work makes clear what the people at home were doing to gain their livelihood during the memorable struggle; what were their personal interests and pleasures; what attention they gave to other than political and military matters; how far the normal activities of the nation were maintained; how far and in what respect they were changed.

Revolution and Other Essays. By Jack London.

Containing a number of essays on some of the different subjects which have seemed to Mr. London in his varied career to be of vital importance. The volume takes its title from the first essay, which is an appeal for socialism. Besides those which are concerned with some phase of modern society, there are others of widely differing interests: one an account of some Alaskan gold-diggers, another a discussion of the animal psychology of John Burroughs and Theodore Roosevelt, and a third a criticism of Gorky and Kipling.

Landmarks in Russian Literature. By Maurice Baring.

The object of this book is to interest the reader in Russia and Russian literature, and to enable him to make up his mind as to whether he wishes to seek after a more intimate knowledge of the subject.

How to Keep Bees for Profit. By D. Everett Lyon, Ph.D.

The author begins his subject by enumerating the different articles of the bee-keeper's outfit, and its entire cost. In succeeding chapters he takes up breeding, hiving the new swarms, the production and marketing of the honey crop, wintering the colonies, and the treatment of the few diseases to which bees are liable.

McBride, Winston and Company:

The Garden Primer. By Grace Tabor and Gardner Teall.

A practical handbook on the elements of gardening for beginners.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Cleaning and Renovating at Home. A Household Manual. By E. G. Osman.

A practical guide to all the cleaning, dyeing and renovating processes that can be carried on in the home.

Abraham Lincoln. The Tribute of a Century. 1809-1909. Edited by Nathan William MacChesney.

Commemorative of the Lincoln Centenary and containing the principal speeches made in connection therewith.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Autobiography of a Clown. As Told to Isaac F. Marcossou.

Based on an article which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. In a preface Mr. Marcossou writes of his subject, Jules Turnour: "I have yet to meet a man whose devotion to the ideals of his art is more sincere than that which has animated Jules Turnour through the long years of his clowning. I have been with him in the tumult of tented travel and watched him in the roofed arena before the multitudes. Always I have found him proud to be a clown. To know him has indeed been a liberal education in character and loyalty."

American Problems. From the Point of View of a Psychologist. By Hugo Münsterberg.

A series of papers which have already appeared in various magazines: "The Fear of Nerves"; "The Choice of a Vocation"; "The Standing of Scholarship"; "Prohibition and Temperance"; "The Intemperance of Women"; "My Friends, the Spiritualists"; "The Market and Psychology"; "Books and Bookstores"; and "The World Language."

John P. Morton and Company (Louisville, Ky.):

Shakespeare in Limerick. By Brainerd McKee.

Thirty-eight limericks on the works of Shakespeare.

Outing Publishing Company:

Fishing Kits and Equipment. By Samuel G. Camp.

A guide to the angler buying a new outfit. The author describes all the details of the fishing kit of the fresh-water angler, from rod-tip to creel and clothing, and lays special emphasis on outfitting for fly-fishing. Instruction is also given to the man who wants to catch pickerel, pike, muskellunge, lake-trout, bass and other fresh-water game fishes.

How to Study the Birds. A Practical Guide for Amateur Bird-Lovers and Camera Hunters. By Herbert Keightley Job.

Mr. Job takes up in detail the practical side of bird study, showing how to identify the various species, when and where they may be found, their nesting time and habits, etc. He also describes the outfit necessary for studying the birds in the open and reveals the secrets by which he himself has secured his remarkable bird photographs.

G. P. Putnam's Sons (Cambridge University Press):

The Literature of the Victorian Era. By Hugh Walker, LL.D.

The scope of this work comprises the great age which began after Waterloo and ended with Swinburne and Meredith last year. After an introduction discussing "The New Age" and "The German Influence; Thomas Carlyle," the work is divided in three parts: I. Speculative Thought. II. Creative Art: Poetry; Creative Art: Prose Fiction. III. Et Cetera: History and Biography; Literary and Æsthetic Criticism.

The Two Knights of the Swan. Lohengrin and Helyas. By Robert Jaffray.

A study of the legend of the Swan-Knight, with special reference to its two most important developments.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Indian and His Problem. By Francis E. Leupp.

The author was for four years Commissioner of Indian Affairs. This book is an account of the present conditions

of Indian affairs and of the work and aims of the department. There are also suggestions for the relief of some of the difficulties which still confront the Government.

Our Garden Flowers. A Popular Study of Their Native Lands, Their Life Histories and Their Structural Affiliations. By Harriet L. Keeler.

Miss Keeler tells the story of our garden flowers, of their origin, as well as it can be traced, of their botanical attributes and position, and of their peculiar qualities and habits.

Marcus Aurelius and the Later Stories. By F. W. Bussell, D.D.

A new volume in the World's Epoch Maker Series. Including critical and scholarly estimates of Stoicism as a Philosophy, Epictetus and his Beliefs, The Creed of Marcus Aurelius, with discussions of his leading teachings on Morals and Faith.

The Black Bear. By William H. Wright.

The first half of the book tells the story of Ben, a little black bear cub, which Mr. Wright captured at a very early age and brought up as a pet. The second half is a general study of black bears, from the point of view of the naturalist and hunter. There are a number of illustrations from photographs taken by daylight of little and big black bears.

Sherman, French and Company:

A Married Priest. By Albert Houtin. Translated from the French by John Richard Slattery.

A sketch of the career of one, Canon Charles Perraud, showing his revolt against the law of celibacy for the Catholic priest.

Sigma Publishing Company (St. Louis, Mo.):

A Writer of Books. By Denton J. Snider.

Written for and dedicated to his pupil-friends reaching back in a line of fifty years.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

The Rescue of Cuba. Marking an Epoch in the Growth of Free Government. By Andrew S. Draper, LL.B., LL.D.

Revised Edition.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Teachers of Emerson. By John S. Harrison, Ph.D.

Showing how Emerson's thinking was moulded by the speculation of Plato and his school.

Children's Gardens. For Pleasure, Health and Education. By Henry Griscom Parsons.

The author is the son of Mrs. Henry Parsons who founded the famous Children's School Farm in De Witt Clinton Park, New York City. He describes the methods which have made De Witt Clinton Garden so successful, and that have been followed by most of the successful Children's Gardens throughout the country. Mr. Parsons believes the garden furnishes much that is needed in the education of all children, and his volume shows how the work is carried on to bring out the best results.

The Lost Art of Conversation. Selected Essays. Edited with an Introduction by Horatio S. Krans.

The aim of this work is to bring together in one volume the best English essays on conversation, with a view to providing those who would excel in the art with hints, suggestions, rules and precepts, likely to be helpful in the making of good talk.

Small, Maynard and Company:

A Simple Explanation of Modern Banking Customs. By Humphrey Robinson.

Designed for the promotion of closer and more satisfactory relations between the public and the banks; for the information of depositors generally, and of those just entering the banking business.

The Young Churchman Company:

Oberammergau and the Passion Play. By the Rev. E. Hermitage Day, D.D., F.S.A.

A practical and historical handbook for visitors.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of May and the 1st of June

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Why Did He Do It? Capes. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
6. The History of Mr. Polly. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Confessions of a Barbarian. Viereck. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.25.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Passion Play at Oberammergau. Moses. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. Secrets of the Past. Upwald. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Eddy. Cullen. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.
6. Just Between Themselves. Warner. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

553

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Our Native Trees. Keeler. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
3. Familiar Quotations. Bartlett. (Little, Brown.) \$3.00.
4. Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys in Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. John and Betty's History Visit. Williamson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
2. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.
3. American Public Library. Bostwick. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Addison. (Page.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. Airship Boys Due North. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
3. Boys Catlin. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Twisted Foot. Rideout. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Yellowstone National Park. Chittenden. (Robert Clarke Co.) \$1.50.
2. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50 cents.
3. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) \$1.80.
4. Homan's Self-propelled Vehicles. Homan. (Andel.) \$2.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Bygone Days in Chicago. Cook. (McClurg.) \$2.75.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. Daniel Drew. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know. Stack. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
4. An American Baby Abroad. Crewdson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

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NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Twisted Foot. Rideout. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.50.
6. The Early Bird. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
2. American Problems. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.60.
3. Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Recollections. Eggleston. (Holt.) \$3.00.

JUENILES

1. Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. Mabie and others. (Doubleday, Page.) 90 cents and \$1.20.
3. Peeps at Many Lands Series. (Macmillan.) 75 cents.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Taming of Red Butte Western. Lynde. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
6. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Passion Play of Oberammergau. Moses. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. Chantecler. Rostand. (Int. News Co.) 85 cents.
3. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.
4. Riley Roses. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.00.

JUENILES

1. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Happy Hawkins. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
4. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
5. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Day of Souls. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
2. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
3. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) \$1.25.

JUENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. Danbury Rodd, Aviator. Palmer. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

5. The History of Mr. Polly. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. The Intrusion of Jimmie. Wodehouse. (Watt.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Oberammergau. Day. (Young, Churchman Co.) 45 cents.
2. A Holiday with the Birds. Marks & Moody. (Harper.) 75 cents.
3. County Neighbors. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
4. Manual of Gardening. Bailey. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Merton. Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
5. The Godparents. Mason. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
6. Franklin Winslow Kane. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Yesterdays. Wing. (Minneapolis Journal.) 50 cents.
2. The Indian and His Problem. Leupp. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
3. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.
4. Ant Communities. McCook. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Gardens for Boys and Girls. Higgins. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
2. Little Brother O' Dreams. Eastman. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.
3. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
4. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.

6. Country Neighbors. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
2. Master of the Inn. Herrick. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. Peace. Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Candles in the Wind. Diver. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. The Story of Gösta Berling. Lagerlöf. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Early Bird. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Going Some. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

557

NON-FICTION

1. In Closed Territory. Bronson. (McClurg.) \$1.75.
2. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
3. Self-Control. Jordan. (Revell.) \$1.00.
4. Higgins: A Man's Christian. Duncan. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.00.
2. The Airship Boys Due North. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. People of the United States. Vol. 7. McMaster. (Appleton.) \$2.50.
2. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. American Flower Garden. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page.) \$5.00.
4. Man-Eaters of Tsavo. Patterson. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Running Fight. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. The Beast. Lindsey. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

3. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.50.
4. Comets. Elson. (Sturgis & Walton.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Ginger and Pickles. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Motor Boys in the Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 75 cents.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. The Red Symbol. Ironside. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Ideal Garden. Thomas. (Cassell.) \$2.00.
2. The Christian Religion as a Healing Power. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.00.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
4. Practical Poultry Keeper. Wright. (Cassell.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
2. Harper's Handy Book for Girls. Paret. (Harper.) \$1.75.
3. Hollow Tree and Deep Woods. Paine. (Harper.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Depot Master. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Oberammergau. Short. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
2. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.
3. The Ship-Dwellers. Paine. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Search after Ultimate Truth. Crane. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Four Boys and a Fortune. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Going Some. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Cavanagh. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) \$1.80.
2. Hindrance to Good Citizenship. Bryce. (Yale Univ. Press.) \$1.15.

3. Comets. Elson. (Sturgis.) 50 cents.
4. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Eyes and No Eyes. Buckley. (Cassell.) \$1.25.
2. Owls of St. Ursula's. Reid. (Baker & Taylor.) \$1.25.
3. In the Clouds for Uncle Sam. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Sister Beatrice. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. A Mine of Faults. Bain. (Putnam.) \$1.25.
4. Those Nerves. Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rover Boys Books. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Dorothy Dainty Books. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.00.
3. The Airship Boys. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Gloria. Turner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.10.
2. A Study of the Drama. Matthews. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

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3. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
4. Chantecler. Rostand. (Charpentier.) 85c.

JUVENILES

1. Rover Boys Books. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Motor Boys in the Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Mother Goose. (McLaughlin.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Gloria. Turner. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) \$1.80.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. American Problems. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.60.
4. Revolution. London. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Your Child and Mine. Warner. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Little Aliens. Kelly. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) \$1.40.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Luther Burbank's Works. Jordan. (Robertson.) \$1.75.
2. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.
3. Idols. Gayley. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
4. Woman's Eyes. Ryder. (Robertson.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Grimm's Fairy Tales. \$1.50.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Jungle Book. Kipling. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Cavanagh. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Lady Cardigan's Recollections. (Lane.) \$3.50.
3. The Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
4. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Ginger and Pickles. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
2. Ralph Osborne. Beach. (Wilde.) \$1.50.
3. Wit's End. Blanchard. (Estes.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Cavanagh. Garland. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Masterpieces in Color. (Stokes.) 65 cents.
2. The Black Bear. Wright. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
3. Christian Science. Flower. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Privilege and Democracy in America. Howe. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. Saalfeld Muslin Books. (Saalfeld.) 15 to 50 cents.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Musson.) \$1.25.
2. White Magic. Phillips. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Songs of a Sourdough Service. (Briggs.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Scouting for Boys. Baden-Powell. (Briggs.) 35 cents.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spiritual Unrest. Baker. (Stokes.) \$1.30.
2. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 15c.
3. The American Hope. Cole. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. My Commencement. (Caldwell.) \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Airship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
2. Stories Retold from St. Nicholas. (Century Co.) 65 cents.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
5. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Bird Life. Reed. (Reed.) \$1.00.
2. Life of Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Letters from a Father to His Son. Swain. (Yale Pub. Assoc.) 35 cents.
4. Lifted Bandage. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

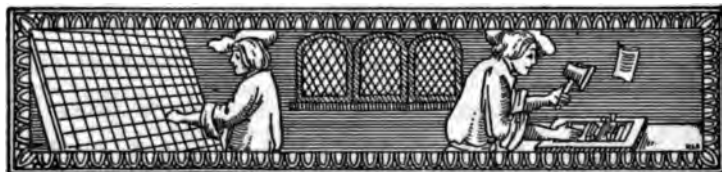
From the above list the six best selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	8
"	"	3d	"	7
"	"	4th	"	6
"	"	5th	"	5
"	"	6th	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	303
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50	176
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35	147
4. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50	75
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50	72
6. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50	47





JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON
Author of "McCutcheon on T. R."



THE CLIFF HOUSE. THE SCENE OF MR. ROLLINGSTONE'S FAMOUS FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE IN BRET HARTE'S "GABRIEL CONROY"

(See article "San Francisco in Fiction")

Photograph by C. R. Savage, Salt Lake

THE BOOKMAN

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No. 6

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

George V, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions

Birthday Beyond the Seas, and
Honours Emperor of India, has

been pleased to make certain appointments on the occasion of the day set apart for the celebration of his late father's birthday. In these appointments we find letters represented in the person of Arthur T. Quiller-Couch, who has been lifted to the dignity of knighthood. England's literary knights are now Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, and Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch. Meanwhile, another gentleman, who has been of some service to English letters, remains plain Mr. Kipling of Rottingdean.

What we may regard as the first separate bibliography of the late James Abbott McNeill Whistler

A Whistler has been compiled by
Bibliography Mr. Don C. Seitz, the

business manager of the New York *World*. Although Mr. Seitz does not contend that it is complete in all particulars, it is an exceedingly attractive little volume and is well worth the attention of all followers of Whistleriana. In the preface there is an account of the origin of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* which seems new. According to Mr. Seitz, neither the idea nor the title of that widely discussed book was Whistler's. The idea came from the ingenious mind of Mr. Sheridan Ford, an American journalist, poet and critic, who was in London in the late 'eighties, writing for the Bachelier Syndicate. He formed the acquaintance of Whistler, and the fortunes of both being at a low ebb, it oc-

curred to Mr. Ford that the letters and talks of the artist might be put together in an interesting book, to their mutual advantage. Mr. Whistler showed but languid interest in the work. Mrs. Whistler encouraged the editor and finally aroused some attention on the part of the artist.



WHISTLER. AN IMPRESSION BY GARDNER TEALL

The inevitable break did not come until Mr. Whistler, in going over the completed book, ordered a letter from Oscar Wilde, which replied to Whistler's charge of plagiarism, omitted. In plain terms the letter accused the artist of lying. Mr. Ford thought it unfair to omit the letter, and Whistler's sharp refusal to permit its retention led to a violent quarrel, with threatened fisticuffs, which ended with Mr. Ford's departing with the copy, determining to issue it on his own responsibility. A London publishing house put it into type, but when they learned that Mr. Whistler objected, they declined to proceed with its publication. Mr. Ford took the book to Antwerp. Originally it had borne the title of *The Correspondence of James McNeill Whistler*. The Antwerp printer objected to so poor a name and was invited by the compiler to pick a better one if he could. This he did very promptly. Pointing to a paragraph in the introduction, reading: "This collection of letters and miscellany covers something over a quarter of a century, from 1862 to the present year. It illustrates the gentle art of making enemies, and is in part the record of some unpleasantness between the Brush and Pen"—he said: "There's your title. Don't use this other thing."

Two thousand copies were struck off before the irate artist caused the confiscation of both forms and paper. But the undaunted Mr. Ford retreated to Ghent, where he found another English printer who agreed to compose and print the book in three days. The one thousand francs capital brought from London to Antwerp had been exhausted, but Mr. Ford's watch and jewelry remained and were given as security for five hundred francs at a friendly pawnshop! The sum was enough to insure the printer and the book came out on time and eluded Whistler. It bore this title: *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, edited by Sheridan Ford, Paris Delabrosse & Cie, 1890." It carried this dedication: "To all good comrades who like a fair field and no quarter these pages are peacefully inscribed." In his introduction Ford made the comment: "I commend the book to Mr. Whistler's enemies, with the sooth-

ing assurance that if each of them purchase a copy the edition will be exhausted in a week."

The enmity engendered between Whistler and Ford by these episodes became permanent, and the latter in his *Art of Folly* embalmed the painter thus:

One "Jimmie" Whistler, noted for his bile,
His backstair methods and amazing style,
Said, once upon a time, in lewd dispraise,
That Art herself was on the Town these days.
A senile fancy, sired of shallow wit,
And, like its author, tainted and unfit;
Serving to prove the looseness of the clown
Who should have said himself was on the
Town.

The London *Academy*, which is edited by Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas, a fact which is attested by very big black type on the cover of every issue, has, at the head of its editorial column, the usual notice to the effect that "The editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope." There follows the very curious line, "The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article." What in the name of Johannes Gutenberg does?

Mr. Clement K. Shorter has had an experience with the American interviewer and is moved to a spirit of protest. A writer of a daily column on the editorial page of a New York newspaper called on Mr. Shorter, and as a result of the visit wrote for his paper a homily on what he called the British sense of complaisant self-superiority. These are the words:

BRITISH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

Tip spent a pleasant half-hour chatting with C. S. of *The Sphere* and the recognised authority on the life and writings of Charlotte Brontë. Just before Tip came away the telephone bell rang. S. spoke a few words into the transmitter and hung up the receiver. "How does that impress you?" he asked. "I have just been talking all the way to . . . in the suburbs." Tip did not crack a smile, because it was not his first taste of the British

sense of complacent self-superiority. Thus Tip an hour before had been in tow of an official in Lloyd's, the place where they insure everything from a ship to a polo pony. The official and Tip squeezed into an elevator. "This is a lift, you know," said the official proudly. "I have just found that out," said Tip, straightening himself and smashing his hat against his side.

"As every newspaper office in London as well as in New York," comments Mr. Shorter, "is in the habit day by day of receiving communications by telephone from distances of two hundred or three hundred miles, it is obvious that the writer merely showed his own lack of intelligence in his communication. One is reminded of Carlyle's comment upon the adage that 'No man is a hero to his valet' to the effect that 'That is more often the fault of the valet than the hero.'"

Another contribution to Napoleonic literature is Mr. A. M. Broadley's volume, *Napoleon in Caricature, 1795-1821*, which is announced for publication in England. It is estimated that in the twenty years from Napoleon's rise to his eclipse after Waterloo over three thousand caricatures of the great emperor were produced. While this is the first English book ever published on the subject there has long been in existence a very adequate French volume, written, we think, by M. Armand Dayot and entitled *Napoleon Raconté par l'Image*.

In the May issue of the *American Magazine* there appeared a story by John Fleming Wilson, entitled "In the Hour of His Youth," that had quite an unusual quality.

In a way it was an answer to Mr. Kipling's "Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst." The tale begins with three men sitting in caned chairs in the heart of the romantic and disreputable East. One of the three is moved to reminiscence and tells of a period in his life when he really lived. It was in the hour of his youth, when he spent a year farming with an uncle in

New Jersey, "the finest country in the world." There, near a station called Cranberry, in a house which lay in the angle of two smooth hills, with a stone fence about it, and iron pots on the lawn filled with flowers, and the brown of the fallen apples dotting the orchard grass Mahone played out his romance. "Strange air to breathe!" comments Mahone in telling the tale, "out here we get a mixture of smells—thick, hot, choking.



JOHN FLEMING WILSON

But in New Jersey the air is cold, bright and odourless, except where an apple pit sends up its perfume, or the hedgerow is in late bloom; and then you smell that faint, queer, fine scent of God's country." We are not going to tell the story. We refer to it as a tale well worth reading. We do not think Mr. Wilson is conscious of the fact, but we are reasonably sure that "In the Hour of His Youth" came to be written because twenty years earlier Rudyard Kipling wrote a story entitled "On Greenhow Hill."

We shall not go so far as to indorse the opinion that the Perlmutter and

**Montague
Glass**

Potash stories of Jewish business life which have been appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post* added a quarter of a million to the circulation of that periodical. But that they were a very positive success is settled beyond all doubt. They are now out in book form, and a review of the book will be found elsewhere in this issue. We are curious to see whether the book will duplicate the success of the series. There have been many precedents, but they offer no absolute solution.

Mr. Glass was born in Manchester, England, in 1877. His father, James David Glass, was born in Russia and went to Belfast, Ireland, when a boy. Fifty years ago the elder Glass established a linen industry now conducted in Belfast and New York by Montague Glass's brothers. It is rather consistent that Montague Glass should have taken the cloak and suit salesroom for the setting of his stories, because his mother's grandfather originated the ready-made clothing business in London at the end of the eighteenth century. Montague Glass was educated in St. Luke's and the Manchester grammar school, and came



MONTAGUE GLASS

to the United States at the age of fourteen. Settling in New York, he attended the City College and New York University. After his admission to the bar Mr. Glass engaged in the practice of bankruptcy and real estate law as an associate of an old practitioner who had for his clients many of the Jewish merchants of the city. By contact with these men he picked up the vast amount of material and colour which he has employed in telling of the adventures of Potash and Perlmutter.

The *British Weekly* estimates the estate left by the late Goldwin Smith at about two hundred thousand pounds. When he went to Toronto nearly forty years ago he deposited nearly one hundred thousand pounds in the banks, and he was fortunate in his subsequent investments. He did his best to help those who were helping themselves. Especially he helped people in moderate circumstances to buy homes of their own, lending to within ten pounds of the actual purchase price of the houses they were buying. He never lost a dollar by his conscientious adherence to the idea of lending money at low rates of interest to genuine home-buyers.

One feature of Justus Miles Forman's novel, *Bianca's Daughter*, which was reviewed in our July issue, seems to have made a decided impression on the English reviewers. The story hangs upon the devotion of two men to a girl of twenty or twenty-one years of age. One is a man of forty, the other a man of twenty-five. The writer assumes throughout that it is inconsistent with romance that the man of forty should succeed in winning the girl's affections. C. K. S. writing in the *London Sphere* makes the comment that this aspect of the novel will make all his bachelor friends quite uncomfortable. He calls Mr. Forman's attention to the fact that in England the age for marriage among men has considerably increased, and quotes the theory of the late Mr. Locker Lampson as set forth in his little volume entitled *Patchwork*.

I have a well-considered opinion as to the proper ages for man and wife. A wife should be half the age of her husband *with seven years added*. Thus, if the gentleman is twenty, his wife should be seventeen. If he is thirty-six, she should be twenty-five; and so on. No lady of the ripe age of fifty-seven has a right to indulge in the luxury of a spouse who (even though he may not be a magnificent ruin) is less than a century.

We have long wished to say something about Mr. August F. Jaccaci, who for so many years has held an unusual place in the New York world of art, letters, and business.

The opportunity comes with the appearance of a handsomely printed brochure in which Mr. Jaccaci announces the readiness of the first volume of his *Noteworthy Paintings in American Private Collections*. Planned to be completed in fifteen volumes, at a cost to the subscribers of \$15,000 a set, this work, which apparently aims to be not only a *catalogue raisonnée* of the private pictorial wealth of this country, but an encyclopedia of the great art of the world, was begun by Mr. Jaccaci in association with Mr. John Lafarge in 1903. In a sense Mr. Jaccaci's whole life has been a preparation for this undertaking, which involves the collaboration of the leading authorities in art here and abroad. His acquaintance with painters, critics, and collectors in all countries has been extraordinarily wide. He could repeat with Stendhal "Je viens de Cosmopolis," for he is a true cosmopolitan. Not an American by birth, but a loyal American citizen and by preference a resident of the United States, he is, at the same time, as completely at home in the art capitals of Europe as he is in his New York club or in his New York offices.

There are few parts of the world—outside of the Far East—that Mr. Jaccaci has not visited, especially in his earlier days, in pursuit of his joint professions of art and letters. He spent much time in North Africa painting and writing in the Hinterland of Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco, following and going beyond Fromentin's routes through the Sahara.



AUGUST F. JACCACI

He had the rare experience of living for more than a year among the wandering Bedouins of the desert with never a sight of a white man, a village, or even a mud hut. Among his interesting expeditions, and the most fruitful from a literary point of view, was that which he made to Spain, and the records of which are contained in his book, *On the Trail of Don Quixote*. His friend, the artist, Daniel Vierge, was to accompany him on this trip, but fell sick at the last moment and was obliged to go over the same ground by himself later to make the sketches with which the book is illustrated. A larger edition was brought

out in Paris some years ago with the title *Au Pays de Don Quichotte*. Coming to New York from the Northwest in the 'eighties, Mr. Jaccaci became associated with Mr. John S. Phillips and S. S. McClure, the "Three Musketeers," as Mr. McClure called them, who founded *McClure's Magazine*.

We confess to just a little disappointment in Mr. John T. McCutcheon's *T. R. in Cartoons*. With the memory of *Cartoons by McCutcheon*, *More Cartoons by McCutcheon* and *Bird Centre Cartoons*, a new book by

Mr. McCutcheon has come to be regarded as something of an event. The pictures which make up the present volume are unquestionably good and amusing, but they seem to lack somehow that individual note which has hitherto been characteristic of Mr. McCutcheon's work. Here the artist is quite obscured by his subject. Perhaps Roosevelt in caricature can never adequately be treated by any one cartoonist. It is a

theme that calls for the work of the best cartoonists of all the civilised world. We hope that M. Jean Grand-Carteret will include our former President in that excellent series in which *Lui* and *L'Oncle de l'Europe*, dealing with the Emperor William and the late Edward VII, respectively, have already appeared, and *Cleopold*, and *Le Jeune Premier de l'Europe* (the late Leopold of Belgium, and Alfonso of Spain) have been announced.

WHEN MR. ROOSEVELT WORKS FOR A STANDARD OIL PUBLICATION—WILL IT BE



— like this ?



— or, like this ?

Soon after Mr. Roosevelt's connection with the "Outlook" as Contributing Editor was announced, it was alleged that much of the stock of that periodical was controlled by men associated with the Standard Oil Company

Some statistics that we have recently received from Paris establish beyond question the fact that the best French "best seller" of the last quarter of a century is not a highly realistic novel by Zola, but Georges Ohnet's *Le Maître de Forges*. In view of the much maligned French literary taste this is significant, for *Le Maître de Forges* is from cover to cover as clean and wholesome as a story by Miss Edgeworth. Appearing first in 1882 it had a success in France comparable to—let us say—that of General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur* in this country. It was translated into almost all modern languages and dramatised in many lands. Despite Ana-

tole France's terrible arraignment that "it made him weep to think that a book could be written that could be so preposterously bad," *Le Maître de Forges* retains to-day its old appeal to young French readers, and remains the best French "best seller."

It would be well worth the time of some of our ambitious young writers who aim to build to conform with the popular taste to analyse the construction of M. Ohnet's book. *Le Maître de Forges*, translated literally as *The Iron Master*, has probably been more widely read in this country than any other translation of the last half century with the possible exception of Ludovic Halévy's

MR. ROOSEVELT READS THE MARCH MAGAZINES



L'Abbé Constantin. Yet at the risk of repetition we are going to recall from memory some of the details of the story. The hero, Philippe, the iron master, is sprung from the sturdy middle class, and by his industry, energy and force of character has brought to a high degree of prosperity and efficiency the foundries left to him in an impoverished condition by his father. His only relative is a younger sister, Suzanne, whom he guards with a fine devotion. One day, while hunting on his estate, he meets the daughter of a neighbouring noble family, and falls deeply in love. The girl, Claire, is betrothed to her cousin, the young Duc de Blingy, who at the time is in the French diplomatic service in Russia. When he returns, the years in St. Petersburg have transformed the generous-hearted boy into the cynical viveur. Gambling has brought him to the verge of ruin, and he can repair his fortunes only by marriage with a great heiress. Such a one is found in the daughter of an enormously wealthy chocolate manufacturer (whose name strongly suggests that of the founder of the famous Chocolat Menier), and De Blingy has no scruples about breaking the engagement with his cousin. Claire, prostrated by the blow, accepts the formal proposal of the iron master.

Financial disaster has fallen upon Claire's family. A great lawsuit has been decided against them in the English courts, and almost everything, including the girl's dowry, has been swept away. But Philippe, in a fine spirit of chivalry, insists that the knowledge of it all shall be kept from her, and she becomes his wife with the belief that she is bringing him a great fortune. As she goes to his home after the wedding her sufferings reach the climax. She tells him of her former love for De Blingy, bids him take her dowry, but to leave her to herself. Philippe bows gravely and acquiesces. He will live for the future. There follows a long period when Claire is at the point of death with brain fever. Throughout it all he nurses her with the utmost devotion and hides his anguish from the eyes of the world. When she comes back to life and reason it is as a

much softened woman. In her heart there has grown up for her husband in place of the aversion and terror a gentle kindness, a mild affection. Little by little her eyes are opened to all his nobility of character, and by the time that the big dramatic moments of the book arrive, when De Blingy returns and the two men match fire and force, Claire has grown to think of her husband with passionate worship. It is the apotheosis of the Happy Ending.

Claudius Clear, writing in a recent number of the *British Weekly*, recalls certain curiosities of criticism. The subject is suggested by the *Aberdeen Journal*, which has been publishing some interesting figures relating to the public library of that city. Since January last, Sir Walter Scott's twenty-six romances have been issued to no fewer than twelve hundred and eighty-eight readers, giving an average of fully forty-nine issues per novel. R. L. Stevenson's fifteen romances account for three hundred and fifty-one issues among them, or twenty-three per novel, as against forty-nine for the *Waverley* Series. More interesting still is the fact that of all Scott's novels, *The Fortunes of Nigel* is in most demand. Next comes *Guy Mannering*, followed by *Quentin Durward*, and then *Old Mortality* and *Kenilworth*.

Claudius Clear recalls the fact that many years ago J. M. Barrie discussed the question of the relative popularity of Scott's novels and in the end put *Ivanhoe* above the rest. Goethe, in 1828, considered that Scott had never written anything to surpass or even equal *Waverley*. He had at the same time a strong admiration for *The Fair Maid of Perth*. Lord Tennyson thought of *Old Mortality* as Scott's greatest, an opinion shared by Mr. Andrew Lang. *The Heart of Midlothian* has always had many adherents. When the Scott centenary was celebrated in Edinburgh, the Emperor of Brazil, on the first morning of his stay, went at five o'clock in the morning with the novel in his hand to identify some of the localities described. He said that Scott's de-

scriptions were so vivid and precise that he had succeeded easily.

Not a few give the preference to *The Bride of Lammermoor*. Mr. Gladstone did so for one, declaring that "No man since Æschylus could have written it." Leslie Stephens called it in some respects the best and most artistic of Scott's novels. Mr. Swinburne said of it: "The most perfect of all tragical poems between the date of *Manon Lescaut* and the date of *Notre Dame de Paris*." The verdict of Lockhart was that it is "The most pure and powerful of all the tragedies that Scott ever penned." Professor Saintsbury, on the other hand, has described it as "Scott's first approach to failure in prose." *Ivanhoe*, as Anthony Trollope said, is perhaps the most favoured novel in the English language. It was received throughout England with a more clamorous delight than any of the Scotch novels have been. Its publication marked the most brilliant epoch in Scott's history as the literary favourite of his contemporaries. With the novel which he next published the immediate sale of his books began to wane.

Claudius Clear takes up the question of whether Bulwer Lytton was a great writer. He concedes that Lytton had a very important place in literary history, entering the scene just as Sir Walter was leaving it. Scott's voice was loud in his praise. He read *Pelham* and "found it very interesting: the light is easy and gentlemanlike, the dark very grand and sombrous." Macaulay reluctantly praised *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Matthew Arnold read *My Novel* with great pleasure. On the other hand Longfellow did not approve of *The Caxtons*, and Mr. W. D. Howells only a few years ago spoke of *Pelham* as being "vulgarly and viciously commonplace."

The *Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley*, edited by George William Curtis, was published in 1889, and immediately won the recognition it deserved, not only for the delightful quality of the letters,

but for the variety and significance of the matters to which they related. It contained the best of the Motley letters, but many still remained unpublished, and from these a new selection has just been published by Motley's daughter, Mrs. Mildmay, under the title of *John Lothrop Motley and His Family*. They range in date from 1833 to 1893. Many of them were written during the period of our Civil War and give a vivid impression of the irritating European attitude toward the Union. Hitherto unpublished letters of Bismarck, Oliver Wendell Holmes and other prominent persons are included. One of the most interesting of the early letters is that of Mrs. Motley to her husband relating to Dickens's visit to Boston. It is dated Boston, February 5, 1842. After telling of Dickens's exhausting efforts as a sightseer and the still more exhausting attentions of Americans, she writes:

Somebody told me that the other evening when he was obliged to stay at home from perfect exhaustion of body and mind, that a man inquired for him at the Tremont House, and in spite of Dickens's repeated refusals to see him contrived to make his way into his parlour, where the poor man was extended on the sofa; he remained an hour, and then requested Mr. D. to allow him to bring up his wife, who was waiting below. Dickens told him he really must excuse him; he was too ill to remain up any longer, and went to his room and threw himself on the bed; in spite of this the man brought up his wife and passed another hour with Mr. Dickens. Did you ever hear anything so disgusting? The women, not the common people, for that you could excuse, float round him in the streets, wait for him at the corners, and Alexander's room is crammed every day with girls and women, who call themselves ladies, to see him when he comes out of the studio. The other day he was absolutely obliged to force himself through the crowd, and one woman stepped before him and said to him: "Mr. Dickens, will you be kind enough to walk entirely round the room, so that we can all have a look at you?" This is one of the million things which I could tell you which makes me feel sometimes as if I could cry with mortification. Chapman's invitation to him was the funniest: "Mr. Dickens, will you dine with me?"

"I am very sorry I am engaged!"

"Will you sup with me?"

"I am engaged."

"Will you lunch with me?"

"I am engaged."

"Will you breakfast with me?"

"I am engaged."

"Well, will you sleep with me?"

"Thank you, with the greatest pleasure. Nothing could gratify me more than an invitation to sleep."

As time goes on and similar incidents of Dickens's visits are recalled in volumes of correspondence and reminiscences, we are learning that the account of our country in *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* was, on the whole, rather moderate. Passages in both those books that seem burlesque reflect faithfully his personal experiences.

But the vulgar curiosity over which Mrs. Motley was ready to cry with mortification is at bottom the same as the spirit underlying many recent volumes of letters and memoirs. Even the present volume is not altogether free from it, for some of the letters are quite pointless, throwing no light on the well-known persons to whom they refer, and preserved only out of deference to their names. This, of course, is the chief vice of the memoir-writer, and many recent volumes reveal it on every page. Why is "Good morning" to a great man forty years ago considered such a pious literary relic? To be sixty years old or so and to have passed the time of day with anybody who was somebody in the eighteen seventies is often enough to set a man at work at his memoirs and to keep him going through two volumes. Reviewers pick out the few good things but seldom notice the disproportionate amount of sawdust. Of course, it is rude to jostle an author on the street or cut off a great man's coat-tail for a keepsake, but it is only a rougher form of that flunkeyism which in many books of English and American reminiscences produces long chapters based on a bare acquaintanceship or the interchange of mere civilities or a handshake or two. Not a year passes without its volumes of Lady Somebody's Memoirs which should not have exceeded a page. Things are

set down in print which the most polite of listeners would not endure in private conversation. That, by the way, may account for their frequent publication, friends advising them to set to work on their Memoirs in the hope of lightening the burden of their talk. So we have book after book subsisting on the bare mention of noted names. The average reminiscence writer is happy in the mere fact of having met somebody somewhere and exchanged remarks of no possible interest to anybody. Justin McCarthy meets James Russell Lowell. Nothing happens and neither says anything worth noting. They meet and they part; that is all. Under the roof of Mrs. James T. Fields, who was the widow of Mr. James T. Fields, he meets the late Edward Everett Hale, the author of *The Man Without a Country*, one of the most marvellous works in the English language. Under the same roof he had also met Bayard Taylor, the great traveller and translator of German verse. Such is the familiar style of our memoir-writer. It is as much an abuse of celebrities as pillaging them of their buttons on the street.

The "output of creditable poetry," as some term it, continues to be adequate for monthly magazine needs. Statistics are not available, but there was no sign that the production of marketable magazine verse felt either the shock of the October Crisis or the recovery of 1909, that most remarkable year of American agriculture. And taking it all in all throughout the monthly magazines, stanza for stanza, yard for yard, it is of remarkably even quality, being indeed so thoroughly "standardised" that no matter who writes it it remains about the same, disappointing nobody, causing no surprise. On the other hand, the supply of weekly verse is very precarious. The country is not and never has been rich enough in respectable verse for regular weekly publication, and any weekly paper, which, like the *New York Times*, *Saturday Review*, insists on it, makes a grave mistake. Goaded into publication, the weekly poet often sinks into a decrepitude unpar-

Weekly
Verse

alleled among the monthly bards. The *Times Review*, for example, recently printed a poem about Professor Henry Van Dyke which reads in part as follows:

Why not be frank and say it without fear?

Of all our poets none I better like

In certain moods and seasons than Van Dyke,
Whose mellow Bird-Songs make the birds
more dear.

* * * * *

Nor poet only. Deft with essay, tale,

And sketch (wherein the angler's art has
place),

In all he writes we find peculiar grace,
A temper kind and faith that does not fail.

* * * * *

What wonder that we love this gentle friend?
Be his choice books our comrades to the end!

Mark the cadence of the last line, as the commentators say; compare it with "the swell serenity of books."

Among monthly magazine poets, on the other hand, actual illiteracy is almost unknown, and an editor would have no excuse for printing verses like those above quoted. The late Mr. Richard Watson Gilder has borne witness to the high level of the general average in the following impromptu lines accompanying the return of some rejected verses. They are reprinted in the last *Century*.

The trouble is that in this land sublime
Too many citizens know how to rhyme;
In fact, some ten or twenty *thousand* can
Write verses that correctly mate and scan,
And several *hundreds* sometimes even reach
To no small aptitude of measured speech.
So many *scores* woo well the fickle muse
That editors dare not their songs refuse;
Thus are our safes so full of pretty verses
We can no more—so, prithee, spare your curses.

In *Astir*, a *Publisher's Life Story*, by Mr. J. A. Thayer, occurs the following story of Hall Caine's manner of accounting for the increased circulation of *Everybody's Magazine* when it was carrying the "Frenzied Finance" serial:

The July issue, wherein *Frenzied Finance* began its spectacular career, also contained

the first instalment of a serial which we had arranged to publish long before the Lawson project arose. In the early autumn Hall Caine performed his pilgrimage to London to call upon his publisher. The latter having transatlantic connections mentioned to the author that the circulation of *Everybody's Magazine* had made extraordinary gains. "Yes," said Mr. Caine, "I expected it. That is the American magazine which is publishing my new story, *The Prodigal Son*."

The Springfield *Republican's* comment is pertinent:

The story is supposed to be funny, yet if any author could "boost" a magazine one would suppose Hall Caine to be the man. Perhaps the joke lies in the absurdity of supposing that the public would rather read a fiction than a fake.

Astir, the volume from which the above story is quoted, is uncommonly well named, being the brisk and entertaining chronicle of a "hustler and no mistake," who rose from printer's boy in his teens to advertising manager of *The Ladies' Home Journal* in his thirties. "With the optimism which has been my lifelong tonic, I send this book forth," says the writer, and this "optimism" pervades every page. Or perhaps "optimism" is too big a word for it. It is a rubbing of the hands over one's personal success, founded on a sure faith that rewards in due measure wait upon deserts. Never was a self-made man happier in his handiwork. And though in actual life one often meets these pushing roseate adepts in the art of "getting on," they seldom have the further knack of expressing themselves on paper. If we meet them in print, somebody else, like Mr. Howells, for example, or Mr. Lorimer, has had to invent them. Mr. Thayer, on the other hand, tells his own story in the precise manner that we demand of his type, clearly, pointedly, self-confidently, and above all with perfect naïveté. He does not defend his standards or aspirations or pretend that they are higher than they are. He simply makes them known. He believes Tom Lawson is a great man and he is proud

of his part in securing the serial *Frenzied Finance*, and frankly delighted with the financial results to *Everybody's*. So ardently does he adore success that in the presence of those publishers who have achieved it he almost has buck fever. When he was appointed business manager by Mr. Frank A. Munsey, whom he calls "a genius in spots," he says:

My first day with Mr. Munsey stands out in my mind as distinctly as the one, when a boy, I was promoted to long pants.

But in a month and a day his Munsey engagement terminated with the interchange of two long and very entertaining letters, in which each told the other precisely what he thought of him. Mr. Munsey said Mr. Thayer was not the "big, strong man" his friends had represented him to be, that he was addicted to "red tape" and to a "halo of importance," and despite the fact that he was "a great big salaried man" and had been engaged on the strength of "a great big reputation" he was of less value to the office than any one of half a dozen men who were drawing only one-third the salary. To which Mr. Thayer replied that Mr. Munsey though a "close reasoner" was too emotional and showed the strain of overwork and that he had given him no chance.

I have been in New York four weeks. I have been put in a cage and you have walked around and looked at me and said to yourself, "He's not doing anything."

In the final interview Mr. Thayer jumped to his feet, raised the forefinger of his right hand and (with incredible daring) "looked him squarely in the face."

Then with the emphasis an energetic advertising man often uses to clinch an important deal, I told him he had given me no opportunity to do anything for him; that he was absolutely mistaken in his estimate of me. I closed the interview by assuring him, and the words came deliberately, that it would not take five years to prove him wrong.

He "made good" within less than a year, bringing the Boston *Journal's* ad-

vertising department to such a point that "the receipts showed a healthy growth of several thousand dollars a week." Disdaining now the *Journal's* offer of the "great big salary" which Mr. Munsey had begrudged, he plunged into the regeneration of *The Delineator*, which process he calls the "bleaching of a black sheep."

The one hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars received in advertising by the Butterick Company the year previous to my coming had grown, in the final year of my service, to over six hundred thousand dollars. It exceeds a million to-day.

One day, in the president's office, I saw the architect's drawing of a massive stone edifice, fourteen stories high, to be built for and devoted solely to the business of the Butterick Company. Facetiously, the treasurer remarked: "Look at your new building!" As I looked I thought: "Many a true word is spoken in jest." As treasurer, he well knew that my department made it possible.

On the *Delineator* he enforced the policy of clean advertising, declining not only patent medicines and objectionable advertisements, "but all which were extravagantly phrased."

Thus an assertion that a lady's suit worth seventy-five dollars would be sent on receipt of twenty-five dollars in cash would be considered "extravagantly phrased" and the order declined unless personal examination proved its truth. It is difficult to explain to the layman the detail with which every announcement was censored. The word "cure" had to be stricken from every advertisement before it appeared in our columns. If a well-known make of vaseline was said to "cure" sunburn, we obtained the advertiser's consent to change the word to "relieve" or declined his money.

The chief difficulty at first was with the "neutral cases," for, as he says, "fraudulent advertising is objectionable always, but objectionable advertising is not always fraudulent." So one of his first steps was to seek a "neutral case" that might serve as a precedent. This he found in an order for a hair-restorer advertisement amounting to three thousand dollars. He took the order along with the cuts of "Before" and "After" to a

bald-headed official of the company and asked him if he believed in such things. The bald-headed official was moved. "Do you think," cried he, "that if there was a remedy, I'd have stayed bald for thirty years?" Here was an "object lesson more forcible than a Niagara of verbal argument." This and similar advertisements were thenceforth excluded.

Then came his purchase of *Everybody's* for seventy-five thousand dollars and the extraordinary success of that magazine under his and Mr. Ridgway's direction. The temptation to print advertisements for headache "cures" was resisted from the very start, despite the suggestion of an adviser that in the early phases of a new venture such a course was permissible. Mr. Wilder, of the Butterick Company, was the silent partner in the enterprise, and it was Mr. Wilder who first dreamed that golden dream of the Tom Lawson serial. That is a disappointment to the reader of this volume. Mr. Thayer is our hero and we had much rather have had him discover Lawson. The publication of *Frenzied Finance* was the climax of his life, at once his glory and his *raison d'être*. It was for this that on the day of his birth "Mars and Jupiter were in friendly juxtaposition." It was for this that as a young man he was wont to murmur to himself the words, "Put your ambition high and work up to it." There was presage of it when on his first day in Philadelphia to take a position on *The Ladies' Home Journal* he "remembered the inspiring rise of that other Boston printer who first trod these streets in the early morning, eating a roll as he came" and

paused by the iron grating of the quiet churchyard where Franklin lies, and with bared head paid my silent tribute to his memory.

Upward and onward, through the office of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, past the frowning height of Mr. Frank A. Munsey, beyond the Boston *Journal*, beyond even *The Delineator*, he had climbed till now he stood proudly on the crowning peak of *Everybody's*. To some readers this may seem enough. But as

the narrative glowed and swelled with the promise of a great result, and as we grew more and more fascinated with his grit, pluck, push, grasp, vim, nerve, bounce, "breeziness" and "braininess" we hoped for something greater still. We do not deny that he made himself the man he now is—and a mighty feat it was. But we do wish that it had been he instead of Mr. Wilder of the Butterick Company who discovered Tom Lawson. If the book is ever dramatised this change must be made. We also insist that in a stage version the hero after his triumph shall be brought again face to face with Mr. Frank A. Munsey and again raise that same forefinger and say "Which of us was right?"

But if he did not discover Tom Lawson, he was masterly in turning the discovery to advantage. The circulation was soon going to "the merry tune of fifty thousand a month," and "in less than a year after Mr. Lawson's articles began we announced an edition of one million, which he himself had predicted." Finally it was thought necessary to change the price of the magazine from ten to fifteen cents:

When to make the change was the problem. Then one morning the daily newspapers did us the kindness to print the statement that *Everybody's Magazine* was to be suppressed. The attorney for Henry H. Rogers, of Standard Oil fame, had written the American News Company that if the magazines were distributed and put on sale throughout the country, action at law would be taken. The elevated train on which I rode that morning seemed to creep at a snail's pace. Arriving at my office, I burst in on Mr. Ridgway.

"Now is the time!" I cried.

With the dignity of a foreign ambassador, the active partner of my troubles leaned back in his chair and smiled.

"Yes; for what?" said he.

"To increase our price."

My co-worker took fire himself. In a moment he had our printer on the telephone, the presses were stopped, and the change was made. The free advertising given us by the magic name of Standard Oil was so immense that the edition for the month, though larger than before, was swept from the news-stands on the day of publication.

Once owing to the officiousness of sub-editors a sentence of *Frenzied Finance* was nearly de-Lawsonised and spoiled, but Mr. Thayer saved it in the nick of time:

In one of Mr. Lawson's chapters he referred to "a meeting of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation wherein Mr. Henry H. Rogers, having made his invariable plea for quick action, was interrupted by the president of the corporation, who blurted out: 'Mr. Rogers will vote on this question after we have talked on it.' In a voice that those who heard it say sounded like a rattlesnake's hiss in a refrigerator, Mr. Rogers replied: 'All meetings where I sit as a director vote first and talk after I am gone.'" Re-reading this after it had been put in type, I found that our editors had changed the species of snake. Demanding a reason, I was informed that neither did snakes inhabit refrigerators nor rattlesnakes hiss, but that on conferring together in the absence of the editor-in-chief, they had decided to let the refrigerator remain, but to make it a black snake, which really did hiss. I instructed these sticklers for exact biology to restore the sentence to its original pungent form. A few days afterward Mr. Ridgway, who was in the West, also noticed the alteration and telegraphed me: "Please have editorial department change black snake to rattlesnake as originally sent."

He saw at a glance that rattlesnake was more pungent than black snake, and that it was not in keeping with the Lawson manner to represent as hissing a snake that actually could hiss. It was only at a serious crisis like this that he interfered in editorial affairs, but when he did it was with this sure literary instinct. The instance points the truth of his remark that we who in our "slipper ease" turn the pages of a magazine little know the minute and unremitting labour involved in its preparation.

Then came the launching of the short-lived *Ridgway's Weekly*, a project which

he scouted from the first, despite its promise of "wholesome fiction, honest sentiment, and 'red blood.'" Disaster followed as he predicted, but meanwhile he had withdrawn from the company, selling out for a handsome sum, on which he now lives in luxury and in uninterrupted self-congratulation. Later the magazine which he had bought for seventy-five thousand dollars was purchased by the Butterick Company for three million dollars. Thus New York was the scene of his triumph. It looked at one time as if it might be Boston, but Boston was too conservative. Had the proprietor of the *Atlantic Monthly* not been hidebound, Mr. Thayer might have turned it into something nearly as good as the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He was working on the latter magazine when the idea occurred to him. He saw possibilities in the *Atlantic*. He thought its circulation might be increased from the small figure of "less than twenty-five thousand copies up into the hundred thousands."

To do this the *Atlantic* would have to be materially changed and illustrated. On one of my trips to Cambridge, I pointed out to my old friend, Charles Walker, this striking opportunity, and he, speaking of it to the publishers, brought about an early interview. The delightful gentleman who has been for so many years the head of this old house was interested, but to change the magazine in any way—never! It was Boston.

Nowhere is the spirit of popular magazine enterprise so perfectly reproduced. The details are intimate, significant and exceedingly well told. But apart from this special interest there is in its frank, good-natured, bustling pages something very typical of a large class of our fellow countrymen. It is an admirable picture of American business, and it is quite fitting that it should be translated into French, as the publishers say it has been, under the title *Les E'tapes du Succès. Souvenirs d'un "Business man" Américain*.



BOOK-PLATE OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY BY EMIL DOEPLER

THE GERMAN EX-LIBRISTS



O just what a degree the book-plate may illustrate the very quintessence of the personal proprietary element in the matter of the graphic arts is supremely illustrated by the work of the German artists of to-day. Turn whither we may, we find the ex-librist of no other country surpassing the originality in conception, the strength, force, delicacy, interest, line-mastery, and appropriateness of the design to its intention shown by the artists of Germany in the drawing of the little labels which book-lovers the world over use to adorn

their treasured volumes and to denote their ownership of them.

Of course, Germany was the first in the field, for Albrecht Dürer, Lucas Cranach, Bartel Beham, Hans Springinklee and others of their time were devoted to the art of the making of such things; which had begun to be a fashion in Hildebrand Brandenburg's day. That their heritage of ideas has not been wasted, and that the seed of their originality has been planted in the fertile fields of appreciation must be evident to every one who gives any attention to these matters.

The thing that marks the work of the German ex-librist designer above the

average work of the designers of the book-plates of any other country is the fact that they go about their business with an idea for a foundation. American designers are too apt to imagine that if a lady is fond of pet dogs the portrait of her poodle on a book-plate constitutes carrying out an original *motif*, or that if a man is fond of out-door life a border of guns, fishing-tackle, canoes and snow-shoes is the clever thing wherewith to decorate his book-plate.

Again the French seem unable to tear themselves from believing the unclad feminine to be the proper subject for almost every book-plate, and one invariably turns away from a collection of modern French book-plates with the feeling that he has been peeking in through the careless shutters of an *atelier* during prolonged poses. The English designers are either enormously heraldic or naively pre-Raphaelite, with now and then an avowed bit of radical departure—as when Gordon Craig, Anning Bell (who is for Italian Renaissance, after all), Simpson, New, and a few others take their pencil to things of this kind.



BOOK-PLATE OF FRIEDRICH SARRE BY JOSEPH SÄTTLER



BOOK-PLATE OF HERR VON ZUR WEZTEN BY MATHILDE ADE

Of course, Germany had her day of the commonplace, and it lasted a long time, but Daniel Chodowieckis began getting away from it, and after a long relapse Ludwig Richter set the pace for what was to follow. Even Goethe took a hand at making book-plates, and the one he designed for Käthchen Schönkopf is one of the most interesting documents we have of the poet's taste. The men of Munich have produced among themselves almost as great a revolutionary movement in the art of design as did Aubrey Beardsley, when his drawings were brought to the attention of the public. It is these men, then (nearly all of them represented by their contributions to *Jugend*, and, therefore, well known) who have done so much to make the art of the ex-libris a thing by itself in their own country. Their wonderfully clever designs, their superb draughtsmanship, and their originality of conception recalls the never-failing ingenuity of the indefatigable masters of Nuremberg.

One is not so sure that the book-plates they design for themselves are as successful as those they do for their friends—few of us would care for the ex-libris of



BOOK-PLATES BY EMIL PRETORIUS

Hans Thoma in our own books, but it is interesting to see what this great artist has chosen for himself. The ones he has done for Dr. Thode and for August Rasor are more pleasing. On the other hand, Franz von Stuck's book-plate by his own hand is excellent from every point of consideration. The book-plate von Stuck has done for Mary von Stuck is strangely in the artist's well-known canvases. Of course, the Germans employ heraldic designing, but more often in the manner of Otto Hupps, whose work in this especial field has been made famous through his designs for the celebrated *Münchener Kalandern*, which seems to have inspired the decoration of every Hofbrauhaus in America.

Probably Joseph Sattler is Germany's greatest designer of book-plates. Sattler steeped his mind so in the love of the artists of the Teutonic *cinqcento* that every stroke with his pen seems guided by such a hand as theirs, and directed through such eyes as gazed critically upon



BOOK-PLATE OF MARGARETHE STRAUSS BY FRANZ STASSEN



BOOK-PLATE OF PROPSTES HECTOR POMER BY ALBRECHT DÜRER

their own work. Sattler seems really one of the Little Masters, and his influence on modern German illustration has been enormous. One of the followers in Sattler's footsteps has been Georg Barlösius, and our own Howard Pyle seems to have a conservative sympathy with Sattler's creations, probably having evolved his own style by much the same sort of study. However, in even the best of Howard Pyle's work, one does not find quite the extent of imagination that plays so great a part in Sattler's.

To-day Maximilian Dasio's work in typographical design stands to the front in German book-design. His drawings for ex-libris are therefore of interest, and Bernhard Wenig follows closely upon his heels as one may see in the little book-plate he has designed for the Princess Wredelobkowitz.

Otto Griener shows the influence of Michelangelesque studies, and his book-plates seem classicism seen through Teuton eyes. Under the eyes of Max Klinger the talent of Bruno Héroux has grown to be a fruitful thing. His ex-libris designs engraved on wood by his own hand are revelations of the possibilities of wood-engraving in the hands of a modern mas-



ter. They are not dependent upon mass-effects, nor upon bizarre design, but are remarkably straightforward in simplicity of technique and direct intention.

The work of Franz Stassen as seen in the book-plate of Frau Margarethe Strauss gives us an indication of the intellectual interests of the German woman of to-day. Here we find portrayed Schopenhauer and the Earth-spirit—

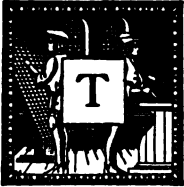
Philosophy communing with what Nature presents. Jules Diez, who has found his inspiration in the Greek vase-paintings, is probably the most versatile and prolific ex-librist in Germany—one almost never knows what his pen will do next. Then we have Willi Geiger and his weird conceptions, and Mathilde Ade doing much the same sort of thing.

Gardner Teall.



BOOK-PLATE OF FRITZ
MOCK BY HIMSELF

"INFORMATION"



HE little girl who asked her father what made the wind blow is a regular patron of the New York public libraries, if we are to believe the attendants in those institutions whose duty it is to preside over the desks placarded with the familiar, large-lettered signs bearing the brief, yet all-comprehensive legend: "Information." That the attendants in question *are* to be believed is to be argued from the actual stories they relate in connection with their daily work, and these stories find further verification, though indirectly, in the opinion hazarded by Edward Bradley who, in railroad circles, is known as "the world's champion foolish question answerer." Mr. Bradley is the chief of the bureau of information of the New York Central system and says that, for a foolish question capital, the railroad terminal can be equalled only by the public library. "I venture to say," he states, "that the reading public which seeks its literature in the free libraries asks as varied an assortment of astigmatic questions as the oft-quoted traveller who wishes to know at what time the eight o'clock train will leave."

That Mr. Bradley is correct in his surmise may be appreciated from the confessions of one of the information dispensers at the Astor Library, as well as from the confessions of his brothers in the other allied library branches in New York City. As a prefatory illustration of the species of "information" sought by the vast army of lovers of literature, there may be cited the case of the man who recently asked the information clerk at the Harlem branch of the public library if there were any more books in the institution written by Macbeth. "Which Macbeth?" asked the attendant. "Oh, you know," frowned the inquirer impatiently, "the fellow that wrote Shakespeare." Another man, searching for reading matter in this same branch, wanted to know if the library had a copy of David Copperfield's *Graustark*.

About a month ago a young woman ap-

proached the information desk at the Astor Library and told the attendant that she wanted to read the best book in the institution. The clerk endeavoured to analyse the inquirer's literary tastes before venturing to suggest the "best book" to her, but his efforts were met with an immediate rebuff, "I don't want to waste a lot of time, so just recommend the best thing you have," she said with an air of finality. The attendant, somewhat flustered, told her that the best book in the library, as far as general opinion held, was the Bible, whereupon the young woman stamped away with the declaration that she was going to report him for being "fresh." Another woman, older by many years, not long ago asked if the clerk knew of a novel in which the hero's name was Albert. "Any novel will do," she said, "just so long as that's the man's name. You see, Albert was my son's name—he's dead now—and I want to read a story about a man with that name." At the Chatham Square branch, a young man, apparently steeped in a temporary romance, wanted to learn whether the library contained "a lot of stories with Jeanettes in 'em."

Some of the foggiest questions, as may be presumed, come to the mental vision of the attendants in the tenement district branches. Many of the readers, although thoroughly sincere in their effort to appreciate the good in literature, have small acquaintance with the classics and, as a consequence, these patrons are listed in library phraseology as "the worst of all the questioners." A survey of the recent "information" statistics reveals the facts that one patron asked what Milton's last name was; that a second wished to learn if he could obtain any more books by Ivanhoe; that a third—a woman about thirty-five years old—asked to be given a story by "the lady what wrote Miss Erabbles"; and that still another woman, evidently having encountered a similar merit in Hugo's works, asked if "Hugo Victoria" was the author of "any story telling about English queens." Not far removed from the case of the latter lady is that of a German mechanic who asked

the information desk at the Mott Haven branch recently if he could get a book about the Kaiser by "Captain Charles, the King." And in the same category must be listed the instance of the Italian who, at a downtown branch, is said to have inquired for a "gude story by da man Bartholdi." It developed—and this is not a figment of the imagination—that some one had told the Italian that Bartholdi had "written" the Statue of Liberty, the seeker for literary diversion having been led to believe that the latter was a novel.

An information seeker at the Astor Library several months ago demanded to know if he might draw out all the works of Shakespeare at one time. When informed that such a proceeding would not be in line with the rules of the institution he became very angry. "But," remonstrated the attendant, "you could not read all the plays at once anyway. To study Shakespeare with any degree of thoroughness takes considerable time." "I don't want to *study* Shakespeare," fumed the man, "I just want to skim through him." The attendant was at a loss to understand the man until, in the next sentence, the latter revealed the fact that he believed the Immortal Bard had written only *four* plays. In one of the tenement district branches already referred to, one reader is quoted as having asked for a copy of Sherlock's "Homes," undoubtedly having been on the lookout for a volume dealing with interior decoration, although just why such a treatise should be sought in a tenement district is a matter for much conjecture. Another literary gentleman wanted the information clerk to suggest a novel to him in which he could find further stories about "The Murders of the Ruined Morgue." Speaking of stories dealing with the detection of crime and with mystery, it is hazarded that at least ten per cent. of the foolish questions asked of library attendants in some way or another have to do with this particular brand of reading. One of these ques-

tions that has remained indelible in the mind of the present writer came to his personal attention one day two years ago while standing close to the information desk of one of the New York libraries. A young man—somewhere in the middle twenties—had worked his way through a group of persons to where the attendant was standing. "Say," he asked in a loud voice, "what's the most exciting detective story I can get here?" The clerk named several of the better novels of the sleuth species that the library had listed. "Never heard of any of them," rejoined the young man. "What I want is one that starts with a murder." The attendant regretted that he could not name one such offhand. There was a brief moment of silence. Then came *the* question: "Well, if you can't tell me one that starts with a murder, can you give me one that starts with a suicide that everybody but the detective thought was a murder?"

"Who wrote 'Henry James'?" was the innocent question asked not long ago of one of the library attendants. The questioner may have had some intention of starting another Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, but his sincerity argued against any such impression. "Have you any good story with a green cover?" is by no means an entirely unexpected library question, the question varying, we are assured, only so far as the particular colour desired is concerned. In the same vein, is the question asked several weeks ago, at the Chatham Square branch, for the recommendation of a book with gilt edges. The nature of the book's contents was not of the slightest importance. Numerous questions are asked, too, as to books having, for instance, exactly one hundred and twenty-five pages. The readers in question want no more, no less. One hundred and twenty-five is their statute of literary limitations. From all of which it may be observed that the office of attendant at a public library information desk is hardly a proper position for a person with weak nerves.

George Duncan.



SAN FRANCISCO IN STEVENSON'S DAY. TELEGRAPH HILL, NOB HILL, AND RUSSIAN HILL TO THE LEFT

SAN FRANCISCO IN FICTION



SAN FRANCISCO is not only, as Robert Louis Stevenson declares in *The Wrecker*, "the most interesting city in the Union and the hugest smelting-pot of races and the precious metals," but it has within its borders more material for romance than any other centre of population in America. In the old pre-cataclysmic days Bill Nye found "more glamour and stage-business" in San Francisco than any other place in the world, and the great fire did not consume it, by any means.

The San Francisco that Stevenson knew and loved to write about was the San Francisco of the era before the completion of the great City Hall at Larkin and McAllister streets, the era that antedated the skyscraper, the time when the Palace Hotel and the Nevada Block were the proudest buildings in town. In that lavendered age the old Merchants' Exchange, on California Street, near Montgomery, the heart of the financial district, was the haunt of mighty men of marine affairs, and among them were John D. Spreckels, master of the destiny of many

Pacific-going craft. In Mr. Spreckels I have always seemed to see the Douglas B. Longhurst of *The Wrecker*, with whom Jim Pinkerton planned his deal to make himself and Loudon Dodd owners of the *Flying Scud* on their own terms.

The old Merchants' Exchange Building was a tall, sombre-looking structure with a wide arched entrance leading directly into a large rotunda, always blue with tobacco smoke at the noon hour, and echoing to the sound of many voices. For here the men of marine affairs gathered to conduct business, exchange notes and tell stories. They stood and talked in little groups, each group seemingly trying to drown the voices of the others. Fenced off by a long counter were clerks making entries of this or that arrival or departure by sea, and upon the walls behind the clerks were huge blackboards that conveyed such marine intelligence as that "the brigantine *Pomona* of Hull has put into port at Victoria under stress of weather, with foretopmast gone and rudder damaged." Ranged about the room were many sloping desks, bearing the files of newspapers from all over the world, while on the



THE APPROACH TO TELEGRAPH HILL

counter were bulky copies of *Lloyd's Register* and other maritime literature.

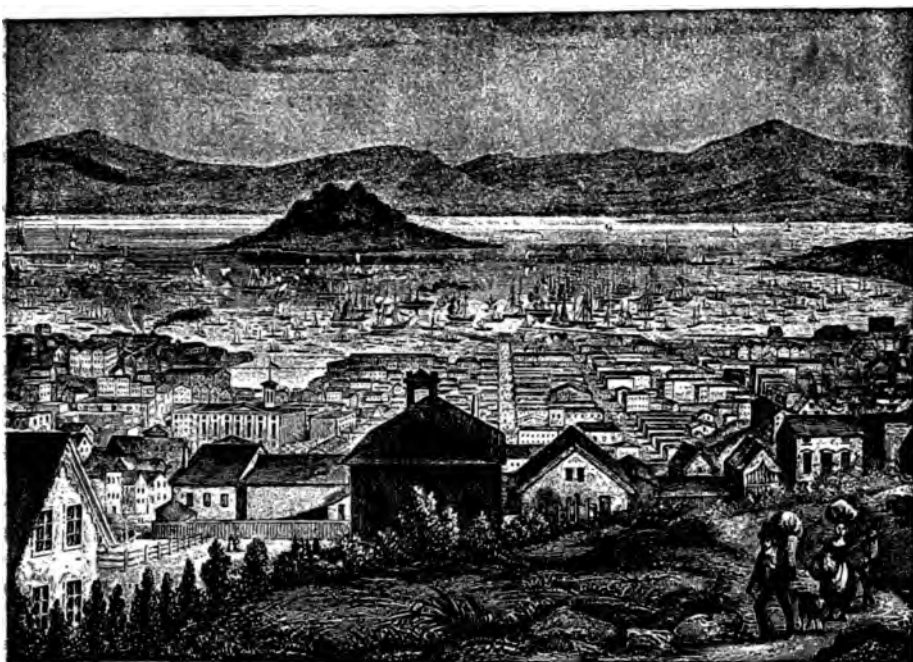
It was here in all this clamour of voices and in this thick smoke of "two-bit" cigars that Captain Trent, with his "red, broad, flustered face," came to witness the auction sale of the vessel in which he and his men had fought that needlessly bloody battle just before she went aground at Midway Island; and it was here, amid the loud jests and cat-calls of "the boys," as they would have called themselves," that Dodd and Pinkerton bid their last dollar on the wreck which

was to have made their everlasting fortunes, but didn't.

Many and many such a wreck sale, though perhaps never quite such a harrowing one, was transacted under the dome of that rotunda. In my old newspaper days I have witnessed them, and I have seen, too, the Longhursts, the Pinkertons and the Dodds, alert, strenuous, fevered, in the full rigour of the game.

Dodd, in his capacity of picnic manager, I knew very well. Stevenson copied that phase of his hero's character after a certain Colonel Menton who marshalled the excursionists aboard the steamer *Ukiah* of the old Donahue line. Many a time have I seen the "resplendent asses" of the picnics march down Market Street, "axe on shoulder," led by the "Pioneer Band" or another equally blatant. The picnic folk assembled before the long, low, brown ferry building, under the eaves of which, each on its own attenuated tablet, loomed the signs, "San Rafael," "Sausalito," "Sacramento," "Fresno," "Los Angeles," and others. The old ferry building, like the new one, was at the foot of Market Street, where everything in San Francisco began or ended. Here was where the cable cars, branching out over so many lines that ran from the main artery of Market Street, started upon their up-town journeys, and here it was that folk from the ferries got aboard them, scrambling for places on "the dummy," for nearly everybody wanted to ride outside.

Upon the long, shed-like ferry building the frowsy façades of East Street stared across a wide expanse of dirty pavement, like so many brazen barmaids. Nor is that simile so badly chosen, for about four out of every five of the buildings had saloons in them, with sailors' lodging-houses above and an occasional junk-shop or ship chandlery in between. East Street, running northwesterly from Folsom Street to Telegraph Hill along the musty docks, was where Dodd turned "waterside prowler, a lingerer on wharves." It was there, "when blood-money ran high," that he "saw seamen knocked down upon the public street and carried insensible on board short-handed ships, shots exchanged and the smoke



SAN FRANCISCO.
(Early in the Mining Era, 1850-1851.)

(and the company) dispersing from the doors of saloons." *The Wrecker* bristles with allusions to this unsavoury thoroughfare. It was from one of its many wharves that the *Nora Creina* set sail for Midway Island.

Assuredly this is the most romantic thoroughfare upon which one may set foot. "Nowhere else," as Stevenson declares, "shall you observe so many tall ships as here convene from round the Horn, from China, from Sydney and the Indies. But, scarce remarked amid that crowd of deep-sea giants, another class of craft, the Island schooner, circulates low in the water, with lofty spars and dainty lines, rigged and fashioned like a yacht, manned with brown-skinned, soft-spoken, sweet-eyed native sailors and equipped with their great double-ender boats that tell a tale of boisterous sea-beaches."

Telegraph Hill, high-topped, steeply cut away on its northeastern or bay side, a place upon which crazy wooden houses perched precariously, but yet a most delightful spot to which one might mount and view the city or the craft-cluttered waters of the harbour, appealed strongly

to the imagination of Stevenson. He mentions it several times in *The Wrecker*. It was under its steep cliff that Dodd was standing when Nares came ashore from the *Gleaner*, the hell-ship of which he gave so vivid and horrible an account. It was from the summit of the historic hill that Dodd gazed out through the Golden Gate and saw the huge Cape Horners creeping out to sea and "imminent Tamalpais," twelve miles to the north across the bay. Thence on his homeward way he would visit "that strange and filthy shed, earth-paved and walled with the cages of wild animals and birds, where at a ramshackle counter, amid the yells of monkeys and a poignant atmosphere of menagerie, forty-rod whisky was administered by a proprietor as dirty as his beasts."

This description of the chief attraction of old North Beach is incomplete without a reference to the famous "Cobweb Palace," which was a part of the show, and I wonder how Stevenson ever missed it.

It was on the western and southern slopes of Telegraph Hill that that ex-

alted and odorous slum, "Little Mexico," with its dingy wooden houses, endless crazy wooden stairs and perilous mountain goat paths looked over at the more respectable district of Nob Hill, "which," as Stevenson pointed out, "is in itself a kind of slum, being the habitat of the mere millionaire." "There they dwell upon the hill-top, high raised above men's clamour, and the trade wind blows between their palaces about deserted streets."



NOB HILL

Taber-Stanford studio

Telegraph Hill is described and often referred to in the fevered romances of Gertrude Atherton. Here is a passage from *American Wives and English Husbands* that pictures that poorly inhabited height:

"Telegraph Hill, sharp and bare and brown, passed over in contempt by the dwellers on the fashionable heights, its surface broken only by an occasional hovel, looked like an equally contemptuous old grandmother."

Russian Hill, high-rising and aloof

from the clamour, too, would hardly escape the eye of Stevenson. It was there that he makes his hero Dodd meet the South Sea traveller who carries him into his apartment—"a museum of strange objects, paddles and battle-clubs and baskets, rough-hewn stone images and snowy cocoanut plumes." This traveller could have been no other than Charles Warren Stoddard, who "tramped and starved and had so fine a profit of living in his days among the islands." "It was in such talks," says Dodd, "that I first heard the names—first fell under the spell—of the islands."

East Street, Telegraph Hill, North Beach, Nob Hill and Russian Hill also have been celebrated in the vivid pen pictures of that virile young writer Frank Norris. It was from an East Street sailors' boarding-house that the hero of *Moran of the Lady Letty* was shanghaied by being drugged and dropped into a boat under the wharf and then taken aboard the schooner *Bertha Milner*, of which the precious Captain Kitchell was master. There were plenty of such dives along East Street in the old days before the fire, and had you wanted to do a neat little job of shanghaiing you could have arranged for it with any one of a hundred sailors' boarding-house keepers in that delectable neighbourhood. It was at North Beach that the schooner lay at anchor when Moran, after despairing of her love for the hero so high above her in social station, was slain by the coolie, and the little vessel, with Moran's body aboard, was cut adrift to float out through the Golden Gate. It was along East Street that Blix walked with her lover when they went to listen to the strange tale of the old mariner, and it was about North Beach, Russian Hill and Nob Hill that they roamed while they talked of love and other things in that curious rambling romance.

Long before Norris's day or the day of Stevenson either, Bret Harte described these romantic places in his novels. Bret Harte's San Francisco was a different San Francisco from that of Norris or Stevenson. Harte wrote of the days when Rincon Hill was the *localité aristocratique*. Rincon Hill! What memories the name brings back to the old-timer!

It stands in the southeastern part of the city, and just before the fire it looked down, with all its faded grandeur, upon the dingy waterfront to the east and south, the Tar Flat tenements to the north and the shabby fourth-rate shops and residences of Third Street and the Mission to the west.

Here on Rincon Hill, this high-rising island of respectability, slowly being immersed by the influent tide of cheap commercialism, cheap flats and cheap boarding-houses, the ancient mansard-roofed mansions of those millionaires who had

there that various other matters vital to the progress of the story were enacted. Bret Harte knew old Rincon Hill very well. In the days of his literary ascension, after the wide acceptance of his *Luck of Roaring Camp*, *M'liss* and the stories that followed them, he was often a guest at the great homes there. For San Francisco, literary to the core, was not slow to appreciate him and even to lionise him on occasion while he was the editor of the *Overland*. To be sure, he afterward found a larger life in the East and in England, but, all cavil to the



MARKET STREET. FRANK NORRIS'S "THE OCTOPUS"

chosen the wrong place for their homes, stood pitifully erect before the fire, with what aloofness and distinction they might still affect, and yet with none so poor as to do them reverence. But in Bret Harte's day Rincon Hill was aswell with pride and agleam with glory.

We read in *Gabriel Conroy* that it was at "Mr. Dunphy's stately mansion on Rincon Hill" that Colonel Starbottle of Siskiyou called to impart the information that the millionaire's wife was not killed, as he had thought, by the Spanish commandant of the Presidio, and it was

contrary, he had no need to depreciate Californian appreciation of him.

As for Rincon Hill, when Second Street was cut through it on one of those shameless levels which Kipling so ridiculed, and when the shops and tenements began to encroach upon its aristocratic boundaries, and the mining and railroad kings set the fatal example of building upon Nob Hill, far across Market Street to the north, its doom as a swell neighbourhood was sealed. And yet it fought the invader nobly. An example of this fight was the grim stand that Peter Donahue, the magnate, made



STACY'S GAMBLING HOUSE

"AROUND THE CORNER FROM THAT DINGY OLD MINT"—BRET HARTE'S "THREE PARTNERS"

against the inevitable. His fine old-fashioned residence on Bryant Street, at Second, suffered attack after attack from the common enemy of commercialism, but he lived and died there, and his son, Mervyn Donahue, lived there after him, although an enormous "brick vineyard," as the warehouses where cheap wine is sophisticated and bottled are called, was built directly in front of their big iron gate on Bryant Street. Sometimes I have thought Bret Harte's Dunphy might have been moulded after the strong character of old Peter Donahue, though there are many departures from the lines of the model.

Gertrude Atherton, who has many references to Rincon Hill in her novels, spent her earlier days there, and for years before the fire the literary-minded folk of the district would show you the house where she was born, the dwelling being propped upon the edge of a deep cut.

Harrison Street, along which many of Harte's characters must have walked and driven, crossed Rincon Hill east and west, and along that fashionable thoroughfare were many proud dwellings; but latterly these were given over

to boarding-house keepers, to doctors and the managers of private schools. Twenty years before the fire the locality had come to wear a faded and hopelessly neglected aspect, and the last vestige of its old-time greatness was wiped out by the devastating flames.

When, along in the late seventies, Rincon Hill gave up the fashionable ghost, the wealthy folk were to be found on Nob Hill and Van Ness Avenue. It was on Nob Hill that Kipling's Harvey Cheyne of *Captains Courageous* settled down in the last chapter to live behind a "hammered iron gate," and to greet his old friend Dan Troop of the *We're Here* in the mansion where he was installed, with the ex-cook of the fishing smack as his servant. Kipling's picture of Harvey coming "through the clammy sea-fog up a windy street flanked with most expensive houses to imitate stone" is in character, for the fog does sweep over that section most foggily at times.

It was on Nob Hill that the new rich of Geraldine Bonner's novels *Hard Pan*, *The Pioneer* and *To-morrow's Tangle* swelled with parvenu pride. It was there that the rich folk of Gertrude Atherton's *Californians* disported themselves. It was there that Presley of Frank Norris's strenuous story of *The Octopus* dined with the Gerards and drank wine of the vintage of 1815 in that chapter where the pictures of the millionaire's great feast alternate so curiously and contrastingly with those of the tragic wanderings of the hungry Hoovens.

The Nob Hill of *The Octopus*, *Hard Pan* and *Captains Courageous* days, that is to say, from ten to twenty years before the fire, was the home of Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, William H. Crocker, Mark Hopkins, James G. Fair, C. P. Huntington, J. L. Flood and many other men of millions. Roughly speaking, it is bounded on the east by Dupont Street, on the south by Bush, on the west by Larkin and on the north by Pacific. The houses were enormous, and as Kipling says "most expensive." The Flood palace was probably the most costly residence in the city, with the possible exception of that of Claus Spreckels, on Van Ness Avenue, which, against the



tearful protests of its owner, was dynamited to stay the progress of the fire. As an example of Flood's tremendous outlay in the construction of his mansion, it may be said that all the brown stone of which it was built was hauled across the continent from Connecticut. It was a large, square, gloomy-looking structure, not nearly so handsome as the pure white wooden house of Huntington. The Fair residence was on Pine Street, under the hill to the southwest. What was deemed to be an indignity was put upon the other residents by the Fair estate when Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, one of the Fair daughters, built the colossal Hotel Fairmount just opposite the Stanford palace and within a stone's throw of the great Flood house. Though greatly damaged by the fire, the Fairmount, restored and redecorated, still stands upon the brow of the hill, looking placidly down upon the bay.

The reason why Stevenson and other writers wrote of Nob Hill streets as being deserted was that they were so steep that few persons cared to walk up them when they could go around by an easier way. Pine and California streets, for example, were grass-grown in places where they were too precipitous to be travelled by teams.

The playhouses of the gay city have not been neglected by its novelists. In the Cosmopolitan Theatre, to which Harte's Clarence Brant, in *Clarence*, goes on the fateful evening when the

story opens, one recognises the old California Theatre on Bush Street, near Market, famous among old-timers as the home of the best stock company that ever came to San Francisco. When the old California Theatre, so rich in memories, was torn down and the gorgeous new California was built on its site in the big red sandstone hotel of that name, it had a royal opening, but for some reason it never secured a strong hold upon San Francisco theatre-goers. Perhaps the closing of the Bush Street Theatre and the Standard, on the same thoroughfare, and the opening of the Columbia, the Alcazar, the Orpheum and other playhouses farther uptown contributed to this latter unpopularity of Bush Street as a play-going centre.

The Tivoli, a rather cheap resort on Eddy Street, near Market, where opera was sung by a good company every night in the year, was, perhaps, the most popular place of amusement in San Francisco before the fire. It was at the Tivoli that Rosita, in Mrs. Atherton's *Patience Sparhawk*, appeared before the footlights.

"I had to ware tights," wrote Rosita to Patience after her début. "You should have seen me. At first I felt like stooping over to cover my legs with my arms. But after a while I got used to it, and one night we had to dance, and everybody said I was the most graceful. The manager said I was a born dancer and actress."

The Tivoli is celebrated in Norris's *McTeague* and also the Orpheum. It was to the Orpheum that McTeague took Trina Siebe and her mother and little Owgooste, and there they heard "Nearer, My God, to Thee" played upon beer bottles, and revelled in other cheap delights.

Another popular resort that is referred to in nearly every novel of San Francisco life is the Cliff House, overlooking the beach and the broad Pacific. The old Cliff House, a low, rambling broad-verandaed hostelry, from which one

the foot of the hill, where struggling with the drifting sand, they suggested a half-exhumed Pompeii to the passing traveller. They were the skeletons at the feast of every San Francisco pleasure-seeker. . . . And beyond this again was the grey, eternal sea, and at its edge, perched upon a rock and rising out of the very jaws of the gushing breakers, stood a stately pleasure dome, decreed by some speculative and enterprising landlord—the excuse and terminus of this popular excursion. Here Rollingsstone drew up, and, alighting, led his party into a bright,



THE JAPANESE TEA GARDEN IN THE GOLDEN GATE PARK

looked down upon the rocky islets where innumerable sea lions gathered of a clear day to bask in the sun, was a place of delight. Here Rollingsstone of Harte's *Gabriel Conroy* gave his famous *fête champêtre*. Harte tells how one got there from downtown in the old days, presumably the later 'sixties.

"Their road skirted the base of a huge, solitary hill, broken in outline by an outcrop of gravestones, sacred to the memory of worthy pioneers who had sealed their devotion to 'the healthiest climate in the world' with their lives. Occasionally these gravestones continued to

cheery room whose windows gave upon the sea."

Rollingsstone is recognised by all the old inhabitants as William C. Ralston, a millionaire of the 'sixties who drowned himself off North Beach as a result of his bankruptcy.

The "huge solitary hill" is Lone Mountain, afterward marked by an enormous cross. "Lone Mountain, its white slabs and vaults grey in the dawn," as Mrs. Atherton writes in *American Wives and English Husbands*, "the sharp cone, with its Calvary behind, black in the dull void."



OLD MISSION DOLORES. MRS. ATHERTON'S "THE SPLENDID IDLE FORTIES"

To get to the Cliff House in *The Octopus* days you went through Golden Gate Park, where Annixter wooed Hilda in the little Japanese tea garden. The park, undoubtedly the finest in this country, because of its botanical wonders, is traversed by a winding road that leads to the Old Cliff House grounds, afterward expanded by Adolph Sutro and known as Sutro Heights. Annixter and

Hilda took "the inevitable bridal trip to the Cliff House."

It was in the gardens at Sutro Heights that Trina fell from the swing and broke the tooth upon which McTeague operated in his Polk Street "dental parlours."

"I don't want to write literature," said Frank Norris to me as he stood in the doorway of his career as a novelist. "I want to write life." He found life in



OLD MISSION DOLORES. MRS. ATHERTON'S "THE SPLENDID IDLE FORTIES"



ON THE CAMPUS STATE UNIVERSITY. FRANK NORRIS'S "THE OCTOPUS"

the crude, sordid folk of Polk Street. Some months before that story was written he came to me in his radiant, extravagant way and said: "I'm in the biggest luck! I've discovered the very man I've been looking for—a real man with blood and viscera in him. He's a Polk Street dentist. I'm perfectly fascinated with him. Can't think of anything else. I can see him come into my story, big, brawny, crude—a regular animal. Yes, he's commonplace enough, but that's all the better. I'm going to study him and I'm going to put him bodily into my book, all his vices and everything; and when people read him they'll say, 'There's life.'"

That is precisely what he did with his Polk Street dentist, and when W. D. Howells, that most competent appraiser of realism, read the story he said, "There's life."

That particular part of Polk Street where Norris found his precious villain McTeague was in those days a little commercial island in a sea of rather smart residences, Van Ness Avenue being only one block to the west and the fine houses of Nob Hill only a short distance to the east.

Having lived for a time within five minutes' walk of the Polk Street market, upon which the windows of the "dental parlours" looked down, I could have pointed out to you the car conductor's coffee-joint where McTeague took dinner in the first chapter, and Joe Frenna's saloon where he bought the pitcher of beer which he drank sitting in his operating chair. It is true to the picture that "at one end of the street he could see the huge power-house of the cable line" and "the bustling market with the butcher wagons in front of it," and "further on, the glass roof of a huge public bath house," the said glass roof sheltering the popular Lurline Baths. True, too, that "cable cars passed with a whirring of jostled glass windows" and that fine ladies came down from the avenue to order meat and vegetables at the market stalls. And there he and Trina lived after their marriage.

Poor Trina! I can see her, sitting in those Polk-street windows, working at her Noah's ark animals, and I can see her dead body lying on the kindergarten floor, stared at by all the incoming children; for the kindergarten murder was



BERKELEY OAKS. FRANK NORRIS'S "THE OCTOPUS"

very real to us newspaper men who had to report it, in fact, for it actually occurred, as did also the carrying away of the canary in its cage by the murderer, though this belonged to another and older murder case and was previously used by Stevenson in his *Wrecker*, a fact that must have escaped Norris's attention, although he once told me that *The Wrecker* was his favourite novel and that he had never done reading it.

Smelly, smoky, noisy old Chinatown, which lay right under Nob Hill to the east, and was rich in literary material,

games upon the grass or along the walks.

The Plaza plays a part in Mrs. Atherton's *Ancestors*, which so wonderfully describes the doomsday of quake and fire, and it also comes into a few of Norris's novels. Stevenson often loitered there within its ancient iron fence, and sacred to his memory there stands, where Kearny street travellers may see it, a handsome tablet surmounted by a bronze effigy of the *Hispaniola*, the pirate craft of *Treasure Island*.

To the east and north of the Plaza lay



THE GOLDEN GATE

Taber-Stanford Studio

was probably best pictured by Chester Bailey Fernald in his short stories, particularly "The Cat and the Cherub," and "The Gentleman in the Barrel." If old Chinatown belonged to any story writer it belonged to Fernald, who shows you the dark corners of it—the opium dens and the fan tan games—better than any of the others. On a sunny day the Plaza, otherwise known as Portsmouth Square, which extends from Kearny Street north into Chinatown beside two of its streets, Washington and Clay, was always alive with Chinese, and often one saw slant-eyed children busy with their curious

the fragrant slums of the Barbary Coast, the scene of the pivotal action of Earle Ashley Walcott's *Blindfolded*. Here in the old days the dives and dance halls were so thick that at night one could not pass from the hearing of one banging piano or strident orchestra without having one's ears smitten by another, and sometimes three or four musical performances could be heard in one clashing crescendo. The hoodlums of the old Barbary Coast used to spend much of their time in carving each other up and shooting each other down. It was a rare week that this festive locality did not



Campi's Italian Restaurant, at 531-533 Clay Street, was one of the noted eating places in the days before the fire, dating its existence from the days of 1849. The descendants of those who managed it then, the Cuenin family of to-day, have established Campi's Italian Restaurant in the heart of the new San Francisco on Market Street, a few doors from Third Street. This photograph is over thirty-five years old, the proprietor, standing by the closed doors, and the waiters—ten of them have, like the building itself, become only memories of the past.

provide a murder or two, and as for brawls such as occurred at Borton's in *Blindfolded* there were a-plenty. Such tragic adventures as those of Giles Dudley and his friend Henry Wilton were so common on the "Coast" as to call for the merest newspaper mention. I remember once seeing a great hulking patrolman carried limp and lifeless into the old Central Police Station after he had been set upon by hoodlums who had jabbed him "full of holes."

And yet, strange to say, there were many bohemian resorts on and near the "Coast." Along its slummy purlieus there were restaurants such as Sanguinetti's, the Buon Gusto and Campi's. It was "upstairs at Campi's" that the people of Gelett Burgess's *Lady Mechante* gathered on the memorable night when Professor Doolittle harangued them upon his favourite subject of "Hyperspace." Campi's was presided over by Barowich—Barowich the Slav, "whose mother was a countess and had disinherited him." "Not to know Barowich by name was a badge of the alien." Mr. Burgess has described Campi's very neatly. All old San Franciscans with

red blood in their veins knew Campi's, with its dingy front, its shabby interior and its sanded floor, where you could get a gorgeous Italian dinner, including wine, for fifty cents, if you didn't mind what kind of a cloth you ate from or what kind of women sat at the next table. Everybody went there, from printers to merchant princes, and everybody had a good time. To hear the talk at the tables and to see the diners grow merry under the effects of the liberal libations of good though cheap claret were alone worth the price of admission.

Other old bohemian restaurants were the Poodle Dog, at Bush and Dupont streets, Marchand's nearby, and the Maison Dorée, on Kearny Street, only a block away. Norris and Stevenson found literary material at these resorts, and other writers have also celebrated them.

I might ramble on and tell of the way in which the Mission district has been treated by story writers, and the old sandlots, the Presidio, the Potrero, and Bernal Heights, and really I have but barely touched upon Russian Hill and

Tar Flat; but I can hear the editor calling to me to "cut it short."

But, even at the risk of editorial displeasure, one thing must be set down here at the close, though it were worthy a better place, and that is the Market Street promenade, to which Cedarquist in *The Octopus* had reference when he said that San Francisco was "not a city but a Midway Plaisance." Along old Market Street of a Saturday afternoon one saw such girls, such gowns, and such gaiety as one would find on no other thoroughfare in the world. The matinée

crowds were simply gorgeous. The street was a-flutter with swishing silks and fancy furbelows. Here beauty reigned, and everybody who was anybody turned out to see it. Truly in those good old days San Francisco was not a city but a Midway Plaisance. She is more staid and sedate now, but she is still gay enough. It takes something more violent than a mere cataclysm of Nature to wipe out the festive spirit of a people who live in such a rare and heady atmosphere as that of San Francisco.

Bailey Millard.

JOURNALISTIC "MORGUES"



WHILE inspecting the plant and offices of one of the great metropolitan daily newspapers two years ago, a Japanese banker asked his cicerone, the city editor, what, in the latter's belief, constituted the biggest element in the oft-repeated "power of the press." "Wait a moment," replied the editor, "and I shall show you." The two men wound their way through the narrow correspondents' halls, through the offices of the various officials, through the noisy city room with its score of busy reporters, and, finally, brought up at the threshold of a light-bathed room, stacked to the ceilings with books, catalogues, files, albums and records. "Here, sir," said the editor to the foreign financier, "is your answer."

The room in question was the "morgue," a word that, in newspapermen's phraseology, stands for that department of the paper wherein are kept the keys to the news that has passed, the "dead" news, in other words. In "dead" news, however, rest such vast resuscitative possibilities, such important clues for the future as well as of the past, and such an infallible, indelible record and guide that the statement of the trained editor was well chosen. A newspaper's morgue (and we will henceforth omit quotation

marks) is one of its chief sources of power, a fact that is borne testimony to by the knowledge that the greatest of the New York dailies are those that possess the most exhaustive morgues.

The public in general, the huge body of newspaper readers, know little, if anything, of this journalistic department. The writer was never more forcibly impressed with this fact than when he was once asked by a prominent official of a widely known insurance company whether it was not true that the editors of a newspaper had to keep all the facts of past news in their memory for future use. Imagine! Here was a man, well educated and a daily reader of the newspapers, who really imagined that all the important and unimportant details of the past thirty or forty years of news were remembered—and had to be remembered—by the editors. This man was not and is not alone, moreover, in his impression. The great majority of persons, although they may not believe as the insurance official did, have not the faintest idea of the manner in which a newspaper keeps its fingers on the past and its eyes on the future.

A newspaper morgue is usually defined as a library—a most unsatisfactory and incomplete definition. Within a newspaper office, the morgue is sometimes referred to as the index department—a

better characterisation. To explain in full, however, the comprehensive nature of one of these morgues, more than a phrase is necessary. In the first place, the most important side of the department is that devoted to the news catalogues. These catalogues take the form of hundreds of small, cloth-bound books with detachable leaves. There is not one long alphabetically arranged list of the indexes, as may be supposed. The books are arranged, rather, in a score of series. For example, there are the "suicide" index book cases, the "railroad" cases, the "murder" cases, the "accident" cases, and so on down the long list of everything physically and mechanically emotional in the national category. Each of the individual series is arranged in alphabetical order in itself, but this arrangement does not obtain in the relation of the cases to one another. Cross references, however, of a seemingly complex yet eventually simple nature, make it easy to join the news of the day with any conjoint item of twenty years ago. In the indexes, there is chronicled every item of news that is contained from day to day in the editions of not only the particular newspaper most concerned, but also those items that have slipped by the specific editorial desks and have found their places in rival journals.

The efficiency and scope of the index department may be illustrated most easily by an example of what occurs many times every day in every newspaper office. A small item of news comes or is brought to the office, let us say, to the effect that a ragged man whose features carry traces of refinement has been found dead in a cheap Bowery lodging house. In his coat pocket a card has been found inscribed with the name of Andrew Jones. The day city editor appreciates the fact that there is probably not one chance in a thousand that there may be a "story" in this man's death of sufficient interest to merit the attention of his readers, but he refuses to let the chance of that one chance go by. A man is sent to the index room, an attendant gets him the book in the personality case marked Jones, and, turning over the pages, there is revealed under the head of Andrew Jones the fact that on June 15, 1889, the

dead man had been sent to prison for a long term of years for alleged forgery. The files of the newspaper of the date named are then turned up and, in the article on page five, column six (according to the tabulated index), there is found the interesting clue that Jones was a member of a prominent Massachusetts family.

Further research among the Jones chronicles in the index catalogues brings to light the facts that Andrew Jones's brother married the latter's wife when she obtained a divorce during her husband's term of imprisonment, that the brother had died mysteriously several years later, and that the wife had then disappeared. And the result of this search in the index department thus brings about one of the big "human interest" stories of the day where, if it had not been for the completeness of the morgue system, the story would have been lost to the columns in the scant five line chronicle of the death from asphyxiation of an ordinary Bowery tramp. This illustration has been given purposely because of its seeming exaggeration. As a matter of fact, the incident is a true one.

The obituary department of a well-equipped morgue is arranged so effectively that if a person of any prominence dies a short while before the edition is scheduled to go to press, the story of his life from birth to death may be gathered in the intervening minutes. His photograph, too, is identified from among the great store of made-up "cuts" by a number, and the world is given the complete history of the deceased, together with a reproduction of his likeness, in a minimum amount of time. If it were not for the morgue records it would take several reporters many hours to obtain the facts that are thus kept always on hand and in readiness. It is related that, upon once being shown the obituary department in one of the New York newspaper morgues, the late Dion Boucicault remarked to the attendant who had handed him the filed records of his life: "Why, even I myself had forgotten many of the episodes in my career that you have in this index."

The libraries of the best morgues contain historical, scientific and philosophical

works for purposes of reference for the news writers. In addition, there are cyclopædic volumes, catalogues of social, political and charitable societies and organisations, college statistical pamphlets and every other type of work that, at some time or another, may be needed for cross or direct reference.

Not only is the news concerned, however, in a complete morgue. Literature assumes its place there as well. The works of famous writers of fact and fiction are listed for reference and a secondary array of books containing keys to various lines and episodes in the literary volumes are kept on hand to render examination of any specific passage readily and quickly manageable. In this manner, the writer of, for instance, an article for the Sunday edition of the newspaper may determine in a very few minutes what line follows a certain quotation from Shakespeare or Chaucer, or from Byron or Tennyson, as the case may be. He may, furthermore, guard himself against inaccuracy in quotations with a small expenditure of time and, with the aid of the facile morgue, may convey to his readers the impression of a deep and all-embracing knowledge of the prose and verse classics.

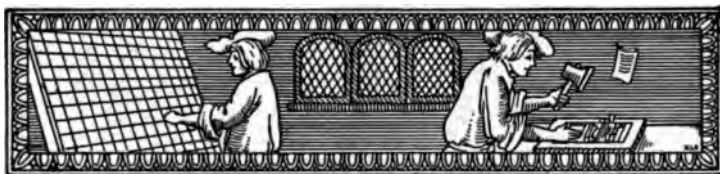
A newspaper morgue must be constantly enlarged and expanded. For instance, when the automobile became a factor of importance in our civilisation it became necessary to inaugurate an automobile department, wherein were classified in a chain of series automobile acci-

dents, race records, bold speed chronicles, arrests, et cetera. To-day, the aeroplane has necessitated a like series of catalogued files.

The manner in which an idea for a so-called "special story" may be made to assume concrete form through the channels of the morgue may be illustrated from a personal experience. The writer was once asked by the editor in charge of the Sunday magazine section of one of the leading metropolitan dailies to prepare an article for him on college heroes who had made a fiasco of life in after years. It was anything but an easy subject, as may be imagined, inasmuch as the accounts of men who have been prominent in university life during their undergraduate days and who have come to sad ends subsequently in the more real world are few indeed and far between. The editor in point, however, was one of the class who believes college life spells eventual ruin and insisted that enough examples be obtained to prove his belief in black and white.

By delving into the morgue, by crossing references of a hundred college heroes with those of suicide, murder, the courts, automobile disaster, the prisons and other equally pleasant index elements, and by turning up the names of failures and crossing back to the records of their college achievements, it became possible to locate seven or eight spectacular cases of failure which served as a peg on which to hang the story the editor desired.

George Jean Nathan.



ODE

To-night, on Madagascar's shores, dark hands
Are lifted to the wide benignant sky.
To-night, where green oases with the sands
Of Libya mate, dark hands
Are lifted up on high;
Are lifted up in yearning through the bars
That keep man's soul in exile from the stars.

To-night, on Himalaya's slopes, a voice
Over the world's white roof takes its high way.
In Italy to-night, in Uruguay,
Where'er men toil and suffer and rejoice
Unto the stars, a voice
Leaps like the day.
To-night in every hamlet of Cathay,
In parchéd India, hark!
A voice! that cleaves the daylight or the dark
In gladness or dismay.
To-night in cities old and new
Where'er men strive and feel the yoke,
A voice! that rises through the smoke
Into the far, responsive blue.
Laughter and pain, passion and sweet delight,
Glory and wrong!—
Hark, how they seek the kindly stars to-night
In song!

Oh, strange telegraphy that links man's soul
With the bright spheres! Song! By whose flashing beams
Unto the watching stars he tells his dreams,
His passions; and his gleams
Of perfectness. The circling heavens roll
Onward, and give no answer; without cease
Pale orbs, unswerving, through the airy fleece
Hold their arched way; yet still, yet still
From dusky window, dewy hill
The songs rise up, and silver stars give peace.

Song! In whose crucible man's tears
Are purged of bitterness, his joy
Cleansed of its cumbering alloy
Of daily hopes and fears;
His passion burned to purity,
His love, his anger made divine,
His very human self, a shrine
Where gods would gladly be.

Song! To the stars a glorious symphony
Blent of the million little songs goes forth!—
The anthems of the singers of the North,
The cry with lifted hands by southern sea;
The West's loud clamour and the Orient's dirge
In one glad surge
Of heavenly melody!

Hermann Hagedorn.





THE HEART OF THE THEATRE DISTRICT, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, SHOWING THE LYRIC, APOLLO, GLOBE, AND QUEEN'S THEATRE

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield

GOING TO THE THEATRE IN LONDON



LONDON is at its best in May and June. It is then that the climate is most clement. There is scarcely any fog, and rain comes only now and then in brief and sprightly showers. Parliament is in session; the opera is on at Covent Garden; it is the time of shows and exhibitions; and all society has come up from the country for a three months' residence in town. This year the London season has been less brilliant than heretofore, owing to the recent death of the most popular of European monarchs; women have appeared in black or white or a grave admixture of the two; but in accordance with the wish so tactfully expressed by

King George at his accession, hardly any of the customary activities of society have been foregone, and though London has enjoyed itself more quietly than usual, it has enjoyed itself in all the usual ways. It is fortunate for Americans of culture and taste that the London season should not conflict in time with the social season at home. Only after New York has ceased to be enjoyable does London don the fine attire of delight; and those who follow the social flag may float with it over the Gulf Stream on the wings of the best weather of the year. And, furthermore, it is peculiarly fortunate for the many Americans who do not happen to know any people in London, that they may, in spite of being strangers, enjoy the fine flavour of the aristocratic life

This article is frankly for summer reading. It has nothing to do with English dramatic art standards or the tendencies of the English stage. The understanding with Mr. Hamilton when he sailed for Europe late in May was that he should write an article for the August number which should ignore the plays entirely, but should tell about going to the theatre in London, and what an American traveller should know in order to make himself thoroughly at home. The photographs with which this article is illustrated were made especially for THE BOOKMAN through the courtesy of Mr. Charles Frohman.

of the metropolis by the simple process of going to the theatre. For theatre-going in London is acknowledged as one of the functions of society. This, of course, is not the case either in New York or in Paris. In New York our audiences are heterogeneous and *mal choisi*, and the stranger may sit in a theatre night after night without obtaining any index to the real social tone of the city. In Paris also, in recent years, audiences have become helter skelter, and to see a good play is no longer to see a convening of the best of Paris. But in London the audience in any of the better theatres maintains itself steadily upon a high level of refinement. The best people go to the theatre; and, in looking about the stalls, one is almost persuaded to believe none but the best. There is about the mere act of theatre-going in London an aroma of gentility which is not appreciable elsewhere and which is a source of charm quite unrelated to the merits of the play. For whatever critical opinions one may form concerning English plays and English acting, there can be no denying that the mere experience of going to the theatre in London is immeasurably more pleasing than the analogous experience in America. The reason is not only that the audience, which contributes so much to one's enjoyment of a play, is far more elegant in appearance and in atmosphere, but also that the theatres themselves are conducted with a delicacy of taste which is almost unknown in New York.

BOOKING THE SEATS

For the ordinary American visitor, the special pleasure of attending the theatre in London begins at the moment when he books his seats—or, as we should say it, buys his tickets. When he steps up to the box-office, he will discover with pleasant surprise that it is conducted by a gentleman who speaks the English language, wears the clothes appropriate to the varying hours of the day, and receives him with courtesy and consideration. The names of the men in charge of all the box-offices in London are published in the daily papers; and the public, knowing distinctly who they are, is habituated to expect impeccable attention from them. For the critic, who is denied

the pleasure of buying his seats from the faultless gentlemen in the box-offices, there lies a compensation in the fact that the acting managers of the different houses are men of culture and taste, whom it is a positive pleasure to meet and to chat with between the acts and after the play. Their courtesy is not merely professional; they belong, intellectually and socially, to the same class as the artists whose work they set before the public; and it is, for an American, a pleasant adventure to discover that in London the theatre business is, in all its branches, a business of gentlemen.

"SIXPENCE, PLEASE"

On the evening of the performance, the visitor is met in the lobby by a uniformed attendant who directs him to a girl who acts as usher. These girls, if they are not always pretty, are always nice—in the proper sense of that abused and suffering adjective—and look very dainty in their little caps and aprons. The visitor is led down an intricate and winding passage with many stairs, and pauses on the way to check his hat and coat. For this service there is a stated charge of sixpence, which obviates all question about tips. The visitor is then shown to his seat in the stalls, and immediately experiences the one annoyance of the evening. The girl hands him a programme and says "Sixpence, please," with an habituated smile. The visitor's last sixpenny coin has somehow always been given to the attendant in the cloak-room, and he is now forced to undertake an ignominious search of many pockets in order to collect half a dozen of those bulky copper pieces no two of which can be carried in the same pocket without increasing the tailor's bill. The programme purchased at so great a bother consists of a meadow of advertisements through which meanders a rivulet of essential text. [One somehow cannot avoid in this connection the language of the incomparable Brinsley.] The cost of the programme has already been defrayed many times over by the advertisements; and a gentleman who has paid a guinea for two stalls is doomed to look awkwardly unaristocratic throughout that troubled searching of his clothes.

Why not spare him all the bother by charging more for his tickets and giving him the programme free? Whenever any British custom puzzles the American because it is at variance with common sense, he may always explain the custom to himself if he will look back into history. To the British mind, the best reason for doing anything is that people have always done it, and the best reason for not doing a certain thing is that people have never done it. These two axioms are the fundamental principles of

audience without charge at every first performance; but so strong is British habit that most of the auditors mechanically hand sixpence to the programme girls, who accept the money as a tip and reap a large harvest from the occasion.

THE LONDON STALLS

After the American visitor has bought his programme, he makes a discovery that lifts him to silence on a peak in Darien. This is nothing less than the as-



BOX OFFICE OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

British behaviour, British morality, and British taste. In fact, as statesmen are well aware, these two principles, and these alone, constitute the British Constitution. People in London, therefore, pay for their programmes for the sufficient reason that they have always done so. One of the managers, some time ago, tried the experiment of giving his programmes away, but the public protested so vehemently that he was obliged to reimpose the tax of sixpence. At the present time, in all of Mr. Charles Frohman's theatres, programmes are given to the

tounding fact that he can really sit in his seat, instead of dangling his limbs upon it like a coat upon a rack. Wonder of wonders, he has room for his knees! The stalls in a London orchestra are really articles of furniture, commodious and comfortable. In Mr. Cyril Maude's exquisite theatre, known as The Playhouse, each chair sits solidly on four legs, and has two arms and a back that fit the human body; and in the St. James's Theatre, which is conducted by Mr. George Alexander, and is perhaps the finest playhouse in London, a space of no less than

two feet and a half is left between the knees of the spectator and the back of the chair in front of him. Knees, after all, were not intended by a kind Creator to be scraped; and a lady's back hair is one of those sights of nature concerning which the poet remarked that distance lends enchantment to the view.

Looking about him in the stalls, the visitor perceives that everybody, without exception, is in evening dress and is the sort of person he would gladly ask to dinner. He feels like a member of a large theatre party; he is among his own people; and there arises a delightful sense of being at home which he can rarely experience in New York. Such conversation as he overhears does not jangle on the auditory nerve; he knows that the names of the people beside him are easily pronounceable by the Anglo-Saxon tongue; he suspects even that they know who wrote the play. They have somehow heard the name of J. M. Synge and would understand the difference between Maude Adams and J. M. Barrie.

THE PIT

In the orchestra there are only eight or ten rows of stalls; and immediately behind them is the pit, which is walled off by a barrier, or fence, that stretches clear across the theatre. In the pit there are no individual seats—merely rows of long benches on which the people sit rather closely together. It is, of course, impossible to reserve seats in advance; and people who are going to the pit have to come early on the evening of the performance in order to secure the best places. Hence, in the case of a popular play, a long queue of people may be seen at seven o'clock stretching from the pit door all along the sidewalk, waiting for the house to open. They keep their places very patiently in line, united by a common mood of pleasurable anticipation. One manager, a while ago, tried the experiment of selling reserved seats in the pit, at the usual price; but to this the pit people objected strenuously, on the ground that they could seldom know in advance just when they would find themselves possessed of that happy combination of money and an evening off which would permit of theatre-going,

and preferred to take their chances waiting in line when the fortunate opportunity arrived. The pit is patronised by people of a very estimable class, and is often frequented by well-educated men and women who wish to save money and do not care to dress. Whereas a seat in the stalls costs half a guinea (or approximately two dollars and fifty cents), a place in the pit costs only two and six (or approximately sixty cents); and the play can be seen very nearly as well. In the pit the same programme that is sold in the stalls for sixpence is sold for twopence; and the pit has a refreshment bar of its own which is cheaper than the main bar of the theatre. Of course the real reason why there is a pit in the London theatre is that there has always been a pit; that in itself is sufficient for the British mind; but it must be admitted that the system is, on grounds of common sense, an exceedingly good one. It serves to dress the house, by providing one place for people who are in evening dress and another for people who are not; it places one of the most desirable sections of the auditorium at the service of that important class of the theatre-going community that cannot afford to pay more than sixty cents; it makes it possible for a person who is willing to wait a long time in the queue to see an exceedingly popular play on any evening that he chooses, even though all of the reserved seats for that performance may have been sold out many days in advance; and furthermore it obliterates that pest of the New York theatre, the ticket speculator.

DRESS CIRCLE, BALCONY AND SHILLING GALLERY

Above the pit there are usually three galleries. The lowest and best of these is called the Dress Circle. Here the charge for seats is seven and six (or approximately one dollar and eighty cents) and people usually dress. The next gallery, called the Balcony, is cheaper and is above the zone of evening dress. Topmost of all is the Shilling Gallery, in which the seats are not reserved, and for which another queue forms in the street before the theatre opens. It will be seen, therefore, that just as one may

travel first, second, or third class on a British railway, so one may go to the theatre first class, in the stalls or the dress circle, second class, in the pit, or third class, in the shilling gallery. There is no pretence at a general and democratic commingling of upper, middle, and lower classes in the auditorium. The dramatic critic may seriously consider this segregation of the classes to be detrimental in its effect upon the dramatic art, since the dramatist undoubtedly can do his best with an audience in which all classes are commingled and dissolved into a single crowd; but the visitor must admit that the class system is greatly conducive to the comfort of the individual. He can choose his own place and can be sure of feeling at home with his neighbours.

THE CURTAIN-RAISER

The play of the evening usually begins at nine. In London the best people dine at least an hour later than they do in New York—a custom which undoubtedly owes its origin to the long daylight of the northern latitude. In London in the month of June it is easily possible to read a newspaper in the street at nine o'clock without the aid of artificial light. Till nine the stalls are empty; but the people in the pit, who had to come early, need to be amused, and the play of the evening is therefore preceded by a curtain-raiser, which begins at half-past eight. Sometimes, as at the Comedy Theatre this season, the initial entertainment is furnished by a performer at the piano; but more often it consists of a one-act play. These little pieces, which are directed at the pit and gallery, usually stand upon a lower level of art than the main piece. In America our playwrights nearly all seem eager to write one-act plays and complain because there is no market for them; and to the American critic in London it seems surprising that a better use is not made by English authors of the opportunity afforded them. Of all the one-act plays disclosed in London during the present season only two showed any merit. One of these, by Mr. Barrie, was put on as an afterpiece; the other, by George Pastor, was used as a curtain-raiser. If an enterprising agent

should gather up two dozen of the one-act plays which are now lying idle in the trunks of our American playwrights and bring them over to London, he might find a ready market for them and help to ameliorate the weakest feature of the London stage.

BETWEEN THE ACTS

The *entr'acte* in a London theatre is a delightful interval. If the visitor wishes to remain in his seat, he may listen to an orchestra that is worth listening to; and if he wishes to leave his seat, he may do



AUDITORIUM OF THE GLOBE THEATRE

Photograph by Bedford, Lemere and Company

so without treading on anybody's toes or falling into anybody's lap. To pass out from the very middle of a row is not a physical affliction, and may be accomplished without occasioning scowls. Each theatre is provided with a bar, which is an integral part of the establishment. It is not, indeed, conducted by the theatre manager. The manager sublets the privilege of the bar; and the privilege of selling the programme usually goes to the same man as part of the contract. On the managerial ledger, this arrangement subtracts a considerable figure from

the item of the rent of the house. And the bar is a great convenience to the thirsty members of the audience. It is not necessary to plunge forth into the cold grey air of night in search of a half-caste café around the corner. In the bar of the Duke of York's Theatre one evening, the genial manager of that very hospitable house propounded a theory that the cause of the chronic colds that afflict many American gentlemen was this uncivilised necessity of rushing out of an overheated theatre into the chill of an American

the most pleasant in London. It is circular in form, looking down through a central opening to the lobby below, and also opening out upon a balcony over Shaftesbury Avenue. Drinks, in all the theatres, as indeed in practically every bar in England, are served by girls instead of men. There is about these bar-maids an air of hospitable homeliness—in the correct, historic sense of that most beautiful of words—that raises the entire tone of public drinking in England. But to set forth all the psychologic rea-



BAR OF THE GLOBE THEATRE, LONDON. OPENING ON A LOBBY BENEATH, AND ON A BALCONY OVER SHAPTESBURY AVENUE

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield

winter night; and the only American present could not deny the soft impeachment. An English actor present suggested this as a cause of the American nasal habit of speech; and if the bell had not rung to announce the next curtain, a lengthy lecture on the relation between liquidation and elocution might have been developed from the theme. For such a flight of fancy the bar of the Duke of York's is a very comfortable place. But the bar of the Globe Theatre is perhaps

sons why bar-maids are preferable to bar-tenders, one would need the felicity of Elia and the scope of an entire essay. In the theatres, the bar-maids are affable without being unpleasantly familiar, and one is glad to meet them. Smoking between the acts is enjoyed both in the bar and in the lobby. Nobody leaves the precincts of the theatre, and there is therefore no necessity for our American system of giving out return checks and gathering them in again.

Meanwhile, during the *entr'acte*, the ladies of the audience are not left without attention. The programme girls circulate about, selling ices, coffee, sweets, and cakes from dainty trays; or if the performance be a *matinée*, they pass out individual services of tea. In a theatre so well equipped as The Playhouse, there is a sort of little counter projecting from the backs of the row of stalls in front of the spectator, on which he may set his tea-tray and serve himself in comfort. To the American visitor it looks at first a little quaint to see fully a third of a

advance of the British. A London theatre is, as a rule, less broad and considerably more deep than a house of similar capacity in New York. The British have not yet learned to build that wide and shallow type of theatre, exemplified by the Lyceum, the Belasco-Stuyvesant, and the Maxine Elliott in New York, which brings all of the spectators into appreciable proximity to the stage; indeed, because of the necessary presence of the pit, it is impossible that they should build it. But the most vital defect of theatre building in London is the habit, every-



QUEUE WAITING AT THE PIT DOOR OF THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield

matinée audience taking tea in this manner between the acts. It is, however, a very comfortable custom and contributes to that feeling of the individual in the stalls that he is socially a factor in one large theatre-party.

VITAL DEFECTS

If the social tone and managerial conduct of the London theatres are far superior to the tone and conduct of our own, it must be urged, upon the other hand, that in the scientific construction of our theatre-buildings we stand easily in

where adhered to, of digging a hole deep down in the ground for the stalls and the pit, instead of planting these vital sections of the house on a level with the street. In a typical London theatre, one steps from the street into the lobby and then directly into the dress circle, or first balcony, which is on a level with the lobby. In order to get to the stalls, it is necessary to pass down a long and intricate passage which curves around the pit and descends gradually or abruptly to a level which is an entire story underground. From the stalls there is no exit



EXTERIOR OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE, DECORATED FOR A GALA PERFORMANCE

backward through the pit, and only one exit on each side, giving upon a winding passage that leads uphill, or upstairs, or both. In the event of a sudden terrible fire, everybody in the stalls would be entombed and burned alive. The main lobby of the theatre would immediately be choked by refugees from the dress circle; and the two intricate uphill exits from the stalls would be of no service in a panic. This fact was admitted to the present writer by most of the managers with whom he talked the matter over; and yet they could advance no explanation of the general adherence to this plan of building except that "that was the way

in which London theatres had always been built." From this point of view the worst theatre in London is one which ranks artistically among the very best—namely, the home-theatre of Sir Charles Wyndham, the Criterion, in Piccadilly Circus. The Criterion is constructed entirely underground; its roof is on a level with the street, a restaurant occupying the visible building above it; and to get out of any part of the theatre it is necessary to climb up many steps and twist through long and winding passages. Since the Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago, no such edifice could ever have secured a theatre license in any city of

America. The London fire department insists that, in every theatre, the safety curtain shall be lowered and raised between the acts in order to prove to the audience that it is in good working order; but the precaution of setting the stalls and the pit on a level with the ground, so that they may be emptied at once into the streets, does not seem to have occurred to the imagination of the London builders. Another point that has apparently escaped them is that, for people in a hurry, it is easier to climb down than to climb up.

It is curious to notice this deficiency of common sense in the planning of edifices which in all matters of æsthetic taste are so superior to our own. The Criterion, crowded with a distinguished audience, presents a finer appearance than any theatre in America; and the fact that it is a fire-trap escapes the eye. The decoration of nearly all the London theatres is simple, chaste, and dignified; some of them, like The Playhouse and the St. James's, are exceedingly beautiful—the curtain of the latter, designed in imitation of old tapestry, being a delight to the eye; and nowhere is the spectator assailed by anything so preposterous as the peacock proscenium of the New Amsterdam Theatre or so horrid as the sugar-pastry boxes of the Hackett Theatre in New York.

CERTAIN THEATRES, CERTAIN PLAYS

The conservative and habitual temper of the London public is displayed in the fact that it always expects the same type of play in any given theatre. Each house has an acknowledged character of its own, to which it is expected to live up—or down, as the case may be. From one point of view, this system is a great advantage. A person may trust a certain theatre to afford him a certain sort of entertainment, and may safely go to it without even inquiring the name of the play. He will never run foul of any such incongruity as the production of *Lulu's Husbands* in the Maxine Elliott Theatre two days after *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* had folded its tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away. But, on the other hand, the system is such that an excellent play may be doomed to fail-

ure merely because it has been produced in the wrong house. A good Conan Doyle melodrama would fail at the Criterion; a good Henry Arthur Jones comedy would fail at the Adelphi. One of the main reasons why Mr. Henry Miller failed in London with *The Great Divide* and *The Servant in the House*, for example, was that he appeared at the Adelphi. People had never done such plays there; and this fundamental British reason was in itself sufficient to keep the public away. Yet, to revert to the other side of the argument, it is good to know that one may always bank upon the Criterion for politeness, on the St. James's for elegance, and so on through the catalogue. It relieves the theatre-goer of a great deal of bothersome investigation of managerial advertisements.

The most significant fact about the entire process of going to the theatre in London, in so far as that process differs from our own, is that it greatly emphasises the pleasure of anticipation. The people who wait in line for the pit door to open experience this pleasure to the full. Theirs is really the halcyon experience that is recorded so movingly by Lamb in the *Essays of Elia*. By waiting for something they desire, they increase their own delight in the thing they wait for. But even in the stalls, if the visitor comes early, the curtain-raiser will be found to whet his appetite for the longer play to follow. Even if he does not come till nine, he will find that the audience is careful to get seated before the important piece begins. London theatre-goers do not, like those of New York, habitually insult the dramatist, the actors, and their fellow-auditors by strolling in throughout the act of exposition. Every detail of the experience of theatre-going, from the first delightful buying of the tickets, seems ordained to lead up fitly to that hushed and breathless moment when the curtain rises on a mystic and imaginary world.

LONDON THEATRE DISTRICTS

Shaftesbury Avenue, which curves northeastward like a comet's tail out of the nucleus of Piccadilly Circus, is now the main artery of the London theatre district; but there is still a sprinkling of

older theatres along the Strand, and another collection of first-class houses in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's Lane. None of these streets, however, bears any real resemblance to New York's Great White Way. The electric signs of the theatres are less garish and in better taste, and the streets are processional with cabs. The only place that at all reminds the visitor of the meretricious glitter of Broadway is Leicester Square, in which most of the music halls are congregated. Here there is a gleam of garish light and a sense of painted ladies disappearing up darkened byways. But Shaftesbury Avenue preserves at night an atmosphere of elegance and restraint.

After the theatre in London, there is nothing that parallels at all the café life of New York. By far the greatest number of habituated theatre-goers drive quietly home in cabs and go to bed. Almost the only good place for an after-theatre supper is the Carlton; and this is frequented mainly by visitors to London, rather than by the inhabitants them-

selves. Apart from the great hotels, there are no cafés of the highest class. Even those of the second class thin out at midnight and close their doors at half past twelve. After the latter hour it is difficult to buy a drink in London. The lights are dark. The streets are silent, except for the occasional clatter of a belated cab-horse. Mysteriously, in the short space of an hour, the great, gigantic city has shut its eyes and gone to sleep. By three o'clock the sky has brightened with a northern dawn; but there is nobody abroad to watch the miracle, except a few milkmen and an occasional American who is not used to early hours. Perhaps this soft subsidence into midnight of the entire theatre-going population is the final touch of elegance and aristocracy, of conservatism and tradition—the last harmonic height of the serenely and beautifully planned—which distinguishes the delicate experience of going to the theatre in London.

Clayton Hamilton.

WHEN LOVE GOES

I

Oh Mother, I am sick of love,
I wake before the dawn is red,
My bitter dreams have broken me,
I would my love were dead.

"Drink of the cup I brew for thee,
"Thou shalt have quiet in its stead."

II

Where is the silver in the rain,
Where is the music in the sea,
Where is the bird that sang all day
To break my heart with melody?

"The night you bade Love fly away
"He hid them all from thee."

Sara Teasdale.

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF WRITING

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

I—THE INBORN TALENT

It is always helpful, in writings possessing even the mildest of text-book flavour, for author and reader to start with a clear mutual understanding of scope and purpose. The best way in which to forestall that aggrieved sense which a student often feels of having derived no profit from a certain article or book or lecture course, is to say frankly, at the outset: "Here, in brief, is what we intend to do. If your individual case falls outside these limits, you will waste your time, since it belongs upon the list of what we have no intention of doing."



IN the present series of articles on "The Craftsmanship of Writing," the best and quickest way to reach this helpful understanding is to explain what first suggested them, and what results it is hoped that they will achieve. There has probably never been a time when so large a number of men and women, of all sorts and conditions, have yielded to the lure of authorship—and the elemental, naïve and random questions that they often ask shows that there has never been a time when so many were in need of a word of friendly guidance. And this is precisely what the present articles claim to be. They do not pretend to point a royal road to literature—to furnish a new philosopher's stone for transmuting ordinary citizens into famous poets and novelists. They have no ambition to create new authors—since authors worthy of the name are born, not made—nor to compete with the efforts of our college English Departments, our summer lecture courses, our correspondence schools and literary agencies—for we have a surfeit of these already. The aim of "The Craftsmanship of Writing" is nothing more pretentious than to help would-be writers to reach a somewhat saner, more logical understanding of the real nature of the profession they are entering upon, both on its technical and its artistic side; to discount its delays and disappointments; and above all, to learn to help themselves by intelligent self-criticism.

For it is a somewhat curious fact that there is no other line of intellectual work in which a man or a woman may remain, through months and years, so fundamentally ignorant of his or her real worth.

Now the reason why a struggling author may waste years of misdirected effort, without knowing just how good or bad his productions really are, is not difficult to explain.

The sources of any workman's knowledge of his worth are practically only three in number: the market value of his ware; his own self-criticism, and the opinions of others. Now it is a common experience among young authors to find through weary months that their wares apparently have no market value at all—this does away with the first source. Secondly, the ability to criticise one's self in a detached, impartial way is one of the rarest of human faculties—and not a bit less rare in authors than in other people. Yet, unfortunately, it is upon his own judgment that every young writer must very largely depend. For there is probably no other craft or employment in which it is so difficult to obtain a really authoritative opinion—for the excellent reason that in no other craft or employment is there such a lack of any general requirement, any standard of apprenticeship. Indeed, it is often as hard to guess the potential powers of a beginner in letters as to predict how a raw recruit is likely to conduct himself under fire. Let us, therefore, take up separately these two questions: First, the various kinds of critical opinion a young author is able

An Author's Knowledge of His Work

of his own in his writings. Usually, the training and advice of systematic training is impossible for him to acquire.

But first let us ask one more preliminary detail: where does the raw recruit in the army of author-

The Literary New Recruit ship mainly come from? In other trades and professions there is some

sort of selective barrier: a college degree, a recent certificate in Civil Service examination, a Union Membership, some form of official guarantee of fitness. Then, too, a man goes there is the prohibi-

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speaking of as the Inborn Talent. And it would be most extraordinary if all of them, or any considerable portion of them should have. The field is open to all comers, without prejudice of colour, sex or age. And so we find competing side by side, the university man, with half a dozen letters after his name; the young woman from some Western farm, who thinks herself a second Mrs. Browning; the underpaid teacher, the starveling minister, the physician with a dwindling practice, who seek to eke out a meagre income with an occasional magazine article; the society woman and the man of leisure whose whim it is to see themselves in print; the suffragette, the sweet young graduate, the whole motley host that, rightly or wrongly, believe themselves to have the Inborn Talent. Now, if these new writers seek advice—and sooner or later they practically all of them do—from whom can they seek it? What avenues are open to them?

Some writers, of course, are more fortunately placed than others, in this re-

A Young Author's Critic spect; but in practice it will be found that the usual sources of criticism, whether favourable

or hostile, narrow down to four: I. The biased opinions of interested friends; II. The bought opinions of professional advisers; III. The rejections or acceptances of editors, either with or without comment; IV. The published criticisms in the review departments of newspapers and magazines. Now, as already said, there is a certain degree of luck in all four of these sources of criticism. Thus, to take them up in order, the opinions of the first class may not always be biased. A young author may have the good luck to number among his friends or relatives one or more authors of big accomplishment and fine discernment who may serve the place of literary godfather, and who in rare and wonderful instances, such as that of Flaubert and Maupassant, actualise that ideal form of apprenticeship which all the arts enjoy save only that of letters. Again, it sometimes happens that a beginner is fortunate enough to choose for his adviser a professional reader whose horizon happens to be wider than that of the mere market value

of literary ware, and whose suggestions stimulate the growth of his mentality as well as of his bank account. And then again, there are editors who, in spite of the burden they carry, are not always too busy to send, with a rejected manuscript, a line or two of welcome advice to a young author whom they see to be stumbling needlessly—or a few words of equally valued praise to the beginner whose first work shows, through all its crudeness, the unmistakable gleam of the Inborn Talent. And as to the fourth class, that of the professional critic, there are a good many successful authors who freely admit the debt they owe to him for many a frank word of praise or censure in earlier years. Indeed, this last source of outside help ought to be the most disinterested and the most useful of them all. That it is not, is due to two simple and rather obvious facts: first, that it cannot possibly reach the novice in letters until he begins to get his writings into print; secondly, that the rank and file of reviewers think it their duty to speak to the readers of books rather than to the writers of them—to tell the general public why they ought to like or dislike a certain volume, instead of telling the author in what particulars his work was good and in what others it might have been better.

"I believe," says Sir Walter Besant, in his *Autobiography*, "that one can count on ten fingers the few critics whose judgments are lessons of instruction to writers as well as readers."

It is this dearth of real enlightenment that makes so many first attempts—whether poetry or prose, essays, stories or special articles—sheer guess-work, gropings in the dark. Hundreds of first manuscripts, and second and third manuscripts, too, are written with tremulous hopes and fears, absurdly overvalued one moment and blackly despaired of the next. They start out on their travels, meekly submitted "at your usual rates," and soon come homing back, with only the empty civility of a printed slip to save them from the waste-paper basket. That is a fair statement of the average beginner's experience, is it not? And it is looked upon as quite in the natural course of things, a special application of

the economic law of supply and demand. It places the young author in the same category with every other class of workman who goes around peddling the produce of his handiwork. And if that produce does not happen to be wanted, there is no logical reason why anyone should be required to buy it, whether it be a sonnet or a sugared waffle.

In his essay, *L'Argent dans la Littérature*, Zola writes, with customary bluntness: "The State owes nothing to young writers; the mere fact of having written a few pages does not entitle them to pose as martyrs, because no one will print their work. A shoemaker who has made his first pair of shoes does not force the government to sell them for him. It is the workman's place to dispose of his work to the public. And if he can't do it, if he is a nobody, he remains unknown through his own fault, and quite justly so."

Now it does no good to argue that there is something radically wrong about the present system. It is quite sufficient if we frankly recognise that literature occupies an anomalous position, and to seek for the reason. The great advantage that the arts and professions enjoy in theory over trade and business is that they aim to produce objects of such beauty or service of such importance that the ordinary laws of market value do not apply to them. Aside from literature, there is no profession, excepting the closely allied one of the magazine illustrator, which is subjected to a like degree of precarious uncertainty. Architects, it is true, do occasionally enter plans in a competition for some big public building—but this is an exception to the custom of their craft, a gamble which they enter into voluntarily, fully prepared to be cheerful losers. Young artists may repeatedly have their pictures refused admission to the annual Salons; but at least they have the comfort of knowing that there was just one ground for such refusals, namely, that the pictures were not sufficiently good art. A doctor has some trouble in getting his first case, a lawyer in getting his first brief; but when once they have secured respectively a

client and a patient, they count upon being regularly employed; it is inconceivable that they should be dismissed with a printed notice that their dismissal "does not imply a criticism of their intrinsic merits." Even your corner grocer, if you leave him and go to a competitor halfway down the block, considers it a criticism, and one that he has a right to resent.

As already implied, there is a very simple reason why the man of letters stands in a class apart. The artist and sculptor, the lawyer and doctor, even the grocer and the plumber, have all in their several ways served a long and relatively costly apprenticeship. They have, to put it colloquially, learned their job before they have been allowed to practise for themselves. Whether they will become distinguished in their several callings or even demonstrate an average skill remains to be proved. But they start with a certain guaranteed fund of foundation knowledge, a certain preliminary craftsmanship. It is conceivable, of course, that a medical student might, in his first year, successfully treat some simple case of croup or whooping-cough. But that one achievement would not give him sufficient self-assurance to hang out his sign, even if the laws of his State permitted such recklessness. Yet when the merest tyro in writing happens by some lucky hit to write a story good enough to win acceptance, or even, let us say, a story that has somehow won acceptance although not good enough, his pendulum of self-criticism swings to the furthest verge of elation. He refuses to entertain the possibility of further rejections. He begins to multiply the number of stories he can write a month by the number of months in the year, and the product again by the number of dollars on his first cheque.

Of course, in a majority of cases, such dreams are doomed to the same

**The Young
Writer's
Apprenticeship**

fate as in the fable of the "Pot of Milk"—and it is fortunate for the world at large, and doubly fortunate for the young author that this is so. The truth is that in literature, as in every other art, there is no such thing as a royal road to fame.

Just because a writer is free to hang out his shingle, so to speak, at the very beginning, it does not by any means follow that he is permanently exempted from serving an apprenticeship. And this fact is the sole excuse for dwelling here at such length upon so commonplace a grievance as rejected manuscripts. Every young writer knows, of course, that he faces repeated rejection; but very few recognise that each manuscript that comes back is part of their education, a definite amount of the time and effort which every apprentice is expected to pay.

The present writer well remembers his first attempts to write short stories, while still a college undergraduate, and his surprise and resentment when one by one the magazines failed to appreciate them. He grudged the labour spent upon them; he felt, in a vague sort of way, that he had been defrauded. College themes, curiously enough, rested on a different basis. The time spent on them involved no irritation, although they were doomed in advance to be still-born. The reason for this difference was that the author recognised his college themes as part of the cost of preparation, and that he had not yet learned that his rejected manuscripts were also part of that same preparation—and by far the more important part.

"The worst of all evils, for a beginner," says Zola, in the above-mentioned essay, is to arrive and to succeed too soon. He ought to know that behind every solid reputation there lie at least twenty years of effort and of labour."

What each man or woman learns from a rejection depends, of course, upon the circumstances of the individual case. It may teach nothing more than the un wisdom of submitting a certain type of story or article to one particular magazine; or again, it may bring a salutary awakening to the fact that what the author fondly believed to be a masterpiece is, after all, a rather tawdry and banale performance. But in any case, a setback is wholesome discipline if it makes a writer ask himself seriously what is the matter with his work—for it is better to tear up half a dozen good manuscripts than to let a

single bad one find its way into print. "As remediless as bad work once put forward," is a wise little simile of Mr. Kipling's—you will find it in *The Light that Failed*, not far from the point at which the two versions of that story part company. It must, however, be borne in mind that no sort of apprenticeship ever created genius—its utmost value is to develop technical skill. In every art there are two indispensable qualities—an Inborn Talent and a slowly and painfully acquired technique—the only difference, in the case of literature, being that the technique must in the main be self-taught. The Inborn Talent is, by its very definition, a thing unteachable, although it may be discovered, fostered and developed. It can no more be created by teachers of rhetoric or grammar than a singing-master can create a voice. But the would-be singer has this big advantage over the would-be writer, in that he can easily find a teacher of authority who will tell him in the course of a single interview frankly and conclusively whether his case is hopeless or not—while the young author has no chance of getting such an opinion, and if he had would probably refuse to credit it.

The result is that most new writers are left to learn their value, slowly and painfully, in the unsparing school of experience. And the nature of the lesson is best grasped by applying it to the analogous art of painting. Suppose the young artist left quite to himself, thrown wholly on his own judgment, regarding subject and composition, colour, light and shade. He paints and paints, picture after picture, with only his instinct to tell him whether they are good or bad—and every now and then someone having authority comes along and blots them out with turpentine or a palette knife, and with no word of explanation. The young artist tries again, and still again—and if he has the Inborn Talent, it is conceivable that he may grow slowly through his own efforts helped only by this purely destructive criticism, until he achieves real greatness. As a matter of fact, this is not the road over which the great painters have travelled, but it is the road by which the masters of literature have attained their goal.

Now let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that a young writer is in no

Schools of Technique haste to see himself in print, that he would be glad to have some sort of systematic instruc-

tion through a period of years, analogous to that of the other arts and crafts: what possible avenues are open to him. The Inborn Talent, of course, cannot be taught; but the technique of good writing not only can be taught, but ought to be. Yet at present, and I say this advisedly, we have not a single well equipped school of instruction in technique—nothing which even pretends to do for writing what the conservatories do for vocal and instrumental music, and schools like the Beaux Arts for painting and architecture. The odd thing is that people have fallen into the habit of thinking that we do possess such opportunities for instruction. Our schools and colleges and universities are paying more attention than ever to rhetoric and theme writing. Children daily puzzle their parents with intricacies of sentence diagrams and strange nomenclature of grammar undreamed of in an earlier generation. And yet almost any city editor will tell you that the young college graduate has almost as much to unlearn as to learn before he becomes a useful member of the staff. The trouble is that in writing we have confused the medium with the art; we have been content, a good deal of the time, to teach language where we meant to teach technique. Writing differs from the other arts in this: that from earliest childhood, its medium of expression has been more or less familiar, more or less skilfully employed. A child of five who cannot put together simple sentences that express his physical needs is considered mentally deficient; whereas, if he can already whistle or sing a popular air correctly, his family indicate the fact with pride; and if he can draw a cow that really looks like a cow and not like an abnormal table endowed with horns and tail, he is an infant prodigy. But if we could conceive of a race of intelligent deaf mutes whose customary mode of communication was a highly developed picture language, then we might imagine

a manual skill of draughtsmanship acquired from early childhood that would place the medium of the painter on an equality with that of the writer to-day.

Now in our schools and colleges, with the best intentions in the world, what is actually achieved goes very little beyond an increased dexterity in the use of the medium, language. Grammar and rhetoric, even the ability to say quite accurately certain simple and obvious things, is not the technique of good writing, any more than the ability to draw a circle or a straight line or to match colours makes up the technique of good painting. And even those few courses which the English departments of our larger universities have in recent years established for the benefit of their graduate students—courses in the structure of the short story and the play and the novel—although they are an encouraging step in the right direction, are not either in kind or in degree quite comparable to the practical training that is open to students in every other branch of art. The best instruction in any craft or profession is a practical training by someone who has already proved himself a master of it. The instructors in our medical schools, our seminaries, our schools of law, are nearly always men who have won their reputation in the sick chamber, the pulpit, the court-room. And this is the one logical source of learning. Yet in authorship the chance of working directly under the guidance of a master has, so far as I can recall, been exemplified in practice on a large scale only once in the history of letters—and that was in the special brand of historical romance tirelessly produced by the author of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and his apprentices—satirically designated as *Dumas et Cie, Fabrique de Romans*. College instruction in the art of writing is, with a few brilliant exceptions, given by men who are trained critics rather than creative writers—men who know infinitely more about taking a work to pieces than about putting it together. Dissecting is an important part of class work in a course in botany, but it does not help us to a knowledge of how to grow a rose. And you will learn more about building a cathedral by watching it

go together, stone by stone, than by seeing a gang of professional wreckers dustily pulling it down.

Are we to understand, then, some one will ask, that the English courses in colleges and graduate schools are a waste of time? Emphatically no, not by any means, so long as we do not mistake the nature of their help. So far as they go they are of distinct value to a student with ambition for authorship—valuable in the same way that courses in literature and in foreign languages are valuable; but they carry him no further in his technical training than college courses in biology or constitutional history carry a student forward in the practice of medicine or the law. The

In the Absence of Training Schools practical question, then, is: In the absence of special training-schools what advice should be given to a beginner? Are there any lines of special study that he may follow, any form of self-training that he may put himself through? The answer is: Yes, there is the theoretical help of text books on technique, and there is the practical training of journalism. But it is well to remember, on the one hand, that all the text-books ever written on the English novel will not make a novelist, any more than Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, even though committed to memory, would make a Millais for a Bouguereau. A newspaper training is a good, wholesome tonic, especially as an antidote to the stilted heaviness of the academic style. It gives a certain fluency, a certain colloquial tone that makes for freedom. "To the wholesome training of severe newspaper work when I was a very young man, I constantly refer my first successes," was Dickens's stereotyped reply to the questions of American reporters. And yet one hesitates to recommend it with the same assurance with which it was to be recommended a quarter century ago. For if the younger generation of American writers have any one conspicuous fault in common, it is that of too journalistic a style.

But there is one question which every amateur writer should ask himself in advance of everything else, and that is: Has he the Inborn Talent? Has he any

talent at all, anything worth the saying—worth, that is, the trouble of learning to say in the best possible manner? Has he ideas? **Have you the Inborn Talent?** —not mere raw material, in the form of things seen and experiences lived—but ideas about them that may be of importance or interest to some portion of the world at large. Let us ask this direct question of every man and woman who reads these pages: Have you taken any pains to satisfy yourself that you possess this Inborn Talent? If not, do so without delay, before you scatter futile ink over another sheet of wasted paper. And it is not just a question of having or not having the creative instinct, but of having it in sufficient degree to make its development really worth while. For the Inborn Talent in a writer may be compared to the grade of ore in a mine—the question is not simply whether there is any precious metal there at all, but whether it is present in paying quantities. It is well to find out, if you can, just how richly your talent will assay, and then work it accordingly.

But, you may retort, how is any one to find out whether he has talent? Who is to be the judge? How can the author himself or any one else know surely whether repeated rejections through a course of months mean hopeless mediocrity or the handicap of crude methods—whether improvement is a matter of being born again or merely of buckling down and laboriously learning the job? And just here, of course, lies the real difficulty of making this advice practical. No one can answer this first and most important question for you—no one, at least, so authoritatively as to convince you even against your will. But you yourself can answer a few frank questions that will go a long way toward enlightening you: Why

A Few Frank Questions

are you trying to write? What preparations have you had that make you believe you are qualified? How long ago did you begin to try? What sort of encouragement have you so far received? These are questions which no one else can answer for you; for no two cases are precisely alike. But you cannot an-

swer them honestly without having a strong conviction steal over you either that you have or that you have not the Inborn Talent.

Do you write, for instance, as the born artist paints or the born musician plays, because you feel a compelling necessity for self-expression? Or do you write as the house painter wields his brush or the barrel organ man turns his handle merely for the sake of the dollars or the dimes? Have you strong prejudices in regard to the kind of writing you are ready to do? Or are you willing to write in any form, on any subject, from a sonnet to a breakfast food advertisement? Most of us at one time or another have found ourselves under the temporary necessity of doing something more or less in the nature of "hack-work," work that not only meant drudgery but that took us away from bigger, finer things. Yet it is not the willingness to do "hack-work" and to do it cheerfully and thoroughly, when the occasion demands, that proves we lack the Inborn Talent—it is the failure to distinguish between what is "hack-work" and what is not; the spirit of indifference which looks upon all kinds of writing indiscriminately as a marketable produce, that degrades authorship from a profession to a trade.

Or again, what has been your preparation, up to the time when you send off your first essay or poem or story, stamps enclosed, to take its chances with some editor? Does your real apprenticeship begin now with its toll of disappointments and delays; manuscripts that grow soiled and shabby and one by one are consigned to the waste basket? Or have you been unconsciously apprenticed to literature from early childhood, surrounded by an atmosphere of books, absorbing, because you could not help it, correct ideas of form and technique from the daily conversation around you? Are you still in the first enthusiasm of youth with your views of life still mainly rose-coloured dreams? Or have you spent the first thirty or forty years of your life face to face with hard realities, in the activities of business or of travel and adventure—as a soldier of fortune rather than man of letters? It does not follow

that in the one case you have the inborn literary instinct and that in the other you have not. Ruskin at the age of five had already entered upon his apprenticeship. Before he had learned to write, he had taught himself a makeshift method of vertical printing with a pencil, and had undertaken a story in three-volume form, the name of which escapes the memory, and really does not matter. The significant thing about it is that this precocious child of five was already so saturated with the atmosphere of books, so familiar with their form and make-up, that with the imitative fidelity of his age, he added to his own work a carefully compiled page of *errata*. Sir Walter Besant, after having endured a six years' exile, occupying a Colonial Professorship on the island of Mauritius, records upon his return, "I began life again at the age of thirty-one; my capital was a pretty extensive knowledge acquired by voracious and indiscriminate reading."

Mr. Morgan Robertson, the writer of sea stories, is a conspicuous example of a man who for years had lived apart from books, one decade before the mast, and another as an expert diamond setter and then suddenly surprised himself by revealing the Inborn Talent. But his is an exceptional case. There are a good many men whose love of adventure has given them a rich variety of experience, whose early life has been spent in the danger-places of the world. They are apt to think that they possess the gift because they have the material—and yet these two things have practically nothing in common. It is not the material but the instinct to use it in the right way that makes the Inborn Talent. It is quite a common experience to have men come for advice who have spent years in queer, out-of-the-way corners of the earth and have had adventures rich in thrills and shudders, such as would make *Robinson Crusoe* or *Treasure Island* sound a little tame; and almost invariably what they say is this: "We have the material. Teach us the technique!" Yet in the majority of cases even a knowledge of technique would probably not make stories that they would write sound

otherwise than commonplace. For it is one of the commonest things in the world to find that men can live adventurous lives without being really aware of it in a big dramatic sense—that they can pass through places of great danger, inimitable strangeness, matchless beauty; and yet when they come to write about them might just as well be describing adventures in their own back yard.

The Inborn Talent, then, is something distinct from the material of our ex-

perience and the technical use we make of that material. Just what it is proves rather baffling to

define. But at least it includes several different elements: First, the art of really seeing—the artist's eye, which looks through and beyond the mere outward material aspect and sees the vision of some great, unpainted picture. Secondly, a fine instinct for the value of words—a gift that is something quite different from mere richness of vocabulary on the one hand, and the possession of style, on the other. Vocabulary may be increased at will by patiently memorising a dictionary; and style is a matter of cadence and sound sequence—it is quite possible to write rather sad trash in an impeccable style. But a sense of the value of words, an instinct for finding, within the limits of our spoken language, the precise word and phrase that will as nearly as possible convey a thought that is perhaps bigger or subtler than any spoken words—this indeed stamps the possessor as having the Inborn Talent. And lastly, it includes the possession of ideas, as distinct from knowledge. You may know a vast number of useful facts, such as that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points—but such knowledge no more constitutes the Inborn Talent than such a definition constitutes literature. But ideas, big, vital ideas, of the compelling sort that force themselves into written words, in the face of obstacles and disappointments and the inertia of public indifference, are the very essence of the creative spirit, the golden hallmark of the Inborn Talent.

TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

LIFE OF KARL MARX*

The author does not claim for this work the rank of a final and authoritative biography. This, he thinks, will be supplied some day by "some better equipped German writers, such as Franz Mehring and Edward Bernstein." But apart from the present volume there is no adequate biography of Marx in any language, although twenty-six years have passed since his death. Except for Liebknecht's *Memoirs*, which is not and was not intended to be a biography, we have only the brief sketches in biographical dictionaries and encyclopædias and the chapters on Marx's life in works on the history of Socialism. Even his own followers know little about the man for all their devout study of his writings. Myths have arisen concerning him, and even after they have been disproved are continually repeated. English and American accounts of his life are especially inaccurate. A good many pages of Mr. Spargo's are taken up with the refutation of these errors. Thus the story that Karl Marx's father Heinrich became a Christian under compulsion, which is repeated in most of the encyclopædias and even in Liebknecht's *Memoirs*, is found to have no foundation whatever. His "apostasy" was purely voluntary. A trivial error, but one that illustrates the carelessness of foreign writers, is Croce's allusion to the "blonde" Karl Marx, who was so dark that he was nicknamed by his companions "Negro." But more important than the correction of misstatements as to single facts is the author's constant attempt to remove what he regards as the utterly false though prevailing impression of Marx as a harsh and quarrelsome fanatic, unsympathetic in his relations with men. He brings out the other side of his nature from the records of his friendship and draws freely on the private correspondence with his intimates. "Marx," said the poet Heine, "is the tenderest,

*Karl Marx: His Life and Work. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 1910. Pp. 355. Price \$2.50.

gentlest man I have ever known." In one respect he reverses the general impression as to the contrast between the characters of Marx and Lassalle. On the failure of the former's suit against Herr Zabel for libel he wrote to Lassalle, saying that he had supposed such a travesty of justice would be impossible in the Prussian courts. Lassalle replied:

"Dear fellow, how I wronged you once lately when in one of my letters I said you saw things in too dark colours! Prussian justice, at any rate, you seem to have regarded in far too rosy a light! But I've had to endure far other things than you from this crew; could bring far stronger proof for what you say, have experienced worse cases altogether at their hands, and that three times three dozen times, and in criminal, and more especially in purely civil cases. . . . Uff! I must drive away remembrance of all this. For when I think of this daily judicial murder of ten long years that I passed through, then waves of blood seem to tremble before my eyes, and it seems to me as if a sea of blood would choke me. . . . But never do my lips curl with so deep a smile of contempt as when I hear our judges and justice spoken of. Galley-slaves seem to me very honourable persons compared with our judges."

This bitter, contemptuous attack upon the Prussian courts by Lassalle, and Marx's misplaced confidence in their integrity and his subsequent disappointment form a rather striking contrast in the popular notion of the characteristics of the two men. According to this notion, Lassalle was first of all a patriot and only secondly a revolutionist, while Marx was first and last a revolutionist without a fatherland. Lassalle is painted as a nationalist in politics, always dominated by a strong love for Germany, while Marx is painted as an internationalist, caring nothing for Germany, but only for the Universal Republic and the Revolution. As a matter of fact, Marx was a good deal more of a German patriot than Lassalle, as their respective attitudes upon the Italian war clearly showed. In the correspondence of the two men, published by Bernstein in his biography of Lassalle, Lassalle's attitude is as "treasonable" as that of Marx is "patriotic."

While a student at Bonn and Berlin, Marx passed through that Teutonic wel-

ter of ideas which has been typified in Carlyle's *Teufelsdröckh*, and this period is described by his biographer with awe, but without giving any clear notion of what was going on. There were bitter mental conflicts, at the end of which some youthful poems and plots for novels were cast to the flames and young Marx found a measure of relief by becoming one of the "Young Hegelians." In this company Marx, who had studied Hegel deeply, learned to reject the Hegelian notion of the Absolute Idea behind all historic progress while retaining his belief in the Hegelian theory of development.

It was against this fantastic ideological element in Hegelianism, its self-contradictions, that the young Hegelians directed their attack, in which young Marx found at least the partial solution of his difficulties. These young radicals of the Extreme Left, of whom Bruno Bauer and Ludwig Feuerbach were the leading spirits, regarded Hegel's Absolute Idea as an illegitimate interpolation into his philosophy. Instead of regarding the logical forms as being due to a self-revealing Absolute, they regarded them as being due to human thought. Man thus became the creator of the Absolute—of God. The material universe became the starting point from which ideas must be traced, the reverse of Hegel's thought.

Marx derived his first principles from Hegel, as is well known, yet in *The Holy Family* wrote of him contemptuously, placing Feuerbach far above him:

There is some criticism of Feuerbach, but it is something of a shock for the reader of today to note the air of superiority which Marx adopts toward Hegel, whom he treats with ill-concealed disdain, and to compare with it the generous enthusiasm of his treatment of Feuerbach. At first this seems pitifully immature. We must, however, bear in mind the polemical character of the book. The controversial spirit and temper are not exactly conducive to a judicial estimate. Marx was anxious at the moment to discredit the Hegelian ideology and to emphasise the materialist factors. Later, when the controversial temper had passed away with the need for controversy, a juster estimate was possible. Marx could write then, in 1865, "Compared with Hegel, Feuerbach is very poor. Nevertheless, after Hegel, he made an epoch, because he accentuated certain points. . . . which had been left by Hegel in an obscure and mystic light."

ated certain points. . . . which had been left by Hegel in an obscure and mystic light."

The author frequently turns aside to comment upon or analyse Marx's writings and to summarise the history of the European movements in which Marx was involved, for example, the revolution of 1848, the Franco-Prussian War and the Paris Commune. On these occasions he is not especially illuminating. As a thick and thin supporter of Marxism, which he regards as the only form of socialism worthy of the name, his attitude toward Marx's books is altogether uncritical. It is the homage of a prostrate mind. He says that his "aim has been to give an interpretation of Marx's life and thought." So far as the thought is concerned, there are better interpretations to be found in quite ordinary histories of socialism. These portions of the book seem perfunctory and trivial, a mere assembling of hackneyed phrases from platforms, manifestoes and resolutions. Nor has the writer any gift for summarising European political conditions and movements, and his occasional attempts are too sketchy and confused to be of any use. The value of the book consists solely in what relates to the immediate concerns of Marx, his private life, his struggles with poverty, his relations with his friends, his quarrels, and his public activities as editor and as organiser of the Communist League and of the "International."

Marx went to Paris on the suppression of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* in 1843, and thenceforth led the life of an exile. On his expulsion from France in 1849 he settled with his wife and young children in London, which remained his home for the rest of his life. For many years he suffered extreme poverty and sometimes even lacked for food. The death of two of his children was hastened if not caused by these privations.

Unfitted for any manual labour, a German radical, every line of whose work had been of a kind which could not be submitted to prospective employers without destroying any small chance of obtaining employment that there might be, his position was an exceedingly tragic one. Rare and ill-paid were the little jobs he obtained in those days. He wrote for some of the Chartist journals, but probably never

received a single penny in payment. If perchance any such articles were ever paid for the occasions must have been rare and the sums paid quite trifling.

He was morbidly sensitive to the charge of "living on the movement" and received no money for his work in the Communist Alliance. He would not even accept the customary fee for his lectures to workmen in the Arbeiter Bildungsverein in the early 'fifties, the time of his greatest distress. For years the only regular income on which he could depend was five dollars a week for his contributions to the New York *Tribune*, for which he became the London correspondent in 1851. On one occasion having fallen into arrears with the rent his family were turned into the street and all their furniture was seized. During the greater part of his life he was dogged by poverty and illness. The writer emphasises the miseries of the Marx household doubtless to counteract the often repeated slander that he was drawing money from the "movement." Early in 1857, thanks to a small legacy from Mrs. Marx's mother, they were able to move into a larger house, but this seemed to indicate increased prosperity, much to the disadvantage of Marx. More impecunious exiles turned to the Marx home for food and shelter, and none was ever denied, no matter how great the sacrifice might be. Then, too, malicious gossip seized upon the sign of apparently increasing prosperity to prove that Marx was "living upon the movement" in relative luxury. The truth is that the struggle was rather intensified by the imperative necessity of the extra expense, and by the imposition of impecunious visitors, already noted.

The writer has much to say about the lighter side of Marx's character—

While he certainly managed to impress a good many casual observers as a taciturn and unemotional man, without humour, the real Marx was a very different sort of person, as his correspondence shows. Few men could better tell or enjoy a joke, even when it was at his own expense. In his letters he very often indulged in that sly, sardonic humour for which he was famous from his youth, and up to a few years before his death he loved to indulge now and then in boisterous boyish fun.

Instances of horseplay are given, the smashing of street lamps, pranks with children, but nothing to indicate a sense of humour. Nevertheless the author insists that he was a humourist.

These glimpses of the man at play reveal a character vastly different from that of the taciturn, cold, unemotional man that he is so often described as being. That in some moods, to some persons, he was such a person is doubtless true enough. But to those who knew him best, those whom he trusted and loved, he revealed a very different side of his nature. In 1842, in the earliest of his attacks upon the Prussian censor, he had described himself as "a humourist," and a humourist he remained all his life long.

The writer thinks the debt of America to Marx during the Civil War has not been appreciated. He declares that the change of British public opinion in favour of the North was due more to Marx than to any other man. In October, 1862, Mr. Gladstone made what he afterward acknowledged to be an inexcusable mistake in declaring publicly that the secession of the South was inevitable, and that whatever might be thought of slavery there was no doubt that the Southern leaders had created a nation. A little later the negotiations of the British Government with the French Emperor for concerted action in bringing the war to a close became generally known. The sympathies of the upper and middle classes were manifestly with the South. Toward the end of December, 1862, the recognition of the Confederacy seemed inevitable and was expected by many within a few days. At this moment occurred the angry demonstration of the working classes against the government's policy. Enormous mass meetings were held in the industrial centres and addressed by Cobden, Bright, John Stuart Mill and other American sympathisers. The movement was so strong and spread so rapidly that within a few weeks it became evident to the government that its plan could not be carried out.

To Karl Marx, more than to any other man, is due the credit for that uprising of the working class of Great Britain. It was he who started the movement, and caused the trades

unionists of London to take the first step toward raising a protest of the working class against the action of the government, and in favour of Lincoln and his policies. Marx called upon one of his lieutenants, George Eccarius, a leading spirit of the London Trades Council, to move in that body for the holding of a great demonstration of the organised workers of London, and the issuance of a call to the organised workers of other great industrial centres to take similar action. Not only that, but the resolutions adopted were in substance suggested by Marx, if not actually written by him.

Marx, it must be remembered, was a most passionate and devoted admirer of President Lincoln. It is probable that the message which Lincoln addressed to Congress early in December, 1861, had much to do with the admiration and esteem with which Marx regarded him. In that message Lincoln had declared that "Labour is prior to and independent of, Capital. Capital is only the fruit of Labour, and could never have existed if Labour had not first existed. Labour is the superior of Capital, and deserves much the higher consideration." Such sentiments could not fail to appeal to the Socialist. Added to that fact there was the fact that Lincoln was what Marx was pleased to call "a single-minded son of toil," one of the common people. How sincere was his desire to be of assistance to Lincoln and the Union cause may be gathered from the fact that he advised the committees responsible for those great trades-union demonstrations to secure the services of John Bright and Richard Cobden. He detested both men even more than he detested Palmerston and Gladstone. Principally on account of their bitter opposition to factory legislation, he regarded both men with an almost unspeakable loathing. But he was quite willing that they should be used by the workers to voice their support of Emancipation and the Union, and their protest against the threatened recognition of the threatened slave-holding States.

Marx threw himself with equal enthusiasm into the movements for Polish independence and Irish home rule. On the formation of the German Social Democratic party Marx was at first neutral, but after the death of Lassalle and the founding of the International Workingmen's Association became a contributor to the organ of the new party, the

Social Democrat. As the real though unofficial head of the "International," which was founded in September, 1864, Marx devoted most of his energies to its affairs for the next seven years, working sometimes eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. His health, already undermined by overwork and privation, was seriously injured during this period, which was perhaps the busiest time of his life. Two chapters are devoted to the story of the "International" repeating matter that is elsewhere more fully and effectively presented. The Franco-Prussian War placed Marx in an embarrassing situation. It was necessary that the General Council of the "International" should declare its attitude toward the war, and any such declaration would give offence to the French or German members. Marx was a thorough German and an ardent advocate of German unity. He also hated Napoleon III and his ministers. He regarded the war as a defensive one for Germany, and finally asserted this view in the manifesto issued by the General Council on July 23, 1870, warning the German working classes that the war, however, might cease to be merely defensive. This, of course, is what happened, and in September the "International" issued an appeal, also written by him, protesting against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine and the policy of conquest in general. As the war went on all sections of the "International" were united on this policy, and many mass-meetings were held under its direction in several countries protesting against the policy of conquest.

He does not make it clear what part the "International" played in the Commune, but takes a middle ground between those who hold that the Commune was the creation of the "International," and those who say the "International" had nothing to do with it. The General Council of the "International" heartily supported the Commune from the first, and even before the outbreak of the war Marx had advised the Central Committee to fortify the northern hills of Montmartre. But the government set up by the Commune in no wise represented the principles of the "International." The writer scouts the idea of "many ignorant

critics of Socialism" that the Commune was a Socialist experiment, and quotes scornfully Mr. Roosevelt's remark in the *Outlook* that Socialism was tried in France "under the Commune of 1871." He characterises the Commune as the "revolt of a city of Republicans against a nation of monarchists."

For the thirteen years, from 1870 to the time of his death (1883), Marx enjoyed only a few days of fair health. His attempts to complete volumes II and III of *Das Kapital* had little result and he finally regarded the task as hopeless, feeling that he had failed to carry out the main purpose of his life. A letter written a year or two before his death is interesting for the criticism of Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*.

The man is far behind the times in his theoretical views. He knows nothing about the nature of surplus value, and so wastes his time, after the English manner, and in speculations which the English have left behind, about the relations of profit, rent, interest and so on. His fundamental idea is that everything would be all right if ground rents were paid to the State. (You will find that kind of payment mentioned in the *Communist Manifesto* among transitional measures.) . . . All these "Socialists," including Colins, have this in common, that they let wage-labour, and with it capitalist production, stand as before, and want to deceive the world that by turning ground rent into a tax paid to the State, all the evils of the capitalist system will disappear of themselves. The whole is merely a socialistically fringed attempt to save the rule of Capitalism, and to establish it in fact on a still larger foundation than it has at present.

This cloven hoof sticks out in a manner not to be mistaken in all the declarations of Henry George. He is still less to be forgiven since he should have asked himself the question: "How is it that in the United States, where, in comparison with civilised Europe, the land was more accessible to the great mass of the people, and to a certain degree still is, that in this country the capitalist system, and the consequent servitude of the working class, have developed faster than in any other country?"

At the same time George's book and the sensation which it has created in your country have this significance, that it is the first, even

if unsuccessful, attempt to cut loose from the orthodox political economy.

The biographer has gathered much interesting material and has rendered a valuable service both to the student and to the general reader in making this first serious attempt at a comprehensive life of Marx. But he is obviously not the right man to do justice to so large a subject. He has not the philosophic spirit or the historical sense or the literary skill that the task demands. This significant figure of the nineteenth century, perhaps the one great practical man of that century, if we judge by his influence to-day, deserves something better than a campaign document.

C. M. Francis.

II

MESSRS. WILSON'S AND TUCKER'S "INTERNATIONAL LAW"

At one time—and not very long ago either—International Law was not much more than a name expressing an ideal to those whose philosophic minds inclined them to think in the terms of the universe. It has, indeed, been characterised as a collection of theories which the nations of the earth ought to put into practice, but which they do not unless it happens to suit their convenience, there being no court to compel obedience to its decrees. This description still contains an element of truth, but it was far more applicable a decade ago than it is to-day. To a certain extent the law still suggests a "gentleman's agreement," but many of its provisions have now been so generally accepted by the civilised world that they are no longer mere theories of conduct, but recognised doctrines having all of the moral effect, if not quite the compelling force, of law.

Telegraph, cable, railroad, steamship and wireless communication have been gradually bringing the nations closer to each other, and by agreements, declarations, conferences and conventions the principal World Powers have been slowly

*International Law. By George Grafton Wilson and George Fox Tucker. New York: Silver, Burdett and Company.

but surely nearing a relatively complete understanding. The progress toward this result has been particularly notable during the last twenty-five years, so that now there is not only a fairly well-defined code of law governing the conduct of war on land and sea, but a decidedly hopeful advance toward the pacific settlement of all international disputes.

The history of this important movement and the record of its practical results are ably set forth in Messrs. Wilson's and Tucker's volume entitled *International Law*. Both writers are authorities of wide reputation in this special branch of knowledge, and Professor Wilson's experience as the American Delegate Plenipotentiary at the International Naval Conference of 1909 renders him particularly well qualified for the task he has undertaken. The volume accordingly possesses something of the quality of an official utterance and at the Hague Conference in 1907 one of its earlier editions was cited as an established authority. In its present form it supplies a most valuable and convenient reference for all military, naval and diplomatic officers whose duties involve anything in the line of international relations. Without being unduly learned, it traces the historic development of the subject from the early period of European civilisation down to the present day, and the record presents a most interesting study of human progress along the broadest possible lines. Upon this scholarly foundation the authors lay down the principles which to-day virtually control the rights and the actions of self-respecting communities in their intercourse with one another, giving in full the text of many of the most important conventions and otherwise fortifying the reader with ample authority. Especially interesting is the digest of leading cases illustrating the main points decided by the legal tribunals of this country covering such subjects as extradition, non-combatants, capture and ransom and neutrality.

Had a volume of this character been in the hands of Captain Wilkes when he stopped the British mail steamer *Trent* on the high seas and captured the Confederate envoys Mason and Slidell, it is

highly probable that England and America would have been spared much of the bitterness and heart burning which brought them to the verge of conflict in the early period of the Civil War. It might likewise have proved instructive to the law officers of the Crown a few years later when those officials practically connived at the escape of the *Alabama*, an error which cost the British Government a huge sum of money and necessitated the famous Arbitration at Geneva.

With modern facilities of communication there is, of course, less danger of an ignorant official involving his country in international complications than there was half a century ago. But it is not only officials who are in a position to disturb the peace of nations. Every master of a vessel and almost every merchant and traveller in foreign lands may embarrass his home government by unwarranted actions, especially during the progress of a war. To all such persons the information contained in Messrs. Wilson's and Tucker's book should prove exceedingly valuable, and the fact that five editions have already been issued demonstrates that it is meeting a wide demand.

It is a matter of national congratulation that America should be represented in the concert of nations by a dignified work of this character, which combines scholarship with practical suggestion and otherwise adds to our distinction in the diplomatic world.

Frederick Trevor Hill.

III

J. F. GODOY'S "PORFIRIO DIAZ"*

"In my youth stern experience taught me many things. When I commanded two companies of soldiers, there was a time when for six months I had neither advice, instructions, nor support from my government. I had to think for myself. I had to be the government myself." These words, written by Porfirio Diaz in regard to his military life when in his twenties he was a battling Liberal in the war of reform, might be varied so as to

*Porfirio Diaz. By José Francisco Diaz. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

make him say, with truth, that he never needed much advice, never took much, and was always "the government" himself in the many emergencies that confronted him. The dominant traits of his character were manifest from the first. His complete self-reliance and self-control informed by a clear head and an amenable conscience, gave him a Napoleonic insight and directness without the giddy egotism that tempts to miscalculation and mistakes.


Mr. José Francisco Godoy, formerly *Chargé d'Affaires* at the Mexican Embassy in Washington, has given us a reliable, though rather meagre narrative of the career of the great Mexican patriot. The book appears only a few months before a general election which is confidently expected to return Diaz to the presidential chair for his eighth term. He has already been at the head of the government for twenty-nine years, and if chosen again this summer he will have entered upon a term whose completion will establish a record of thirty-five years. It is to be regretted that the long career of the great president has been condensed within little more than a hundred pages, while seventy pages are filled with eulogies, many of which pronounce the large, vague praise that does not sufficiently enlighten. The narrative is indeed that of a man cast in heroic mould, one who found his meat and drink in dangers and difficulties, yet who did not court them as an adventurer, but challenged them in steadfast defence of order and liberty.

Porfirio Diaz, who was born in the city of Oaxaca in 1830, was deprived of his father at an early age and had to assist his mother in providing for a large family. There is nothing unusual in the record of his school days except his offer when seventeen years of age to enlist as a volunteer against the Americans. We are told that he was destined for the priesthood, but that he preferred the study of law, although finally yielding to the attraction of a soldier's life. His law studies, which he did not complete, left an abiding influence upon his character and mental attitude, a fact which may partly explain his resistance of the temp-

tation of a military dictatorship. During the civil contest which ended in 1861 in the capture of the City of Mexico by the Liberals and in the restoration of President Juarez, Diaz took part in nearly every engagement, and after the war was elected a deputy to the Federal Congress.

Then came the war of French intervention and Napoleon the Third's sham Empire of Mexico. Diaz was given command of a brigade and helped to defeat the French forces near Puebla, but he was captured and imprisoned after the town was besieged and was compelled to surrender to the French. His captors did not appreciate the grit and resourcefulness of their prisoner, who was soon digging a tunnel from his cell toward freedom, but he was unfortunately taken to another building and watched more vigilantly. It made no difference; he escaped after such tricks with the rope and scalings of roofs, such crawling, hiding and dodging as would have done credit to Jean Valjean in his long duel with the redoubtable Javert. In his career there were several hairbreadth escapes of this kind. Later in a civil war he was locked up for several days in the little wardrobe of a purser's cabin, where he often enjoyed listening to the chaff of his enemies outside. The friendly purser had thrown a life preserver overboard, and it was thought that Diaz was safely drowned. The brilliant capture of the city of Puebla in 1867 made the young general one of the national heroes.

After the lamentable execution of Maximilian and the restoration of the Republic there was a three-cornered struggle for the presidency between Lerdo de Tejada, Juarez and Diaz. Juarez died, and Diaz continued the struggle, succeeding finally in compelling de Tejada to flee the country. This struggle was typical of the political turbulence which seems to have become chronic with many Latin-American communities, and which the example of Diaz is commonly supposed to rebuke. At that time, however, he was a believer in the doctrine that you should, if sufficiently aggrieved, hew out your own crimson path to the presidency.



His first term as president during 1877-80 convinced Congress and the Mexican people that they had a strong man to rule them, yet Diaz did not take an unjust advantage, and did not oppose the election of General Gonzalez as his successor. This should ever be remembered to his credit. It proved at least that he had not the temper to indulge in a military dictatorship, which he could easily have grasped.

The history of his subsequent administrations from 1884 to the present time is well known in its broad outline. A solid national credit, good railroads controlled by government, a noteworthy development of mining and agricultural resources, religious liberty, a good name for Mexico abroad, and a national peace quite unexampled among Latin-American republics—all these are by the general contemporaneous judgment set down to the credit of Porfirio Diaz. It is a splendid personal and political record. The great Mexican seems almost to have illustrated Carlyle's doctrine that the rule of a great, wise, beneficent despot is really the best, provided you can find the despot.

But there is another aspect of the subject. Mr. Elihu Root's eulogy of President Diaz as "one of the greatest men to be held up for the hero-worship of mankind" forms the opening part of the preface of this book. It will be recalled that at one time Mr. Root was a sort of informal examiner of Latin-American credentials in statesmanship, and that during his progress among them he said many kind, appreciative things about the sister republics. Does his eulogy express the judgment of the average American who is politically sound at heart? Did all Latin America set up republics modelled after the United States only to prove their uselessness by resigning democratic government to the strong man? Nothing of value about parliamentary discussion is noticeable in this biography. The Mexican constitution was changed in order to lengthen the presidential term of Diaz. It was easy. The constitution did not fit the man, therefore, let it be fitted to him. Nothing can hide the fact that his achievement is at the price of arrested constitutionism and undeveloped democracy.

J. W. Russell.

IV

WALTER SICHEL'S "STERNE"*

After Professor Cross's thorough and well-executed biography of Sterne which appeared last summer, one would have thought there was little more to say, but Mr. Walter Sichel has found material for a thick volume which he prints under the title of *Sterne: A Study*. While commending Professor Cross's work he declares that it misses many points of interest. Among the things which he says have escaped the notice of biographers is the fact that Mrs. Sterne was Mrs. Montagu's cousin, and from the latter's correspondence he derives some information concerning both Sterne and his wife. He has also brought the "dear Jenny" of *Tristram* and Mrs. Vesey the blue-stocking into somewhat clearer light, and he has found several new autograph letters. He publishes at the end of the volume the entire "Journal to Eliza." Several of the portraits are reprinted for the first time. It is an admirable supplement to Professor Cross's *Life*, being far less reserved in tone and more personal. The following passage is a good example of his analytical comment:

He [Sterne] wove a spider-web of suggestion, which, though it entangled nasty flies in its fine spun filaments, also caught the fresh dew of the morning. He revolutionised style. Moreover, strange as it may appear, he exerted a lasting humanitarian influence on our fellow-feeling with dumb animals, unemancipated slaves, misused servants, every victim of bigotry or oppression. And the man who did this was a lanky, spare, meagre, crack-brained parson, a rake at heart, who should never have preached or married, whose ideas (as he owns) were "sometimes rather too disorderly . . . for orders"; a consumptive with the quick brain and slippery senses—that perverse acuteness which is the heritage of the hectic and hysterical; a sort of Rousseauite in a country cassock, tied to a jog-trot parish round till he had reached the age of forty-six, an age which the French call "critical."

It is the work of an enthusiast and there is something of over-emphasis in his contrasting epithets. To Professor

**Sterne. A Study.* By Walter Sichel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Cross, Sterne is a subject, but to this writer he is a hobby. The two go well together on the shelves of the Shandean, the first telling the story and the second supplying a lively chattering accompaniment of gossip, characterisation and quotation.

Mr. Sichel attributes to Sterne many qualities which really belong to a very numerous literary tribe. He "fondled his fancies and took them for things"; he would not have described wretchedness "but for the luxury of the appeal"; he had "a memory for a heart"; "a receptacle for woe was indispensable" to him, and "his whole being was a sieve for feeling." He calls him a pioneer and he traces him in Goethe, Byron, Carlyle, Heine, De Maistre, Thackeray and many others. Colonel Newcome's "Adsum" is, he says, "Sterne all over." Carlyle drew from him such apostrophes as "your Worships and Reverences," and "your High Mightinesses the world." These instances seem arbitrary, especially in the case of Thackeray, whose style throughout is so obviously saturated with the spirit of Sterne that it is misleading to select single passages. In Robert Louis Stevenson he sees another imitator, and among present writers who have borrowed from Sterne he mentions particularly Mr. Locke, the author of *The Beloved Vagabond*, and Anthony Hope. But we see no reason why he should not have mentioned a hundred others; for Sterne's writings, like other English classics, have passed into the very fibres of their successors. Shandyism is so common an ingredient in modern literary composition that if you once begin to trace it there is no knowing when to stop. And as to Sterne's character, it does not seem at all peculiar to those who have studied literary types. There was no real Sterne apart from the artist any more than there was a real man inside Mr. Barrie's Sentimental Tommy. Sterne felt only the beginning of an emotion; the force of it was lost in the consideration of the effect he could produce by it on somebody else. In every pain or pleasure there was always that "sidelong glance" at the bystander.

He imports himself into all the landscape,

and the same *traits* which disgust many in the man delight most as they are used by the artist. Sterne is the playwright of impressionism.

Elsewhere the writer says:

Sterne is phantasmal. That is at once his distinction as an artist, his drawback as a man. His sentimentality was peculiar. He lived in shadows; he made a reverie of feeling, and a drama of reverie. This is no generalisation. His dream of the nun "Cordelia," which first figures in these pages, leads up inevitably to the last chapter of his "Journal to Eliza." It forms a pattern to which he fitted the less living creatures of existence. Nothing in or around him seems real, and the unreality is genuine.

Several thousand persons now walking this earth with artistic bees in their bonnets might recognise themselves in that description. And so with a great deal of Mr. Sichel's comment. But though he does not appreciate the frequency of the Sterne temperament, he does full justice to his artistic influence:

As artist he endures. As an artist he is palpable and living. Nor is it otherwise than pathetic to think at what cost to the soul that gain has been secured. Many martyrs die to save the world outside those noble heroes who step consciously to the scaffold. Some of the holiest Italian pictures, it is said, were painted by penitents in anguish after nights of debauch. Out of their impurity purity has arisen, though the long struggle dashed them to pieces. No such high conflict is visible in Sterne, yet conflict there was and appears. He was "positive that he had a soul." He knew that he was not an episode or an atom.

The sadness of such wreckage leads us to ponder over the good that results. Finer spirits have quickened his issues, but the issues are still Sterne's. Sterne is latent in the great moral impressionist Ruskin, and Sterne, again, in Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities* and the *Christmas Carol*. He had this great courage in his generation, that he was not ashamed to feel. And though his feeling was unbacked by purpose, though it usually returned to his meandering self which stood naked and unashamed, the power has persevered. Sterne's was not the trumpet-stop of the great organ, but a swell of the *vox humana* was his. Since then and beyond literature, men of feeling

have ruled in statecraft, and tend to rule in economics. Mill and Sterne—the miser of logic and the prodigal of feeling—are opposite poles. Dogmatic utilitarianism is dead, but the renaissance of feeling abides. It was not easy to confess feeling when Sterne proclaimed it on the house-tops. It was a bold experiment which he himself doubted. And though he gave it a staccato touch, though it became a fashion and an affectation, it may claim to have prevailed. To him it was natural, and his art has helped to make it nature. Unchecked it is a danger, like every instinct; yet without it the call of reason is a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Byron has well sung of the sensibility which he rhetoricised:

A thing of temperament and not of art,
Though seeming so, from its supposed facility,
And false, though true; for surely they're sincerest
Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.

Sterne's nearest neighbours were his own fancies. There are far deeper and better elements than these, but, in his own way, and without any message, Sterne heralded their approach.

Ford M. Curlew.

V

MARIE HAY'S "A GERMAN POMPADOUR"*

The extraordinary career of Wilhelmina von Grävenitz is but one instance of a condition of social disorder peculiar to the smaller Protestant states of the Empire after the close of the Thirty Years' War. No matter to what course of conduct the common people may have applied their newly recovered liberty of conscience, more than one German prince found no better way to make use of this freedom than to commit the perfectly patent crime of bigamy. Very familiar is the case of the Elector Palatine, Karl Ludwig, who, unable to rid himself of an unfavoured wife, calmly married another, who made him happy to the end of his days. Eberhard Ludwig of Würtemberg, of whom the present volume treats, did precisely the same

*A German Pompadour. By Marie Hay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

things, but fared not so well in his new venture, for the rightful Duchess was a lady of high spirit, and besides he had a domineering mother with whom to contend.

Wilhelmina von Grävenitz, the "German Pompadour," was brought from Mecklenburg to Stuttgart in the flower of her youth by her brother, a soldier of fortune, who had attached himself to the Duke. The avowed object of this move was to accomplish the downfall of Eberhard's favourite for the time being, Mme. de Geyling. Now the Duke was in his time and place accounted a faithful husband, that is, he changed his favourites so often that his wife was not seriously disturbed. But with the appearance of the Grävenitz, the situation became very different. A strong attachment sprang up between the Duke and the girl, and, besides, Wilhelmina proved herself to be no ordinary plaything.

The Duchess found now that she had to fight. She promptly expelled her rival from the post of lady-in-waiting, in which the Duke had placed her. He then established her in a country house near Stuttgart and went to the wars. The people rose against the new menace and she fled to Switzerland. Here the Duke sought her, and resolved upon an extraordinary step, but one that, as we have seen, was not without precedent. He would marry her openly and repudiate his wife. At Urach, near Stuttgart, a most incongruous Court was formed, presided over by the new wife. Wilhelmina now felt that she could take a hand in the situation. She tried, womanlike, to poison the Duchess, and failing in that, sent an assassin, who just missed accomplishing his errand. The Emperor interfered. He laid a heavy, chastising hand upon his dissolute vassal, and Wilhelmina hastened once more to her Swiss refuge. The Duke returned to his wife.

But the adventuress was not at the end of her resources. She refused an offer of money from the privy council, and resolved to marry, have her husband created a court dignitary and return to Stuttgart. In Vienna her emissary, Schütz, found the desired article, a ruined Bohemian nobleman, ready to sell his name

to any bidder. Yet the Count Joseph Nepomuk von Wurben was by no means an unattractive person, and Schütz did not hesitate to express his satisfaction over the bargain. But Wilhelmina took little interest in his recital of the Count's charms. "It was profoundly indifferent to her whether her future husband was an agreeable companion or not, as she intended only to see him once—namely, at her marriage, after which ceremony he could follow his namesake, St. Nepomuk, into the waves of the Moldau for all she cared."

Behold then! a new *Landhofmeister*, Count von Wurben, appointed at Eberhard's Court, too ill, alas! to perform his duties and obliged to absent himself—duties, meanwhile, not neglected but getting themselves vigorously performed—too vigorously for the poor despoiled peasantry—by the *Landhofmeisterin*, born Von Grävenitz.

Wilhelmina now held complete power in Würtemberg. No edict was issued without her permission. She acquired estate after estate. Thousands of gulden wrung from the people were diverted from their rightful uses.

Stuttgart remained true to the Duchess, whereupon arose a new capital, Ludwigsburg, with its great palace and a charming retreat, "La Favorite," in a neighbouring park.

Years went by, the fair duchy always the deeper in misery and degradation, the Duke living as one enchanted, until one day Eberhard had a royal visitor, Friedrich Wilhelm I of Prussia. The world knows what this prince thought of women, and of men who allowed themselves to be ruled by women. There was one short, sharp talk with the Duke, and the Countess von Wurben's reign was over. The grass grew rankly in Ludwigsburg's streets; their serene highnesses once more held their brilliant court in the old capital. Banishment, arrest, death in obscurity marked the end of one of the most remarkable women of the eighteenth century.

The author would make us believe Wilhelmina "a strong, passionate creature, generous, vital—too responsive to remain unaltered by the alchemising touch of the world. Had she been met

with tenderness and purity she might have become a power for good;" on the contrary, she turned out a "queen of wickedness." The discerning reader will not readily agree, but this may be due to the author's method. Wilhelmina does not become a real personage until after her spurious marriage with the Duke; her early life appears but dimly through a well-woven fabric of romance. We have had many recent volumes similar in subject which, although treated by sound historic method, have not failed of genuine popularity. It is to be regretted, therefore, that with so interesting a subject as Wilhelmina von Grävenitz the author, in spite of the undeniable readableness of the volume, should have turned out something that is but little more authoritative than the old-fashioned historical novel. Did not her long search through Würtemberg's archives, those "masses of pages," yield up some living, breathing picture of eighteenth century Germany? Better two pages that would give a certain glimpse of life in old Stuttgart than ten of romantic imaginary incident that would fit as well into Versailles or St. Cloud.

George H. Casamajor.

VI

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON'S "ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER"*

The title of this story might lead the reader to expect a tale of Thames watermen in the manner of Mr. W. W. Jacobs. But the author is careful to explain in his "advertisement" the purely general application in the present instance of the "dashing sentiment" expressed in the line of the ballad, "Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine." It is, he says, "a generic title for all modern novels, since there is not one of these but in this form or that sets out the pursuit of his mistress by a man or his treatment of her when he has clapped her beneath hatches"—which simply goes to show how little Mr. Bernard Shaw's subversive ideas on this subject of the love-chase have sunk below the surface of life as portrayed in

*Once Aboard the Lugger. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

modern fiction. We change our manners much more readily than our moral commonplaces, and the form of the novel undergoes a hundred variations for a single significant change in the substratum of ideas. Yesterday it was the dry and mathematical method of French fiction that gave the law. To-day there is a concerted return to the rambling and discursive English method, which bears eloquent witness of the origin of the novel in the essay. Mr. Hutchinson has slit his story at intervals and interlarded it with reflections on life as suggested by the course of fictitious events. As, however, he is gifted with sensibility rather than with originality, the reader will quickly acquire the habit of skipping the intercalated passages that seem but a concession to the prevailing fashion which also requires the division of the story into books, as well as into chapters and sections, for all the world like a scientific treatise, and a certain *desinvolture* in the frank treatment of the characters as puppets—a fault to be noted equally in the work of another writer, Mr. Snaith. It is a fault, because it weakens the illusion, and is only to be tolerated in the really philosophic novelist, for whom not merely fiction, but life itself, is fictitious. As I have said, Mr. Hutchinson's forte is to stir our sensibility rather than to excite our intelligence. Hence it is palpably a mistake for him to do anything, or say anything, that lessens our sense of the reality of George and his Mary. Fortunately, they clearly do seem quite real to him, in spite of much affectation and the puppet-idea is a pose that he most frequently forgets to remember. The story is frankly the pursuit of a girl by a man, though it is to be said for the latter, as a contemporary creation, that, if she does not personally conduct the pursuit herself, she does little to impede its progress; and that, while she does not precisely throw herself at her lover's head, fate arranges the *coup de foudre* very satisfactorily by throwing her bodily into his arms from a cab whose steed had stumbled in a London street: "Completely he caught her. About his legs whipped her skirts; against him pressed her panting bosom; his arms—the action was instinctive—locked around her; the

adorable perfume of her came on him like a breeze from a violet bed; her very cheek brushed his lips—since the first kiss, it was the nearest thing possible to a kiss." It is in pretty and tender Greuze-like passages like this, painted with a certain freedom combining ideal sentiment and delicate sensuality, that the author excels. There is, in particular, a moonlight balcony scene between another pair of lovers that is charming enough to quote, but that might seem a trifle immodest if not discreetly clad in its context. A note of rather boisterous humour saves a story so exclusively concerned with lighter phases of the dominant passion from any possible mawkishness, but there is sufficient brightness and lightness of touch in the author's treatment of the fantasy of young lovers to free him henceforth from a fear that has here led him to emphasise the purely farcical element beyond taste and reason. The book, which begins bravely with the serious difficulties of an engaging heroine, who is a "mother's help" in the hopeless household of a small city merchant, and of a hero who is a medical student on the bounty of a miserly uncle, degenerates most ungracefully into not too witty or even ingenious extravaganzas toward the end. In the theft and pursuit of the orange cat, "Rose of Sharon," the characters, who had won the reader by a certain truth and integrity, become puppets indeed, and, in the case of the hero who adopts this expedient as a means of screwing out of old Mr. Marra-pit money dishonestly withheld, a rather cheap and insignificant puppet at that. It is with a sense of regret that one closes a book which opened with much promise, and proceeded for a way with no little incidental fulfilment.

W. A. Bradley.

VII

MONTAGUE GLASS'S "POTASH & PERLMUTTER"

A many-nationed country like America needs writers who can interpret one race

*Potash & Perlmutter. By Montague Glass. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company.

to another, needs especially writers of fiction who can pierce through the crust of alien manners and speech and show the inherent humaneness. Only thus shall come a richer understanding, a quicker socialisation. Hence, in his light-hearted *Potash & Perlmutter* stories, Montague Glass is doing a serious work. For he has seized upon a section of life as yet not articulated through art, a section on the surface sordid and crass, and has so set it forth that it swarms upon us with interest and reality. His method is photographic and phonographic; that is, we get the life just as it stirs daily in the cloak and suit section of New York, and we get it through its own language. However, Mr. Glass is an artist; he is not content with mere literalness; his realism is not mere realism; but there is all through his work an undercurrent of genial warmth, of kindly humour, which rises here and there in the creation of real characters. Potash, Perlmutter, Henry D. Feldman, Sammet Brothers, and a host of others live as really as Pickwick, Becky Sharp or Falstaff. We talk of them as if they were living people. They come to us dripping with faults; they shock us by their manners and their meannesses, by their money-lust and sharp practice; but they grow on us until we accept them as relatives—that is, we see their faults merged into a universal humaneness, a humaneness that we share ourselves. In fact, Mr. Glass has interpreted a certain type of the Jew, and done it successfully.

Needless to say, these stories have large limitations. The area of life covered is small. Mr. Glass has only touched a slight fringe of the race that has produced the Prophets, the founder of Christianity, and such men as Spinoza, Marx, Mendelssohn and Heinrich Heine. His is not the book of the Jew; but a book about certain Jews. Nor is this narrowness made up by depth. When Shakespeare created a group of Scotchmen, as in *Macbeth*, he did more than make them human: he connected them up with Nature; he showed the divine spaciousness of the human soul; he gave through them a sense of the vastness, the tremendousness of life. He

gave depth, as Dickens has given breadth.

This may seem a curious criticism of stories that were probably primarily intended to be entertaining and farcical; but a writer who can create living characters should not be contented with so limited an area; and it is to be hoped that this book is Mr. Glass's *Pickwick Papers* and that he is going on to write a *David Copperfield*—that is, a book rich with the diversities of life, crowded with a varied people, and set on a broad stage.

In the meantime we may thoroughly enjoy *Potash & Perlmutter*. Its humour is unique—not the humour of a wit, like Mr. Dooley—but the humour of characters who are deadly serious and do not know how funny they are. While the reader is laughing, Abe Potash and Morris Perlmutter are groaning and turning pale. Especially precious to any one acquainted with German and Yiddish idioms are the quaint foreign phrases that sprinkle the racy speech throughout.

In a few words, then, this book by Mr. Glass is a real transcription of life, it is alive with real people, it is charged with human warmth, it is full of laughable fun and farce, and it is significant in that it interprets one type of American, and in that it promises larger work. The man who wrote this book has it in him to depict life on a larger scale.

James Oppenheim.

VIII

H. G. WELLS'S "THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY"*

We first meet Mr. Polly at the crisis of his career, seated on a stile on the outskirts of Foxbourne, gazing gloomily into the dark abyss of the nothingness of everything. Little Mary is the cause of his trouble, Mr. Wells explains in an aside as he introduces the little man, æt. suæ. xxxv: "He suffered from indigestion now nearly every afternoon of his life [after his mid-day dinner], but as he lacked introspection he projected the associated discomfort upon the

*The History of Mr. Polly. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield and Company.

world. Drink," continues the author, giving rein to his ruling sociological passion at the expense of the novelist, "drink our teachers will criticise nowadays both as regards quantity and quality, but neither church nor state nor school will raise a warning finger between a man and his hunger and his wife's catering." Need one add that Mr. Polly's own wife was not the least dark shade that floated irritatingly before his eyes in the abyss?

Mr. Polly's acute physical discomfort stirred up his chronic mental indigestion, which was the result of the system of education in vogue among the English lower middle classes. His "schooling" had muddled his mind, and all but killed his sense of beauty and romance, what survived of this having been kept alive by confused, unsystematised, surreptitious reading, ripe and green, in which Shakespeare was elbowed by the penny-dreadful. His starving love of the beautiful found outlet in a strange joy in unfamiliar words, which he deliberately mispronounced, to hide his ignorance, and unwittingly misapplied. His imagination he kept limber with the invention of nicknames and new slang. The mind that, on the spur of the moment, dubbed a British magistrate "the grave and reverend Signor with the palatial Boko" was born to better things than the "gentlemen's outfitting" to which he had been apprenticed when he was fourteen, not from any predilection of his own for that branch of retail trade, but by his father's dictum. And he had a strange habit of suddenly leaving the company he was in with the mysterious words "Lill Dog," by way of lucid explanation.

Mr. Polly muddled through his clerkships as he had muddled through his education. Then he muddled into matrimony and a little shop of his own, for no other reason than that his father's death left him with a few hundred pounds for both ventures. At thirty-five, then, he was keeping his cheap little shop in a street of cheap little shops, whose keepers, educated like himself, succeeded each other in an endless chain of small failures. And Mr. Polly's turn to fail had arrived. He was, in the words of a political economist whom Mr. Wells quotes, "one of those ill-adjusted units that

abound in a society that has failed to develop a collective intelligence and a collective will for order, commensurate with its complexities." But the explanation would have meant nothing to Mr. Polly.

He found himself at the bottom of the last blind alley of his meaningless existence, and, goaded by Little Mary, turned from his dismal prospect in life to the contemplation of death. A great calm came over him, for a couple of hours had now elapsed since he had risen from dinner. At the thought of leaving it all, he even began to feel kindly toward his wife. He would provide for her, wherefore his thoughts turned from his life to his fire insurance policy, and thence to a dark spot under the staircase, where excelsior could be saturated with kerosene. He would die on a funeral pyre of his own hated gentlemen's outfittings. "Right O!"

How Mr. Polly came to forget his suicidal intent in the execution of his "arsonical" plan, and how, instead, he became the hero of the great fire that he started, the reader must find out for himself. Awake at last, Mr. Polly saw the great light that Ibsen's heroines have seen: he must live his own life. He deserted his wife—"Lill Dog"—leaving her the insurance money. And good came from law-breaking, good to Little Mary, good to his muddled, stunted, cowed mind, emancipated at last; good to his wife, good to a delightfully plump old woman who kept a delightfully Dickensian country tavern.

Mr. Wells and Mr. Polly have already been properly reproved by a serious-minded reviewer for their unmoral attitude toward insurance companies and the bonds of matrimony. The socio-economic moral of the fable need not detain us: the wit and wisdom and humour in which it is clothed are a purely literary delight of rare quality.

A. Schade van Westrum.

IX

OWEN JOHNSON'S "THE VARMIN'T"*

Any one who has read Mr. Johnson's former book of Lawrenceville life, *The*

**The Varmint*. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Baker, Taylor Company.

Eternal Boy, will fully understand the reviewer's opinion of Mr. Rinky Dink Stover, when he says that that hero's personality reconciles him to the absence of the Prodigious Hickey, who left the school for the good of the school, and because the Head Master thought that there was nothing more that the Lawrenceville curriculum could teach him. Intellectually Stover is far the inferior of the young Napoleon of the earlier book, but in place of the marvellous impish mental agility of his predecessor, this hero presents some very amiable qualities of heart and mind. There were many who read *The Eternal Boy* who, while admiring its humour and dash, condemned it on the ground that it conveyed no moral, or rather that the moral it conveyed was capable of a dangerous interpretation. It was, they contended, a far too alluring glorification of mischievousness. No such charge can be brought against *The Varmint*. Mr. Johnson has learned his lesson. Underneath the cleverness of the narrative are sentiments that are almost-Rooseveltian. Speak the truth at whatever cost and you will win the respect of your fellows. The Master who flunks you and seems to be persecuting you may be, at heart, your best friend. Don't be a mollycoddle, tackle hard, and follow the ball. Your enemy of to-day may become your heart brother of to-morrow.

John Humperdink Stover, fifteen years of age, whose career at Miss Wandell's Select Academy for boys and girls had been a tremendous success, for it had ended in a frank confession on Miss Wandell's part that her limited curriculum was inadequate for the abnormal activities of dangerous criminals, goes to Lawrenceville with the idea that he is about to put ginger into the school. He finds, however, a harder task than he had anticipated, and spends some miserable months in Coventry before he begins to see the light. Bit by bit he changes under the influence of the little world that seems so big to him, and the end of the tale finds the abnormally impudent youngster with the extraordinary imagination who on the opening journey from Trenton regaled the Old Roman and the stage driver with a marvellous fic-

tion about his parents' fate and his own criminal achievements, into a sturdy, manly youth, and a leader of his fellows.

Beyond this the reviewer is going to say nothing to indicate the plot. There appear in *The Varmint* most of the same old characters introduced to us in *The Eternal Boy*—the Tennessee Shad, the Triumphant Egg Head, the Waladoo Bird, Gumbo Binks, and Beekstem Hall, Doc McNooder, Cap Kiefer and Flash Condit, and above all, the extraordinary Dennis de Brian, De Boru Finnegan, he of the silver tongue and the inspired pen, first known to fame through the medium of *The Humming Bird*. Then in *The Varmint* there is a wealth of invention that surpasses even that of *The Eternal Boy*. Stover, inveigled by the wily Doc McNooder into purchasing the toilet set the day after his arrival in Lawrenceville, and again outwitted by that young exponent of the Higher Finance in the matter of the Complete Sleep Prolonger, has adequate and poetical revenge when he promotes the First Amateur Dressing Championship of the School. By means of the Kennedy Co-operative Educational Institute and the adroit use of wriggling cars, he baffles for several days no less a personage than the Old Roman. At every turn there is a new manifestation of youthful ingenuity. But in the football game with Andover, where the team that has not been together all season finds itself in the shadow of its own goal posts, and gloriously staves off defeat, there is a deeper and more serious note. Here is a moral and a very sound one, and when all the riotous humour and whimsicality of *The Varmint* have been forgotten, there will remain in the mind the memory of that last valiant stand, and the fact that Stover's touch on the shoulder of his old enemy Tough McCarty, was "almost like an embrace."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

X

"GEORGE MEEK, BATH CHAIRMAN"*

The public has every right to consider *George Meek, Bath Chairman* as an authentic piece of autobiography in view of

*George Meek, Bath Chairman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

the preface contributed by Mr. H. G. Wells, in which the enthusiastic Socialist hails the chairman as "a very extraordinary man," declares that "he has produced a living work," and puts him "high among the writers of our time," though qualifying that statement by confessing that as a critic he (Mr. Wells) is "rather careless of style and elegance and over-curious, it may be, about life." At all events, he believes in Mr. Meek and the value of his work, and in an extremely entertaining preface describes his interview with the chairman and how he induced him to write the story of his life instead of the work on ethics which he was contemplating.

Mr. Wells's preface leads the reader to hope for one of those books which give us a clear insight into the thoughts and feelings of those whose lines seldom touch ours; books like Mr. Pett Ridge's *By Order of the Magistrate* or that extremely interesting study of London slum life, *The Child of the Jago*. But Mr. Meek has none of the inspiration of the born writer, no natural gift of selection, and he dwells with equal fervour on his bad luck with lodgers and his prison experience, on the rapacity of the chair-owners and his love affair with Ruth.

Meek was born of poor parents, who emigrated to America, leaving him in the care of his grandparents. His father did well in this country, but lost his life in the Brooklyn Theatre fire. Meek was

well cared for as long as his grandfather lived, but after his death began the struggle against poverty, which seems to have lasted until the manuscript of his book was accepted. He went to America, where he worked on a cousin's farm and at least had a shelter and plenty to eat, but he returned to England and took up the precarious calling of a bath-chairman, at Eastbourne. The book describes his vicissitudes, his unsuccessful love affairs, his marriage, his political views, and a trip he made in the interests of Socialism through the southeast of England. It was on this occasion that he encountered Mr. Wells, a meeting which resulted in the writing of this work.

Mr. Meek uses astonishingly good English for a man almost without education, but what the book principally impresses upon the reader, next to the terrible hopelessness of poverty in England, is the artless egotism of the writer, the vanity of a man without standards of comparison, who has always been superior to his surroundings. We hear little about his wife except her inability to get work, but he records at length the names of the books he has been reading, his literary preferences and his political views. Mr. Wells seems to think that the new censorship of the libraries will rule out Mr. Meek's book. That may be the case in England, but here it is almost sure to be read and almost equally sure to disappoint the reader.

Mary K. Ford.



BOOKS ABOUT BIRDS AND BEASTS*



R. DUGMORE'S *Camera Adventures in the African Wilds* is easily the most remarkable and valuable book of the kind ever published. This statement is made advisedly and with knowledge of other feats in animal photography, especially those of Herr C. G. Schillings, the German naturalist, who was virtually the pioneer photographer of African big game, and whose books, showing the results of his efforts, attracted world-wide attention a few years ago.

In reading Mr. Dugmore's modest and straightforward narrative account of his adventures, however, one often pauses to ask whether, as a matter of fact, the results justify the very great risks incurred. Here, to be sure, are the photographs taken from life, often very perfect portraits, and adding much to our knowledge of the great brutes they picture. But it is clear that in getting these pictures Mr. Dugmore and his companion and other members of his party were often in very great danger of being killed outright, or frightfully maimed, by the savage brutes that were being photographed. And the question which must occur to the thoughtful reader is whether, after all, a dozen photographs of a lion or a rhinoceros are worth a human life. The peril which Mr. Dugmore faced would often have been great in any event, but he actually increased it in several instances by adhering to the promises he gave to British officials that he

would kill no animals on the national reserves unless forced to do so in self-defence. Living up to the spirit of this promise nearly cost him his life in an adventure with a rhinoceros, whom they came upon unexpectedly at a distance of less than twenty yards, and who promptly and savagely charged the party. As Mr. Dugmore snapped the shutter of his camera and leaped to one side, his companion tried to turn the big brute with a charge of buckshot from a shotgun, then with a 12-bore ball from the other barrel, then fired his revolver into the animal's head as it rushed past him, not six feet away, making straight for the Masai (guide), who bravely stood his ground until the rhino was fairly upon him and then sprang aside and plunged his spear into the animal's flank. Thereupon Mr. Dugmore's companion shot the rhino some more with his revolver, and presumably the beast was kicked at least once or twice, and doubtless would have been poked in the eye with an umbrella had there been one handy. Finally the brute made off, but meanwhile Mr. Dugmore had actually been trying to get another picture of him! On several other occasions Mr. Dugmore was charged by these savage and dangerous animals, and he got one wonderful picture of a rhino coming straight at him, the exposure being made when the brute was only fifteen yards away, when he was turned by a well-placed shot.

The frontispiece is a splendid flashlight photograph of a maned lion, taken when the author and his companion were only twelve yards away; and there are several other night and day pictures of the king of beasts. In one instance, when Mr. Dugmore stole out of his boma to readjust his flashlight, which had missed fire, he saw a lion lying in the grass only a few paces away, watching him. In all, the author got about seventy pictures of twenty-odd different species of African animals, including many fine portraits of lions, giraffes, hippopotami, hyenas and the various African antelope, to say nothing of many photographs of the country which was explored, and of the natives.

Anything that Mr. Job writes about birds is certain to be well worth reading.

**Camera Adventures in the African Wilds.* By A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

How to Study Birds. By Herbert Keightley Job. New York: Outing Publishing Company.

Notes on New England Birds. By Henry D. Thoreau. Arranged and edited by Francis H. Allen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Our Search for a Wilderness: an Account of Two Ornithological Expeditions to Venezuela and to British Guiana. By Mary Blair Beebe and C. William Beebe. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw. By Edward Breck. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Black Bear. By William H. Wright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

He dedicates the present volume "To my friends and companions in bird study and all the great and growing army of bird-lovers." He may be sure that this army is much larger and more in earnest withal because of what he has written. Most of his previous books Mr. Job has devoted chiefly to describing and reproducing his remarkable feats in photographing birds. In the present volume sixteen out of nineteen chapters are given up to consideration of the subject indicated by the title—*How to Study the Birds*.

It is impossible within the limit of this brief notice to do more than to indicate the plan and scope of this book, but certain chapters deserve special mention because of their very admirable treatment of the topics which they consider. The chapter on "Identifying Birds," for example, is a model discussion of that complex subject. The chapter on "Where to Find Birds" will also be found very helpful, and in the discussion, "Learning Birds' Songs and Notes," Mr. Job shows his sound common sense by the caution with which he treats that dangerous practice of attempting to render bird calls and songs into words. Such renditions he characterises as "helpful," and that, indeed, is the most that can be said of them. "Bob White" or "More wet" may suggest the quail's call, and "tow-hee" the chickadee's, and "conk-a-ree" the red-winged blackbird's, but of course no bird's note closely resembles a spoken word. Only when the note has a distinct vowel value (as in the cases of the two last-mentioned birds) can any word be found or coined which at all resembles the note; and then any word containing that vowel stressed will do as well as any other word. And besides, ears seem to be very different in this respect. For example, Mr. Job suggests "ank, ank" for the nuthatch's note, and "jay, jay" for the blue jay's, whereas to the present writer's ear the nuthatch's call has a distinct "r" value, and the vowel in the blue jay's is "e," not "a," at all.

Some of the other chapters in Mr. Job's book are on "The Spring Migration," "The Nesting Season," "The Autumnal Flight," "Knowing the Winter Birds," "How to Find Birds of Prey" and "Bird

Study for Schools" (which every teacher should read), besides three chapters on bird-photography—"Camera Hunting and Outfit," "Using the Ordinary Camera," and "Shooting with Reflecting Camera." That Mr. Job is a past-master in bird-photography all who read his books know, and unlike many another expert, he is not at all inclined to conceal any of the tricks of the trade which have made him famous. The illustrations (there are fifty-seven of them) in the present volume include some of the very best work he has ever done. The frontispiece of a pair of adult blue herons on their nest is a veritable triumph in bird-portraiture by this method. The two great birds are shown in full length, and a little behind the other, both looking in the same direction, and with their bills almost parallel. If they had been carefully posed the group could not have been made more effective, while the plumage of each is shown with remarkable detail.

Readers of Thoreau who happen to know something about birds will not expect to find Mr. Allen's compilation a very substantial addition to ornithological literature. Mr. Allen himself is at pains to declare that Thoreau "never became an expert ornithologist" partly because "He was too intent upon becoming and expert analogist," and "It better suited his genius to trace some analogy between the soaring hawk and his own thoughts than to make a scientific study of the bird." All this is pretty clearly demonstrated by Mr. Allen's volume, *Notes on New England Birds*, which represents apparently a thorough canvass of the fourteen volumes of Thoreau's *Journal* and six of his formally prepared works—*A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*, *Walden*, *The Maine Woods*, *Cape Cod*, *Excursions* and *Miscellanies*. The resulting volume comprises four hundred and forty odd pages, in which about one hundred and forty species of birds are treated specifically or are mentioned in passing. Yet this is actually less than half of the number of species to be found in New England, while probably at least two hundred and fifty species were Thoreau's neighbours or visitors at Walden during the two years he lived there. That a man

frankly interested in bird-life, and who lived virtually all of his life in the woods—or at least in rural districts—should have come in the end to know less than half of the birds about him, is a remarkable fact. Thousands of amateur observers, who get into the woods only occasionally, can beat that record.

And no less remarkable than this evidence of Thoreau's limited acquaintance with birds, so far as numbers go, are the proofs that his observation of them was sometimes very imperfect. The most extraordinary illustrations of this are the records he made by which he showed that he supposed the hermit thrush and the wood thrush to be the same bird. Evidently he heard the songs of both birds repeatedly, and appreciated their beautiful qualities; yet it is plain that he thought that both were the efforts of one bird. As a matter of fact, there is almost as much difference between the character of the two songs as between the appearance and habits of the birds themselves. Again, we note that it was not until 1852 (according to the *Journal* entry), when he was thirty-five years old, that he first heard the "phoebe note" of the chickadee, which it constantly utters in the spring. Yet he makes many entries about the chickadee, and must have had them as his near and very sociable neighbours at Walden seven years before. There are many examples of this imperfect observation, which is the more remarkable in the light of other instances, which bespeak keen vision and intelligent appreciation of significant characteristics of birds, as, for instance, the faithful and vivid description of the blue heron's appearance and his way of hunting. And, of course, the analogical feature in the text has its value for those who wish to contemplate the spiritual and psychological significance of bird-life. So that Mr. Allen has performed a very real service in presenting this carefully edited and intelligently arranged volume. There are a dozen half-tone illustrations from photographs of birds, taken by Mr. Job, Mr. Baynes and others, which add to the interest of the text.

Mr. and Mrs. Beebe's book, *Our Search for a Wilderness*, is a readable

as well as substantial addition to the literature of South American exploration. Mr. Beebe is well and most favourably known not only as curator of ornithology in the New York Zoölogical Park, but as the author of *The Bird, Its Form and Function*, an important contribution to the literature of systematic ornithology, and of other books about birds. The present volume, in the preparation of which, it appears, he has had much intelligent assistance from Mrs. Beebe, is a narrative account of two private expeditions, the first (in 1908) to the cañons north of the Orinoco Delta, and to the country about the Venezuelan Pitch Lake—La Brea; the second (in 1909) to certain gold mines in Central British Guiana and to the savanna region farther south. Though Mr. Beebe is an ornithologist by profession, it is apparent that he and his wife take a very keen interest in all forms of animal life, and in plant life, too. Nor is mere man overlooked. In fact, these pages present a very lively kaleidoscopic view of all the living things that attracted the attention of these two alert and enthusiastic young naturalists. The description of the mangrove jungle—"The Land of a Single Tree"—shows a keen appreciation of the larger aspects of Nature, while the account of the foray of the hunting-ants (quite equal in vividness to Thoreau's famous description of the ant-battle he witnessed), and much similarly minute and clearly recorded natural history, reveal the accurate and painstaking observer. One of the most entertaining chapters in the book is Mrs. Beebe's contribution, "A Woman's Experiences in Venezuela," wherein she shows not only that she is a good observer and a capital *reconteur*, with an abundant sense of humour, but, *mirabile dictu*, that a woman may actually acquire a point of view from which she rather enjoys an unbroken series of races carried on all night by an army of *rats* in the hold of a little vessel on the deck of which she is trying to sleep. There is a profusion of photographic illustrations which heighten the interest and value of the text.

Unlike many books of its kind, Mr. Breck's *Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw* is diluted, rather than adulterated,

natural history, and the resulting solution will please especially the juvenile taste. In partly narrative, partly descriptive style, he manages to convey much of the essential life history of various interesting mammals and birds—the bear, the flying squirrel, the crow and the raven, the moose, the porcupine, the loon and the beaver, most of whom are introduced as pets in the camp of Uncle Ned Buckshaw, a backwoodsman naturalist. By taking part in the capture and care of these animals, a party of boys and girls learn many of the simpler facts about the hows and whys of their lives. It is a very truthful and convincing portrait that Mr. Breck paints of the two little bears, and their goings-on about camp; and there is much that is instructive, as well as pathetic, in the biography of the captured moose calf. This is a capital book to put into the hands of young people who are going to camp out, for it teaches very

effectively how much real pleasure and information one may get from establishing friendly terms with one's wilderness neighbours.

Mr. Wright's book, *The Black Bear*, is an entertaining and informing account of that interesting and thoroughly characteristic American animal, with which, apparently, he is well acquainted. The first half of the book is devoted to a biography of the author's pet bear, Ben, whom he caught as a cub and kept for about four years. It is an intimate and, of course, a sympathetic study, which has its distinct scientific values. The second half of the volume is a consideration of the black bear's habits in its natural state, and includes many interesting comparisons of the animal with the more formidable grizzly, with which Mr. Wright has also a long-standing acquaintance. It is all very instructive and readable natural history.

George Gladden.

THE QUESTION OF EARNESTNESS AND SOME RECENT BOOKS*



OT infrequently a new volume by some rather well-known author evokes the casual comment, "So-and-so is beginning to take himself seriously," or "At last he has done a really earnest piece of work." And the curious thing about this sort of comment is that the illogic of it does not

*A Life for a Life. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Buried Alive. By Arnold Bennett. New York: Brentano's.

A Motley. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Britz of Headquarters. By Marcin Barber. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Cave-Woman. By Viola Burhans. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Education of Jacqueline. By Claire de Pratz. New York: Duffield and Company.

Blaze Derringer. By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Going Some. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper and Brothers.

seem to strike any one as either humorous or stupid. This is simply one more case of that proneness, which the popular judgment so frequently shows in literary matters, just to miss saying what is really meant. Novelists have as much right to be considered in earnest from the beginning of their career as those who practise the various other arts and crafts. Nor does it make any difference whether a particular writer be realist or romanticist, whether he write a *Tom Jones* or a *Heart of Midlothian* or a topsy-turvy extravaganza like *Valentine Vox*—in any case, he has the right to be considered in earnest so far as his workmanship goes. Even a professional humourist, if he would succeed, must take his humour seriously. Now it would never occur to us to say casually of hard-working Dr. Bones that we are glad to see that he is at last taking serious interest in keeping his patients alive,

or that the Reverend Mr. Prayerful has suddenly become zealous in his efforts to save souls. We give them the benefit of the doubt. And of course when we say that such-and-such a novelist has begun to take himself seriously, we do not mean to imply that hitherto he has wantonly been doing half-hearted and unworthy work—in point of fact, we mean something entirely different; and it is worth the trouble to ask ourselves just what it is that we do mean.

Now, although the novel is to-day the most prolific and most widely circulated of all literary forms, there still clings to it a certain vague and scarce admitted taint, a lingering suspicion that it is a frivolous, worldly minded performance at best, the sweetmeats and confectionery of literature. In spite of the fact that such serious thinkers as Meredith and Hardy and Henry James, Zola and Tolstoy, Verga and Valdès have, in our own time, chosen the novel as their vehicle of expression, the popular fallacy still persists that the chief province of fiction is to entertain. Consequently, there is a persistent tendency in the popular mind to differentiate between the novel which is merely a novel and nothing else and the novel which is also a sermon, a tract or a dissertation. When we say "such-and-such a novelist is taking himself seriously," we really mean that he has begun to forget that he is a novelist and is trying to be something else—and the chances are that his writings, regarded as novels, are distinctly inferior to his earlier works. To take a case as nearly analogous as can be found—yet at best the analogy is a bit clumsy—it is as though a famous painter of pure landscape, unrivalled for his power of reproducing sky and sea and distant hill, was suddenly to limit himself to painting the *Man with the Hoe*, and we should say, "Ah, there is a painter who is beginning to take himself seriously!" Yet, as already said, the analogy is not quite complete, because the painter is still within his rights; he is still painting from life, still adhering to a single form of art and not trying to mix two vocations in one. But when a novelist begins, in the popular phrase, "to take himself seriously"—when Charles Reade studies

trade unions in *Put Yourself in His Place*, and Mrs. Humphry Ward sets all England quarrelling over articles of faith in *Robert Elsmere*, and Zola tries to give us a new system of economics and a new gospel in *Les Quatres Evangiles*—he is trying to be a novelist plus a reformer; and however much such a book may be enjoyed as a novel, and however much good it may do in the way of reform, it is at best a distorted form of art, a literary monstrosity.

Now these remarks are not intended as a protest against an underlying purpose in fiction. Indeed, a novel lacking any strong central idea is necessarily of minor importance. The mistake that certain authors make—and which curiously enough they often make suddenly in mid career—is in thinking it their duty not merely to set forth existing conditions, but to comment on them, argue about them, revolutionise them. Supposing, for instance, in the heart of a big city like New York there is some frightfully congested district, some pest-hole of poverty and disease and crime; and a certain novelist, having seen this agglomeration of human wretchedness, realises the eloquence of the lesson it has to teach. If he is a writer of any skill, he can surely trust the faithful pictures of his pen to tell their own story—exactly as a visitor with a kodak may trust the fidelity of his lens. But if, instead of picturing what actually is, he proceeds to draw fancy pictures of what that slum will look like six months or a year or half a century hence, under a new and perfected system of hygiene, then he has overstepped the limit of his chosen form of art; he is doing bungling if not actually dishonest work—and the chances are that he has defeated his purpose by boring his readers instead of interesting them. There is no sterner object lesson in the history of the novel than the relative interest of the volumes that make up the collected works of Emile Zola as seen at the present vantage point of nearly a decade since his death. *La Curée*, *L'Assommoir*, *La Joie de Vivre*, *Germinal*, *La Débâcle*—to name only the more salient volumes—how endlessly one can reread them, not merely without weariness, but with a growing sense of their art and their

power. But *Fécondité, Travail, Justice*—these were so many *tours de force*, dramatised monographs on medicine and law and economics, marvels of technical construction which all the genius of an intellectual giant could not quite galvanise into real life.

Earnestness, then, is a quality which every novelist should by right be presumed to have; but he should subordinate it to the requirements of his chosen literary form. He should build, if necessary, a stone wall between himself and that insidious and besetting sin of preaching. After all, it shows a curious lack of faith in the average intelligence of the world at large to think them incapable of drawing their own lessons from a frank and honest picture of real life. It would be a very salutary lesson if each writer of fiction should have it borne in upon him that his personal opinion about life is not of the slightest importance to the average reader. Perhaps his heroine tells a lie or his hero drinks one glass of wine too many. The public at large does not care to know whether the author is amused or shocked by these frailties of his own puppets. The public is quite capable of deciding what it thinks without any further help from him.

The foregoing comments seem to strike the appropriate keynote for a re-

"A Life for a Life"

view of Professor Robert Herrick's new volume, *A Life for a Life*. The present writer has followed Professor Herrick's career as a novelist with keen and growing interest ever since the appearance of his first significant piece of work, *The Gospel of Freedom*. Furthermore, it may be said quite confidently that the author of *Together* is easily the most important factor in English fiction to-day on this side of the Atlantic. Therefore, when a friend whose literary acumen is usually trustworthy remarked the other day that *A Life for a Life* was in a distinctly different vein from the author's previous work and that he seemed at last to be really in earnest, it was only natural that one should approach the book with rather sombre misgivings. Here was an author who through twelve years had produced very nearly an annual volume,

every one of which had conveyed the impression that he was not merely in earnest but just about as earnest as, humanly speaking, it is possible for an author to be—earnest, that is, in his determination to handle the big truths of life as frankly and sincerely as lay within his power, to satisfy his own conscience regarding what a novel should be, whether the general public liked it or not. He had steeped himself in the theories and methods of the Continental school as opposed to the English and American—that was the real secret of his fearlessness and his strength. If now, for the first time, he had so altered his method that any reader could make the mistake of attributing to him a newborn earnestness, it could mean only one thing: that he had begun to obtrude his own personal opinions—that, to some extent at least, he had lost that purely objective attitude which has always been one of his chief assets. An eager and careful reading of *A Life for a Life* brought, first of all, a sense of sharp relief. The change was less marked than had been feared. A good deal still remained of the old Herrick—certain pages, here and there, of a purely pictorial character, flashed forth impressions of the swarming, turgid life of a modern city with a graphicness almost cruel in its unsparing truth. None the less, when measured quite dispassionately, and the sum total of its plus and minus values honestly taken, *A Life for a Life* must be set down upon the debit side of its author's literary account; in other words, it is a rather audacious, rather splendid failure.

This opinion is not going to be in accord with the general critical verdict. Indeed, it will not be at all surprising if *A Life for a Life* shall be widely hailed as the author's high-water mark. It contains scarcely anything likely to shock those poor, squeamish souls who shrank from the fine honesty of *Together*; it deals with what newspapers like to speak of as "live issues"; and the only fault that can be found with the construction of its closely interwoven plot is that it is just a bit too careful and too symmetrical to be true. What logical ground, it may be asked, can a captious critic find for complaint?

The answer may be given with the brevity of a telegraphic blank. The whole fault is that of wrong proportion between the dimensions of theme, characters and canvas. What Mr. Herrick has undertaken to do, if we understand his purpose correctly, is to crowd into the limits of a single picture the sum total of those social and economic problems that are to-day responsible for most of our national unrest. It involves problems as wide apart as the curbing of the trusts, the suppression of anarchy, the justification of trade unions, the regulating of the social evil. It covers a vaster field than even *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; for, although that was a problem nationwide, it at least narrowed down to a single question with but two possible sides. *A Life for a Life* propounds a hundred questions, every one of them with more sides than can be counted. In all modern fiction only one other volume comes to mind so all-embracing in its summing up of modern social conditions, namely, Zola's *Paris*; and that, in title, in structure and in spirit, was limited to the single segment of a nation's life that is enclosed within the limits of one city. One feels in approaching this new volume of Mr. Herrick's something of that awkwardness always experienced in attempting to pick up any rather bulky object that seems to protrude an uncomfortable number of awkward points and corners. Here, however, in an exceedingly brief and ragged abstract, is the substance of it, as nearly as the reviewer has grasped it. Hugh Grant, a foundling, indebted to his foster father even for the name he bears, leaves his country home and yields to the lure of the city. The author never once says that the city is New York, but his local colour fits no other place on the terrestrial globe. The city's wealth and power are symbolised in the person of Alexander Arnold, banker and multi-millionaire, who gives Hugh a chance because Arnold once had known and incidentally cheated out of a fortune the elder Grant. Hugh finds lodgings almost directly under a huge electric advertising sign that perpetually flashes the word "SUCCESS" into the eyes of men. Incidentally, he forms a friendship with a man at war with society, whom he knows

only as the "Anarch." Also he meets a sweat-shop girl, a certain young Jewess named Minna, and witnesses the hideous accident in which she is maimed for life and driven into what Mr. Kipling has called "the oldest profession in the world." These details sound fragmentary; that is the precise intention with which they are given. Now, Arnold, banker, maker and destroyer of men, likes young Grant and proceeds to "try him out" by sending him West and using him as the tool with which to grab certain vast Western properties, consolidate, amalgamate, play all the tricks of the game, caring nothing for the trail of ruin that the process may leave behind. Hugh, because he is what he is, fails to live up to Arnold's expectations. He is too clean-minded, or has breathed too much clean Western air; or, if you please, as Arnold thinks, is too big a fool to succeed in the modern business struggle. There is just one other complicating factor. Like Polonius, Arnold has a daughter, Alexandra; and like Hamlet, young Grant, despite himself, harps upon her. Like Hamlet, also, when the time comes for him merely to accept the good things of life that are offered to him, he practically tells her, "Get thee to a nunnery"—because to win her means acceptance of the modern economic condition, and to this he cannot bring himself. Mr. Herrick needed some sort of a *deus ex machina*, and he found it by the simple device of transferring the San Francisco earthquake and fire to New York. Pictorially, his presentment of the vast upheaval of a city, the clamour of men and crash of falling buildings, the writhings of massed humanity in their death throes, leaves nothing to be desired. But what one does resent is that nice subservience of chance which obligingly lets all the characters in the book meet each other at the psychic moment in the midst of chaos. Hugh, shaken from bed in the cosmic crash, casually wanders out through the reeling streets, meets Minna, the woman of the gutter, exchanges with her what Homer would have called winged words; moves onward and casually rescues from a mob Arnold's daughter, Alexandra. More winged words, in the course of which she rises to the heights that he once

demanded of her, and he tells her that it is now too late, since he is a sick man dying of cancer. Still moving through the reeling streets, they reach her father's bank, where she learns that her husband—we forget to mention she had married her father's partner—lies dead, smothered by the very mechanism provided to protect his wealth. Her father, meanwhile, is speeding eastward in his automobile toward the Brooklyn Bridge, ploughing a juggernaut course through frenzied mobs, when, just on the threshold of safety, the Anarch, who, it seems, is old Arnold's son, arises from the darkness, an avenging nemesis, springs into the machine, turns it and drives himself and his father back into flames to their fate.

As already said, the effect of this synopsis is in a measure fragmentary; and that, in the main, is the fault of the book. You get an effect not of a vast, complex, closely reticulated scheme of society, but of a handful of individuals afloat in some sort of an attenuated social medium, who by some strange law of attraction miraculously meet each other under seemingly impossible circumstances. Picture for a moment the chaos of a vast city overwhelmed by earthquake and fire and storm. A man might go mad at such a time seeking for those whom he loved or hated and could not find. Mr. Herrick simply lost his sense of reality in the latter part of his book. It is a thing he never did before and we hope never will do again. His trouble is symbolism run riot; and furthermore, it is an obscure symbolism that leaves one groping. What, for instance, is the significance of the cancer from which Hugh is dying? Surely, Mr. Herrick does not mean to say that a sane, normal man, *mens sana in corpore sano*, would have been incapable of sacrificing worldly ambition and the woman he loved on the altar of high ideals—yet what other meaning can one extract from it? It does not even serve the feeble purpose of solving a situation, since Hugh's death comes, not from cancer, but from nature's upheaval. And Hugh's cancer is simply an isolated case of a defect which is pervading and fundamental.

Two English novelists already well known in this country, the one for such

sterling novels as *The Country House* and *Fraternity*, the other for *An Old Wives' Tale*, are each

"Buried Alive"

represented in this month's list of fiction.

Mr. Arnold Bennett is the author of a slender little volume that looks as though it might be next of kin to the familiar Tauschnitz Edition of English novels, dear to the heart of Continental travellers. Both Mr. Bennett and his fellow-craftsman, Mr. Galsworthy, have this in common—their two volumes above mentioned, which the general public will treat lightly, are both thoroughly earnest pieces of work. *Buried Alive*, indeed, represents an honest effort to be humorous as one is likely to run across within the limits of a single generation—and the odd thing about it is that it succeeds in "making good." It is simply the chronicle of a very shy man, who for years has depended upon the services of his valet to save him from contact with the world, and when that valet suddenly dies the master in his first hour of bewilderment seizes eagerly upon the blunder of a strange doctor, who confuses master and man, and allows himself to be declared dead. Now the master happens to be a famous painter, how famous even he has never guessed until he is pronounced dead—and he has the dubious pleasure of reading long obituaries about himself, of following the stormy discussion that ensues as to the proper manner of paying him honour, and finally of attending his own funeral, when the ashes of his valet are laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. Such is the opening of an extravaganza which is never tedious, never vulgar, but from beginning to end permeated with that brand of British humour already made familiar to us through the Gilbert and Sullivan librettos.

Mr. Galsworthy's volume is a collection of sketches so fragile that one hesitates to dignify them even with the name of short stories. *A Motley* is the title which he has chosen to designate what is really nothing more nor less than a verbal sketch book, wherein he has drawn with swift, sure strokes all sorts of fugitive impressions made by people and things seen during

his daily comings and goings. At one moment it is an unforgettable portrait of an aged crossing-sweeper, twisted and bowed with pain, whose indomitable pride alone keeps him from the almshouse. Again, it is a subtle presentment of a furtive rendezvous at an out-of-door restaurant in Kensington Gardens—a rendezvous that would have meant nothing to the ordinary spectator, but from which Mr. Galsworthy's keener eye interpreted an abundance of the philosophy of life. And still again, there is the flash-light picture that he gives us of a young French marine, seen for an hour in a railway carriage on his way to join his ship, under orders to sail for China. His father is dead, his mother is penniless; and he himself, racked with a stubborn cough, foresees dumbly that he is destined never to come back alive from that deadly Chinese coast. The monotony of his hopeless refrain haunts the reader for days afterward.

Tell me—his eyes seem to ask, why are these things so? Why have I a mother who depends on me alone when I am being sent away to die? . . . And presently, like a dumb herded beast, patient, mute, carrying his load, he left me at the terminus. But it was long before I lost the memory of his face and of that chant of his, "C'est mé qui est seul à la maison. . . . C'est mé qui a une mère. C'est elle qui n'a pas le soul!"

A Motley is a volume which every young author would do well to study, as a useful exercise in pure technique.

It was to be expected that the crop of summer novels should include a few dealing with the time-honoured theme of stolen jewels; and of these, two volumes seem to be of sufficiently sincere workmanship to warrant a brief mention. *Britz of Headquarters*, by Marcin Barber, is best defined as *The Moonstone* brought up to date. The machinery of the two tales is identical: a priceless gem stolen from a Hindoo temple; a dauntless band of high-caste Brahmins pledged to its recovery; the present owner mysteriously robbed of this gem, of whose earlier history she is ignorant; and a dozen men and women of various callings and social

grades brought successively under suspicion. *Britz of Headquarters* is good in so far as it attains that breathlessness of suspense which is the very warp and woof of detective novels. But in one respect it is not quite honest, for it disregards an established law of its class; namely, that the real culprit shall be introduced to the reader early in the story, if not in the opening chapter. In *Britz of Headquarters* we have no reason even to guess the existence of the person who is the actual thief until very near the close of the volume.

There is no such flaw in *The Cave-Woman*, by Viola Burhans, which in order to guard against any misunderstanding is defined in the sub-title as "A Novel of To-day."

There have been a number of mysterious thefts of jewels at a certain fashionable summer hotel; and Roger Creighton, star reporter on a leading New York paper, is sent up to get an exclusive story. On the afternoon of his arrival a violent thunder storm causes him to take refuge in a cave; and there in the darkness he encounters a woman, falls into conversation with her, and although he has no idea of her age or her personal appearance, realises at once that life henceforth contains only one serious problem for him, and that is to find her again and identify her. Now in the darkness of the cave it seemed a simple matter to find again the owner of a voice of such inimitable charm; but among the guests of the fashionable summer hotel there are at least three women any one of whom might be the object of his quest. Curiously enough circumstances gradually point to these same three women as the only ones in a position to have stolen the jewels. A clear-sighted reader will probably suspect rather early in the story that the problem to be dealt with is one of kleptomania. But which of the three young women is the culprit, and which is the mysterious cave-woman, keeps us diligently guessing up to the final chapter.

The Education of Jacqueline, by Claire de Pratz, may be briefly defined as a clever attempt to contrast the French and English methods of rearing and instruct-

ing young girls. Madame Réville learns upon the death of her husband that throughout their married life she has counted for nothing; another woman, Madame Ducastel, has for ten years filled his whole heart. For her disillusion and humiliation she blames the conventional system of bringing up a young girl in ignorance; and she vows that her daughter, Jacqueline, shall be better prepared to face the actualities of life. The results of her experiment are interesting. One result and a very natural one is that Jacqueline is incomprehensible to the average young Frenchman—that is why she exposes herself to insult at the hands of Jérôme d'Ablis, who is neither better nor worse than others of his class, but simply blunders because he does not understand her type. Oliver Brent, on the other hand, a young Englishman with whom she is lucky enough to become acquainted, understands her admirably because she has been brought up quite after the manner of his own sister; and so the story ends placidly with every promise of domestic happiness. A distinctly clever piece of work with some serious thought behind it.

Blaze Derringer, by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., may be dismissed quite briefly. A

"Blaze Derringer"

hard-headed and determined young man, imbued with the gambling spirit in big things as well as small, has made a bet with his father that he shall travel around the world for a space of two years and then return bringing back intact the money his father has given him for expenses. The time is nearly up; young Derringer is down almost to his last penny; but providentially he happens to hear that in the South American state of Sylvanlitlan there has been a revolution; that the former president is held in prison and his death delayed only until such time as he may be forced to reveal the hiding-place of his great fortune; that this president has a beautiful daughter, who offers rich

rewards to any one who will effect her father's escape. With such material it is easy to imagine the medley of comic-opera situations and soldier-of-fortune bravado that characterise this rather entertaining little tale. At least it succeeds in living up to the promise of its opening chapters—and that is more than can be said of most volumes of this type.

Going Some is a piece of narrative farce comedy which Rex Beach has made out of the successful play of the same name, on which he collaborated with Paul Armstrong.

"Going Some"

The plot is nothing more than a rivalry amounting almost to a feud between the cowboys of the Flying Heart Ranch and those of the Centipede Ranch. The trouble all began over a foot race in which the Centipede Ranch came off victorious and won, among other bets, a gramophone which had long been the pride and delight of the Flying Heart contingent. Night after night Mex and Cloudy and Still Bill Stover walk down to the boundary line and with bitterness in their hearts hear the gramophone droning out their favourite songs for the delight of their enemies. Now, in the midst of these tribulations the owner of the ranch chooses to entertain a large house party of Easterners, and among them is a certain Wally Speed, whose friends out of pure mischief introduce him to the cowboys as a college champion, holding the record as a long-distance runner. The cowboys promptly arrange a new match with the Centipede Ranch and stake their faith on Wally to win back their beloved gramophone. Now, Wally is not only no champion, but he cannot run at all; and when, little by little, this truth leaks out and the cowboys realise that they have been tricked, they decide that this time at least Wally not only can, but has got to run—and what is more, run to win. The fun of the story lies mainly in the enforced training through which Wally is henceforth put, and the final unexpected outcome of the race.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE TATTLER

ON UNLOCKING POETS' HEARTS



CRITICS and poets are enemies. This is the first natural law in the literary world. Of old its truth was no more doubted or contravened than the parallel political truth that certain nations were natural enemies, ordained to be such by their inherent character, their position in the world of nations. It is only in our own soft, effeminate time that any effort has been made to mitigate the inevitable horrors of the state of warfare. A sentimentalist like Mr. Arthur Benson rises to formulate rules for the humanising of war. A critic, he says, should make no statements about his subject which he would not be willing to repeat to the poet's face in a drawing-room. A gentle, innocuous poet like Mr. Alfred Austin cries out when he is hit, and appeals to a board of arbitration. Probably at this moment some cheerful dreamer has in his head a complete scheme for bringing about a general disarmament and a glorious era of universal peace. But though some hardy buccanneer of commerce—a retired writer of "best sellers," say, or editor of the *Ladies' Journal*—should give his millions for the building of a Temple of Peace and the assembling of congresses in which the lion shall sit down with the lamb, the law of nature will not be flouted. Critics and poets will still be enemies.

Like "real" war (than which it is no less real), this warfare is a game, to be played in accordance with certain rules, with its chosen methods and stratagems on either side. Mr. Chesterton has described, in a different connection, a game which he calls Cheating the Prophets. A favourite diversion of the poets might be called Baiting the Critics. Browning was once asked what he had meant by a certain particularly puzzling and obscure line. After scanning it, "I must have meant something by it at the time," he replied, "but for the life of me I can't tell now what it was." Of course his re-

ply was disingenuous; the question showed that the line had served its purpose perfectly. The poet who has not taken his bit of sport in this fashion must have had a dull time of it. This is not the downright hard fighting, the give and take of stout blows, of Byron in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, or of Richard Strauss in *Ein Heldenleben*; even when carried out on a grand scale, as in Chatterton's *Rowley Poems*, it is still in a sort guerilla warfare; but it is war, and war—when a man has red blood in his veins and plenty of ink in his fountain pen—war is fun.

And then the critic retaliates with deadly effect by interpreting the poet. It is a subtle and far-reaching revenge; perhaps a more humane age will find a good reason for proscribing it, as a sort of literary dum-dum bullet. Until that time comes, the score of grievances will on the whole probably stand in favour of the poet. Let but a critic, panoplied in all the deadly accoutrements of his profession, set out to tell us from a poet's works what manner of man he was, there is no limit to be placed to the ingenious cruelty that may be realised. The most innocent slip may be twisted into damning evidence of deliberate purpose; every word stands for a characteristic, every line betrays a personal quality. It is part of the game to start with a Procrustean theory, on which the victim is stretched and racked and lopped until he is a mere unrecognisable mass of human passions and vices and virtues; and then the torturer points his finger proudly in a final chapter and says, "There is the real man."

The greater the name, the greater the game. Shakespeare, one might say, has suffered enough to deserve a rest, what with the abuse of Voltaire and the worship of Coleridge, the dithyrambic praise of Swinburne and the scientific objectivity of Mr. Sydney Lee. The Baconians have snapped and snarled at his heels without appreciable effect. In a reaction from the adoration of the Victorian age,

Tolstoy and Mr. Bernard Shaw have declared with shocking boldness that he is something less than perfect. If there were ever such a thing as a final word, we might have had it long since. The truth is, however, that Shakespeare's bones will never be decently and permanently buried. His life is near enough to be interesting, far enough away to be attractively hazy, and his poems have enough variety to provide a standing place for any theory.

There are theories enough already in all conscience, yet there is always room for one more with distinctive merits. Welcome, then, Mr. Frank Harris, who enters the fray with a dangerous looking volume fully labelled, *The Man Shakespeare and his Tragic Life Story*. Mr. Harris's "interpretation" has more than one distinctive merit. It is the most cocksure of itself, it is the most serious and portentous, and it is by long odds the most amusing ever perpetrated. The whole trouble for Mr. Harris began with those unlucky Sonnets, which Shakespeare must have cursed heartily from the time they were stolen by a printer's devil (see Mr. Lee's *Life*) and surreptitiously printed. They have always been a stumbling-block to the commentators. Wordsworth, praising a poetic form of which he was a master, called the sonnet the key wherewith Shakespeare unlocked his heart. The phrase has served as text for more than one critic, though before Wordsworth wrote it the attempt had already begun to extract the autobiographical essence of the Sonnets.

Mr. Harris applies this text with admirable British thoroughness. His theory and his critical method are ingenuously simple. "It is the life-work of the artist to show himself to us," he says. Then, if you would know Shakespeare, read his plays and poems. But many a man has read them and has still known nothing, or next to it, of the man who wrote them. Here enters the Harris method. Decide in advance what kind of man you choose that Shakespeare shall have been. Take everything in his works literally, unless it fits your purpose better to take a passage figuratively, and you will find plenty of corroboration for your theory. Disregard everything that

contradicts it, and when your material gives out, it is always possible to guess. Add all your facts and inferences and guesses together and you will have a product which, if by this time your theory has you strongly enough in its clutch, will look to you something like a man. Label it "the real Shakespeare!"

The result of this procedure, as attained by a stodgy Britisher who fancies himself a literary artist, may be more entertaining than one would anticipate. Starting with Mr. Tyler's well-known identification of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, Mr. Harris maintains that Shakespeare was the victim of a soul-wrecking passion for Mary Fitton, who was the original of Juliet and Portia and Cleopatra and Cressida, and, for aught I know, of Dogberry and the second Grave-digger as well. In character he was an effeminate cad, a roystering toady and parasite who happened to have a gift for lyric poetry. He was not much of a dramatic poet, for Mr. Harris tells us exactly how play after play might have been immensely improved if Shakespeare had not been so eager to display his own weaknesses and vices of character. Curiously enough, Mr. Harris censures these failures of the dramatist, though on his own theory that it is the playwright's business to reveal himself they should receive his highest praise.

But it is in the details on which this theory is built that Mr. Harris is most delightful. Hamlet, he tells us, is the poet's self (so, by the way, are Romeo, Jaques, Biron, Macbeth, Othello, Thersites, Antony, Prospero, and a dozen others); therefore, since Hamlet was "fat and scant of breath," we know that Shakespeare was fat. To the lines—

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew

he appends the gloss: "No thin man ever spoke of his flesh in that way." This is admirable, but there is a passage commenting on Hamlet's reproach of his mother which is so characteristic of Mr. Harris at his best that I must quote it as it stands:

Why did Hamlet hate his mother's lechery?
Most men would hardly have condemned it,

certainly would not have suffered their thoughts to dwell on it beyond the moment; but to Hamlet his mother's faithlessness was horrible, shameful, degrading, simply because Hamlet-Shakespeare had identified her with Miss Fitton, and it was Miss Fitton's faithlessness, it was her deception he was condemning in the bitterest words he could find. . . . If any one can imagine that this is the way a son thinks of a mother's slip he is past my persuading.

The italics are mine; the temptation was irresistible.

Enough has been said to illustrate Mr. Harris's method of unlocking a poet's heart. "In this wonderful world of

ours," he exclaims, "dramatic writers are sure to live dramatic lives." He has shown us the way to expose these dramatic lives; a way which other critics of the higher sort have employed, but timidly, hesitatingly, where Mr. Harris rushes in confidently. Yet he should look to his laurels. Unless he pre-empt's all the available fields, there will be other books beside which his will pale its ineffectual fires. It still remains for some one to prove by this higher criticism that Browning was a brutal libertine, that Swinburne was a huge Berserk, with black brows and the front of Jove himself, and that the author of *Hedda Gabler* was—a new woman.

Ward Clark.

THOMAS JEFFERSON—POET



HE United States has had twenty-six Presidents, of whom just two have been versatile. The marvellous many-sidedness of one of them is still too much a matter of daily remark to call for comment. But comparatively few people are aware that in this respect the "Sage of Monticello" was fully as remarkable as "Bwana Tumbo."

Thomas Jefferson was, in fact, a sort of Virginia edition of Benjamin Franklin. He was a lawyer, a statesman, a farmer, an architect, a naturalist, a scientist, a philosopher, a writer, a musician, an inventor. He was the author of the Declaration of Independence, the father of the Democratic party, and the founder of the University of Virginia. He was the first American to introduce threshing machines, and one of the first to import merino sheep. He smuggled the first upland rice ever brought to the United States out of Italy in his pockets, and he invented the mould-board plough, the copying press, and many other devices. He was one of the original advocates of simplified spelling, and he made a collection of Indian vocabularies. In one of

the crises of his administration callers at the White House found its floors covered with the bones of mammoths and megatheriums from Big Bone Lick. He was usually ready with an opinion, and generally a very good one, on any subject for any comer. In addition, he played the violin, and he wrote poetry.

But little of his poetry has been preserved, and still less has been published. One of his latest biographers tells us that his poems were "funereal and generally concerned a future life." This is true of those written in his later years, after he had suffered many bereavements. In fact, he seems to have lost his love of poetry almost entirely. In 1801, he wrote to John D. Burke, who had sent him sheets of Joel Barlow's stilted epic, "The Columbiad":

To my own mortification . . . of all men living, I am the last who should undertake to decide as to the merits of poetry. In earlier life I was fond of it, and easily pleased. But as age and care advanced, the powers of fancy have declined. Every year seems to have plucked a feather from her wings, till she can no longer waft one to those sublime heights to which it is necessary to accompany the poet. So much has my relish for poetry deserted

me, that at present I cannot read even Virgil with pleasure. I am consequently utterly incapable to decide on the merits of poetry. The very feelings to which it is addressed are among those I have lost. So that a blind man might as well undertake to [faded in MS.] a painting, or the deaf a musical composition.

One of Jefferson's "funereal" poems is as follows:

Shores there are, blessed shores for us remain,
And favoured isles with golden fruitage
crowned,
Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
Where every breeze shall medicine every
wound.
There the stern tyrant that embitters life
Shall vainly suppliant spread his asking
hand;
There shall we view the billow's strife,
Aid the kind breast and waft his boat to
land.

However much we may approve the sentiment expressed in these verses, we are compelled to admit that they are not poetry—at least not of a very high order. Yet Jefferson understood metrics, and after his return from France and probably while Secretary of State he wrote for the benefit of a French friend, Monsieur F. J. de Chastellux, a really admirable treatise on the subject, entitled "Thoughts on English Prosody: An Essay on the Art of Poesy." In it he took the now accepted view that accent is the basis of English verse, and vigorously combatted Dr. Johnson and others who "have taken quantity for their basis and have mounted English poetry on Greek and Latin feet."

Doubtless Jefferson had already written "Lovely Peggy," his only poem that has any claims to merit. Of this poem, strange to say, very little is known. Just when, why, or about whom it was written, is uncertain. It must have been done in his violin days, not too long after he scribbled on the fly-leaf of a book that is still in existence:

Jane Nelson is a sweet girl,
Betsy Page is a neat girl,
Rebecca Burwell is the devil;
If not the devil she's one of his imps.

Rebecca Burwell, be it remembered, was one of his early "flames." "Dear

Will," he once wrote to a friend, "I have thought of the cleverest plan of life that can be imagined. You exchange your land for Edgehill and I mine for Fairfields. You marry S. P. and I marry R. B., join and get a pole chair, and a keen pair of horses, practise law in the same court, and drive about to all the dames in the country together. How do you like it?" Soon after, he built a "full-rigged flat," which he named *The Rebecca*; but before it was launched the fair charmer jilted him and married Jacquelin Ambler, becoming in time the mother-in-law of Chief Justice Marshall.

"Lovely Peggy" is not given in either Washington's or Ford's editions of Jefferson's writings, and, so far as I have been able to discover, it is not mentioned in a single one of his numerous *Lives*. Neither William E. Curtis nor Thomas Watson, his most recent biographers, had ever heard of it until I called their attention to it. The latter was inclined to question its authenticity until I sent him a facsimile of the original, which is now in the Dreer Collection in the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Possibly Jefferson may have merely copied the poem, as Worthington C. Ford, the court of last appeal in such matters, suggests; but if he did, who *was* the author? The poem is as follows:

Once more I'll tune the vocal shell
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell
That burns for lovely Peggy.

Ye greater bards the lyre should hit,
For say what subject is more fit
Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn
Does not so much the day adorn
As does my lovely Peggy.

And when in Thetis' lap to rest
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous as undrest
Appears my lovely Peggy.

With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my sight,
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

The Zephyr's air the violet blows
Or breath upon the damask rose
He does not half the sweets disclose
That does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day
And trust me, nought but truth I say
The fragrant breath of blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.
While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove
And linnets warble thro' the grove
Or stately swans the waters love
So long shall I love Peggy
And when death with his pointed dart
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart
My words shall be when I depart
Adieu my lovely Peggy.

FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MSS. OF
"LOVELY PEGGY"

The Zephyr's air the violet blows
Or breath upon the damask rose—
He does not half the sweets disclose
That does my lovely Peggy.

I stole a kiss the other day,
And trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrant breath of blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,
And linnets warble through the grove,
Or stately swans the waters love,
So long shall I love Peggy.

And when death with his pointed dart
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

Do you know, anywhere, a more delightful little lyric? Perhaps the fourth stanza is a little too *French*, yet, told as it is, who feels like protesting? *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* Thomas Watson says that the poem lacks originality, but who expects originality in a love poem? Besides, "Lovely Peggy" was written more than a century ago, before its phrases had become hackneyed.

Unquestionably the poem owes much of its charm to the metre. This becomes

most apparent when the poem is read aloud. Rarely have sound and sense been as happily married. Evidently Paul Leicester Ford, editor of the best edition of Jefferson's writings, recognised its merits, for I feel sure that while writing *Janice Meredith* he took it as his model for "Concerning Thalia." Not only are the metre and most of the rhymes identical, but Ford incorporated some of Jefferson's lines almost entire. Take, for example, Ford's stanza:

To gaze on her is sweet delight;
'Tis heaven whene'er she's in my sight,
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night—
All's dark without my Thalia.

Compare this with the fifth stanza of "Lovely Peggy" and all doubt vanishes. We must not, however, accuse Ford of plagiarism. Rather we should praise his poetic and historical discrimination. He wished to put a poem in the mouth of his

Once more I'll tune the vocal shell
To tell & dales my passion tell
A flame which time can never quell
That burns for lovely Peggy.
Ye greater bards the lyre should hit
For say what subject is more fit
Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy.
The sun first rising in the morn
That paints the dew bespangled thorn
Does not so much the day adorn
As does my lovely Peggy.
And then in Thetis' lap to rest
He shakes with cold the madd'ning blood
He's not so beautiful as undrest
Appears my lovely Peggy.
Were she arrayed in rustic weed
With her the bleating flocks I'd lead
And pipe upon mine oaten reed
To please my lovely Peggy
With her a cottage would delight
All, happy when she's in my sight
But when she's gone 'tis endless night
All's dark without my Peggy

FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MSS. OF
"LOVELY PEGGY"

hero, and what could be better than to model such a poem after one written by an actual personage in the period in which the romance falls?

So far as I am aware, this is the only surviving proof that Jefferson occasionally imitated his friend George Washington in writing amorous poetry. The death of his beloved wife in 1782 and many other bereavements gave him a bitter knowledge of almost every sorrow that can rive the human heart and killed all the joyous romance of his earlier years. In his old age, however, he wrote at least one other poem. Two days before his death he told his sole surviving child, Mrs. Randolph—a lady whom a famous statesman once toasted as “the noblest woman in Virginia”—that in a certain drawer in an old pocket-book she would

find something intended for her. She looked and found the following verses:

A DEATH-BED ADIEU FROM TH. J.
TO M. R.

Life's visions are vanished, its dreams are
no more;

Dear friends of my bosom, why bathed in
tears?

I go to my fathers, I welcome the shore

Which crowns all my hopes or which buries
my cares.

Then farewell, my dear, my lov'd daughter,
adieu!

The last pang of life is in parting from you!

Two seraphs await me long shrouded in death;

I will bear them your love on my last parting
breath.

Paul Leland Haworth.

READERS' GUIDE TO NEW BOOKS

ART, DRAMA

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Will Shakespeare of Stratford and London.
By Margaret Crosby Munn.

A drama in four acts. The first act begins in 1582 with Shakespeare's early youth at the time of his marriage with Anne Hathaway. The last act closes with the period directly before his return to Stratford from London. The last two acts portray his London life in 1598, and the inner history of his heart as revealed in the sonnets.

John Lane Company:

Portrait Miniatures. Text by Dr. George C. Williamson. Edited by Charles Holme.

Containing a survey of the great period of Miniature Painting from the time of Holbein down to the early part of the last century; illustrated by some of the most important examples (all from private collections), many of which have never hitherto been reproduced. There are about one hundred illustrations, mostly in colours, after works by Hans Holbein, Nicholas Hilliard, Isaac Oliver, Samuel Cooper, C. Richter, John Smart, Sir George Hayter, and many others. Of special interest are the thirty miniatures from the famous collection of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Houghton Mifflin Company:

An American Citizen. The Life of William Henry Baldwin, Jr. By John Graham Brooks.

A biography of one of the most admirable business men and publicists of recent years. Mr. Brooks considers Mr. Baldwin's relation to railroad development in the West, to the rise of trade unionism, to the negro problem, to tenement house reform, etc.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Björnstjerne Björnson. 1832-1910. By William Morton Payne, LL.D.

Based on an essay which appeared in the *International Quarterly* in March, 1903. Being a summary of Björnson's life and work.

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, POLITICS

The Atlanta University Press:

Efforts for Social Betterment Among Negro Americans. Edited by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

Report of a social study made by Atlanta University under the patronage of the trustees of the John F. Slater Fund; together with the proceedings of the 14th Annual Conference for the Study

of the Negro Problems held at Atlanta University on Tuesday, May 24, 1909.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Psychology of Politics and History. By Rev. J. A. Dewe, M. A.

Intended for the use of the general public, for politicians, for teachers of history and as a supplementary textbook of history; suggesting such explanations of historical facts, past and present, as will give unity and cohesion to these facts. It attempts to seek for the last and fundamental causes of the vicissitudes of a nation in the general character of the minds and souls of the individuals constituting the nation, and thereby also seeks to establish certain general principles, often overlooked, that must be followed by every statesman.

(Columbia University):

Social and Mental Traits of the Negro. Research into the Conditions of the Negro Race in Southern Towns. A Study in Race Traits, Tendencies and Prospects. By Howard W. Odum, Ph.D.

In the series of Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Volume XXXVII, No. 3.

The Macmillan Company:

Social Insurance. A Program of Social Reform. By Henry Rogers Seager.

The Kennedy Lectures for 1910, in the School of Philanthropy, conducted by the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York. Professor Seager has devoted practically all his life to the study of social conditions, and in this book he presents in condensed form some of his ideas about the common welfare. The provision and compensation for industrial accidents, illness and premature death, the causes and remedies for unemployment and the provision for old age, are some of the topics considered.

The Open Court Publishing Company:

Death and Resurrection. By Gustaf Björklund. Translated from the Swedish by J. E. Fries.

A study from the point of view of the cell-theory.

Oxford University Press (American Branch):

Biological Analogies in History. By Theodore Roosevelt.

The Romanes Lecture, 1910. Delivered before the University of Oxford, June 7, 1910.

Christologies, Ancient and Modern. By William Sanday, D.D., LL.D., LittD.

Consisting of eight lectures and the

substance of a University sermon, "The Guiding Principle of Symbolism."

The Pilgrim Press:

Outline Studies of the Growth of the Kingdom of God. By Sidney L. Gulick, D.D., and Edward L. Gulick, M.A.

The purpose of these studies is to point out some of the main steps in the growth of the Kingdom of God in the past, and the main evidences of that growth in the present.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Future of Trades-Unionism and Capitalism in a Democracy. By Charles W. Eliot, LL.D.

Being the Larwill Lectures for 1909.

Hygiene and Morality. By Lavana L. Dock, R.N.

A volume that should appeal to all those who are devoting their lives to the cure and prevention of disease, to those theoretically and practically interested in social betterment and in the uplift of the fallen, to legislators, whose co-operation is required in order that the project commended in the volume may be achieved, and to all intelligent students of affairs.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Camp and Camino in Lower California. By Arthur Walbridge North. With Foreword by Admiral Robley D. Evans.

A record of the adventures of the author while exploring Peninsular California, Mexico.

Duffield and Company:

The Cathedral Churches of England. Their Architecture, History and Antiquities, with Bibliography, Itinerary and Glossary. By Helen Marshall Pratt.

A practical handbook for students and travellers. "I have intended," the author writes, "not simply to present anew the array of well-known facts concerning the cathedrals, but to give, as far as possible, some hint of the meaning of each, of the reason why it was built at a particular time, and also something of the personality of those bishops, abbots, deans, priors, canons, royalties, and noble men and women whose names are inseparably connected with the fabric, or who sleep within its walls."

Henry Holt and Company:

In and Out of Florence. A New Introduction to a Well-Known City. By Max Vernon.

Being a guide to Florence and vicinity, to sight-seeing, villa life, etc. Spe-

cial chapters cover present-day life, streets, shops, etc., rambles in the country and to nearby Tuscan villages. With forty-eight full-page views and about one hundred drawings.

Europe Since 1815. By Charles Downer Hazen.

In the American Historical Series under the general editorship of Charles H. Haskins. The purpose of this work is "the presentation of the history of Europe since the downfall of Napoleon." "I have endeavoured to explain," the author writes, "the internal development of the various nations, and their external relations in so far as these have been vital or deeply formative. I have also attempted to preserve a reasonable balance between the different periods of the century and to avoid the danger of over-emphasis."

The Macmillan Company:

A Guide to the Antiquities of Upper Egypt. By Arthur E. P. Weigall.

Prepared for the use of visitors to the monuments of Upper Egypt, that is, all those situated between Balianeh, the southernmost town of Middle Egypt, and Adendân, the last Egyptian village on this side of the Soudan frontier. Each chapter in this Guide, the author explains, has been written actually in, or in a few cases a stone's throw away from, the temples or tombs therein described.

Pompeii. Painted by Alberto Pisa. Described by W. M. Mackenzie.

In a brief preface Mr. Mackenzie says that what has been aimed at in this volume is "a reconstruction, often necessarily by suggestion or analysis only, of the life of the old town, with sufficient explanation and account of the material to furnish a basis of actuality; or, at least, a general view from different sides of what Pompeii means and gives us. With twenty full-page illustrations in colour.

Lift-Luck on Southern Roads. By Tickner Edwards.

A tale of the author's latest solitary ramble. The journey covers some two hundred odd miles, through fine Southern countries and was conceived on an unusual plan. He went neither on foot, nor by any of the wonted means of conveyance beloved of tourists; neither by motor, nor cycle, phaeton, nor ambling nag. He kept clear of all main roads, and, with two exceptions, the great towns; shunned nearly all guide-book points of interest.

L. C. Page and Company:

Houseboating on a Colonial Waterway. By Frank and Cortelle Hutchins.

An account of a cruise up the James River and some of its tributaries in the craft *Gadabout*. With many interesting bits of history, telling anecdotes and describing scenery. Illustrations are reproductions of photographs taken by the authors.

Published by the Author (Tacoma, Wash.):

The Mountain that Was "God." By John H. Williams.

Concerning the great peak which the Indians called "Tacoma," but which is officially named "Rainier."

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Valley of Aosta. A Descriptive and Historical Sketch of an Alpine Valley Noteworthy in Story and in Monument. By Felice Ferrero.

Describing the beautiful Italian valley that runs up into the Alps from a point not far to the north of Turin, and finds an outlet into France on the west, and into Switzerland over the St. Bernard Pass; a spot little known to the American tourist. The text is illustrated throughout.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The American Civil War. By John Formby.

A concise history of its causes, progress, and results. A series of sixty-five maps appear in a separate volume.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

Roman Cities in Italy and Dalmatia. By A. L. Frothingham, Ph.D.

A picture of ancient Italy and pre-Augustan Rome. For the prehistoric age the author draws on such cities as Norba, Ferentino and Alatri; Etruscan and Umbrian elements are furnished by Perugia, Volterra, Falerii, Tarquinii and Assisi; among less ancient colonies or dependencies, Spoleto, New Falerii and Cosa. The policies of Cæsar and Augustus are illustrated in Italy by the colonies of Spello, Aquino, Rimini, Aosta, Verona, Turin, and in Dalmatia by Salona, Pola, and other ruins of unusual interest.

The John C. Winston Company:

Glimpses Around the World. Through the Eyes of a Young American. By Grace Maxine Stein.

Starting from Chicago, the reader is taken across the continent to the Pacific, and from there follows the leisurely made trip around the world. There are about one hundred and fifty illustrations of scenes along the way.

EDUCATIONAL

The Century Company:

Parliamentary Law. With Forms and Dia-

gram of Motions. By Nanette P. Paul, LL.B.

Originally privately printed by the author. It has now been taken over by The Century Company; and the new edition has been thoroughly revised and brought up to date. Adapted for school-room use. It has already been adopted for the public schools of New York City and by the national organisations of several societies. An important feature of the book, which makes it especially valuable pedagogically, is the review questions which accompany the text.

A History of the United States. By S. E. Forman.

A new school history.

Ginn and Company:

What To Do at Recess. By George Ellsworth Johnson.

Considering in turn the needs of the primary, the intermediate, and the grammar school children, both boys and girls. The teacher is told just how to begin, what apparatus to provide, and what games to play.

William R. Jenkins Company:

French for Daily Use. By E. P. and R. F. Prentys. French Revised by Louis Ferdinand Richard.

Comprising conversations for journeying and for daily use in town and country.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

Washington, Webster and Lincoln. Edited by Joseph Villiers Denney.

Selections for the college entrance - English requirements.

FICTION

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Early Bird. A Business Man's Love Story. By George Randolph Chester.

The hero, Sam Turner, after working hard for a number of years, decides to take a vacation, declaring that he does not intend to talk one syllable of "shop" during the whole two weeks. But Sam's rule of never allowing a good bargain to pass by him keeps him on the alert even up in the northern part of New York, where he goes for the much needed rest, and before the end of his vacation he has put through a number of good deals, and also finds time to fall in love with the attractive Josephine Stevens, whom he meets on the day of his arrival at the summer resort.

Brentano's:

Why Did He Do It? By Bernard Capes.

The theme of the story is the old professor's search for the Alkahest or Philosopher's Stone.

Brown Brothers:

A Dilemma. By Leonidas Andreiyeff.

Described as a story of mental perplexity.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Butterfly Man. By George Barr McCutcheon.

Sedgwick Blynn, the "butterfly" of the story, makes a swift but brilliant flight through the society which he idolises. He is the good-natured young man, always ready to oblige at a moment's notice, and makes for himself rather an envious position in the set in which he has managed to be introduced. In his attempt to keep up appearances and to make a good impression he squanders the small income which his father had left for his mother and sisters, who live very modestly on the outskirts of the city. He also leads his best friends into making rash speculations, out of which he alone makes a profit. He makes love to one debutante after another, the wealthiest always being in highest favour. But his downfall, when it comes, is complete, and he is forever ostracised from his beloved society and is forced, after the death of his mother, to take up life in the little suburban home.

The Running Fight. By William Hamilton Osborne.

Peter Wilkinson, a multi-millionaire, is convicted of misappropriating trust funds and sentenced to a term of ten years in the penitentiary. He has for his attorney young Beekman, who is devoted to his only daughter, Leslie, and who believes at the time that Wilkinson is innocent. While awaiting a new trial Wilkinson and his associates decide that they may need the assistance of someone in high position in the event of the case finally going against them. They, therefore, are influential in having Beekman elected governor, and when the trial ends and Wilkinson goes to the penitentiary Beekman is petitioned for a pardon. In the meantime the young man has more thoroughly investigated the case and has been convinced of Wilkinson's guilt. He refuses the pardon even at the risk of losing the daughter. Wilkinson's men immediately take revenge and succeed in having Beekman disgraced and put out of office. However, after a hard fight, Beekman wins out and also wins Leslie, who has learned the true facts in the case and no longer believes her father innocent.

Duffield and Company:

The Innocent Murderers. By William Johnston and Paul West.

Four college professors, who have

been secretly watching another professor experimenting with radium, find themselves in a very awkward position when they suddenly come upon the dead body of the scientist and are obliged to dispose of it in some way.

The Emigrant Trail. By Geraldine Bonner.

A tale of Western life at the time of the rush to California in 1848. Dr. Gillispie and his daughter are joined on their way to the coast by David Crystal, who soon falls in love with Susan. She promises to marry this poetical youth, though she is not ardently in love with him. But a more powerful man comes into her life. Low Courant, at first repulsive to Susan, eventually wins her love and admiration through his manliness and strength. Her father, who dies on the way, wanted Susan to promise that she would marry David at once, but this she refused to do. David becomes insanely jealous of the other man. He attacks his rival, and in the struggle is thrown over a cliff. Courant alone knows of this, and even he believes the young man dead, while in reality he is rescued by another party. Susan and Low are married, and together make their way to the "Promised Land."

Harper and Brothers:

Hearts Contending. By Georg Shock.

The scenes are laid in a Pennsylvania valley and the people concerned are Germans. Job Heilig, the head of the family with whose life the story has to do, is a strong, prosperous and just man. He believes that it is his right and duty to regulate the lives of the various members of his family—a wife, a daughter, and three sons. All is peace and harmony until the children rebel. The daughter falls in love and, being refused her father's consent to marry, elopes. One son, studying for the ministry in accordance with his father's wishes, decides that he is not fitted for the pulpit and returns to his home. He falls in love with Bertha, an orphan girl whom his father had taken into their family. The oldest son, who is the head-man at the farm, is also in love with this girl. This brings about a quarrel between the brothers, which results in the death of one.

Snow-fire. By the Author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress."

A story of Russian court life. Count Serge Urlansky, of the Russian Cavalier-Garde Regiment, known as the handsomest man in the Russian Army, is in love with a beautiful widow, the Princess Sacha Virianow. The Marquis de Cœtmen, a brother officer and close friend of Count Urlansky, is also

in love with the Princess. The Count has been engaged in an intrigue with the Grand-Duchess Daria, a very beautiful woman but many years older than the Count. When she learns of his love for the young Princess she succeeds in having the Count suddenly sent away on a mission to the Caucasus. During his absence she is the means of bringing about a marriage between the Princess Sacha and De Cœtmen.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Education of Uncle Paul. By Algeron Blackwood.

A seemingly crusty bachelor of forty-five is taken in hand by his nephews and nieces and led into the world of children's fancy and sentiment. The volume is dedicated to "All those children between the ages of eight and eighty who led me to 'The Crack'; and have since journeyed with me through it into the land 'Between Yesterday and To-morrow'."

Houghton Mifflin Company:

An Army Mule. By Charles Miner Thompson.

Concerned chiefly with the wedding of Job Bixby, a veteran of the Civil War who lives up to his well-earned reputation for stubbornness. When he arrives at the home of Hannah and discovers that some one has opened his bag and substituted old clothes for his gorgeous wedding apparel and that, what is more serious than all else, the bonds for ten thousand dollars, which he had determined to hand over to Hannah on their wedding day, are missing, he immediately announces, to the consternation of Hannah, the minister and the assembled guests, that he will not marry until he finds the bonds. Hannah declares she will never marry him, but when the practical joke played by two small boys is revealed and the bonds restored, Job goes about and makes all arrangements for the wedding, which takes place in Hannah's home notwithstanding all her efforts to remain firm.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Illustrious Prince. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

The Emperor of Japan, suspecting an ulterior motive in the world cruise of the American battleship fleet, despatches his cousin, Prince Maiyo, on a mission to learn the secret if one existed. The Prince arrives in London, is entertained in high circles there and receives considerable attention from some of the women, notably Miss Penelope Morse, an American by birth, but one who had lived most of her life in England. Two murders are committed, both victims being Americans in the diplomatic service.

All along Prince Maiyo is suspected, and when his guilt has been almost positively established his servant comes forth and confesses to having committed both crimes, thus saving for his country a life which he deems of far more value to it than his own.

An American Baby Abroad. How He Played Cupid to a Kentucky Beauty. By Mrs. Charles N. Crewdson.

When the American baby's mother hurries off from London to Egypt, where her husband is ill with fever, the baby, in company with its coloured nurse and a friend of its mother's, follows more leisurely. They stop at Oberammergau to see the Passion Play, in Rome to witness a special Mass conducted by Pope Leo, and do more or less sight seeing, until they finally reach Cairo, where much more exciting events befall them.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

The Arch-Satirist. By Frances de Wolfe Fenwick.

The scenes are laid in Montreal. Much sorrow and misery is brought about when a young woman persists in living up to a promise made to a dying mother that she will care for and protect as long as he lives a half-brother who is utterly unworthy of the sacrifices which this promise entails.

The Macaulay Company:

Our Lady of Darkness. By Albert Dorington and A. G. Stephens.

The plot hinges upon the machinations of a woman through whom Dr. Jean Barradas is banished from Paris, on a false charge, to a convict island in southern seas.

The Game and the Golden Ball. By Elizabeth and Adrian Johnson.

This tale of mystery is concerned with a murder committed in London at a time when a dense fog was hanging over the city.

The Duplicate Death. By A. C. Fox-Davies.

The discovery of the death, supposedly by suicide, of a young girl helps to solve the mystery surrounding another death which took place twenty years before under exactly the same circumstances.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Prince Izon. A Romance of the Grand Canyon. By James Paul Kelly.

A scientist from Mexico, in company with his daughter and niece, start out on a tour of investigation and exploration. The professor's quest is for the remnant of the Aztec race, which he believes settled in one of the valleys of the Grand Canyon in Arizona, when driven

out of Mexico. The professor's pet theory is realised, and the city discovered, but not without many wild experiences and narrow escapes for all the members of the party.

A City of Six. By Chauncey L. Canfield.

A California story of the early '50's. The scene is a mining camp named by the six partners, who discovered and worked the mine, "The City of Six."

A Vigilante Girl. By Jerome Harte.

A picture of California in the days when the wild hunt for gold was at its height. The heroine is Diana Wayne, a girl who upholds the Vigilantes in their utter disregard for law and order and in their cruel methods of meting out justice according to their own fancies. Greatly opposed to the Vigilantes is Arthur Alden, a man from the East. These two fall in love, but their differences of opinion on this question of law and order keep them apart for a time. When Alden's life is in danger at the hands of the Vigilantes, Diana denounces the work of this band, and at the risk of her own life rides to the rescue of the man she loves.

The Politician. By Edith Huntington Mason.

The principal character in this story of love and politics is a young man, a New Yorker, who believes that he can best serve the country by entering upon a political career. This he does, and in consequence renounces love for the reason that he firmly believes that a married man in politics must necessarily neglect his wife.

L. C. Page and Company:

Kilmeny of the Orchard. By L. M. Montgomery.

The secluded old apple orchard in which Eric Marshall, a young Canadian, finds the beautiful, though dumb, Kilmeny, is on Prince Edward Island. Eric is the son of a wealthy man and had come to a small village on the island to teach school for a month as a substitute for a sick friend. In one of his rambles he comes upon the old orchard, and hearing strains of music is tempted to investigate. He finds Kilmeny alone playing a violin. At sight of him the girl rushes away. The young man, however, is fascinated by her beauty and loses no time in finding out how he can make her acquaintance.

A Cavalier of Virginia. A Romance. By G. E. Theodore Roberts.

A story of the old chivalric days of Colonial Virginia, although part of the action takes place upon the high seas, and the scene shifts for a short time to England, Spain, and to the unsettled parts of North America.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Master-Girl. By Ashton Hilliers.

A story of prehistoric times, introducing a love affair between a savage man and a savage woman.

A Marriage under the Terror. By Patricia Wentworth.

In the summer of 1792 Aline de Rochambeau leaves a convent to join an aunt in Paris, the Marquise de Montargis and arrives just in time to see her aunt and many friends of this relative arrested as conspirators for the royal family already imprisoned. Left absolutely alone Aline wanders about the streets of Paris and finally secures shelter in the home of a tradeswoman. The girl changes her aristocratic name to Roche, supports herself by her embroidery, and to all appearances becomes one of the people. Jacques Dangeau, a patriot, falls in love with Marie Roche, but she is loyal to her aristocratic name and will not hear of a union. Another woman's jealousy, however, is the cause of bringing Aline to prison, where Dangeau comes to the rescue, and where their marriage takes place in order to save Aline's life. But this by no means ends their perils, and both are only saved from the guillotine when the cry goes forth that Robespierre has fallen.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Letters to Sanchia Upon Things as They Are. Extracted from the Correspondence of Mr. John Maxwell Senhouse. By Maurice Hewlett.

The letters of John Maxwell Senhouse to Sanchia Percival, extracted, with the necessary matter of explanation, from Mr. Hewlett's "Open Country."

The Taming of Red Butte Western. By Francis Lynde.

The Red Butte Western is a railroad in the Southwest. When the owners decide to do away with the long prevailing lawless conditions on the road they choose a young engineer to go out there and do the "taming." Having failed hopelessly on one memorable occasion to display any manly courage, he believes himself to be a physical coward and consequently wholly unfit for the task. He confesses this feeling to the vice-president of the road, but this fails to shake the official's confidence in the young man. He has a hard struggle against lawlessness, strikes, collisions, wrecks and bloodshed, but wins out and proves beyond a doubt that he is possessed of no small amount of physical and moral courage.

The Angel of Lonesome Hill. A Story of a President. By Frederick Landis.

A pathetic little story in which the

main characters are an old man and his wife, who live on "Lonesome Hill." Their son is wrongfully convicted of a crime, and the old man makes a long and tiresome journey to Washington in order to seek from the President a pardon for their boy.

MEMORIAL EDITION

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Fulfillment. By Alice P. Raphael.

The heroine is an ardent, brilliant, and high-spirited girl, who soon after her marriage to a titled Russian finds herself at odds with a husband of narrow prejudices and limited views. The interest of the story centres in her audacious plan of escape from her unhappiness, the strange experiences that result, and her final conclusions regarding the obligations of a wife to her husband and society.

JUVENILE

George H. Doran Company:

Fair America. By Katharine R. Crowell.

A history of America for young people. Miss Crowell tells of the opportunity of a people in a new country—of their achievements and of the liberty which is the reward of this and succeeding generations. Apart from the story itself, a series of map-charts give a pictorial history of advance from 1513 to 1910.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Prince and His Ants. (Ciondolino.) By Vamba (Luigi Bertelli). Translated from the Fourth Italian Edition by S. F. Woodruff and Edited by Vernon L. Kellogg.

The story of a boy who became an ant and had many thrilling adventures with other ants and wasps and bees, and of his sister, who became a butterfly. Illustrated with eight coloured full-page plates and numerous vignettes.

The Reilly and Britton Company:

The Airship Boys Due North; or, By Balloon to the Pole. By H. L. Saylor.

The third volume in the Airship Boys Series. The story is laid in a vast, new field above northwest Alaska with the great McKenzie country stretching to the south and east.

MISCELLANEOUS

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Highways of Progress. By James J. Hill.

These studies in applied economics aim "to erect here and there, along the road the nation travels, certain sign-

boards where the ways diverge and mark them, 'Highways of Progress'." The first chapter, "The Nation's Future," indicates the scope and outline of the work.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Good of Life and Other Little Essays. De Omnibus Rebus et Quibusdam Aliis. By William Cleaver Wilkinson.

Consisting of fifty-six "little essays." Some of the titles are as follows: "Good Word for Book Agents"; "Hating as a Duty"; "From the Genesee to the Hudson in a Buggy"; "The Favouritism of History"; "The Feud with Food"; "The Folly of Being Sorry"; "A Feat of Forgetting"; "A True Story of a Famous Speech."

Henry Holt and Company:

Hardy Plants for Cottage Gardens. By Helen R. Albec.

American Nature Series. Group IV. Working with Nature. A personal record, illustrated by photographs, of the author's success in assembling within a limited area the choice variety of hardy shrubs, annuals, and perennials, so arranged as to give a succession of bloom of pure colour in each bed. With a list giving manner of growth, height, time of blooming, exact colour, special requirements of soil and moisture, etc.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Dogs and Men. By Henry C. Merwin.

An essay on the character of dogs, the result of close observation for many years. Their sense of humour, their family life, their courtesy, their knowledge of right and wrong, their unflinching love for men, and many other intimate traits are commented on and illustrated by anecdotes.

The Macmillan Company:

Wage-Earning Women. By Annie Marion MacLean, Ph.D.

The author has here incorporated the results of an investigation which she conducted (with a corps of twenty-nine assistants) into the lives and environments of over 135,000 women and the conditions governing 400 establishments. Of these about one-half were located in New York and Chicago and the remainder in different parts of the country. Chosen because they were typical of the section: New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Oregon and California are among the States included.

Fruit-Growing in Arid Regions. By Wendell Paddock and Orville B. Whipple.

An account of approved fruit-growing practices in the inter-mountain country of the Western United States, comprising the States of Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, and in Northern Arizona and New Mexico, with applications to adjacent regions.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of June and the 1st of July

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Wife of Altemont. Hunt. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Diary of a Daly Debutante. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. Confessions of a Barbarian. Viereck. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.25.
3. The Passion Play of Oberammergau. Moses. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. The New Baedeker. Peck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Girl Who Won. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Professional Aunt. Wemyss. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

Non-Fiction

- No report.
- JUVENILES
- No report.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Professional Aunt. Wemyss. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. The Tale of the Fox. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.40.
3. Under the Tree. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. Why Henry? Watson. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Tom Sawyer. Twain. (Harper.) \$1.75.
2. Huckleberry Finn. Twain. (Harper.) \$1.75.
3. The Aeroplane Series. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 60c.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Fiction

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Professional Aunt. Wemyss. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.00.

5. Nathan Burke Watts. Macmillan. \$2.50.
6. Franklin Winslow Lane. Scribner. Century Co. \$2.50.

Non-Fiction

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
2. The Depot Master. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Martin Burke's Autobiography. Harper. \$2.50.
4. My Friend the Indian. McLoughlin. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mouse Boy Series. Young. (Coppies & Lane.) 50c.
2. Dog Water Series. Wark. (Penn. Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. Another Dog. Sayles. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Nathan Burke Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Depot Master. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Intrusions Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50c.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
3. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
4. Twice-Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. John and Betty's History Visits. Williamson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Little Miss Fales. Knife. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. South American Fights and Fighters. Brady. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Nathan Burke Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Depot Master. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Intrusions of Jimmy. Wodehouse. (Watt.) \$1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

659

3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. The American Baby Abroad. Crewdson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Lady Merton. Colonist. Ward. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Intrusions of Jimmy. Wodehouse. (Watts.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zeuner. (Clarke.) \$1.00.
2. Chantecler. Rostand. French Edition. \$1.00.
3. Modern Religious Problems. Vernon. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50c.
4. The Principles of Pragmatism. Bowden. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Right Stuff. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
6. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Little Knights of X-B. Maule. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
4. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. Glory of the Conquered. Glaspell. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
6. Land of Long Ago. Hall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
6. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. The Early Bird. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
2. Chantecler. Rostand. French Edition. \$1.00.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.

JUENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.
5. Caverns of Dawn. Voorhees. (Raidebaugh-Voorhees.) \$1.25.
6. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Elizabethan People. Stephenson. (Holt.) \$2.00.
2. Recollections Varied Life. Eggleston. (Holt.) \$2.75.
3. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
4. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.

JUENILES

1. Airship Boys. Saylor. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
2. Aeroplane Boys. Laman. (Reilly & Britton.) 60c.
3. Motor Boy Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. The Thief of Virtue. Phillpotts. (Lane.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Oberammergau Passion Play. Short. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
2. L'Oiseau Bleu. Maeterlinck. (Int. News Co.) 85c.
3. The Old Order Changeth. White. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Twain. (Harper.) \$1.75.
3. Huckleberry Finn. Twain. (Harper.) \$1.75.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Day of Souls. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
2. Recreations of a Sportsman. Holden. (Putnam.) \$2.00.
3. Idols of Education. Gayley. (Doubleday, Page.) 50c.
4. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Early Bird. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Head Coach. Paine. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Danbury Rodd. Palmer. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Sally Bishop. Thurston. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. On the Branch. Coulerrain. (Dutton.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
2. Three Weeks in Europe. Higginbotham. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.
3. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.
4. Preventable Diseases. Hutchinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

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4. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Right Stuff. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Running Fight. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
2. Marriage as a Trade. Hamilton. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.25.
3. De Profundis. Wilde. (Putnam.) \$1.25.
4. Curiosities of the Sky. Serviss. (Harper.) \$1.40.

JUVENILES

1. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Annapolis Plebe. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) \$1.50.
2. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Oscar Wilde Poems.
2. Scientific American Handbook of Travel. Hopkins. (Munro.) \$2.00.
3. Italian Days and Ways. Wharton. (Lippincott.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mark Twain's Writings. (Harper.) \$1.75.
2. Castlemon Series. (Burt.) 75c.
3. Motor Boy Series. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.

5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$2.00.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) \$1.25.
4. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Air Ship Boys Due North. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Motor Boys in the Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Mary Cary. Boshier. (Harper.) \$1.00.
5. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50c.
2. Marion Harland's Autobiography. (Harper.) \$2.00.
3. Science of Happiness. Williams. (Harper.) \$2.00.
4. Life of Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Rival Pitchers. Chadwick. (Cupples & Leon.) \$1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Fascinating Duc de Richelieu. Williams. (Scribner.) \$4.00.
2. History of the Confederate War. Eggleston. (Sturgis & Walton.) \$4.00.
3. Egypt. Loti. (Duffield.) \$2.50.
4. Thackeray. Chesterton. (Macmillan.) \$1.10.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
5. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.
6. Mary Cary Feather. (Harper.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Dazzling Miss Davidson. Warden. (Fly.) \$1.50.
5. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Gay Lord Waring. Townley. (Watt.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walter. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
2. The Ideal Garden. Thomas. (Cassell.) \$2.00.
3. Golf. Whitlatch. (Century Co.) \$2.00.
4. T. R. in Cartoon. Gros. (Saalfield.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Stories of the Great West. Roosevelt. (Century Co.) 60c.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Ship Dwellers. Paine. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
3. The Passion Play of Oberammergau. Moses. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. The American Public Library. Bostwick. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Knight of the X Bar B. Maule. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
2. Four Boys and a Fortune. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

3. Boys of Brookfield Academy. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
4. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Early Rhode Island. Weeden. (Grafton Press.) \$2.50.
2. Day in Court. Wellman. (Macmillan.) \$2.00.
3. Bird Guide. Part 2. Reed. (Reed.) 75c.
4. Auction Bridge. Badsworth. (Putnam.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
2. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
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From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d " "	8
" " 3d " "	7
" " 4th " "	6
" " 5th " "	5
" " 6th " "	4

BEST SELING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50	274
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	232
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) \$1.35	201
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50	156
5. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50	146
6. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	87

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Journalistic Morgues

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Information

Thomas Jefferson—Poet

The Craftsmanship of Writing

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IN THE SEPTEMBER BOOKMAN THE CRAFTSMAN- SHIP OF WRITING

Synopsis of Second Paper

It is essential for every author to cultivate the power of self-criticism. In this way he can help himself as no one else can help him. Others can tell him whether his work is good or bad—but no one else knows how far short it falls of the height that he was trying to reach.

Self-criticism, however, comes only from practice in criticising others. Writing in this respect does not differ from shoeing a horse or making a pair of trousers—if you have not learned to judge whether a horse is well shod, or a pair of trousers well cut, then you may go through life without knowing the quality of your own work as blacksmith or tailor.

Now, there is only one way in which to learn to criticise the writings of others—much patient reading and careful thinking. There are many books written on the art of criticism, but they are not of much practical help to the young writer, dealing as they do mainly in the theory of criticism. Read extensively books of the type that you yourself would like to write—and with every book, ask yourself first of all just what the author was trying to do—what was his real purpose, and how near did he come to accomplishing it? The professional critic frequently takes an entirely different attitude towards a book, spending much space in explaining why the particular thing which the author was trying to do was not worth the doing, and censuring him for not having done something entirely different. Without stopping here to question the value of this type of criticism, it is enough for us to point out that it is of no assistance at all to the apprentice in letters. What he needs to do is to study the work of his fellow-craftsman as a young artist studies the canvases of other painters, asking himself: What sort of a picture is this intended to be? Are the brush strokes firm, the perspective good, the colour true? Has he accomplished what he was trying to do?

Above all, in your reading and your criticism of what you read, do not make the mistake of confining yourself to the recognized masterpieces, the works of the great writers. There is no demand today for a new *Hamlet*, a second *Paradise Lost*, another Sir Roger de Coverley, or even a *Tom Jones*, *David Copperfield* or *Vanity Fair*. The technique of writing is constantly in a state of transition; and however much we may delight in the methods of a generation or a century ago, we do not tolerate them at the hands of modern writers.

Study carefully the changes which modern writers have introduced, whether in the essay, in blank verse or in the novel. Above all, do not imitate slavishly. For instance; there could be no more profitable study for the young novelist than the technique of Henry James—but only a very foolish person would attempt to copy his methods and his mannerisms.

Cultivate independence. But be sure that you know why you depart from the usual formula. There is no great virtue in being different from others. The chances are more than even that, in doing a thing differently, you will not do it half so well. Only a madman would try to write a sonnet with fifteen lines, just to be different from others. Where a literary form is fairly established, do your share in maintaining it, excepting when you have some excellent reason for making a change. Many a rule of rhetoric and prosody and technique may be broken—provided you have a reason that justifies you. Be independent, if you can be so intelligently.

Under the title of "Dollars and Display" Mr. Algernon Tassin has written for the Shop Talk Series a paper treating of the Earnings of the Advertising Men. How rich the subject is in anecdote may be indicated by the fact that a certain magazine which rarely pays over one hundred dollars for a short story even by a well-known name, has for several years had a standing offer of twelve thousand dollars for twelve pages of advertising copy.

The Humour of the University will be the subject of a paper by Mr. Brian Hooker. In it he will discuss all the best light and whimsical verse suggested by American undergraduate and alumni life, and introduce to the general public such poems as McCready Syke's "Chronicle of the Elis," and "Poe's Run" and "Poe's Kick," which have hitherto had only a special though highly appreciative audience. Mr. Hooker, it will be recalled, is himself the author of "Mother of Men," which received the \$300 prize offered by Yale Alumni for the best Yale battle hymn.

THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

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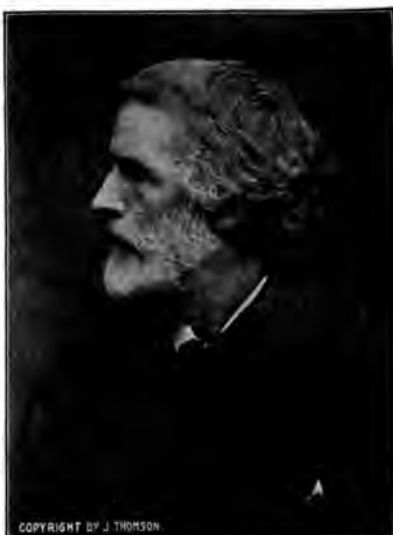
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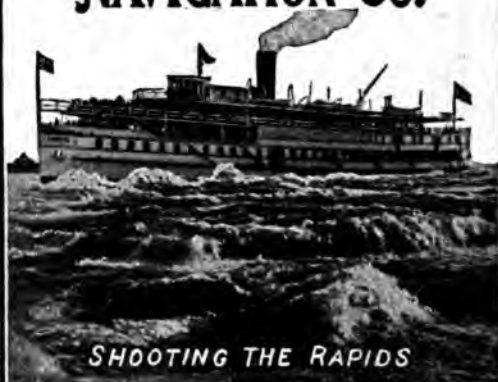
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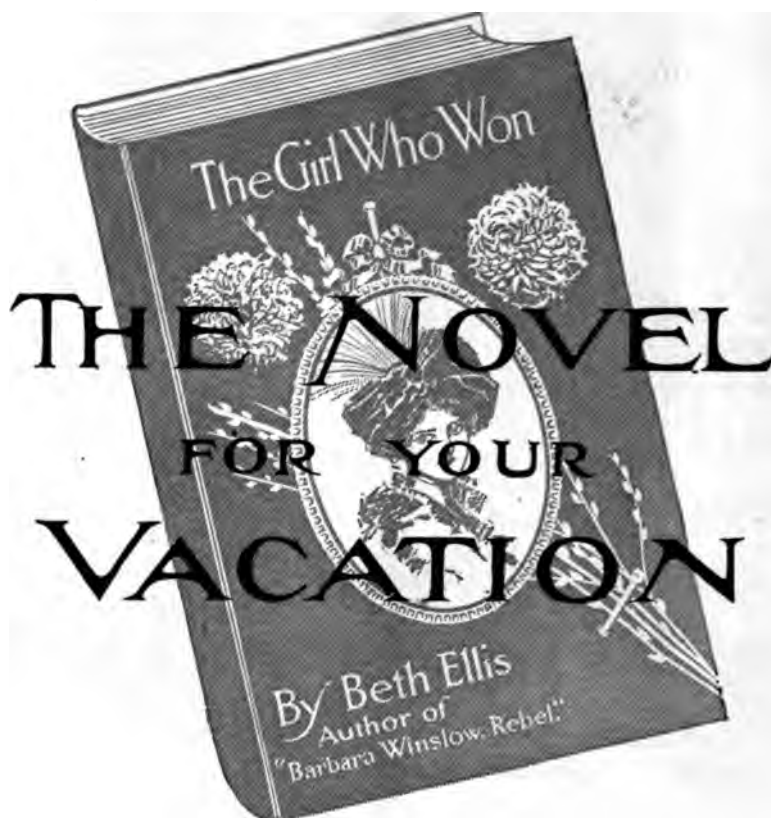
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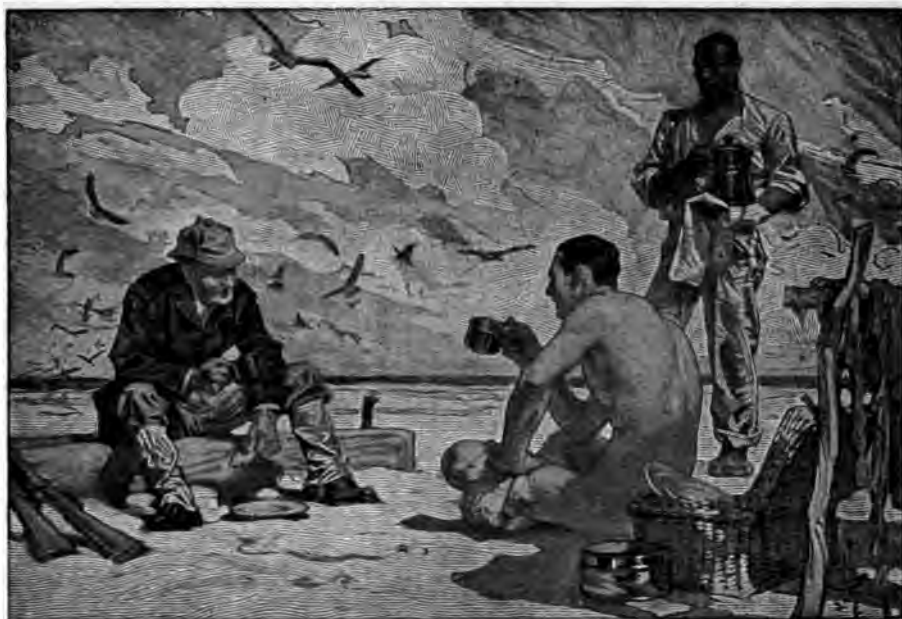


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